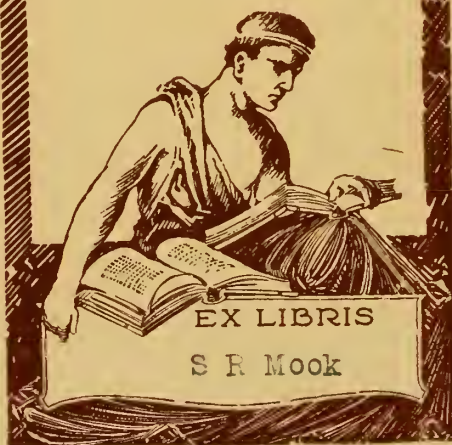




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Picture Play

Volume XXXI

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Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Ormond G. Smith, President; George C. Smith, Vice President and Treasurer; George C. Smith, Jr., Vice President; Ormond V. Gould, Secretary. Copyright, 1929, by Street & Smith Corporation, New York. Copyright, 1929, by Street & Smith Corporation, Great Britain. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Canadian subscription, \$2.86. Foreign, \$3.22.

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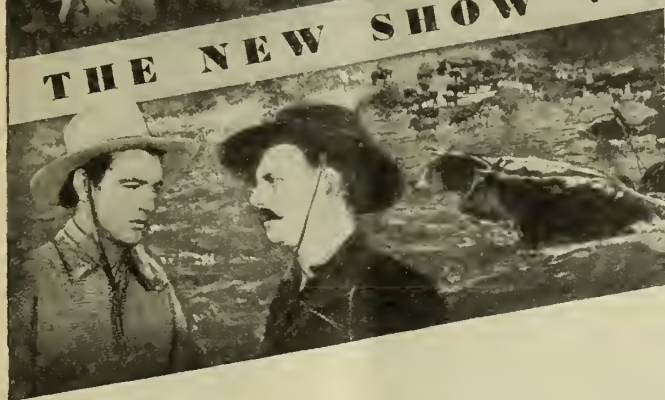
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CAN YOU WRITE A THEME SONG?



PERHAPS you think it is as easy as falling off a log, particularly after hearing some of them. It is and it isn't, depending entirely on what talent you have and what opportunities you find for its expression. But there's certainly a demand for them, and to-day is the time when song writers are enjoying success more largely than ever before—some of them amateurs, but most of them with many popular ballads to their credit. Whether you are an amateur or a professional, you can't fail to look forward to Virginia Morris' article in January PICTURE PLAY. She traces the theme song from its earliest beginning—further back than you might suppose—and tells just how they are written to-day and by whom. Besides this, she gives a great deal more unusual information on the subject and conscientiously points out the difficulties, as well as the ease and the rewards, of establishing oneself in the newest of professions—writing music for the movies.



DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU——



THAT the stars have dual personalities? Of course you have wondered if your favorite is just the same off the screen as on—every one does that. But Myrtle Gebhart goes rather further and proves to you that in several striking instances the stars *have* a dual personality—a real one and another brought out by the camera. Thus you may vastly prefer the true personality of some one you dislike on the screen, to the off-screen personality of a star you idolize. It is a most unusual story and Miss Gebhart's ability to delve into the least-known side of the stars has never been more manifest than in the story she has written for next month.

Samuel Richard Mook has investigated the always interesting subject of fan mail—what it consists of, why certain stars ignore requests for photographs, and why others send them when they aren't even asked for, as well as how much—or how little—letters mean to stars in determining their popularity. Look for this story; you are sure to be amazed by it.

Indeed, you will react with amazement to more than these features of next month's contents, for they are only a few items in what we confidently believe will prove to be the strongest issue of PICTURE PLAY in a year.





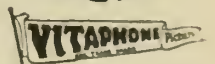
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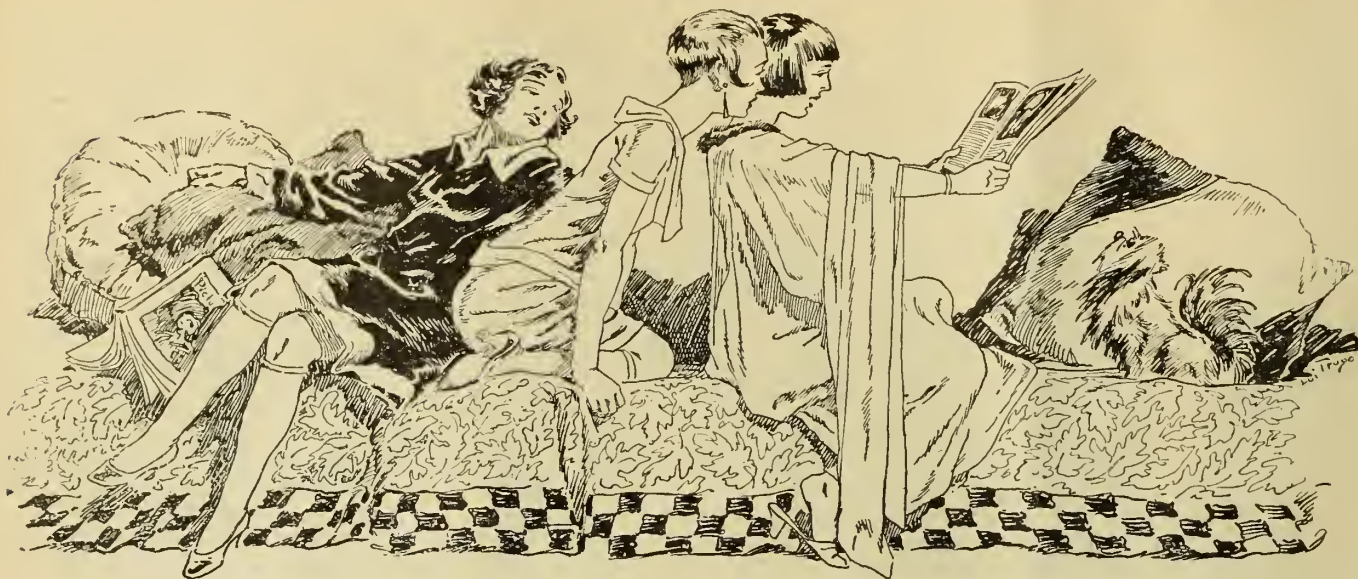
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What the Fans Think



Was "Coquette" a Success?

I HAVE finished asking two hundred persons what they thought of "Coquette," and only eight enjoyed or even liked the picture.

Mary Pickford has been "America's Sweetheart" for eighteen years. She was an ideal. Her pictures were clean, sweet, and inspiring. She was the type of girl every boy dreams of as some day having for his wife. A beautiful, sympathetic character, always portraying the lovable, protecting a suffering animal or helpless child. None of her pictures was ever clouded with sex stuff, poor casting, or any of the ills so common to most pictures.

As one of the few fortunate fans, I have seen every film Miss Pickford made since the old Biograph days.

The public depended upon her to give them such pictures as "Pollyanna" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." But all of a sudden, Mary decided to "grow up." She made "Rosita," cast as a Spanish girl, Mary of the golden curls, a señorita! Mary of the madonna face and praying eyes. Could any rôle be more unsuited to her? A rôle literally screaming for a dark-eyed brunette! And even after this, she still felt the urge, and made "Dorothy Vernon," which suited her much better than "Rosita," but "Sparrows" was kinder to Mary and brought back memories of her former triumphs.

When Mary Pickford cut off her hair she did something that would be very hard to define in mere words. Literally millions of her fans mourned the loss of those golden curls as sincerely as though they were their own.

Mary cut off her hair—and for what? Some say to become the popular flapper type, but does she make a good flapper? As one of her faithful followers, I believe her to be the least interesting flapper I have ever seen. In "Coquette" a very strange situation presented itself. Although Mary has the figure, mannerisms, and even the face of a child, and she appeared as a flapper, yet she suggested some one a little too far along for the wind-blown bob and kittenish vamping she tried vainly to accomplish.

This is hard to explain, because in "Sparrows" she was the little girl of old, with no hint of maturity, and this fact is admitted by those who saw that picture.

Can any one explain how Mary Pickford, who has been in pictures since their birth, could cast herself in a rôle so utterly foreign to anything she has ever attempted before, and one so completely unsuited to her?

Did she believe that the public wanted something so different that she must bob her famous curls and transform her lovable self into a simpering flapper? And if she could so far forget herself, what were her family and friends thinking of not to dissuade her?

It is almost unbelievable that our Mary should transform herself into an everyday, commonplace, young woman devoid of charm, considering the splendid masterpieces she has made. Now that she can select her own pictures and is not bound to a producer, she could do anything. After such masterpieces as "Tess of the Storm Country," "Poor Little Rich Girl," "Hearts Adrift," and "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Coquette" was simply unspeakable—without moral or reason. It is true that times have changed, that we are living in a modern age, but men and women still love the beautiful in life. The public adored Mary Pickford for her sweet, sympathetic rôles. They loved and wanted the old Mary, and most of them keenly resented the stranger who played "Coquette."

QUEENIE DANCIGER.

1901 Grand Avenue,
Fort Worth, Texas.

As a Briton Hears It.

No talkie was boosted more than "The Broadway Melody," and, considering the time and money spent upon it, one would expect to find it free from obvious faults. Unfortunately, this is not the case, as I shall endeavor to point out.

Let us take the singing. The word "melody" should be sung without the singer pausing in the middle of the word to take breath. Charles King sings it "Melo-(long pause for breath)-d-e-e-c-e." Another serious fault is the slurring of two or more words together as one. For instance, there are words in one song, "For I'm content," which Charles King joins together and sings as "Fryme contint."

In the dialogue he is guilty of the same faults. One phrase is "They were in," which he pronounces "They we—rin." Another occasion he speaks of "an agent" as "a nagent." Another sentence is, "You have not seen their act," which he interprets, "You have not *sin* the—ract." The description by Anita Page of a birthday cake as "elegant" is a misuse of a rather attractive word. Bessie Love also shouts, "Butcha yaller" instead of,

Continued on page 10



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"But you're yellow." There are also several instances during the film in which the words spoken are completely inaudible, whereas, by way of contrast, in one passage where Warriner makes love to *Queenie*, his voice sounds as if it is conveyed through a huge megaphone in a deep bass tone.

T. S. STEUART.

The Birks, Purley, Surrey, England.

She Knew Gary When—

Having seen so many letters recently about Gary Cooper, I hope Lillian will pardon me if I indulge in an amused smile after reading what she writes about him. "Shy, reserved, sincere, dignified." Maybe.

I knew Gary years ago in Bozeman, Montana. At that time his neighbors considered him merely dumb and very, very conceited. I suppose, if an actor reaches the height of dumbness he is considered dignified.

His press agent seems to be building a story around this young man which states, in effect, that he is so very reserved he cannot talk about himself—or even recognize old friends. If he is so timid and shy, how does it happen that he is engaged to Lupe Velez, that Mexican volcano?

I'm not saying anything to detract from Mr. Cooper's glory. He is an average, everyday young man, fairly nice looking, with a slight touch of the charm of Wallace Reid. He has one or two expressions, a frown and a scowl, which seem to appeal to inhibited young women with yearnings for a cave man.

I'm very glad Gary has made such a success of his career. Personally, I consider him lacking entirely in "it" or sex appeal. If I had to choose between Chester Conklin and Gary, Chester would receive my vote.

MARIE PRICE.

San Pedro, California.

Fans Unconscious Comedians?

Have just made the acquaintance of the "What the Fans Think," and was I impressed? Hey, hey! I was completely bowled over, knocked on the head, and reduced to near hysterics by this collection of odd opinions. Is it a kick? Baby! It's one like a mule's—straight to the funnybone. One fan is off Gary Cooper for life, because Lupe Velcz bit him on the ear. My goodness gracious! Any one who has ever seen the small but smoldering Lupe can easily guess that if she wants to bite a man on the ear, that man can then and there consider his ear bitten. What Lupe wants, Lupe gets, so why blame Gary? True, he furnished the ear—Gary, you really shouldn't leave your ears around so careless, to be bitten by joyous young females.

And, ah, what's this? Another fan speaks right up, disowning Dick Barthelmess because he likes "The Front Page." Bless my soul! That was rather rash of Richard, who should have picked out something more refined. Mend your ways, Brother Barthelmess, mend your ways!

And here's Gary again. This time our big boy, when appearing in person, didn't smile brightly and cheerily, flash his teeth at one and all, and wave his hand in brotherly comradeship. Therefore, this fan will in future never look upon Gary's face again, much as he loves him. Gary, it's all for your own good. Time out, while Gary breaks down and sobs in bitterness—sound effects by Western Electric.

Personally, I admire Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, and have been doing it for years. If somebody should bob up

What the Fans Think

on a surf board and whisper that Doug was a cream-puff addict and that Mary was known to take delight in pitching ripe tomatoes at her departing guests, I would, strange to say, go right on admiring their work on the screen. I'm funny that way.

I think the players must get a terrific kick out of "What the Fans Think." I think it's hilarious, and the unconscious comedians who contribute deserve a hearty vote of thanks. Here's mine.

ROSE PALONSKY.

628 Fourth Avenue,
San Francisco, California.

Do Stars Appreciate Letters?

Now, I, too, want to complain about this business of missing quarters. Who gets them? How I wish I could answer that question! I see by the number of other people who have complained, that I am by no means the only disappointed one. If we send our quarters we get no pictures, and if we don't send money we don't get any, either, so how are we to obtain pictures of our favorites? Gee, can't something be done about it. We can, as Bill Batty suggested, "shut up and save postage," but even that doesn't get us our desired photos.

The stars must realize that we fans, and nobody else, get them where they are. I've come to the conclusion that they don't give a cent for our letters. Many of the fans have called some of the stars high-hat, because they failed to send photos, and I, too, want to second that suggestion. However, I have found a few who are not high-hat. But not even money will succeed in getting me a photo of Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, or Conrad Nagel, Dolores or Helene Costello. Won't some one suggest an idea by which we may get photos of our favorites?

I should like to add a word of praise for Raymond Hackett, because of his splendid work in "The Trial of Mary Dugan"; for Billie Dove, because of her splendid work in "Careers"; for Anita Page, Sue Carol, David Rollins, Lola Lane, Sharon Lynn, and Grant Withers.

VERLENE CRANE.

535 Hampton Drive,
Spartanburg, South Carolina.

Down with Eddie Nugent!

Of all the asinine amateurs now disgracing the screen, I think Eddie Nugent is the worst. M.-G.-M. seems to think that he is cute or funny or something, for they put him in every possible picture.

He certainly has ruined a few for me. Take that really excellent film, "The Duke Steps Out." In almost every close-up of Bill Haines or Joan Crawford, we had to suffer the mugging of that young ham.

I hear he has been cast in "Untamed," with Joan Crawford. I certainly shall not see it, and I'm sure there are hundreds of others who won't, because they hate to see what might be a good picture ruined by a supposedly funny person.

I certainly disagree with those fans who say Alice White cannot act! She is a far greater actress than Clara Bow and, in my opinion, has it all over Garbo—such slosh!

It's a pity we have to listen to such screeching as Baclanova gave in "A Dangerous Woman," when we can hear youthful and charming voices like Alice White's, in "Broadway Babies." In a year she will be the biggest star there is on the screen. Washed-out personalities like Bow, Baclanova, Eagels, Garbo, and Vilma Banky should be eliminated; but, first of all, down with that bumptious young upstart, Eddie Nugent.

LOLA.

Victoria, British Columbia, Canada.

About Love and Art.

I heartily agree with J. Ernest Browne's opinion of love on the screen. Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor, Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman are a few who show us *real*, appealing love as it is.

To be perfectly honest, I like Sue Carol and Nick Stuart a lot; but, as far as I can see, they do not belong on the screen, as they simply cannot act.

Ruth Chatterton is, I think, a real artist. Before I left New York, I saw a few of her pictures, for which I considered myself lucky, because she has only made a few. I was very sorry that "Madame X" was not released until a few weeks after I left. Ruth Chatterton is, I can say, about the only actress from the stage that I admire, and I sincerely hope that all the fans will like her as much as I do, and that she will be a great success.

A. SUE CONTENT.

Grand Hotel, Antwerp, Belgium.

Favoring Stage Stars.

There seems to be quite a controversy over the influx of stage stars to Hollywood, the Mecca of the talkies. Letters have been written for and against; but, sadly, I find mostly against. I wonder why?

Any one who saw "The Letter," in which Jeanne Eagels did such marvelous work, can readily understand what I am going to say. In this superb production we saw Miss Eagels run the whole gamut of human emotion. We witnessed the struggle of a woman with herself, and most of us hated her. Yet, when I left the theater, I had no greater admiration for any actress than I had for Jeanne Eagels. She has given the screen the art that has thrilled Broadway for years, and we who were not fortunate enough to have seen her plays should thank talking pictures and Paramount for such a supremely fine gift.

Yet, in spite of the magnificence of her screen triumph, it seems there are those who criticize the advisability of having a stage star in pictures.

Ruth Chatterton is another great example of what the stage can contribute. Her accent, though pronounced, is delightful, and her performance in "The Doctor's Secret" made the character live in spite of impossible lines.

Both the aforementioned actresses have shown us something different in character portrayal. Their sojourn has been decidedly worth while, and I hope the fans show their intelligence by applauding them when they so justly deserve it.

Then there is that other side. There is plenty of good material right in Hollywood. "The Broadway Melody" proved that. However, this picture was light entertainment, while Eagels gives us the drama on the audible screen that Garbo gives us so grandly in the silent film, and which I sincerely hope she'll be able to give us in the talkies.

It is up to the fans to give laurels where they belong, to open their eyes to the possibilities of great stage stars, and not to let prejudice ruin their judgment.

ALAN E. PHILLIPS.

1632 Hollywood Crescent,
Victoria, British Columbia, Canada.

Down with the Talkies!

What a sad tragedy for millions of people in our land would be the passing of the silent drama! The producers contend they are giving the public what it wants, but that is not true. They are making talking pictures for commercial

Continued on page 12

"What? Learn Music by Mail?" *they laughed*



"Yes," I cried, "and I'll bet money I can do it!"

It all started one day after lunch. The office crowd was in the recreation-room, smoking and talking, while I thumbed through a magazine.

"Why so quiet, Joe?" some one called to me.

"Just reading an ad," I replied, "all about a new way to learn music by mail. Says here any one can learn to play in a few months at home, without a teacher. Sounds easy, the way they tell about it."

"Ha, ha," laughed Fred Lawrence, "do you suppose they would say it was *hard*?"

"Perhaps not," I came back, a bit peeved, "but it sounds so reasonable I thought I'd write them for their booklet."

Well, maybe I didn't get a razzing then!

Finally Fred Lawrence sneered: "Why, it's absurd. The poor fellow *really* believes he can learn music by mail!"

To this day I don't know what made me come back at him. Perhaps it was because I *really* was ambitious to learn to play the piano. Anyhow, before I knew it I'd cried, "Yes, and I'll bet money I can do it." But the crowd only laughed harder than ever.

Suppose I Was Wrong —

As I walked upstairs to my desk I began to regret my haste. Suppose that music course wasn't what the ad said. Suppose it was too difficult for me. And how did I know I had even the least bit of talent to help me out.

If I fell down, the boys in the office would have the laugh on me for life. But just as I was beginning to weaken, my life-long ambition to play and my real love of music came to the rescue. And I decided to go through with the whole thing.

During the few months that followed, Fred Lawrence never missed a chance to give me a sly dig about my bet. And the boys always got a good laugh, too. But I never said a word. I was waiting patiently for a chance to get the *last* laugh myself.

My Chance Arrives

Things began coming my way during the office outing at Pine Grove. After lunch it rained, and we all sat around inside looking at each other. Suddenly some one spied a piano in the corner. "Who can play?" every one began asking. Naturally, Fred Lawrence saw a fine chance to have some fun at my expense, and he got right up.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "our friend Joe, the music-master, has consented to give us a recital."

That gave the boys a good laugh. And some of them got on either side of me and with mock dignity started to escort me to the piano. I could hear a girl say, "Oh, let the poor fellow alone! can't you see he's mortified to death?"

The Last Laugh

I smiled to myself. This was certainly a wonderful setting for my little surprise party. Assuming a scared look, I stumbled over to the piano while the crowd littered.

"Play 'The Varsity Drag,'" shouted Fred, thinking to embarrass me further.

I began fingering the keys and then . . . with a wonderful feeling of cool confidence . . . I broke right into the very selection Fred asked for. There was a sudden hush in the room as I made that old piano talk. But in a few minutes I heard a fellow jump to his feet and shout, "Believe me, the boy is *there*! Let's dance!"

Tables and chairs were pushed aside, and soon the whole crowd was shuffling around having a whale of a time. Nobody would hear of me stopping, least of all the four fellows who were singing in harmony right at my elbow. So I played one peppy selection after another until I finished with "Crazy Rhythm," and the crowd stopped dancing and slugging to applaud me. As I turned around to thank them, there was Fred holding a spotlight right under my nose.

"Folks," he said, addressing the crowd again, "I want to apologize publicly to Joe. I bet him he couldn't learn to play by mail, and believe me, he sure deserves to win the money!"

"Learn to play *by* mail!"



exclaimed a dozen people. "That sounds impossible! Tell us how you did it!"

I was only too glad to tell them how I'd always wanted to play but couldn't afford a teacher, and couldn't think of spending years in practice. I described how I had read the U. S. School of Music ad, and how Fred bet me I couldn't learn to play by mail.

"Folks," I continued, "It was the biggest surprise of my life when I got the first lesson. It was fun right from the start, everything as simple as A-B-C. There were no scales or tiresome exercises. And all it required was part of my spare time. In a short time I was playing jazz, classical pieces, and in fact, anything I wanted. Believe me, that certainly was a profitable bet I made with Fred."

Play Any Instrument

You, too, can now *teach yourself* to be an accomplished musician—right at home—in half the usual time. You can't go wrong with this simple new method which has already shown over half a million people how to play their favorite instruments *by note*. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will be the same—averaging just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

Send for Our Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

Thousands of successful students never dreamed they possessed musical ability until it was revealed to them by a remarkable "Musical Ability Test" which we send entirely without cost with our interesting free booklet. If you are in earnest about wanting to play your favorite instrument—if you really want to gain happiness and increase your popularity—send at once for the Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson which explain this remarkable method. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control*. No cost—no obligation. Sign and send the coupon common now. Instruments supplied when needed—cash on credit. U. S. School of Music, 5312 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. C.

U. S. School of Music,
5312 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Please send me your free book, "Musical Ability Test Your Own Home" with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Name _____
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What Instrument for You?	
Piano	Piccolo
Organ	Guitar
Violin	Hawaiian
Banjo	Steel Guitar
(Plectrum,	Drums and
5-String or	Traps
Tenor)	Mandolin
Clarinet	Cello
Flute	Ukulele
Harp	Trombone
Cornet	Saxophone
Sight Singing	
Harmony and Composition	
Voice and Speech Culture	
Automatic Finger Control	
Piano Accordion	
Italian and German Accordion	

What the Fans Think

gain. Why should they be allowed to force them on us, when it is evident that the majority abhor them?

In their present stage of development they are abominable, with hollow, uncanny, grotesque, and unnatural voices, which are not even understandable most of the time. It is doubtful if they will ever be perfected, for all mechanical devices of sound are the same after years of experiment. So why experiment on the poor public long?

Also, the public won't stand for having its favorite stars thrust aside for recruits from the stage, with new and strange faces, and not at all handsome, either. It is an injustice both to the stars and their fans. We all admire Charlie Chaplin for his courage in refusing to make talking pictures. It is true that we were just beginning to get better pictures on the screen when along came talking pictures, and now what do we have? No more stories with plots, but just strutting and songs, or a display of a few stage actors in dialogue. And how ridiculous to try to screen "The Desert Song."

We still have phonographs aplenty to give us all the music and dialogue we want, for those who like that kind; but, for goodness' sake, keep vaudeville, singing, and dancing on the stage, where it belongs, and give us back our screen favorites who have endeared themselves to us all; and give us back the silent drama, with all its beauty and charm.

Dayton, Ohio.

V. C.

From a Scholarly Fan.

Did it ever dawn upon any one that such things as dictionaries may be internally decorated in more ways than one? That is, instead of congesting several thousand pages with meaningless definitions of nouns, verbs, and the like, do you realize how interesting it would be to compile a dictionary of your favorite performers?

For instance, below is a very much abridged dictionary of my favorite stars, arranged in alphabetical order. I have attempted to define them, and at the same time give synonyms and antonyms in most cases. I might mention as a mere editor's note that in all dictionaries the lexicographer is confronted by certain words which express an idea so perfectly that no synonym could justly be used as comparison.

Olive Borden. 1. Agreeable to the eye or to good taste. 2. Well proportioned and of pleasing dimensions. *Syn.*: Sue Carol, Mary Nolan. *Ant.*: Greta Garbo, Myrna Loy, Renée Adorée.

Clive Brook. (Eng.) 1. Deserving of greater acclaim by audiences. 2. One who speaks English to perfection. *Syn.*: H. B. Warner.

Lon Chaney. 1. One of a group of really great actors. 2. One of a very few whose popularity has been attained by merit and not by physical attractiveness. *Syn.*: Emil Jannings, George Bancroft.

Charles Chaplin. 1. One who studies the art of being funny with care and precision. 2. A person who is capable of provoking laughter on all occasions. *Syn.*: Buster Keaton. *Ant.*: Harry Langdon, Eddie Cantor, George Jessel.

Marion Davies. 1. One of a rare species of femininity capable of entertaining through the medium of light comedy. 2. A female who can be facetious, refined, and attractive, all in one show. *Syn.*: Madge Bellamy. *Ant.*: Bebe Daniels, Fannie Brice, Texas Guinan.

Leslie Fenton. 1. Shadowed by unfortunate breaks; unlucky. 2. One possessing innate ability for dramatic expression. *Syn.*: Ralph Forbes.

John Gilbert. 1. One who is extremely handsome and romantic. 2. A person who can play a great lover one time and a virile he-man another, with equal conviction and sincerity. 3. Having the power to attract members of both sexes by his warm personality. *Ant.*: Ramon Novarro, Gary Cooper, Nils Asther, Ben Lyon, Gilbert Roland.

George O'Brien. One who is best deserving of the term "ideal American" among his associates in Hollywood. *Syn.*: Charles Farrell, William Haines. *Ant.*: Adolphe Menjou.

William Powell. 1. Capable of making every rôle a great one by virtue of sincere treatment and careful study of details. 2. One famed for "stealing" pictures before the very eyes of the greatest actors in the business. *Syn.*: Lewis Stone, Tully Marshall.

Eric von Stroheim. 1. Any combination of rare talent that goes toward making a real genius. 2. One gifted with an alchemic power to bring certain dormant human attributes to the surface in others. 3. The name of the greatest director the world has ever known or ever will know.

Fay Wray. 1. The one actress who best befits the term "ideal American girl." 2. One who is intelligent, refined, beautiful, and spiritually charming. 3. The name of a really fine actress. *Ant.*: Clara Bow, Alice White, Joan Crawford, Nancy Carroll. DONALD MACCAMPBELL.

1010 South Forty-fifth Street,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

"There Is No Age."

"The Switchboard Operator" certainly roused my ire when she brought age into the question regarding John Mack Brown and Mary Pickford playing together. No matter what her years, Mary is youth incarnate, and she is just as young as she looks. This business of prying into the ages of the stars is beyond me. In the first place, there is no age, except man-made years, and, in the second place, the stars' lives are their own—we only pay to see them act! Only jealous old-fogeyism is constantly counting up years. Truly young and joyous folks remain in that state because they refuse to count up years. In God's sight there are no years, anyway. So forget them and you'll be lots younger yourselves, and so will the stars. For my part, the less I know regarding a player the more interesting becomes the picture itself.

D. E. BILSON.

Palm Avenue,
Los Angeles, California.

Figure That Out.

All this talk of the stars not answering letters and keeping quarters makes me anxious to add my word.

I wrote Richard Barthelmess, inviting him to become an honorary member of the club of which I am president. In about six weeks a printed card came back to me, with the prices of his photographs on it. And I hadn't even mentioned a photo. How do you figure that out?

Clara Bow, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, and James Hall did the same thing exactly. Do they just take it for granted that we want pictures?

ELIZABETH MAYNARD.

1 Doden Lane,
Flushing, Long Island, New York.

A Word for Old-timers.

Most of the actors get better every year they're on the screen, I believe. Betty Compson is a fine example. When Miss Compson was playing for Paramount, her acting frequently left much to

be desired. Her recent appearances place her in the front rank. She looks finer than ever. Anita Stewart, Theda Bara, Jack Pickford, Nazimova, Cullen Landis, and Henry B. Walthall and others are among the best actors the screen has ever had.

I read recently that Theda Bara was making voice tests, and I hope that something definite comes of them very soon. There should certainly be a place on the screen for these old favorites. Just because they seem to have dropped from view is no sign that public interest in them has entirely abated. Of course, I have many favorites among the newer stars, and I think some of them are due for long careers.

Several nights ago I saw one of the most beautiful pictures it has been my fortune to see for some time—Ramon Novarro, in "The Pagan." I have read all the letters comparing John Gilbert and Ramon Novarro. I should like to know in what picture Mr. Gilbert gave as beautiful a performance as Ramon Novarro's *Henry Shoesmith*?

THEODORE T. CAVANAUGH.

246 Hackensack Street,
East Rutherford, New Jersey.

Moviegoing Is Complicated.

'Tis a strange, new film world to which the talking pictures are introducing us, all unfriendly and forbidding, and I am finding it very difficult to adapt myself to it. No longer can I choose my entertainment by selecting one of my favorite film stars. They are not there any longer! Unfamiliar names greet my eyes everywhere, emblazoned on placards and electric signs—"The Four Marx Brothers," in "So-and-so"; "Helen Twelveteens," in "This"; "Walter Huston," in "That." Great stage stars in the States, maybe, but their names convey just *nothing* here. We've never heard of them!

No doubt these people give very admirable performances, but I'd rather they had stayed on Broadway, where they are probably more appreciated, and let the screen stars continue to top the bill.

Names like Ronald Colman, Gary Cooper, and Charles Farrell are world renowned and really *mean* something.

CONSTANCE COLBY.

160 Farnaby Road,
Bromley, Kent, England.

A Retort to Barthelmess.

Recently we read of the snobbishness of Richard Barthelmess in Mexico City, when he said, "I am a married man and not interested." Please send him this little message from us: "Since you are married, we are not interested. We used to walk miles to see your shows, but now we wouldn't go to one even if it were across the street."

Alice White is the biggest ninny we ever saw on the screen. She is nothing but a mockingbird trying to act like Clara Bow. But she never will.

Here are four enormous bouquets and ten thousand rah-rahs! First, for Gary Cooper, that tall, handsome, real, honest-to-goodness man, who can really act and seem natural. Second, for Neil Hamilton, that real comedian. Third, for Johnny Mack Brown, that handsome, triumphant, capable young hero who scored such a success in "Coquette." And, last, but far from least, for Conrad Nagel, who has the most admirable voice, winning personality, and who is the greatest actor on the screen.

HELEN MACKENZIE,
LA VERNE WRIGHT.

Monmouth, Oregon. **Con. on page 94**



Watch for these
other great Pathe hits!



OH, YEAH!

with
**ROBERT ARMSTRONG and
JAMES GLEASON**

A comedy of that class of society
which travels under, not in, Pullmans.
Directed by **TAY GARNETT**



RED HOT RHYTHM

with **ALAN HALE**

A picture that turns "Tin Pan Alley"
inside out and reveals its human side.
Directed by **LEO McCAREY**
Supervised by
WILLIAM CONSELMAN



CONSTANCE BENNETT
in **RICH PEOPLE**

A look at life from the viewpoint of
those who have so much money they
can't get out from under its depressing
influence!

Directed by
EDWARD H. GRIFFITH
RALPH BLOCK
Associate Producer

**WILLIAM
BOYD**

IN

His First Command

with Dorothy Sebastian

All the world loves a lover and a "rookie"—and William Boyd is both in this romantic story of the making of a "first-class fighting man." The scene of the action is laid at renowned Fort Riley in Kansas, around which so much thrilling frontier history was written in the days of the old West.

The participation of the entire Second and Thirteenth U.S. Cavalry regiments lends an authentic military flavor to HIS FIRST COMMAND that quite lifts it out of the realm of "make-believe." If you want action, thrills, laughs and romance, see it when it comes to your local theatre!

Directed by **GREGORY LA CAVA** **RALPH BLOCK**, Associate Producer

ALL MUSIC-ALL SOUND-ALL DIALOGUE

Pathé  **Picture**

Do you want the Truth about NIGHT CLUB HOSTESSES?

Are they as bad as they're painted—or are they Painted Angels? Are they on the square when they play around? Does turning night into day turn their hearts into cash registers?—Come to Billie Dove's own night club and find out!

"The Painted Angel" will show you a new and more exciting Billie Dove, in show-off costumes, doing song and dance numbers that are just as clever as she is beautiful. You'll see and hear an honest-to-Broadway night club show—with the cover charge "on the house." And you'll see what goes on when the lights go off, and sham turns to sorrow, and a world-famous beauty finds that love has made her the biggest "sucker" of all!

BILLIE DOVE Singing, Dancing, for the First Time in The PAINTED ANGEL

100% TALKING... SINGING
with **EDMUND LOWE**
from the story, "Give this Little Girl a Hand"
by **FANNIE HURST**
A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

Directed by Millard Webb. With 5 new song hits you'll want to learn, including "Only the Girl," "That Thing," and "Everybody's Darling."

VITAPHONE PICTURE

"Vitaphone" is the registered trade-mark of the Vitaphone Corporation



Photo by Elmer Fryer

Marilyn Miller, she of the twinkling toes and thistledown airiness, at last comes to the screen in the musical comedy with which her name is always associated—"Sally." Photographed entirely in color, it tells the story of an orphan waitress who becomes a dancing sensation and marries a millionaire—surely as fabulous a story as "Cinderella" and as popular a one. Here Sally is seen dancing at a *fête champêtre*, where her humble origin is made public and she flies away in supposed disgrace, only to be found and tunelessly wooed by Alexander Gray.



Photo by Genthe

Simplicity, even frugality, marks Greta Garbo's mode of living.

WHAT movie people do with their money is perhaps their own business, but Heaven help them if they aren't good spenders in Hollywood!

There what they do with their money is everybody's business. The quickest way to achieve celebrity in pictures is not to spend when you are expected to; it's so *unusual* that it's sensational.

The gossips seize upon any indication of "Scotchiness" or conservatism to start their ballyhoo. They will talk about an incident indicating financial resistance for months, perhaps even years, after it has happened. They have never forgotten about the monetary inhibitions of Charlie Chaplin in the old days, any more than John D. Rockefeller, with his donations of new dimes, will be obliterated from memory of the general public. If there is laughter or deep attentiveness at a *klatsch* it is due generally to one of two things—somebody's romantic indiscretion, or an evidence of tightness on the part of some one who was supposed to respond to the good, old request of "Gimme."

Stars as a class are not skinflints, but they all make mistakes at times in the proper, liberal gesture. A few may be downright tight, but they are the rare exception. The habit of life will dictate to a girl who has had a hard struggle, that she must not throw her money away. This goes also for the chap who has waited long and patiently for recognition, though women are more cautious than men in guarding the pennies.

Of course, there are instances to prove that at certain times in their careers players must have been, without reason, just a bit miserly, and that is using a mild word to describe it.

There was, for example, the wealthy star who invited another star to a lunch that consisted of pickles and coleslaw. It seems that

Stingy? No, Just

Time was when being really and truly a star meant old days are no more. Now Hollywood finds more holding onto their money. Read this entertaining

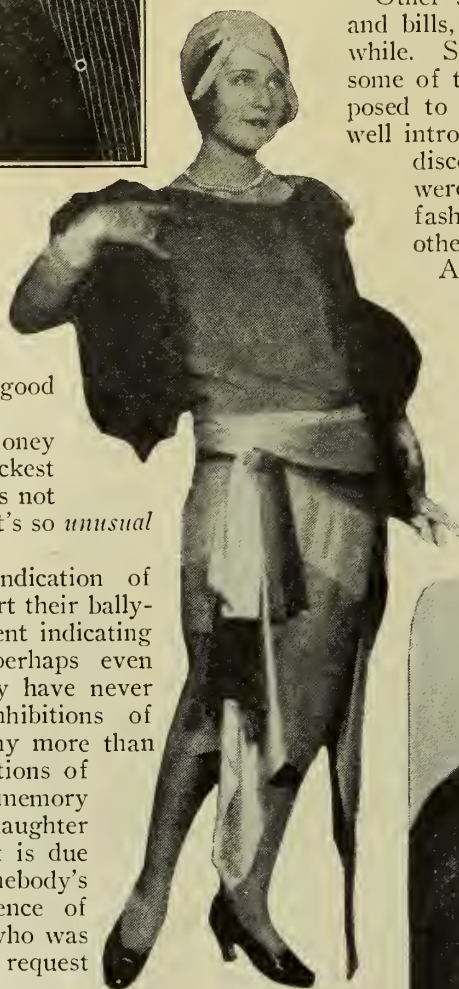
By Edwin

when the invitation was given, the rich star specified her apartment as the meeting place, and when her guest arrived, she suggested that they go to the delicatessen near by and get something. On reaching it, she turned to the other and said, "You like pickles, don't you, and coleslaw?" Then, without giving her friend time to reply, she said, "Give me five cents' worth of each, and we'll go back to the apartment and eat." That was perhaps the lightest lunch on record in Hollywood, before, since, or even during the eighteen-day-diet craze.

Other stars have grumbled over paying debts and bills, and gone on living luxuriously all the while. So much did this occur for a time that some of the shops in Los Angeles were not disposed to open accounts with movie folk, unless well introduced and authenticated. It was often discovered that those who caused the trouble were living beyond their means, as is the fashion not only in Hollywood, but many other places.

Again, certain players have shown a very small attitude toward those who did them service, and more than one agent or publicity man can tell hard-luck stories of fees long overdue, and likely never to come in. "Oh, he's a terrible tightwad," is consequently not a phrase unheard on the Boulevard.

Lydell Peck, Janet Gaynor's husband, will not need to curb his wife's expenditures.



Norma Shearer isn't above arguing over money.



—er—Careful

flinging roses and greenbacks riotously. But those funny, amusement in observing the strength of the stars in article and judge the wisdom of each case mentioned.

Schallert

It is the spectacular, not the small-time incidents, that excite the most amusement and arouse the most comment, and that people never quit talking about.

One such happened at the wedding of Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky, an event that will always be looked back to as one of the red-letter days in the picture world, what with the ceremony being very late and the arrival of Tom Mix in his horse-drawn equipage.

The wedding reception was the scene of a happening of unforgettable mirthfulness, when one of the guests attempted to spear a turkey, and found that it was playing only the rôle of a prop in the festal banquet. Somebody with movie-sque ideas had conceived the notion of arranging the buffet with scenic embellishments in which turkeys, geese and chickens, apparently nicely roasted, were conspicuous. But after the ineffectual attempts of the guest to procure a slice, a vigilant servitor was placed on duty to induce others to become interested rather

Artificial food was displayed at the Banky-La Rocque wedding.



Adolphe Menjou sued to recover \$25,000 damages to his sartorial prestige.



Ronald Colman is self-contained in everything.

in chicken salad, olive-and-nut sandwiches, molded ice cream, and other dainties. Samuel Goldwyn staged the wedding, and as his shrewd insight in business matters was widely recognized, coupled with certain statements he had made denouncing newspaper people for demanding too much hospitality, the incident of the turkeys immediately became a Silas Marnerish titbit, widely recited, and will perhaps go on forever. Actually it might have been just a bit of clever scene setting that went awry when hungry guests started an attack on the edibles.

Another incident of an entirely different character took place at a dinner of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, at which prizes are awarded for the best work of the year to movie folk. Janet Gaynor was the principal in this affair.

Miss Gaynor was being honored for her work in "Seventh Heaven," and in the preamble of the speech that he made before the prize was given, William DeMille, as master of ceremonies, laid emphasis on the fact that the star did not belong to the organization, even going so far as to say, "I don't know why she doesn't, but perhaps she will become a member now." Janet rose, came forward to get the prize, and took her bow to large applause. Everybody was looking for her to whisper, at least, into Mr. DeMille's ear that she would be pleased to become one of the august assemblage to which only the more noted stars belong. It would have been the appropriate gesture.

But she only took the bow and retired, and her name isn't yet listed on the roster. Perhaps it was the stage fright that prevented her from saying anything, and she forgot about it later. Still, the question has been raised more than once, in the inner circle, as to why she did not do something about it. It was recognized, of course, that Janet's way to



Lon Chaney would give away everything, but his wife won't let him.

success was difficult in the beginning, and that she had to guard her income with much caution. The happening might not have meant anything, had DeMille not given it importance, and it is just barely possible that Miss Gaynor did not like being railroaded into anything.

Adolphe Menjou has given occasion for criticism on one occasion, when he took what was considered a very small matter to the courts, suing for \$25,000. This was the time a haberdashery firm manufactured and began to sell a tie called the "Menjou." Adolphe became exercised about it, because he felt it did not correctly represent his sartorial perfection. It was such a small issue, though, that it hardly seemed worth the \$25,000 suit. However, it is probable that only by making the amount as large as that he demanded could Menjou have stopped the objectionable merchandising. The whole thing seemed more picaresque than it was.

Closeness or liberality in money matters is all relative, and stars, if they are criticized at all, are censured and kidded on that basis. If Miss Gaynor had been making a few hundred dollars a week, instead of \$1,000 or more, the incident involving \$100 initiation and \$25 dues would probably not have been thought about. If Menjou had not been garnering \$4,000 or \$5,000 a week, the suit of \$25,000 over a small, bow tie would not have seemed so foolish.

When players are beginning their careers, not much is ex-

pected of them. It is known that nowadays, especially, their stipends are small, beginning around \$50 or \$75. It is difficult enough for most of the girls to dress as they should on these incomes, and some of them have to resort either to making their own clothes, or if they are very lucky, indeed, to borrowing a nice dress from the studio wardrobe. Most studios help out their contract players with such ministrations, but the free lancer must rely on homelier domestic means to attract the eye at the premiere, or other function.

The films are getting rid of a lot of their old flubdub—the idea that every one to be a really successful star should fling roses, roses riotously to the wind, and greenbacks. Norma Shearer, for instance, is one star who freely admits the spirit of conservatism, and colorfully traces it back to her Scottish ancestry. Most stars in her position would socialize elaborately, but it is on the books that she has given only one pretentious party. The week-end open house is not observed at the Thalberg-Shearer mansion, as it is at others, especially in the Metro-Goldwyn company. Also Norma has been known to argue—well, a little—over money matters, especially when it comes to paying salaries, and she does not employ a large retinue. She is careful, though, to dress in the height of fashion and make an elegant appearance at every premiere.

By contrast, Marion Davies is a munificent spender, but she did not have the hard struggle that Norma did in the beginning of her career, as it was well financed. She is also gifted with the Irish spirit of liberality. To such lengths is this carried in the all-inclusiveness of her guest list that one

restaurateur was heard to remark, "My God, the restaurant business will go to pieces again—Marion Davies has come back to Hollywood!" Marion can afford all this lavishness, because her personal fortune is said to total several millions. Very few stars can count themselves in her class.

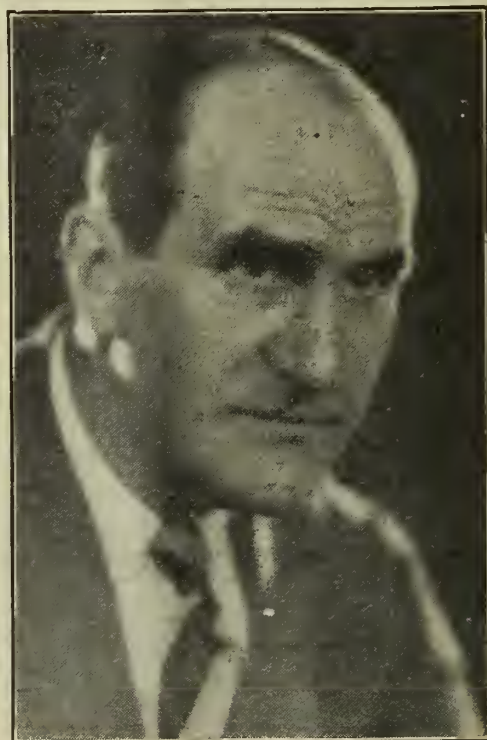
Of the wealthier, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford have their inclinations toward conservatism, but they are far offset by their generosity. One example of financial caution that they observed, especially in

Continued on page 100



Charlie Chaplin is Hollywood's classic example of watchfulness.

Ernest Torrence, a Scot as well as a character actor, is not expected to splurge.



Just Fancy!

Cliff Edwards and Benny Rubin show what would happen if certain figures of speech became actualities.



"He was all oiled up," right, requires a different kind of lubrication than you think.

Often you've said, "He was glued to the spot." Well, Cliff Edwards, above, left, and Benny Rubin illustrate the metaphor with results disastrous to Cliff.

And Benny, below, shows just what a man does when he plays the piano by ear.



When Benny Rubin, left, gets hot under the collar, Cliff Edwards is always on hand with a fire extinguisher.



"His face fell," below, and now what is poor Cliff to do when he plays his "uke"?





Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston find happiness in the seclusion of their lakeside home, which is always open to the most "regular" Hollywood folk.

Checking Up On Dick

A close-up study of Richard Arlen shows that in spite of his rise to stardom, he is still the same natural youth of his struggling days, and one of the few players who do not act in private life.

By William H. McKegg

IT is either gratifying, amusing, or painful to check up on certain movie youths, on whom you have kept an interested eye during their climb to fame, and learn what new truths they have gleaned, since coming into a new estate. You can weigh very few without finding something wanting.

For the past five years I have been watching Richard Arlen—from the time he played a bit in Colleen Moore's "Sally," under his real name, Van Mattimore, from the day he was placed under contract by Paramount, at seventy-five dollars a week, and until he recently became one of their stars.

Now you might think I'm joking in repeating the trite, but often incorrect statement, that Dick Arlen is the most untheatrical, natural chap you could ever meet among the cinematic hordes. I know only about three. Dick is one of them.

As an unknown bit player, during his first appearance on the Paramount lot, Dick worked with various one-time celebrities. I remember he greeted Agnes Ayres and others one morning as he came on the set. An icy silence was accorded him. His smile died away, and he walked miserably over to a corner by himself.

These cuts used to hurt him. But to-day Dick has a good laugh, while the former high-and-mighty ones have faded into oblivion.

In those early days Dick was almost less than an extra. He and Mary Brian were signed at about the same time, but neither was given a chance at anything worth while.

While Lawrence Gray and Betty Bronson were getting the breaks, Dick and Mary remained in the background. To-day it seems to be the other way about.

My more intimate acquaintance with Dick really began when I spent some time with him at Jacumba, on the Mexican border, during the making of "Beggars of Life." In the winter Jacumba is hot indeed. In summer, when we were there, it is like the nether world. Not that I know, but I've been told what it's like by my friend, Mr. Arlen.

At seven in the morning we left the small hotel, climbed into a freight car and were taken to a desolate spot ten miles from the town.

One morning we went to a horrifying spot called the Carriso Gorge, an evil-looking place, through which a shallow stream irregularly flows. To a sensitive soul from Hollywood it looked exactly like one of Doré's illustrations for Dante's "Inferno." Steep, beetling cliffs on either side made us all seem very unimportant. We were in the depths of the abyss, among huge boulders worn smooth by a torrent which comes hurtling through the gorge in the flood season.

Dick and I were sitting in the shade. I felt a bit fed up, because I wasn't allowed to wander away. The reason being that he took delight in warning me not to stray, because snakes abounded. The wriggling little things hide under rocks and strike out at you for no reason at all, except that you have no right to go wandering alone in the Carriso Gorge.



All worries are not confined to bad-luck eras, Mr. Arlen declares after a siege of solicitors and souvenir hunters.

Joseph Schildkraut once said in *PICTURE PLAY* that you could chase him with liver. Well, you could run me out of the country with a snake. So there you are. I had to sit still and listen to Dick talk. Afterward I was glad he had thrown the fear of snakes into me, and that I remained with him.

"This is almost like it, isn't it?" Dick asked for the third time.

I had just been wondering what would happen to the troupe if the flood came before its time, and swept us clear through the gorge, snakes and all, and what Paramount would say on learning that so much unused film had been wasted.

"Yes, isn't it like what?"

"Like hell," Dick explained.

I could only recall my Dante, and agree.

Mr. Arlen became classical, too, and designating some of his coworkers, said, "We hobos seem right at home here, representing all the vices."

"*Si, signor.* Sluggishness, paganism, lust, gluttony, violence, and treachery."

"Yeah! You know them all, don't you? Look at this stream. It reminds you of what's-its-name? The river what-d-you-call-it?"

"Acheron," the classic scribe prompted, adding with a throbbing voice, "on whose bank are crowds of lost souls waiting for Charon to ferry them across."

But Mr. Arlen wasn't getting a word in edgeways, so he silenced me with an authoritative gesture. He declared I was too high up, and that the stream was really the Styx, and that we were in the City of Dis, the lower hell.

The terrific heat made me agree. Let it be any hell. It couldn't be hotter, no matter to what depths we went.

Back at Jacumba, Jobyna Ralston, who is to Dick Arlen what Beatrice was to my old pal, Dante, joined us for dinner. Jobyna, the bridge champion, was anxiously waiting for us to swallow our meal, so the bridge game could begin.

Nighttime was gorgeous. Wallace Beery—faithful man!—drove to a near-by field to fly home every night to his wife. Dick and I talked. Never once did he allude to himself or his work. Not until I commented on both.

"I used to worry a lot when I was fighting to get a job," he told me. "The best thing that has come my way is the fact that I have worked up to my present position. I can leave all my worries behind.

"When you have no money, no possessions whatever, except the suit you are wearing, you learn what friendship means, which people are worth while, and which are fair-weather companions. I was always having worries and troubles in those days. When you're down and out you get all the troubles in the world—or so it seems."

"Wings," which brought Dick such fame with the fans, had just been released. The future looked bright. But I always think there was something symbolic in getting to know him in that infernolike Carriso Gorge, for Dick was just coming out of a hard journey of struggling.

Time has gone on, as it usually does, since I dodged snakes on the Mexican border. Dick has achieved more success and is one of the most popular of the newcomers to fame.

I noted all these happenings with relish, and felt it was about time I paid him a visit at his home in Tuluca Lake—now you know what I mean! Not *in* the lake, but *by* it.

He was sitting on his lawn under the shade of a spreading tree. I was greeted with gusto, and we both sat beneath the foliage. Jobyna was away at rehearsals of a stage play.

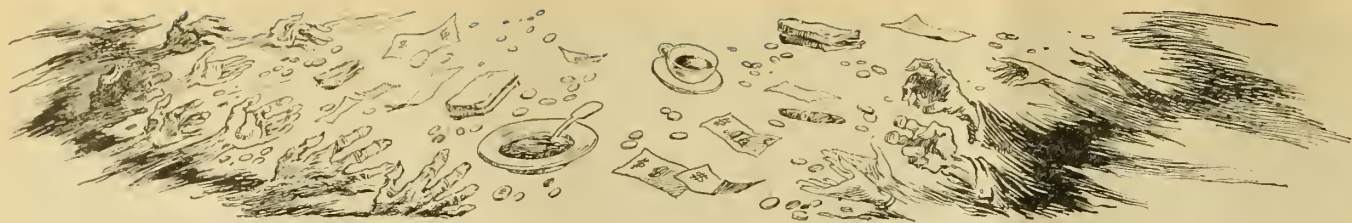
It was nice to see Dick so well placed. His home, of Spanish architecture, is very picturesque. Recalling his joyful outburst a year ago about having left all his worries with his bad-luck era, I remarked that in such sylvan surroundings any one could be content and happy, without a thing to trouble him.

"Worries?" Dick almost howled. "Say, I have more things to worry me since I gained what success I have, than when I didn't have a dime!"

This outburst was startling. But I didn't dare open my mouth, for all kinds of insects were dropping upon me from the overhanging tree. Before I could mutter a protest, a stranger drove up and wanted to show Mr. Arlen some things he had for sale, and would Mr. Arlen see and possibly buy them? Dick crossed the lawn and stepped over the hedge, sent the man off again, without a sale, and returned to me.

"There you are!" Dick groaned. "It's like that all the time, now. I don't dare sit out in my own front garden! People come up and speak to me. God knows how they find out my address. I suppose they've heard that I live in Tuluca Lake, and go from house to house—there aren't many—until they get here.

[Continued on page 117]



The Stars' Secret Code

It consists of lending a helping hand to those less fortunate, and never saying anything about it, but it never takes the form of charity. This intensely human story reveals the least-known side of Hollywood.

By Helen Louise Walker

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

ONE of the nicest—and least publicized—traits of this fantastic film colony is its habit of taking care of its own people. The traditional, generous open-handedness of the stage is amplified here to extend to all branches of the industry.

The custom cannot, by any stretch of language, be called charity. It is a sort of code of give and take—a business of the people who have jobs looking out for those who haven't. And it is a pleasant thing to see.

It is one of the reasons, I believe, why people do not, as a rule, get very rich in pictures, even when they make large salaries over long periods. Because the moment any one begins drawing any sort of salary he is automatically called upon to look after one or several without work.

While the salaries in pictures are large, the jobs are frightfully uncertain, and nearly every one who is successful now can remember times when he was broke and possibly hungry. In all likelihood, some friend or mere acquaintance helped him to tide over until his break came, and now he feels an obligation to do the same for some one else.

There is an unwritten and unspoken rule that no one ever denies the possibility of any one's achieving success. If you are down, the colony takes it for granted that it is only temporary, and no matter how deeply your talents are hidden, your friends will give you credit for having some.

No one ever suggests that you abandon your dream of acting or writing or directing, and go and get yourself a job with a wholesale-grocery concern. They can understand your sweeping out studios for a time, but not your working in a filling station.

Stars, of course, or other members of the really high-salaried groups, always have a startling number of relatives to support. It is perfectly amazing how few actors have even a second cousin once removed who is able to pay his own shoe bills. But that is not the thing I mean. It is the aid given to casual acquaintances which is surprising.

I know a writer and his wife, for instance, who set aside a certain portion of his distinctly fluctuating income each year for these purposes. They have a comfortable establishment, and there is a small house at the back of their grounds which they lend to acquaintances who are unable, for one reason or another, to pay rent. With this goes light, heat, milk, and laundry, to say nothing of loans of actual cash for emergencies. The "guest house," I may add, is seldom vacant!

For some weeks last winter they had, as their

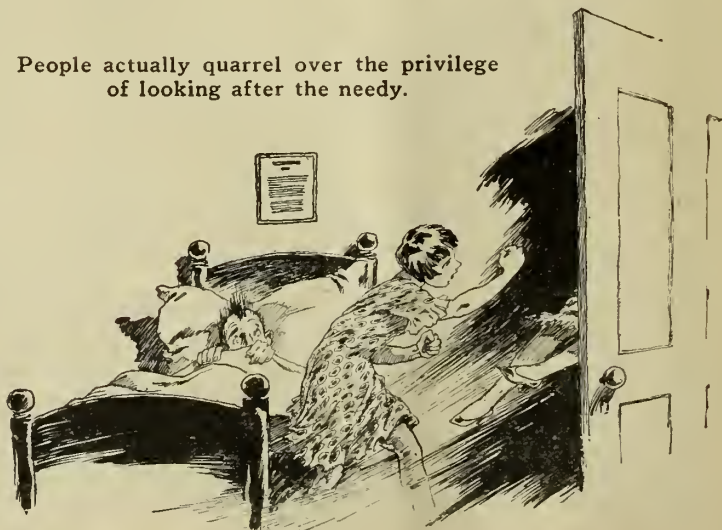
guest, a girl who had once been of some importance in pictures, but who had slipped from her position because of ill health. She had undergone a serious operation and was completely helpless for a month or more, requiring constant attention of the most careful sort, night and day. She got it—along with sunshine, special food and freedom from financial worry and, at last, assistance in finding another position when she was on her feet again.

Only a few days ago I heard a chap ask a friend for money to make the payment on his typewriter, so that he might finish a story which he hoped to sell to a studio. He was behind on his installments, and feared that the typewriter company would snatch the machine away from him before the opus was finished.

Yet this same man had been keeping another chap for several days who, he said, was worse off than himself, having no money, no food, and no place to sleep! A month from now both these men may be drawing hundreds of dollars a week somewhere—and spending a goodly portion of it to help some one else. They have both been in such positions before.

Not only money, but time—which is often less plentiful—is given where it is needed, in the same casual fashion. Carl Laemmle, Jr., that youthful and ever-so-busy executive, left the studio every afternoon for weeks to spend an hour or so with a prop boy who was his friend and who was in the hospital seriously ill. Junior will probably be annoyed with me for telling this, but I think he is annoyed with me, anyhow, for a better reason!

People actually quarrel over the privilege of looking after the needy.



A young man told me of a time, some years ago, when he was working in a small job on the M.-G.-M. lot and, owing to some trouble at home, was in desperate need of ready cash.

"I started across the lot," he said, "and made up my mind that I would stop the first man I met—whoever he was—and ask him to lend me some money. The first man I saw was Jack Gilbert. I doubted whether he even knew my name—I was just a kid and had the smallest sort of job there. But I stopped him. 'Jack,' I began, 'I'm in trouble and—'"

"'How much do you need?' he asked instantly.

"I stammered that if he could let me have a hundred dollars, it would solve everything. He gave it to me, then and there. Never asked me what was wrong, or why I needed it—nor mentioned my repaying him. I did, of course, but it took me a long time. And I know Jack never would have mentioned it if I hadn't."

"For the most part, such loans are not repaid, nor is there any expectation of it. Picture people are a light-hearted lot and give their money away without using much judgment about it. I have never heard any one inquire whether an individual was deserving before helping him!

Richard Dix is known to be one of the most generous of actors and of course he is imposed upon. I happen to know that he was asked for money twenty-three times in one day—and came through every time. No income can stand a drain like that, and Richard's friends are in a constant state of alarm over his open-handedness.

When a certain actress had a period of bad breaks, she sold her household furnishings. Her friends paid two and three times what they would have had to pay in shops for the articles, and one of them paid her four hundred dollars more than the original price for her car!

One young writer tells me he lived for four months without any money. His friends invited him out for all his meals and lent him enough for rent and cigarettes the first of every month.

"I really think," he remarked, "that if I hadn't got a job, I could have continued on like that for a year or so."

In case of any spectacular need, as when some one is ill and cannot work for a time, the purses of the entire industry open with the greatest promptness—even the purses of those who do not know the unlucky individual by sight. If he is Hollywood's own, Hollywood will take good care of him.

I have seen people squabbling in the most undignified manner over who is to be allowed to assume responsibilities of this sort.

Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor became very indignant once when other people offered aid to some one of whom they had taken charge.

You are likely to find strange individuals living in homes of your friends. The presence of these odds

Stars always have a startling number of relatives to support.



and ends of humanity may perhaps never be explained to you, but you can pretty well depend upon it that they are the objects of the casual good will of their hosts. They are treated for all the world like favored guests, and the chances are that there is real affection between them.

Sometimes the guest will be an actor or a director of a bygone day, and the friendship will be one of long standing in the profession. Again it will be a youngster, who needs a little boost while he is trying to get started. But there he is—as much at home as a brother or sister, a situation peculiar to Hollywood.

I sat in the office of a woman well known in the picture business the other day. Another woman entered, one of those most irritating and pathetic spectacles in the whole industry—the mother of a movie child.

"I am going to be turned into the street to-morrow," she said. "What are you going to do about it?" And she sat back, with folded arms, having cast her burden upon another, a more efficient pair of shoulders.

My friend gazed at her with some dismay. "Dear! Dear! Why didn't you tell me sooner?" she fluttered. Then, after a few moments' thought, "Well, I *think* I know where I can get you something to do. If not, you'll just have to bring your little girl and stay with me until we can get you settled!"

And she dropped her own important work to scurry around, looking after a woman who was trying to live by exploiting her child.

I heard another motherly woman talking to a young actor at a tea party a day or two ago. The boy, a stranger in Hollywood, was engaged in that most difficult business of making acquaintances and breaking in.

"I want you to promise me something," she was urging him worriedly. "I want you to promise that you will *not* miss any meals. Oh, you needn't blush! Young people *do* miss meals sometimes when they are getting started, if they let their silly pride stand in their way. Now, if you need anything you call me and say, 'I'm feeling a little low to-day. I'd like to come over for tea, or for dinner.' I'll understand."

And that is really the gist of the entire matter. If Hollywood did not look after its own it might lose some very important talent. Every one has had to struggle. Every one has had to be helped by some one in some way or other. Therefore it is unimportant to repay the person who has helped you. It is your responsibility to help the next struggler.

I like to know these things. And I thought that you would, too.

In time of need it's all right to earn money by sweeping out a studio.

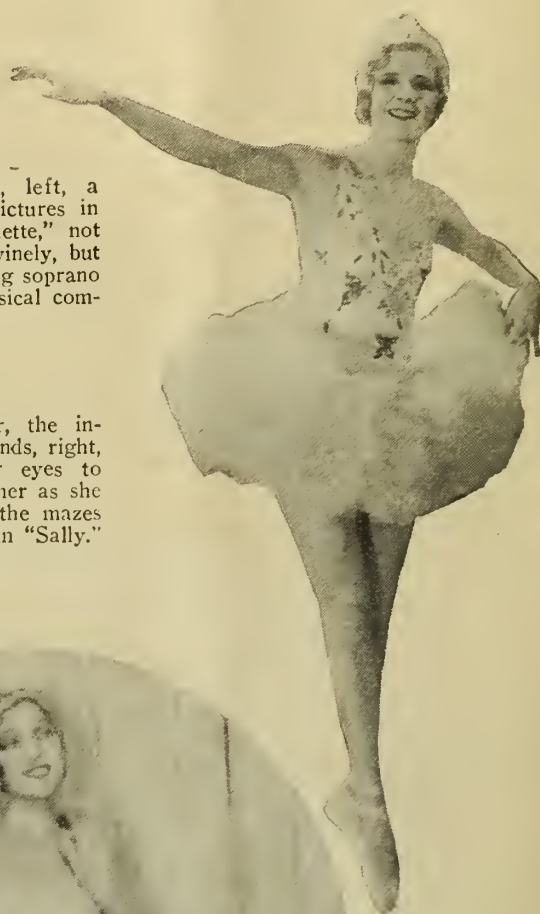


Teetering On

When the stars slip on ballet slippers and tarlatan skirts—or none at all—they become sprites of enchantment who beckon and lure.



Bernice Claire, left, a newcomer to pictures in "No, No, Nanette," not only dances divinely, but sings the leading soprano rôle in the musical comedy.



Marilyn Miller, the incomparable, stands, right, defying your eyes to catch up with her as she darts through the mazes of her dances in "Sally."



Joyce Murray, above, a Metro-Goldwyn "find," is said to hold Hollywood's record for dancing on her toes the longest time.



We didn't know that Loretta Young, left, was a toe dancer; but, for that matter, we never suspected that she had the lovely speaking voice she revealed in "The Squall" and "Fast Life." So we gladly applaud her dainty teetering.

Their Toes



Bessie Love, left, has proved that she can do anything, so she demonstrates with ease her talent as a toe dancer.



Portia Grafton, right, a dancer trained from childhood, is now a member of the Albertina Rasch ballet which won the outstanding applause of "The Hollywood Revue" and promises to do as much in Moran and Mack's "Why Bring That Up?"



Doris Hill, top of page, right, a dainty figurine in spangled gauze, is as winsome a dancer as we have seen in many a moon.

Maxine Cantway, right, so far is best known to fame as the typical chorus girl of the singing and dancing pictures.



Photo by Fryer

Leatrice Joy's return to films was short lived, and she is now in vaudeville again.

WELL," announced Fanny, with an air of finality, "Gloria's done it now."

My memory raced around trying to alight on some recent rumor about Gloria that would be significant enough to occasion such an outburst. But all I could recall was a dispatch from Europe that *la belle* Swanson had accumulated the largest and most elegant collection of pajamas ever gathered together.

"Hollywood will just have to dis-

Over the

By The Bystander

card any cherished notions that she is on a decline," Fanny continued vociferously.

My mind was still on pajamas. I wondered idly if Gloria intends going about publicly wearing them. The beach season will be over by the time she gets back to Hollywood. Maybe she will wear them to the Montmartre. Probably not. Her extremes are all in the direction of restraint and dark colors and simple lines. But maybe she will change. Maybe just once, for my sake, she will show up there in an outfit so startling that it will put all previous records to shame.

Louise Fazenda and Clara Bow have retained the title for startling Montmartre long enough. Louise went there once in convincing Negro make-up. She had been working in "Ham and Eggs at the Front." Clara won her round in the competition by dashing in for a moment in a scarlet bathing suit. I don't like to have Gloria outdone in anything. But my musings were interrupted by Fanny.

"A friend of mine in London wrote me all about the opening of Gloria's new picture there. It must have been marvelous. The letter goes on and on for pages, but I'll tell you just a few of the high spots."

My cries of "No, no; I want to hear *all*," were ignored. The woman at the next table, whom I identified as one of the ex-burlesque queens who had been working for Paramount in "Applause," eased her generous bulk closer to our table and tilted an attentive ear in our direction.

Out of the depths of her hand bag Fanny produced a bulky manuscript that she consulted.

"The theater was jammed," she announced, "and there were about five thousand people crowding Regent Street outside. Police reserves were called out and a line of bobbies, with locked arms, held the crowd back, or tried to, while Gloria arrived. Staid, old London forgot its dignity and the crowds roared. It is the first time that

an American star has held a film première in London, and I suppose the crowd wanted to show its appreciation.

"The audience was delighted with the picture. At one point, just after Gloria's first song, there was such a demonstration that the picture had to be interrupted while she went on the stage to take a bow."

"That's something new," I remarked casually, "for a picture to be so good that the audience wants it stopped."

The burlesque queen moved over between us and said to Fanny, "Don't pay any attention to her."

She and Fanny hung over.



Pola Negri returned from Europe, but not to make pictures.

Photo by Sasha

Teacups

Fanny the Fan relays the good news from London and chats about film favorites who have recently visited New York.

the letter together, and I gathered from their delighted chuckles that Gloria's triumph was complete.

"I worked with Gloria in a picture once," the friendly burlesque queen confided. "It was 'Zaza.' I was just one of the crowd, but one day, when I was all fagged out, she let me sit in her chair for a while. It was the only comfortable one on the set.

"After that, the other extras were so jealous that they used to make a bee line for her chair every time she left it for a minute. One day there was a little trouble over who got there first. It was right in the midst of a big dramatic scene. There was hair pulling, and shoving, and quite a lot of people got drawn into the fight. The director bawled everybody out, and said that none of them would ever work in a picture of his again. Gloria just laughed.

"I've worked with some great actresses in my day." She fastened an accusing eye on me, quite as though she knew that I was wondering if it were in Billy Watson's "Beef Trust."

"And she's one of the best. I hope her picture's a knock-out. It will have to be to be better than 'Applause.' That's the one we just made. Helen Morgan's a good actress, too, but the fans will never take her to their hearts the way they did Gloria. Her part's not sympathetic enough."

Fanny looked a little distraught. Here was some one whose volubility drowned her out. She offered no remonstrance when our uninvited guest took her departure.

"New York's really beginning to look like a metropolis, isn't it?"

Hedda Hopper is back on the Metro-Goldwyn lot for "The Rogue's Song."



Photo by Fryer

Loretta Young is not in danger of getting a swelled head, because she is still the most diffident girl in pictures.

Fanny asked, just as if she cared what I thought. "The last few picture openings have had a sprinkling of celebrities among the reviewers, and a lot of picture people have dashed through New York on their way to Europe.

"At the opening of Helen Morgan's stage play, 'Sweet Adeline,' there were a lot of familiar faces. Phyllis Haver, Lillian Gish, Jeanne Eagels, and Dorothy Dalton were all there. Phyllis looks radiant. In fact, she looks so lovely it makes me sad whenever I think that she is really serious about retiring from the screen.

"Lillian Gish is leaving for Hollywood in a few days to make 'The Swan.' That's an ideal vehicle for her, and it is nothing short of inspiration to have Marie Dressler play the domineering old queen. She will make Lillian look so fragile. All the cast needs now is Hedda Hopper. She and Marie would have so much fun working together, and what is a little more important to the audience, she would be grand in the picture. As I remember the play, the royal ladies were all pretty dowdy, but I will forgive them if they change the story just enough to let Hedda play a royal snob who is smart looking.

"Hedda has paused just long enough in her real-estate operations to work in 'The Rogue's Song' for Metro-Goldwyn. She finds time to do everything but write letters. Don't know why my fondness for her never fades, all things considered."

While Fanny paused for breath, I demanded news of Dorothy Gish.

"Oh, she is to play in 'The Matriarch' on the stage. And she will probably make a picture here for an English company. One of the English studios can't get their sound equipment installed for several months, so they are planning to make a few



Photo by Louiso



After the rigors of "Sunnyside Up," Sharon Lynn dashed away for a vacation.

pictures here while they wait for it. And, of course, since Dorothy is one of the darlings of the English public, they want her to star in their pictures. Whether she does or not depends on the run of 'The Matriarch.'

"What I can't understand is how it happens that her husband, James Rennie, hasn't been drafted into talking pictures. He was pretty good in silent ones, and his voice is one of his greatest assets. They will get him, sooner or later. Lately he has been very busy. He collaborated on a play called 'Jehovah Joe,' and played the lead in it when it was tried out in Greenwich, Connecticut.

"And that reminds me, neither Irene Rich nor Doris Kenyon put in an appearance at the Greenwich Theater, though they were both announced to do plays there. Irene has finished 'They Had to See Paris,' and is working eastward in vaudeville. Doris has evidently decided to go in for singing in a large way, as she is giving a concert in New York soon. Milton Sills will stay in the East long enough to see her through that, and then he is returning to Hollywood to make pictures again. He has quite recovered from the breakdown he had last spring. He and Doris have been at their cottage in the Adirondacks, living the simple life between singing lessons.

"Screen players simply won't stay put any more. They no more than finish the last scene in a picture when they're off globe-trotting, or touring in vaudeville, or going into business.

"You'd think Betty Compton would be busy enough leaping from studio to studio making pictures. But no. She has applied for permission to build a hotel in Hollywood. Estelle Taylor had her tonsils removed, and the effect on her voice is said to be nothing short of miraculous. She has been visiting Willard Mack at his Connecticut farm, rehearsing a vaudeville sketch.

"I thought Leatrice Joy was all set to stay with First National for a long time, but I was wrong. She is down in Ohio on a vaudeville tour, and Lois Wilson is making one of the pictures slated for Leatrice. Theda Bara's going into vaudeville, too. She is to do one of those Grand Guignol plays that give strong men the shudders."

"And I thought vaudeville was dead," I remarked idly. "Does any one ever go to vaudeville shows except scouts for picture companies?"

Fanny looked upon that as an entirely useless question.

"After all," she observed, "all a neglected film player wants in a vaudeville audience is a few enthusiastic relatives and a talent scout. Who wants to spend a third of her time on branch-line trains, and the rest in small-town theaters? Vying with trained seals and ventriloquists' dummies!"

"Did you see Evelyn Brent?" I asked, in an effort to get her in a more cheerful frame of mind.

"Just a fleeting glimpse," Fanny admitted regretfully. "She didn't stop over in New York at all, but arrived just in time to catch a boat for Europe. George K. Arthur dashed through town, too. He is going to work in one of Adolphe Menjou's pictures in France. Jack Pickford sailed on the *Bremen* the other day. He says he is through with pictures, but two big producers are willing to put up an argument about it.

"Dolores and John Barrymore are in town. You never run into them at restaurants or first nights, but if you hear of an exhibition of ship models anywhere, the chances are very good that

they will be among those present. They are hurrying back West in a few days. John has to start on a picture for the Warners. Dolores won't make any more pictures until spring, owing to a vital interest in layettes and baby shoes.

"'Bee' Lillie is in town after finishing a picture out West. She is full of enthusiasm for Louise Fazenda. In fact, they have a great mutual admiration society. Marilyn Miller has come back, too, looking too exquisite to be real. I defy you to find a prettier girl anywhere. Just let her come into a room, and she makes all the other women look like wilted lettuce, or a last year's hat.

"Irene Bordonni arrived the

Nancy Carroll's return home brought the discovery that she isn't the only celebrity in the family.



other day, and you can't imagine what she is going to do."

"A play," I yawned.

"Oh, no," Fanny went on, in superior fashion. "She has gone in for civic pride and social consciousness, and all that. She is organizing a theatrical committee to work for Jimmy Walker's renomination for mayor. All during his campaign, free movies are to be shown in Times Square urging his reelection. Miss Bordoni will probably sing the campaign song in a talkie. Now I ask you, what other candidate can compete with that?"

Unless some other candidate can get Lindbergh to take voters for a ride, I am afraid the election is practically settled as soon as the show begins.

"And have you heard that Nancy Carroll is here visiting her home town?" Fanny babbled on. "Only to find that she isn't the only celebrity in the family any more. Her kid sister, Terry, is working in a Pathé musical short, and doing so well that a big success is predicted for her. If the rest of the brothers and sisters follow her example, the Eaton family with its contribution of five to the screen will look like pikers."

"Are there as many in Nancy Carroll's family as that?"

"Oh, lots and lots of them, and then some more," Fanny replied, with a large gesture. "I've forgotten the exact figure, but it is up in the epic super-feature class."

"If Terry wants to establish herself as an individual, and avert all risk of being confused with Nancy, all she will have to do is to appear fully clad in all her photographs."

And only the other day Fanny was complaining because Nancy Carroll wears smart clothes with the air of Broadway, rather than of Park Avenue! There is no pleasing some people, unless you happen to be born Gloria Swanson.

"Jack Holt and Ralph Graves flew East for the opening of 'Flight,'" Fanny informed me with no great interest. "Columbia wanted Lila Lee to come, too, since she is not only the lead, but the only girl with a prominent part in the picture. But Lila was working, as usual, and couldn't."

"Lila Lee and Josephine Dunn are running neck and neck for the record of making the greatest number of pictures this year. It must be pretty hard on them working so steadily, but it is great for audiences."

"The audience at the Capitol

By improving her make-up Lola Lane is now one of the acknowledged beauties of the screen.



Photo by Hommel

Evelyn Brent skimmed through New York at such high speed that she just had time to reach the steamer.

Theater simply adored Josephine Dunn, in 'Our Modern Maidens.' Just as every one thought silent pictures were a relic of the past, along came that one and drew such crowds that it was held over for another week.

"The picture was entertaining, but it was weird after a steady diet of audible films, to have Anita Page strum a ukulele without a sound coming out."

"Dolores del Rio's almost-silent 'Evangeline' has been drawing crowds in Brooklyn, but maybe her personal appearances with the film have something to do with it. Brooklyn has been very polite to her, all things considered. The day she was supposed to arrive, the United Artists office gathered up a large crowd of photographers, reporters, official greeters, and people who just went along for the ride, to meet her at the Pennsylvania Station. The train came in, but without Miss del Rio. Without notifying any one, she had stopped off at Pittsburgh to see Teddy Joyce, a master of ceremonies who is her currently reported fiancé."

"Oh, well, it got his name in the papers, even if it did get Miss del Rio in bad with the officials who were waiting to receive her."

"Some one promoted a contest that must have been a severe strain on her disposition. All the girls who had been told by their friends that they bore a startling resemblance to Dolores del Rio were invited to meet her. Then she had to select the one that she thought looked most like her, and award her a wrist watch. Well—when she looked at that aggregation, she must have thought that practical joking was rampant. I dare

Continued on page 107





Josephine Dunn accompanied a friend to the Paramount school and was urged to enroll, though her friend was rejected.

ALMOST every girl would like to get into the movies. And almost every boy. "I'm a screen-struck cutie" could be the national theme song.

"You're just as pretty as Clara Bow any day!" Minnie's boy friend will tell her and, in her secret moments before the mirror, Minnie thinks so herself.

But Clara Bow is in the movies and Minnie isn't. Minnie, standing over the dinner dishes, sighs and yearns for her share of Hollywood glory.

"How can I get into the movies?" she asks herself. She asks her friends and the fan magazines. The answer is always the same: "Not a chance! You have to have pull to do it."

That isn't all the answer, of course. It takes considerably more than pull.

How does one get into the movies?

Every one knows, of course, what might be called the five major roads to screen success.

You can make good first on the stage, so that film producers will see you and knock on your

Strange Roads

There are five major roads to screen success. the most spectacular, incredible of any. Yet it is tells you what it is, who have tried it,

By Alma

dressing-room door with a contract. Ina Claire, Mary Eaton, Ruth Chatterton—of course there are scores of recently prominent screen players who are recruits from Broadway. Not to mention the many established film stars with preliminary stage experience.

You can win a beauty contest—or can you? Clara Bow did, and Lois Wilson, and Mary Philbin, and several dozen others.

You can start as a model, either for magazine covers or fashions, so that your face becomes your fortune and film producers pursue you. Like Alice Joyce, Norma Shearer, and Anna Q. Nilsson.

You can, if you're of the masculine gender, become a champion cowboy, with your riding or lassoing a coveted screen asset. Like Tom Mix, Ken Maynard, and Buck Jones. But Westerns aren't so popular these days.

Or you can struggle up the tortuous hill from extra rôles, as Gloria Swanson, Richard Arlen, and Ricardo Cortez all did.

But all these stories have been told. They are the customary paths trod by the feet of the great on the road to stardom.

This story deals with another road to screen fame that isn't on the books at all. The most spectacular, incredible way of any. Into the movies by accident! Just a little, lucky chance.

Many screen-struck boys and girls have sat and sighed for a chance at fame and glory. But only the lucky few have had that fame and glory flung into their laps.

Sue Carol, for instance. Sue, in the days when she was Evelyn Lederer, was a belle of Chicago. Her parents had money. Sue was reared in luxury. She went away to school, to Kemper Hall in Wisconsin, to the fashionable National Park Seminary in Washington. If she thought of the movies at all, it was in just the same way that little Minnie does, fretting over the dinner dishes: a lovely, nebulous dream, never to be realized.

And then Sue—or Evelyn—went to Hollywood on a visit. She too, like any other tourist, was thrilled.

Nick Stuart, as errand boy, delivered a parcel to Tom Mix.

Photo by Bruno



to Stardom

Every one knows them all. But there is another, the simplest. This brightly authoritative article and what manner of success is theirs.

Talley

Fancy seeing stars in person! She did see them. She saw, among others, Douglas MacLean, then his own producer. He took one look at Sue. And then another, for Sue is a girl one looks at twice.

"How would you like to take a screen test?" he asked her. And any girl knows the right answer to that one. Sue took the test; she got a contract. The public first saw her opposite Douglas, in "Soft Cushions," her more-or-less soft cushion to screen success.

Virginia Cherrill's career is surprisingly identical with Sue's. Virginia, too, grew up in Chicago. She, too, had wealthy parents. She even attended the same school Sue did—Kemper Hall in Kenosha, Wisconsin. Perhaps there's magic in that formula, for when Virginia went to visit Hollywood, just as Sue did, she met Charlie Chaplin. And Charlie gave her the lead in his forthcoming picture, "City Lights."

Nick Stuart, Sue's fiancé, also traveled the accidental road to screen fame. Nick, coming over from Roumania at the age of nine, went with his parents to live in Dayton, Ohio. His next home was in Chicago, where he supported his mother and younger brother after school hours. And then they moved to Los Angeles, because of that famous chamber-of-commerce climate. There, among other jobs, Nick found work in a sporting-goods store.

One day he had to deliver a pair of revolvers to Tom Mix at the Fox studio. This was a thrill! The magic charm which led inside the hallowed gates. Fearing he would never get inside the holy ground again, Nick hung about the lot. And finally summoned courage to ask for a job at anything. That must have been his lucky day. He got the job.

Alice White is another of fortune's favored. Alva White they called her, in Paterson, New Jersey. Her mother was a chorus girl and Alice lived with her grandparents until she was six, and then she went to school. A convent, a public school, and then a girl's school in New Haven, where Alice spent most of her time hanging

Richard Walling was a camera man before he became an excellent actor.



Photo by Brown

Sue Carol paid a purely social visit to Hollywood, but remained as an actress.



out the window watching Yale students as they passed by.

By the time she was grown, her grandparents had moved to Hollywood. "Hollywood ought to be fun," thought Alice—as what girl wouldn't? So she decided to join them there. She took a secretarial course, and one job followed another. She became a telephone operator, then went back to her typewriter. Finally she got a job as script girl at the Chaplin studio. In an idle moment, a camera man offered to take some tests of her. Ambition pricked up its ears, but the tests were terrible. She took them around to the studios in vain. That seemed the end of her film career. And then the lucky accident came along. An agent saw her one day.



Photo by Fryer

Alice White was a studio worker, with never a thought of acting until some one suggested it.

"Let me be your manager," he said.

"Don't be silly," said Alice. "What would a script girl do with a manager?"

"Become a star," said the agent, "if you take off ten pounds."

So she took off ten pounds, the agent took her to First National, and First National took her to a fountain pen and a contract.

June Collyer is the daughter of Clayton Heermance, a New York lawyer. With wealth, breeding, beauty, charm, June—who was christened Dorothea—had all the qualities for screen success. But so have thousands of other girls all over the country. June just happened to be fortunate.

At a dinner party one night she met a friend of Allan Dwan, the director. "The very girl!" he told her. "Mr. Dwan is looking for some one like you." He spoke of the scores of screen tests Mr. Dwan had been making at Fox's New York studio, in a futile search for some one to play the society girl in "East Side, West Side." "Why don't you try for it?" he asked.

So June tried. Without, of course, much hope of success. But it turned out to be June's lucky day; she got not only that rôle, but many other rôles.

Josephine Dunn was a chorus girl, but the stage was not her stepping-stone into the movies. She, too, found opportunity by accident.

The Paramount school was being assembled, and one day a girl friend asked Josephine to accompany her to Paramount's studio at Astoria, Long Island. The friend wanted to try for the school but Josephine had never thought of it.

The school director looked at Jo's friend. "You won't do," he told her. And then he looked at Josephine—as one would! "Why don't you try for the school?" he said.

"Me? I haven't got the money." Tuition was five hundred dollars. Jo had never even seen that much money all at once. But

that, it seemed, could be arranged by installments out of her future salary. And so Josephine became one of the class that introduced Buddy Rogers, Thelma Todd, and Roland Drew, then Walter Goss, to the movie public.

Many lucky accidents have befallen those who worked around the studio. A job inside a studio, even if it's only sweeping floors, is sometimes the humble first step on the golden ladder to fame.

George O'Brien was a camera man for Tom Mix pictures. Until, on George's lucky day, the star suddenly realized that the face behind the camera should be in front instead. So, on Tom's recommendation, George was given a screen test and the lead in "The Iron Horse."

Richard Walling was also a camera man for Fox. And then an astute director woke up one day to his screen possibilities and he was given a lead in "The Midnight Kiss," opposite Janet Gaynor, in her first leading rôle.

Lawrence Gray worked in the business department of Paramount, until Bebe Daniels, seeing him, suggested that he was much too handsome to be leaning over a desk.

Patricia Avery was a stenographer at the Metro-Goldwyn studio when her screen possibilities were noted. Continued on page 92

Virginia Cherrill's life and accidental entrance into pictures are strangely like Sue Carol's.



George O'Brien was also a camera man when Tom Mix "discovered" him.



Hotter and Hotter

That's the pace set for themselves by Eddie Nugent and Sally Starr, who sponsor with enthusiasm the new dance which they call "Boom-Boom," and which they willingly illustrate on this page.



The playful introduction of the partners, above, is accomplished with a low bow on Eddie's part and coyness on the part of Sally, with the right foot of each extended.

With their backs turned, right, they fall into a burlesque walk which includes a comic stagger and interlocked feet.



The graceful and charming movement, left, is interpolated in the dance whenever the mood of the dancers dictates, and consists of the alternate meeting of right and left feet.



The frolicsome mood illustrated, below, occurs at the climax of the dance when both performers, after team footwork, point fingers at each other in a laughing "boom-boom."



After a whirl and some jazz steps, they turn, left, and Sally gives Eddie a playful "hoom-boom" with her imaginary gun, while he throws up his hands to indicate his helplessness.



What a Guy! What a Guy!

An attempt to interview Glenn Tryon seriously turns out to be a lively task, with all the mugs of—er—rootbeer, and his verbal skippings all over the place.

By Samuel Richard Mook

IMAGINE a narrow ribbon of road winding through a peaceful countryside, with the shadows of clouds playing over the hills, and a group of little houses nestled at the foot of the hills.

So far so good, except that the road is cement, and the houses are not the rustic cottages you may have been led to expect, but Spanish architecture of the sort indigenous to California.

Picture one English house amid all these tamales, perched precariously on the side of the hill, where the wind plays through the windows, for despite its compact appearance it is quite spacious and the rooms are large; and a formal, little garden sliding off the side of the hill into the lap of the road, with its beds of phlox and mignonette, of hollyhocks and Sweet Williams.

Suppose a personable young chap is lolling in a swing, with a book in one hand and a pipe in the other, with one eye cocked anxiously on the ribbon of road. Suppose it was Glenn Tryon.

Suppose an ambitious, little Ford, piloted by Buddy Wattles, is chugging up to the foot of the steep steps leading to the swing, and a hot, perspiring individual descends from the Ford and starts up the steps. Suppose he stumbles and falls halfway down again. Suppose that individual were I. You'd be right, all the way through.

Glenn and I snickered as I picked myself up. Perfect host that he is, he immediately soothed my fevered brow with a pail of—shall we say rootbeer? The colored maid filled 'em up again, and started to move away. "Mary makes this herself," Glenn complacently informed me, as his tongue started chasing the sparkling foam around the edges of his mouth.

"Then I'd certainly raise Mary's salary," I suggested.

He sat bolt upright and smacked the arm of his chair. "Will you keep that trap of yours shut? She might hear you."

"I sho' is heerd 'im," came Mary's voice from the far end of the room, "an' lemme tell you somethin', Mistah Glenn, that gemman sho' is speakin' parables."

His wire-haired terrier, Toby, tore into the room and gave us his conception of one of the horses in a circus galloping aimlessly around in a circle. On one of the rounds he happened to glance out of the window and saw a dog of feminine persuasion wandering disconsolately

among the hollyhocks. A series of staccato yelps interrupted the conversation.

"I'm afraid," Glenn sighed, as he let Toby out into the fresh, clean air, "his amorous instincts are going to get him into trouble some day—a breach of promise suit, perhaps." He turned his fine, grave eyes on me—Glenn, I mean, not Toby—and solemnly said, "I think his private address book might prove an inspiration to some of our Boulevard sheiks." I looked out of the window and, judging from the manner in which they were rubbing noses, unless Toby had met the young lady before, which I am disinclined to believe, Glenn's premise is certainly correct.

"I suppose," he continued, "you want to know if I've starved in Hollywood, and the answer is 'No.' I don't know why people always seem to devour the morbid tales with such avidity. If you ask me have I starved in New York, I can say 'Yes.'"

"Hey!" I interrupted, "you're skipping all over the place. Start at the beginning."

"You mean 'I was born early in life,' and all that sort of thing?"

"Well, no. You can start where you finished high school."

"I finished high school," he began obediently. "I was always associated with the theater, even during my school days—anything I could get to do around one: usher, messenger, call boy, stage hand, super, or what have you? My father sold farm implements."

"Hay, hay!"

"Say, that's pretty awful. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. And anyhow, cut it out. You're only the writer—I'm the comic relief."

"Relief is right," I said, again sticking the old beak into the—er—shall we say rootbeer?

"I finally went to New York to give the waiting world a chance to appreciate my histrionics. That's when the starving commenced. I was fired from more jobs than I can count. What? Oh, I was just bum, I guess. But, in defense of women, I sometimes got engagements that augured well. One, I remember, was in a show called 'The Other Woman.' We rehearsed her, or both of them—this one and the other one—for nine long weeks, and then opened in Union Hill, New Jersey, preparatory to a New York run. We played one performance and closed. Nine weeks shot to—to—well, wasted. I had car fare back to New York—

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Glenn is such excellent company that one is tempted to let him talk regardless of an interview.





Photo by Irving Chidnoff

GLENN TRYON'S humor, so buoyant and unflagging on the screen, masks a cold, hard common sense that in real life is rather disconcerting, says Samuel Richard Mook in the story opposite, which presents an ingratiating picture of the comedian.



THOUGH controversies may rage about whether or not Gary Cooper is this or that, or whether he can or cannot, or he should or shouldn't, he keeps his eyes calmly fixed on the only course possible, that of being true to himself.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee



Photo by Irving Chidnoff

OF all the stage-players who have flocked to the screen, Ruth Chatterton has won the favor of the fans in a variety of rôles that would have taxed any star of the silent regime. Her next film? "Sarah and Son."



Photo by Irving Childress

FEW, if any, players of the silent screen have been so vivified by audibility as Norma Shearer, whose two triumphs, "The Trial of Mary Dugan" and "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," are to be followed by another, "Their Own Desire."



Photo by Irving Childnoff

EVEN if Ann Harding were unknown, this photograph would justify itself on the score of sheer beauty. But she is distinguished on the stage, and by the time this is published we wager that her domain will include the screen as well.



Photo by Irving Childron

SLEEKLY feline, Lilyan Tashman makes her way sinuously through almost every picture one sees nowadays and leaves in her trail a purr of appreciation from those who applaud technical skill, pungent personality, and pervasive good humor.



Photo by Irving Chidnoff

AS long as the screen endures, Corinne Griffith will lend beauty to it, for when she no longer chooses to do so by the spell of her gracious presence she will become a lovely tradition. Now let's await "Lilies of the Field."



GENTLY, as befits so luscious-looking a girl, Leila Hyams humorously resents being called "just another marceled blonde" by a fan, and Ann Sylvester's delightful interview opposite brings out just what Leila is going to do about it.

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Your Darts Strike Home

Whether a fan's letter praises or condemns a star, Leila Hyams, speaking for the players, assures the contributors to "What the Fans Think" that every criticism hits its mark.

By Ann Sylvester

AS you take your pen in hand to bombard your opinions through "What the Fans Think," does the suspicion ever hit you that perhaps your letter will never be read by a star? Do you have that empty, all-gone feeling that perhaps Richard Barthelmess will never know how sore you felt over his voice doubling in "Weary River"? Or that Alice White is ignorant of the war that is being waged as to whether or not she is dumb?

Well, you can rest and write in peace, or any other favorite mood. Dick knows all about it. So does Alice. So does Leila Hyams, who was recently accused by a pair of initials of being "just another marceled blonde."

We were lunching together at the M.-G.-M. restaurant the day she happened to speak of it.

Joan Crawford and her ardent, new husband sat at an adjoining table. Scattered hither and thither were William Haines, Lon Chaney, Bessie Love, John Mack Brown, Eddie Nugent, Conrad Nagel, and half a dozen gilt-edged directors. It needed only a small bomb to send a million dollars' worth of talent sky-high. But that's silly, isn't it?

Certainly the thought of bombing had not disturbed the luscious serenity of Mrs. Hyams' child. And "luscious" is the word. There is a peach-bloom finish over a set of very regular features as photographic as they are harmonious. There is a wide space between the eyes that suggests mental calmness. There is a casualness and just-between-you-and-me tone in her conversation that discourages any attempt at formal discussion. So we just sat and commented on the people around us. And some who weren't there. For the benefit of those sticklers for detail, she was wearing a blue sports dress and eating watermelon.

She had, she said, just completed a hectic and exciting sea picture for Columbia, and it seemed nice to be back on the home lot after a long location-trip on a boat. The picture might, or might not, be good. It wouldn't do her a great deal of good with the critics, but the fans probably would like it. "And that's more important," she added.

"Do you really think so?" I asked.

"Sure," replied Leila. "Why not? The critics get in on passes, but the fans pay money."

"I'm always glad to get a good review, because that flatters my vanity."

But I'd much rather be mentioned in the column of fan letters, where they say just what they think. Sometimes it hurts, but at least those letters are honest.

"About a month ago I gleefully spotted my name in one and read on—only to get an awful slap in the eye. Following my honorable mention was this line of description, 'just another marceled blonde.'"

"At first I was as indignant as a wet hen. I thought seriously of addressing a personal reply to the initials, and telling the fan writer I was not marceled. I may be just a blonde, but my hair isn't marceled. Evidently it hadn't occurred to the writer that my hair might be naturally curly. I can't keep it from curling. To run a wet comb through it only makes it the wavier. On this

sea picture, with that criticism in mind, I tried every way under the sun to stick or paste my hair down. Can you imagine what that young man will think when he sees me just as curly and 'marceled' as ever, in the midst of the ocean? I can almost see his next letter saying that I must have taken my marcel iron along."

"Do you think the players really take those fan criticisms to heart?" I pried on.

"Of course they do," Leila assured me, "particularly when the writers choose to call attention to some weak point that cannot possibly be helped. I know one very charming star who was awfully upset when a fan wrote about her bowed legs. Now that is something she cannot possibly remedy, but it has no effect at all on her splendid acting and, incidentally, she is one of the best actresses on the screen."

"Another player spoke to me about a comment that referred to his old age, and advised the producers to relegate him to character parts, instead of leading rôles. 'If these kids could only understand that the dramatic things of life are not entirely confined to young people, perhaps they would understand why I might possibly fit my rôles,' he explained his feelings to me."

"Still another player became so angry at a dart directed at her big feet, that she asked the studio to employ a double for the offending members. You can see how this line of comment can hurt terribly, without

Continued on page 114

"Just another marceled blonde" was the comment that hurt Leila Hyams. Here Miss Hyams is with her husband, Phil Berg.





Anna Q. Nilsson is described by Miss Gebhart as a game soldier, with the Swedish equivalent of an American sergeant's outlook.

NOW if this were a sob story, I would marshal my sad adjectives, hitch them together with commas of commiseration, and string them into sentimental sentences.

As it happens to be about Anna Q. Nilsson, who is just a game soldier with the Swedish equivalent of an American sergeant's outlook, the sympathetic vocabulary must remain in mothballs.

Fifteen months ago, much to her surprise, she found a horse with a spirit as untamed as her own. To this pride's injury, it added the insult of throwing her into a deep ravine. With fractured hip, she rode in the back seat of an automobile three hundred miles from the high Sierras to a Los Angeles hospital. The doctors said that never had they encountered such courage. It was later discovered that for months the medicos thought she would be permanently crippled, but not even her closest friends knew of this fear until it was past.

Anna Q. always has stood for something very fine. Her positive character, her contempt for Hollywood's laws, her bravery, her candor, her trouping in the many vicissitudes of a picture career for seventeen years, won an enduring regard.

I dreaded seeing her ill, gloomy. That rippling vitality muted? That husky voice, almost a song in a low, contralto key, querulous and whiny?

It so happens that I have come much in contact with little people's weaknesses. One's

She Wears the

Anna Q. Nilsson has acquired patience embittered and perhaps destroyed a less beacons of Hollywood, and is also

By Myrtle

All Photos by

storehouse holds custom-made remedies and solaces. But the crumpling of the strong-willed is an immense tragedy to me, as though a rocky wall suddenly wilted into gravel.

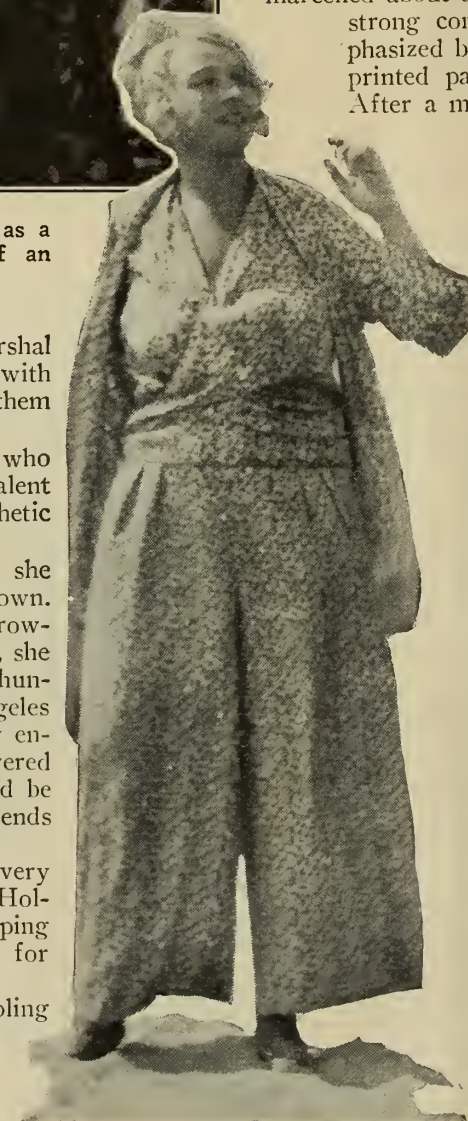
I might have spared myself the worry, and parked outside that solicitude which, subconsciously, one carries on visits to invalids. Discrediting the reports of her jollity, I was unprepared for the tanned Amazon who thumped in on canes, calling a hearty welcome. Her vibrance is undimmed. I gasped and forthwith made myself comfortable, saving my sympathy for the weaklings. This wall hadn't toppled.

Her hair, in a shoulder-length bob, was marcelled about a healthily browned face, its strong contours perhaps a trifle emphasized by thinness, though the gayly printed pajamas seemed amply filled. After a misfortune which would have

crushed a less valiant spirit, her strength possibly is even more noticeable, because of the demands thus made upon it. She looks so capable, and is so energetic. My first thought of placing pillows for her comfort struck me as ludicrous. Instead, I remarked, "I'm very much starved."

"If you write any bunk about me," she said, lazily, from the kitchen, "you can make your own coffee hereafter. If you do one of those sob stories, I'll never speak to you again."

For fifteen months she has been "on the shelf," excepting the few weeks when, getting up too soon, she worked in "Blockade," bringing on a relapse. Immediately after the accident, her hip was strapped in a sort of brace, and her limb atrophied until it was the size of a small person's wrist. Now, with two canes, she walks a good



Far from being neglected by Hollywood, Anna Q. Nilsson is the lure of many an excursion to her beach home.

Badge of Courage

and fortitude from a hardship that would have valiant spirit. Her story is one of the shining one of the best Miss Gebhart has ever written.

Gebhart

Russell Ball

deal to coax the muscles into new development. Days are spent "sun-soaking." When her maid becomes bored with the comparatively solitary beach life and departs, she does her housework, thus keeping actively occupied. So intrepid is her spirit, she even manages to drive her car!

Just picture her, hobbling about, sweeping and cooking, taking her daily constitutional along the sandy edge of the ocean, driving up to Hollywood for an occasional luncheon, with the stubby end of a cane helping a lag-gard foot manipulate the clutch—and gurgles a sob story, if you can. *I can't!*

Three years ago she pioneered the Malibu Beach contingent. Then her bungalow stood gauntly alone, the large living-room cluttered with wicker lounges, tables strewn with magazines, on the walls caricatures mingled with seascapes. Now cottages of brick and stucco seem to sniff a bit at that old native, the Nilsson haven. A dozen stars, in chic beach outfits cycle along the sands, loll over lazy week-ends, or challenge the wind in their stanch little water craft.

We watched the motor boats, scarlet streaks scudding over the waves, and likened the sea to a chorus of swelling peacocks forming a fan dance close to shore; between the swells, a sloop, which we decided must be Charlie Farrell's, hove into view, and a fishing smack seemed to have sat down, out there, to talk things over with the barracuda.

Usually, a shelved one goes through stages of bitterness and adjustment, rights one's lopsided house and gains in solid values. Anna Q. waved out into the ocean my suggestion that she, too, might have suffered from introspection.

"Bunk! Only pain bothered me, and inactivity. I had worked hard, my philosophy was definitely shaped; things did not count, upon which many in Hollywood place stress. My work was a good and interesting

business, that was all. Sorry, but I can't wring a tear with a tale of woe. At first I was very irritable and impatient, and had to school myself with considerable effort. Self-pity, fortunately, I have never contracted. Every experience teaches a lesson; the one that I have learned I needed badly—patience.

"Every one has been lovely. On week days I see few picture people. It never occurred to me to question their absence as, sometimes, I read of a player who is ill complaining of neglect. Aren't they all busy, rushed in a breathless cycle? So much to do in so little time. My few days between pictures were occupied with rounds of duties, so I understood. On Sundays the house is full. We seat the overflow on the waves."

What draws Lois Wilson, Leatrice Joy, the Allan Dwans, the Gregory la Cava, and other bright and busy cinemese down to Anna Q.'s seaside lodge on their one free day? A sense of duty, pity, a convalescent's whine? Don't be silly. They flock there to be cheered up! In exchange for the comparatively petty news of people's activities and dramas, they take away that revitalizing power and peace which the ocean gives to those who abide beside it. After a swim they play cards, or talk, or sunbake; and the gayest of all is the "invalid."

Spurred on by her mental acrobatics, they trail her comments and her throaty laughter; for the mark of the leader is still hers. After a while they sink into one of those calming silences. I like to think—and who can prove me wrong?—that spirits a bit tired of the light, and bored with its moths, gather courage from the sentient strength of her, grown appreciably in the semidarkness.

"Bitter? Why? Things happen. Disappointed? Naturally. I lost four choice rôles. Two, 'Craig's Wife' and 'Ned McCobb's Daughter,' I had my heart set on. I was one of the thousand up for 'Lummox.' I want so to do *Anna Christie*. But what a tiresome world it would be if things went on smoothly. Nothing can be more mo-

notonous than surfeit. Heartaches must be tucked away. Fortunately, we Swedes are phlegmatic. Besides, there are many hurts in Hollywood, masked by glamour and pride, worse than my accident.

"In Hollywood"—her gaze passed over me, beyond the spray, out to the even carpet of greenish blue—"too much is made of things. Drama and friction, tense ambitions.

Continued on page 110



Of course Miss Nilsson's accident will not end her seventeen years on the screen.

Billie Alfresco

It is an entirely different and more beautiful Dove who disports on the beach, far from the madding crowd at the studio.

Billie Dove, outer left, as a modern Lorelei, can woo mariners to destruction with her little, old ukulele.

And with her telescope, right, she can sight them long before they realize their fate.

Casting aside the arts of seduction, left, Miss Dove goes in for a strenuous game of volley ball.

In the lower left-hand corner she abandons herself to the sheer joy of living.

But in a quiet moment, lower right, she finds peace and relaxation with her paints.



Dogging Lila's Footsteps

Three times the writer of this story has fallen in love with Lila Lee, beginning when she was three years old and—but let him tell you how she does it.

By Romney Scott

ABOUT twenty years ago—my, how time flies—a bad, little boy pulled loose from his nurse's hand and toddled over to the stage door of the old Orpheum Theater in Memphis, Tennessee, for a good squint at a young lady who was approaching, and who was appearing on the bill that week. As Harry Richman sings,

"The girl was she
And the boy was me!"

This young lady, in those days called "Cuddles," was not the fair-haired ingénue usually found in girls of that age. She was a distinct vamp, with jet-black hair and lashes that curled and curled indefinitely. I gave her a reassuring smile, but the lashes were discreetly lowered.

This being a cycle of threes, I may state here that she was three and I was about seven—more than twice her age.

As she disappeared through the door, she turned and flashed me a dazzling smile, and in that instant Cuddles became "an old man's darling."

Even at that tender age I knew how to pick 'em, but that's all the good it has ever done me. I never get to first base with any of 'em, and this affair between Cuddles and me died a-borning.

We next met about six years later—twice three, you see—at the home of a mutual friend. When I saw her, I heaved a sigh of relief, and considered myself well out of a bad mess. She still had those large, gray eyes and the black hair, but she was fat and chunky—if you know what I mean—and the hair had grown too long to curl, and was worn in thick, ugly braids.

Cuddles and a younger brother of—er—my girl—were having quite an *affaire du cœur*. Hot dog! What a writer I'm becoming! As both his sister and I were older than he, I was treated with something approximating awe. Cuddles left town and her swain was broken-hearted. However, there were consoling letters. When I was waiting for his sister, he used to come into the living room and show me her letters—base scoundrel—and ask advice as to the best way to conduct this *amour*.

Presently I left town, too—no, you little smart Aleck, I didn't *have* to—and I heard no more of Cuddles for another three years.

Then, in a theater in Houston, Texas, I saw a picture called "The Cruise of the Make-believe," starring Lila Lee, and who do you suppose it was? That's it! Cuddles! She didn't seem quite so—er—chunky, and I promptly proceeded to fall in love with her a second time. Patience, children, the cycle will work out eventually.



Photo by Archer

Three times Lila Lee has been in and out of pictures, but now she can't leave them any more.

Who wouldn't have? Didn't I know a real, live actress when I saw one?

This was her first appearance on the screen. She made eight starring pictures, and then disappeared from public gaze for a time. As Lila puts it, she grew fat where she shouldn't have, and long where nobody wanted her long, and this, that, and the other.

Then she appeared for the second time on the screen as leading lady. Her worst enemy in those days could hardly have accused Lila of setting the styles—even in her pictures.

She had the reputation of being one of the frowsiest girls in Hollywood. She used to go flying around the old Lasky lot with tennis shoes on all the time, her face always in need of powder and her hair streaming around her face. She wore coat suits when she should have worn sports clothes, and sports clothes when she should have worn something else. She was about fifteen or sixteen at the time. I think it was those eyes that got her by.

How many of you little brats remember her when she played with Wallace Reid, in "The Charm School," "The Ghost Breaker," "The Dictator," and "Rent Free"?

Or with Thomas Meighan, in "Back Home and Broke," "The Prince Chap," "Old Home Week," "The Easy Road," "Womanproof," and in "Male and Female," in which Gloria Swanson played opposite Meighan, supported by Bebe Daniels?

Or in "Is Matrimony a Failure?" whose cast boasted such names as Lois Wilson and Adolphe Menjou? Or in "Blood and Sand," opposite Rudolph Valentino, and



It was a very different Lila who played the slavey in "Male and Female" years ago.

in "The Ebb Tide," in which she played opposite James Kirkwood for the first time, and in "One Glorious Day," one of the only two good pictures Will Rogers ever made?

How many of you knew she made a series of feature-length comedies opposite Roscoe Arbuckle when he was in his heyday? Quite an imposing list, isn't it?

Came a day, as they used to say in the good, old silent pictures, when Lila burst upon our startled gaze, clad in white satin and a long veil, and said "I do" to the minister and "I will" to James Kirkwood, and forthwith disappeared from Hollywood.

New York knew them then for a few years. Husband Jim appeared successfully in two plays, "The Fool" and "Ladies of the Evening." Then they appeared together in a

Photo by Fryer

Poised, sophisticated, and beautifully efficient is the Lila of to-day.



couple of plays, "Ladybird" and "Edgar Allan Poe"—"Which we produced ourselves, God help us," said Lila.

In those days Lila was one of the most pathetic little objects I've ever come across. Those enormous eyes which made you want to take her right into your arms—an inclination I still cherish, fruitlessly, perhaps—and comfort her. She was in reality the character that Zasu Pitts and Bessie Love used to portray on the screen. I don't know what happened then—I've never asked her. But things just didn't work out, and Lila and Mr. Kirkwood reached that poetic-sounding spot on the road of life where the trail divides. They separated and Lila went to Europe.

Another three years passed and she returned to Hollywood. But times had changed, and Hollywood didn't exactly sit up on its hind legs when she arrived, and nothing much was heard of her for a time. Then she began working again. "Queen of the Night Clubs," with Texas Guinan, "Honky Tonk," with Sophie Tucker, and then "Drag," with Richard Barthelmess.

I didn't see the first two, but I did see "Drag." The next day I went to an oculist, got some new glasses, and went back for another eyeful. And, cheerio! *What* an eyeful!

You see, the old cycle was hitting on all three again. Her third entrance into pictures. Her third picture since her return and, last but not least, it was the third time a humble writer began to sit up nights dreaming about her.

As you have been told, in the old days Lila was not exactly a fashion plate. But shades of Lanvin and Lelong, see her in "Drag" and eat dust, buddy, eat dust. The latest bob! And the *ne plus ultra* in clothes! Didn't I tell you when she was three she was a pronounced vamp? Now, after twenty years, she reaches full bloom.

Next day I hot-footed it around to the Fox lot, where she was appearing with George Jessel, in "The Hurdy Gurdy Man." We lunched together, Lila, George, and William K. Howard, the director, and I.

"I can tell you all about Miss Lee," George volunteered. "Let's see. The last play I appeared in before I came out here was 'The War Song,' and before that I played in 'The Jazz Singer.' Now, some of the critics preferred my work in one and some in the other and——"

"Enough!" said Lila. "Thanks just the same, chiseler, but I'll manage my own interview," and she turned those thousand-candle-power eyes full blast on me.

When I came out of the swoon, Lila was holding my head on her lap and George was pressing a bottle of smelling salts, or maybe it was something else, under my nose. I inhaled deeply of whatever it was and went into another faint. Unfortunately, all good things come to an end, and by and by Mr. Howard—or maybe I should say Bill, since we've lunched together, called time, and we all trooped over to the set to start work again.

To my surprise, Lila has not only changed outwardly, but inwardly as well. Instead of the resigned,

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Stairsteps

The average parent can forgive himself for growing chesty over having one child in pictures, but what of those who have rows of kid actors in the family?



The Quillan clan, above, is known especially in vaudeville, from papa down the line, but Eddie shines in pictures. Top row, left to right, Helen, Joe, Marie, Eddie, John, Buster, Mr. and Mrs. Quillan; Margaret, Isabelle, and Rosebud, in front.



The Eaton family, above, has responded royally to the call to films, and is perhaps the best-known family group of the young players. Left to right, back, are Charles and Mary; Doris, Mrs. Mary Eaton, and Pearl, dance director for RKO.

The Johnson family, right, is not neglected by any means, for here are Kenneth, Camille, Carmencita, Seesel Ann, Dick Winslow, and Cullen B.



The ten Watsons, left, are a little casting list in themselves, and all the youngsters except the smallest have been in films. Left to right, Coy, Watson, Sr., Mrs. Watson, Coy, Jr., Vivian, Gloria, Louise, Harry, Billie, Del Mar, and Geary.

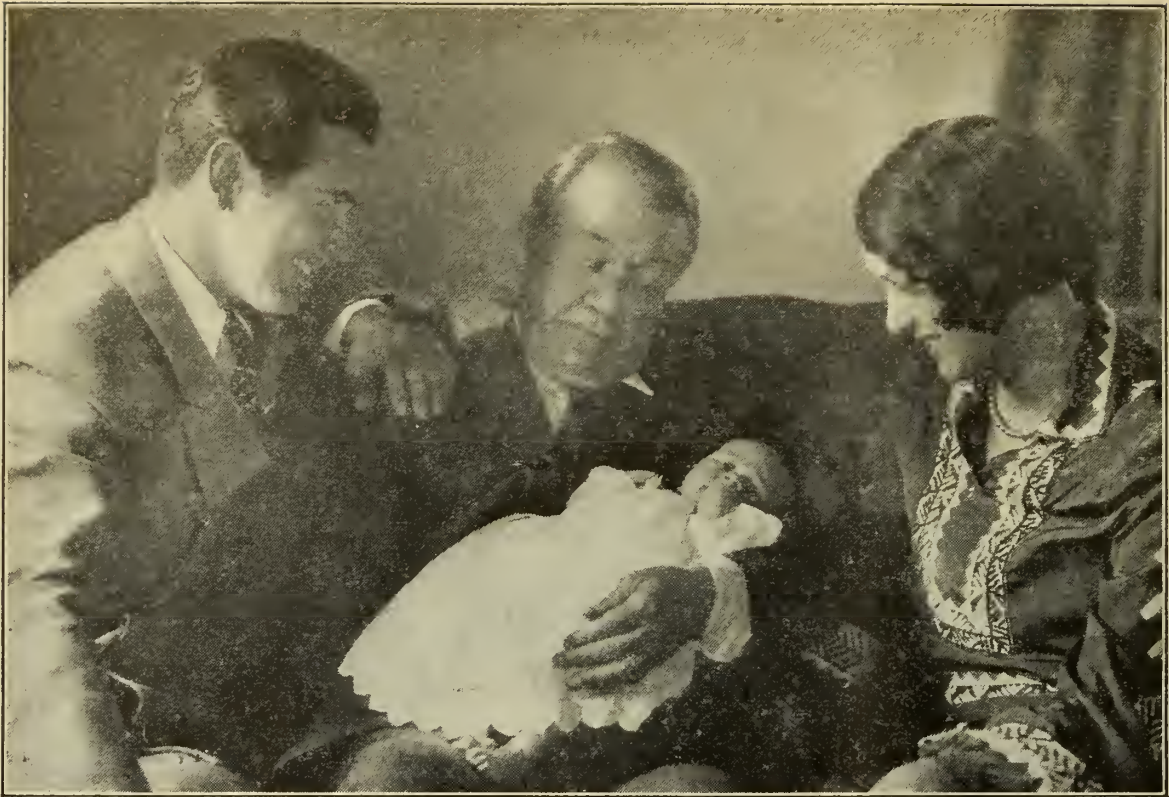


Photo by Louise

Beaming pride is reflected in the faces of John Mack Brown and his wife over their baby's first adventure with the camera, while George Fawcett, a sort of godfather to all three, bestows his droll blessing.

Hollywood High Lights

What's doing in the studio world, with news and gossip such as you like to know.

By
Edwin and Elza Schallert

A YOUNG lady finally makes up her mind! Thus might a caption be written to the announcement that Janet Gaynor is married to Lydell Peck. An on-and-off engagement, with the heroine debating whether she would say "I do" to the very last minute, ultimately culminated in their marriage. The suspense must have been terrible for Peck. He won, though, and it is said there was at least one broken heart because of the match—namely, Charlie Farrell's.

Charlie went on a personal-appearance tour throughout the country just following the wedding, and it is predicted that he and Janet will appear in no more pictures together. However, this is perhaps only vague rumor, because it doesn't seem fair that such a happy and successful combination on the screen should be broken up, even on account of marriage. And why should it be, anyway?

Nobody in the films had a chance to witness the ceremony that united Janet to Mr. Peck, since it took place at the groom's home in Oakland, California. Only immediate relatives attended, including the star's mother, Mrs. Laura Gaynor, and her aunt, Mrs. A. B. Avery.

The couple have been honeymooning in Honolulu. It is said that Mr. Peck will likely give up his law practice in San Francisco, and start anew in Los Angeles to be near his clever, little wife.

Only time can tell whether marriage is the most advantageous thing for the career of so sensitive and wist-

ful a type as Miss Gaynor is on the screen, and her own doubts about the advisability of the step in connection with her work are reputed to have been responsible for her last-moment uncertainty. She is, however, very devoted to Peck, and he occupies a high position socially and is very capable in his work. They met nearly a year ago, and therefore had plenty of time to decide how fond they were of each other.

"School Days, School Days."

How to get an education! The latest problem of Hollywood! Not that stars necessarily need it—but then a few of them seem intent on postgraduate study, or something.

Corinne Griffith amazes us with the nature of her curriculum. She devotes just one day a week to her lessons, but makes up for lost time on that day by taking an hour or more each of French, piano, singing, and tap dancing. She rests at her beach home the other days of the week when she is not busy on a picture, but that single one is all astir with fiery concentration.

Corinne's tap dancing was turned to good account in "Lilies of the Field." Attired in silver tights—a revolutionary garb for her—she did some spirited stepping on the piano. "Gone are her languors" may well be said of Corinne after this studious activity. But even Corinne must keep up with the new pace.

Next—Cap and Gown.

The school idea is really very widespread in movie-land. Pathé and First National have special coaches for dramatic work, and from time to time Metro-Goldwyn institutes some training for its players with the University of Southern California.

In the Pathé class, of which Frank Reicher, the director, is instructor, are Jeanette Loff, Eddie Quillan, Carol Lombard, Russell Gleason, Lew Ayres, Marilyn Morgan, and others. In First National's class the pupils call Alexander Gray, who sings in "Sally" and "No, No, Nanette," their teacher. Alice White, in a mischievous mood, brought him a bouquet of flowers one day.

Private tutors are especially in evidence, and have been for a long time, with such prominent stars as Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Clara Bow, and others, and the rage for vocal study goes as mad a pace as ever.

Vallée Croons Along.

Rudy Vallée has yet to decide who will be the "girl of his vagabond dreams," to quote one of his song numbers. At this writing he has not yet shown himself to be a soul susceptible to the blandishments of Hollywood's fair, or possibly he hasn't started to blandish himself.

Vallée's public appearances are nevertheless events. There have only been a few since he signed with RKO, but the one he made at the opening of their new theater, as well as the Roosevelt Hotel, captured the crowd. He was applauded repeatedly and encored. And he *can* sing in his crooning way! No doubt of it!

But—is he temperamental? Well, we hear rumors that he was very angry when they kept him waiting on a set for a test.

La Negri, Sotto Voce.

A quiet visit by Pola Negri! It is hard to imagine. La Negri always had the fashion of sweeping onto the Hollywood stage with stunning emphasis in the years when she was a star with Paramount. Her entrance on her recent tour was most subdued. It was a business trip, as she has investments in Los Angeles that needed looking after, and she resided at her own apartment hotel while there.

Pola is to talk in her foreign-made films, she told us—has, in fact, already, for a part of one, but she has no intention of returning to America and engaging in the battle royal of the audibles here. One can admire her discretion in this.

As always, she looked immensely fascinating.

Her marriage to the prince, who is already reported to be interested elsewhere, will be dissolved in November.

The Globe-trotting Fever.

Europitis, familiar ailment of past—mostly pretalkie days—has broken out again. And a throng has caught the fever this time. The vacationers include Evelyn Brent and Harry Edwards, on a deferred honeymoon trip; Carol Dempster, also recently married; Gloria Swanson, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, on one of their perennial voyages, and Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire, who are about on the way home, and Neil and Elsa Hamilton. To the group abroad will soon be added Richard Barthelmess and his wife, Jessica; Colleen Moore and John McCormick, who may go around the world, Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco, and pos-

sibly Harold Lloyd and his wife and little daughter. Also George Bancroft.

It may be a surprise to learn that such a large number are holidaying, but the explanation is easy. Stars for the most part were very fearful of going anywhere when the talkies first came in. They dreaded to fall behind in the race to make good.

Now a number of them have won success, and the others whose prospects are still a little doubtful have determined to quit worrying about it. Hence the heavy exodus.

"We need a perspective on this whole thing," is the slogan now heard everywhere, and if a belated joining of the Byrd expedition at the south pole seemed necessary to acquire that perspective, it would be done.

The Babel of Tongues.

The Tower of Babel is about to be duplicated. In other words, the movies are to become overnight a place of many different tongues. For some smart studio boy has recently discovered a way to double conversation in pictures in foreign languages.

"Broadway," the Universal film, has been provided with German and Spanish dialogue, and "Show Boat" with German. These will be shown in Europe.

Also, spoken portions of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" were recently duplicated in German, but these comprised only a sermon and a few other insignificant speeches.

The hero of the hour in this new field is Joseph Schildkraut, who doubled for himself in "Show Boat." He speaks German most fluently, and also French. He knows Spanish, too.

Such linguistic attainments will enhance a star's success in the future, though the voices of the players can be doubled easily enough by foreign actors, of which there is still an abundance in the colony, who can at least qualify as speakers, if not as lookers.

A Talented Family.

Two Bennett sisters, instead of one, are destined to make good! Joan is already pleasing with her refined type of beauty, as is disclosed in "Bulldog Drummond" and "Three Live Ghosts," but even more, Constance, who was on the screen a few years ago without causing more than a ripple of interest, is manifesting new acting gifts.

She has made two films under her contract with Pathé, and is now just finishing opposite Richard Barthelmess, in "A Son of the Gods."

Constance personally is the peak of sophistication—not beautiful, perhaps, but very interesting as a type, and distinguished by her worldly assurance. These attributes were not always fruitful of acclaim for the silent-film actress, but they seem to glorify the talkies.

In Celestial Mood.

A side light on "A Son of the Gods" is that it will present Barthelmess in Chinese surroundings as a reminder of "Broken Blossoms." Barthelmess does not appear as



Dennis King brings his stage success, "The Vagabond King," to the musical screen.

Photo by Hommel

a Chinese, though. He is a white youth adopted by a Celestial couple, and reared according to their customs and traditions. The old element of mistaken identity enters the plot, because everybody is supposed to think he is Chinese.

Vance Versus Vance.

William Powell and Basil Rathbone are rivals. They are both impersonators of *Philo Vance*, the effete detective of the S. S. Van Dine mystery novels.

A curious situation has occurred over these unusual thrillers, due to the fact that two different companies are making them.

Paramount procured "The Canary Murder Case" and "The Greene Murder Case," and Metro-Goldwyn "The Bishop Murder Case." Paramount held their detective in too high esteem to lend him elsewhere, so M.-G.-M. depended on their own personnel, and Rathbone was selected for the *Vance* of their film. He isn't nearly as well known to fans as Powell, but he is an excellent actor.

Rathbone is one of the highest paid of the stage players now in pictures. His salary is reputed to be \$2,500 weekly. It is very much of a question whether he will stay in Hollywood permanently, because there is a genuine demand for his services before the footlights at a high salary. Movie companies don't seem desirous of paying stage players highly for their work, until they have won a screen following.

Disclaims Paternity.

"No, I'm not a father." So wired Raymond Hatton from the desert not long ago. It seems that he was the victim of a mix-up in names, and had received congratulatory messages from picturegoers. They had confused him with young Raymond Hackett, whose wife presented him with a son a few months ago. Hatton declared he would like to enjoy the distinction of becoming a father, but wasn't so fortunate.

Very high praise is being given Hatton right now for his acting in "The Mighty." Some are of the opinion that it even outshines Bancroft's. Hatton has been in talkies since the early Warner short reels, but without much opportunity until now.

Barrymore Speaks Out.

The frankness with which the Barrymores announced the anticipated arrival of the stork in their home is astonishing. There were no disgruntled reporters returning from the interview, and on several previous occasions, especially when inquiries were made of John about his divorce, there were plenty, both grumbling and mad. In admitting the news of the expected new arrival, he spoke right out, and even meticulously said, "We are very happy and excited in our anxiety over the coming event."

Dolores Costello may be absent from the screen for the better part of a year. It is pretty certain that she will resume her career at the end of that time.

Barrymore has a daughter by his previous marriage to Blanche Oelrichs. Friends say that he is hoping the new heir will be a son.

Chanting Bebe's Praises.

Is it only a dream, or will Bebe Daniels star in "Carmen"? From all indications she has the gift of

voice that may enable her to interpret the famous rôle for the talkies and singies. The demands naturally are not so extreme as on the operatic stage. The projected production is being much discussed.

Bebe has emerged triumphant from her first encounter with the microphone. Previews of "Rio Rita" show her to possess unusual talent for the musical film. She is virtually assured of obtaining a new lease on success.

This girl's cleverness, and the industry she now manifests, are astonishing for, just a few years ago, she was regarded as a butterfly.

Church Weddings Popular.

All Hollywood was there! All Hollywood, at all events, was on the guest list of the wedding of Mary Eaton and Millard Webb, the director, and a majority of the invited ones were present. The ceremony was performed at the All Souls Congregational Church, with Marilyn Miller as maid of honor, and seven members of the Eaton family, including the father and mother of the bride, present in various capacities. Three of the sisters were bridesmaids to Mary, and two of the brothers acted as best men. Only one brother, who happened to be in the East, missed the event. The Eatons are very clannish.

Even greater popular interest surrounded Patsy Ruth Miller's wedding. There is scarcely any star on the Coast who is so well known and liked as Patsy. She too was married in a church—at St. John's Episcopal. The lucky man was Tay Garnett. Her bridesmaids were Lila Lee and Lois Wilson, and the maid of honor was Helen Ferguson, and Lois caught the bride's bouquet. It was one of the loveliest of film-land weddings.

Pola Negri, in "The Street of Lost Souls," her British picture, which will be seen in this country.

Photo by Sasha



First Aid for Voices.

"Bring me my gargle, please."

We prophesy that the next request to be heard on a picture set will be that. And at Lawrence Tibbetts' door may be laid the responsibility for introducing it.

The preparations of Tibbett, when he was about to do a scene in his first production for Metro-Goldwyn, "The Rogue's Song," were the most elaborate we have ever witnessed. He gargled seven or eight times, and then took a big drink of lemonade.

But after that, he *sang*. And how!

Highroad for Lowe.

Cheers for Edmund Lowe, also more material compensation. Fox's very leading actor nearly escaped the fold some time ago, but the company decided they would keep him, and at a considerably higher salary than he received previously. It is reported that his present contract starts at \$4,000.

During the interim, when he was undecided whether he would stay with Fox or not, Pathé is said to have been among those negotiating for his services. Lowe has been with Fox for

the better part of five or six years, and has never appeared with any other organization, unless just lent out.

His success in "The Cock-eyed World" has contributed considerably to his advancement.

Black Crow Saves Peacock.

Charlie Mack, of Two Black Crows, has settled his peacock troubles. He has secured mates for the lone bird that he purchased as a pet some time ago.

The story has been widely told of how Mack, one bright and early morning, started a pursuit of his pet that led all over Beverly Hills. Mack was clad only in a nightshirt and dressing gown at the time, and attracted no end of attention from milkmen and other early-morning adventurers.

A peacock, it seems, is a bird that needs the sympathy and understanding of its own kind, and if it be a male peacock the companionship is preferably furnished by the female birds.

When he bought his peacock, Mack didn't know this. He was brought to a stern realization of it when the bird that he had took flight, and he had to chase it all over kingdom come.

He wasn't even successful in catching the peacock, though advised chaffingly by a passing milkman to put salt on the bird's tail. Somebody else finally brought it back to his house. This neighborly individual also asked Charlie, with astonishment at his ignorance, "Don't you know that you can't keep a peacock happy alone?"

"No, I didn't," Mack replied, "but if it's a mate he wants he shall have it."

Hence there was an early addition to the Mack barnyard.

The Roaring Bull.

If there are sounds of static, ground noises, and other disturbing sounds in the talking pictures that you hear, perhaps the explanation for them has at last been discovered. For Bull Montana has recently made the proud boast that "I make all the terrible noises that are heard in the talkies. You hear big noise—that's me!"

What Bull actually meant is that he can produce very stentorian sound effects, like the roaring of lions and elephants, and perhaps even a dynamite blast.

Thus far we have not identified any of the sounds that Bull is capable of producing, but we have no doubt that his special talents will find plenty of expression in the future.

The Bull has also finally married, and his intended, upon the announcement of their forthcoming marriage, made it known that he was a great lover. "You wouldn't think he would be capable of a great love worthy of the best traditions of the screen—but he is," she said, with considerable pride, "and some day he'll take a leading part in a film love epic."

Whether he is going to prove a film *Romeo* or not, everybody in Hollywood knows that Montana is a swell chap. And that's enough.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., plays a football hero for a change in "The Forward Pass."



Photo by Longworth

The Reawakening of Love.

Out of sight, out of mind—and vice versa. Something like this is descriptive of the romance of Nils Asther and Vivian Duncan, who are, by now, probably married. Nobody has ever taken their attachment for each other seriously. They are such extraordinarily different types—Nils elusive, detached and foreignly fascinating, and Vivian light-hearted and giggling on the least provocation.

Two years ago they were reported engaged, and then the match was declared off. Everybody thought they had just been kidding.

When the Duncan sisters came to the Metro-Goldwyn studio to make "Cotton and Silk," it wasn't long until Vivian and Nils were being seen everywhere together, and only a little while afterward they announced that they would be married, each protesting that he or she had always loved only the other one during the time of their supposed estrangement.

So—another famous screen lover has capitulated, causing a rapidly increasing shortage of eligible bachelors.

A Multiplicity of Faces.

Paul Muni must be out to disturb Lon Chaney's pre-eminence. His newest release is called "Seven Faces."

Investigation reveals that the seven faces aren't metaphorical ones, either. Muni actually plays that number of characters in the production, when he impersonates figures in a wax works coming to life.

This actor is by way of being one of the big "finds" of the year. His work in "The Valiant" pleased large audiences. He is very different from other screen personalities—a slender, aesthetic and very reserved type, with very marked gifts as an actor.

There's Point To This.

To be hit with a pie is such an age-old experience in the life of a comedian that it wouldn't evoke the least ripple of excitement, but to be attacked with a pick, and a sharp one—well, that's a new form of slapstick. And Oliver Hardy, stout funmaker, knows it.

He and Stan Laurel were going through some antics as members of a chain gang in a comedy, and Laurel was supposed to nick him with the sharp-pointed implement used for digging holes. A real pick was used for the scene, because a rubber one looked faky. The nicking was scheduled to be very light and affectionate, as behooves two brotherly comedians. Unfortunately, Hardy, facing in the opposite direction from Laurel, moved at the moment that the pick was swung, and it penetrated the aft part of his trousers.

It is recorded that the yell which he emitted put the sound apparatus of the studio out of commission for an hour or two, and hereafter he will insist on the use of rubber picks only.

Still Merrily Prodigal.

A new start is to be made on the Paul Whiteman picture at Universal. The solution appears to

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The average press photo of President Hoover is anything but flattering or ingratiating.

WHAT comes out of the camera when President Hoover's face goes in ordinarily would not make any mother, be she ever so great an optimist, rise and exclaim, "Isn't he grand!"

Rather, she probably would be inclined to say, "Well, Herbert's a good boy, anyway, even if he isn't so awfully handsome. Look at his dimple when he smiles! Isn't it fetching?"

But when a photographer who makes pictures of the movie stars takes Mr. Hoover in hand, and uses the magic which seems concealed in camera angles, the President of the United States loses not a whit of his dignity—and gains in attractiveness.

If times ever get hard for him and money scarce, there will be jobs for Mr. Hoover in the studios whenever a judge, lawyer, banker, or diplomat is needed for picture rôles. He might pass, too, as a secret-service agent, a captain of detectives, or the boss of the Thirteenth Ward.

During the heat of the presidential campaign, when Mr. Hoover's loyal supporters were anxious to present their candidate pictorially to the electorate, Ruth Harriet Louise, photographer to the stars



Through Dif

When President Hoover looks into the result is entirely unlike familiar pictures on the change wrought in

By A. L.

at the Metro-Goldwyn studio, was asked to go to Palo Alto, California, Mr. Hoover's home, to make a series of studies.

Pictures were wanted of him as he really is—pictures which would show the passive, virile strength he possesses, the grave yet pleasant personality he holds in repose; the keen and searching eye which seems to weigh in the balance any one with whom he is conversing.

It is not generally known that President Hoover is hard to photograph. His face is somewhat wide, his cheeks full, his head large. He can, and often does, assume an expression which is adamant. A newspaper columnist wrote not long ago, "If I ever sat in a poker game with Cal Coolidge and Herb Hoover, I'd salt away taxi fare before the battle started."

Too often Mr. Hoover has been snapped by news photographers looking absolutely expressionless, when in reality his features evince a kindly interest in everything, and in conversation he becomes, at times, almost animated.

The task given Ruth Harriet Louise was to catch his moods or thoughts on photographic plates, just as she catches the best expressions of Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Anita Page, John Gilbert, Ramon Novarro, and other players. So Miss Louise took her assistant, Andrew Korff, and her electrician, Tommy Shugrue, and journeyed to the Palo Alto home.

"We telephoned from the station upon our arrival," Miss Louise said, in recounting her experience. "Mr. Akerson, Mr. Hoover's secretary, arranged an appointment for one o'clock.

We drove out to the big, rambling house situated upon a knoll surrounded by magnificent trees. A few cars were standing in the driveway when we arrived. In front of the veranda was a battered, stripped flivver, evidently the possession of some college chum of young Alvin Hoover. The grounds, the trees, the neighborliness of the callers, the quietude about the place, set at rest immediately the nervousness we had felt as we contemplated our venture. By the side of the home was an old-fashioned garden, with hollyhocks and morning glories and a wealth of California flowers blooming in natural harmony.

Ruth Harriet Louise, photographer of the stars, who plied her magic art upon the president.

ferent Lenses

camera which photographs the stars the of him, and it suggests a bit of reflection the players themselves.

Wooldridge

"Inside the home the hand of Mrs. Hoover was seen in everything. The Hoovers are Quakers, you know, and do not go in for any ostentation. The rooms were simply but exquisitely furnished, giving an air of rest, of security, of seclusion and comfort. Mr. Akerson showed us through the downstairs rooms, and I chose the dining room for the sittings. It was one of those lovely, high-ceilinged rooms, with oak-paneled walls and large windows at one side.

"'Now what shall I get you?' Mr. Akerson asked.

"'Nothing,' I replied. 'I think we have everything.'

"Tommy, my electrician and lighting expert, was going over the switches, plugs, and connections, preparing, if necessary, to run extra cables from the power wires. We had brought along two broads and one spotlight. But Tommy found the electric wiring ample and there was little to do, save connect and test our lights.

"'Mr. Hoover is writing his speech of acceptance to-day,' Mr. Akerson explained. 'the speech he is to deliver to-morrow. He will come, however, the minute you are ready.'

"'We are ready now,' I replied.

"In a moment the door opened and Mr. Hoover came in, walking swiftly toward us to shake hands.

"'Well, I'm at your mercy,' he said, smiling genially. 'Do whatever you want with me.'

"I noted instantly that he was a trifle tense, probably from his writing. He sat in the chair I had placed against the wall and smiled a bit feebly.

"'I wonder,' I said gently, 'if you will relax a bit. You have been writing a long time, haven't you? Here, take this book and read a little, while we adjust the lights.'

"I puttered around with this and that, but noted presently that he was interested only in our preparations. His eyes were focused upon the lights, as if he were trying to figure out their mechanism. I snapped the shutter in the camera without his knowing it.

"'We'll be ready pretty soon,' I assured him. 'Let me get a plate into this camera.'

"I switched in the second plate, took a peep to see if he still was in proper focus, then walked away, chatting about inconsequential things. Presently he looked down at his book and really began to read, and as quickly as



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

When President Hoover is carefully posed and lighted, the man himself emerges from the plate.



Photo by Louise

This natural, home portrait of Mrs. Hoover also brought out her distinctive personality.

I could I pressed the bulb. Another exposure without his knowledge!

"I stepped to his side as if to smooth a wrinkle in the lapel of his coat. Then, of a sudden, he relaxed and smiled. There, looking through the door, was Mrs. Hoover. I caught that smile, genial, whole-hearted, perfectly natural, as quickly as I could reach my camera. I believe it is the only smiling portrait of Mr. Hoover in existence. Then I had him stand while I took his picture in many poses. When I finished, he said, 'Thank you very much! Now I'm going out. I will get Mrs. Hoover for you.'

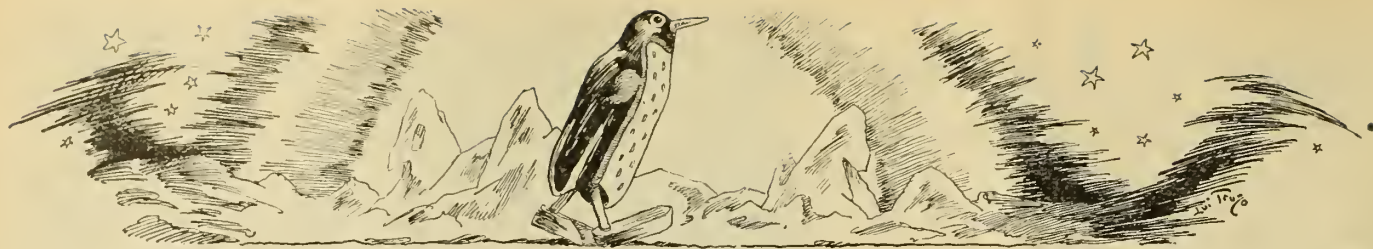
"He seemed very relieved. Presently he returned, leading Mrs. Hoover by the hand and introduced us.

"'I was so happy to see how comfortable he seemed,' Mrs. Hoover said, recalling the glance she had through the door. 'He didn't act as though he was being photographed at all.'

"I believe, if anything, Mrs. Hoover was more nervous than her husband. She is a beautiful, charming woman, whose most outstanding physical feature is a wealth of exquisitely silvered hair. She said that above all else she wanted her pictures to be natural. She sat in the chair Mr. Hoover had used, but rose quickly and asked, 'Do you mind if I select another chair? This one isn't so comfortable.'

"She soon relaxed, and presently I had her standing

Continued on page 108



The Stroller

Our ironic observer of Hollywood happenings indulges in amusing confidences.

By Neville Reay

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

A COLUMNIST who's supposed to write about motion pictures in this day of detonating celluloid—if he has any recollection of the past at all—realizes more and more that he has become merely a foreign correspondent for New York musical shows.

If he is to write at all, he finds himself confronted by playwrights, librettists, dialogists, composers, singers, and hoofers—and occasionally an actor.

Madge Bellamy recently said, "Talkies! You stand around most of the time. The only actor I ever saw who could just stand and look imposing, was an old English Shakespearean Thespian. He could stand and look important better than he could act."

The lingo of the Great White Way has descended upon us. Sputtering spotlights have been eliminated, so we can't suffer from tales of the tourists' horror at hearing "Kill that baby." Broads have become floods and we are freed from another Marx Brothers' pun. This is possibly the most salutary effect of trust-controlled garrulity.

Music is considered important. It has a special feature in that it deadens the scraping noise which raw dialogue has as its natural affinity. Several pictures recently have had such lovely music that I couldn't hear the voices. So I didn't know what the stories were about.

Now "The Idle Rich"—called "White Collars" in some spots—has an obligato of voices, dish washing, auto motors, the crash of plates from Venice Pier, the traffic of Washington Boulevard, the grinding of cameras, and the wailing of infants. I am convinced that such sound could not have been produced entirely synthetically. However, the director doubtless was harassed by that scraping sound and set his crew to work making noises that would drown out the static.

Like a recurrent theme song, I am back to music. Mack Sennett got stuck for a neat sum, because one of his players whistled a tune in a picture. The tune was fifteen years old, but the owner of the copyright heard it and demanded payment. He bought a new car with the money. Spies hover about sound stages listening for these taboo tunes, and control themselves only with difficulty when they catch a company *flagrante delicto*.

In fact, it is no longer safe for a producer to use any music until he searches the archives for copyright. Strauss, the Viennese composer, recently heard "Ramona," and asserts it is exactly the tune of a waltz he wrote thirty years ago. I don't know what he's going to do about it. I'm willing to let a

dead tune lie. The world only needs a courageous soul to apply for an injunction against "The Pagan Love Song"—nice tune and all that—but I know a man who died from eating too much candy.

Parenthetical note for those interested—Ramon Novarro sang the song in the film, but the voice was put in after the scenes were filmed. That's why it seems to be the voice of a double. Novarro doubled for himself.

All over the world people are rushing to recopyright old music, so they, too, can buy new cars. The International Society for the Protection of Foreign Tunes has been organized. One Hollywood ham has obtained a copyright on all Christmas carols. He's broke right now, but he won't be for long. He sits in his room like a miser and paws the music, making unintelligible sounds faintly reminiscent of a Mexican gourd in the harvest season.

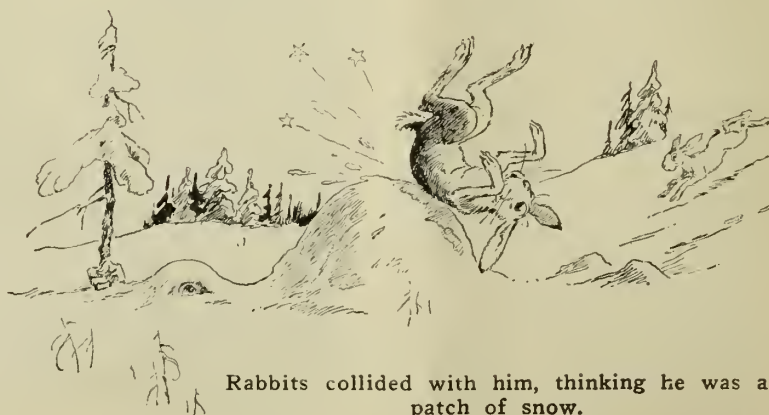
Lady Godiva, the famous portrait-egg layer of Hollywood, is dead, a victim to her art.

Lady Godiva, a White Leghorn princess, broke into fame two years ago. After an attendant had tacked up a portrait of Clara Bow in her private coop, Lady Godiva astounded the world by laying an egg, the shell of which bore perfect features of Miss Bow.

Subsequent displays of portraits of such stars as Laura La Plante, John Boles, Greta Garbo, Douglas Fairbanks, and others, brought forth eggs bearing their pictures.

One night a misguided enthusiast hung up a picture of Archie Mayo. To-day Lady Godiva is dead—unable to produce an egg large enough to serve as a canvas for the celebrated director.

Tom Reed, newly promoted story editor of Universal, has just returned from the high Sierras, where he



Rabbits collided with him, thinking he was a patch of snow.

made exhaustive experiments in the art of protective coloration.

Reed, pestered by story applicants, turned in desperation to natural methods of obliteration. In the snow of the high Sierras he was so successful in practice that rabbits frequently collided with him, thinking he was merely a patch of snow. In the sun and dust of San Fernando Valley, Reed wanders about looking like a patch of sun and dust.

He has been taking lessons from a Yogi fakir. Now he can throw a rope into the air, climb up it and disappear, to become visible later in a locked projection room.

"That's a good story," said a playwright.

"Yes," said the scenarist, "but it should have a theme song."

"Correct," said the producer. "Let's get John Brown to write it. He's good at that sort of stuff. Get him."

Three weeks later the musical director reported that the man couldn't be found.

The producer insisted that he wanted to sign up the songster.

Finally an office boy, who delivers the mail on the lot, overheard the discussion and timidly interrupted. "You looking for John Brown, sir? Maybe I can help you."

"Well?"

"He's in office No. 17. He's been under contract to us for six months, sir."

Those who write about society in this town have spoken of opening nights. So I will, too. Without using lots of periods to take up space and prove I'm of the impressionistic school. I'm not of any school.

The etiquette of first nights is weird. It involves many delicate social problems, when between acts one is uncertain as to conduct.

One must never be seen standing alone. Little groups must instantly form like ants around a lump of sugar. Everybody in a given group talks and nobody listens. All are eying other groups more distinguished in personnel, appraising their chances of butting in. One must be seen with the best possible group. Don't ask me why.

By an actor's conduct you can gauge his financial and contractual standing—whether he is out of a job, secure in a contract, or hoping that his option will be renewed.

1—Out of a job—talk loudly, buzz from group to group, wave to everybody you ever heard of and shake hands with all directors, supervisors, and producers who will condescend to recognize you. 2—Secure in contract—be very upstage, talk only to others who are under contract, be democratic and cheerful toward all producers, you may be let out some day. 3—Contract up for renewal—contrive to be near your producer's group, but yet with a "distinguished" group, if you can manage to have another producer in your group your contract is safe, look very bored with it all.

The huddle system is no longer confined to football.

The director calls, "Signals." The gag man, scenario writer, dialogue writer, assistant director and script girl rush together, whisper hurriedly, and then shift back to the camera line where Will Rogers is working.



She was unable to produce an egg large enough to accommodate a likeness of the huge director.

The trouble is that Will won't stick to his written dialogue. He insists upon ad libbing with impairment to the thread of the story. So after every scene the huddle is called, the new attack is laid out, the buck is passed, and Will tackles the wrong words again.

The person who wrote Lee Tracy's snappy, vaudeville monologue scene for "Big Time" comes under the heading of the city's greatest optimist. The theater was filled with extras for the audience, as Tracy was about to go through his paces in the act that gets him into the big time.

"Now the audience has to laugh at the right spots," said the director. "Let's rehearse."

"Rehearse!" scoffed the author. "Let's shoot it the first time and get their natural laughs. That'll be much better. Let 'em hear the patter cold, and it'll bowl 'em over."

So they did. Grim, deadly silence greeted all the quips. It wasn't a put-up job. The extras were surprised, too.

The director then put up a big electric light and turned it on every time the audience was supposed to laugh. He turned it off as a signal for the hilarity to subside. When you hear this act on the screen you'll be expected to laugh.

After the fiasco, the director looked for the author to make a few comments, but the sketch artist had thrown a mental fog about himself and had drifted out the ventilator.

A supervisor, notorious for his weakness when approached by salesmen, bought six graves last week.

Since he has only two relatives alive, Hollywood speculation seems to indicate that this is an informal way of announcing his intention to marry.

Spies hover about sound stages listening for copyrighted tunes.



A couple of little things that drifted in off the road this week from small towns.

In one town the theater owner wanted his house equipped for talkies. So a producer put in the apparatus and gets half the gross forever for having done it, the owner of the building gets thirty per cent for rental, and from the other twenty per cent comes the film rental—for the producer—with the remainder as profit and salary for the manager.

Also the town where the barber, the general store owner, the

Continued on page 110

Awful Mustaches

Many fans have a weird mustache complex and will undoubtedly find reason on this page for fiery letters denouncing the masculine decorations.



Eddie Nugent, above, as *Dave*, in "The Girl in the Show," may possibly escape the wrath of his friends and even get honorable mention in "What the Fans Think."

The new mustache of Richard Dix, center, has already been condemned by fan writers who just couldn't see the sense of it at all.



Even Buddy Rogers, right, tries his luck in "River of Romance," sideburns and all, and after one hurried glance, the fans unanimously turned their thumbs down.



A soldier in foreign uniform simply must have a mustache, so Richard Arlen, below, rose to the occasion.



Grant Withers, left, in "Hearts in Exile," acquired one of those bristly, he-man mustaches, and no doubt his girl fans fail to approve — just why, even The Oracle possibly could not explain.



When They Love Out Loud

June Collyer has her own ideas of the voltage power of spoken love scenes versus silent ones and lets us in on some secrets.

By Laura Ellsworth Fitch

THERE was a time when sheiks of the screen could recite their laundry list, college yell, or telephone number in a love scene, and the sheba could reply with a dreamy memorandum of her grocery list—and it registered as torrid as a Dorothy Parker poem. But that was before Warner Brothers. Now they're making love with real words and music, and if you think the technique isn't just too different for anything, it's because you haven't talked it over with June Collyer.

June's the girl who knows. In the first place her recent pictures have seen and heard her opposite Buddy Rogers, Richard Dix, Conrad Nagel, Walter McGrail, George O'Brien, and other thrillers.

On top of that, she's rumored around Hollywood as the leading lady they really get a "crush" on. And why not? June is as pretty and charming and débutantish off the screen as she is in the shadow. Thanks to her favorite brand of cigarettes and her sense of humor she misses the ingénue class, but is well up in the category of our very nicest girls.

Buddy Rogers has made no secret of liking June an awful lot. Nor was Richard Dix immune to the play of her dimples during "The Love Doctor." Another gentleman used to write poems to her between scenes. Still another sent flowers to her dressing room daily.

Is it any wonder I became curious and asked June to take me to lunch, so that I could ask her whether or not the natural style is cramped by having to speak the other fellow's love lines, and if there's as much inspiration in loving out loud as there was in the silent days?

She wore a cream-lace dress, with a large picture-hat, and looked fussed when I brought up the subject.

"Oh, it's different, all right," she admitted and "acted nonchalant," as advised by the cigarette ads, "but I don't know whether it is more inspiring.

"You see, love scenes in dialogue are really very ticklish to handle. You have to be so careful not to make them silly. If they become too glowing, the audience laughs and the romantic effect is ruined. There is only one phrase in love-making that an audience can tolerate without feeling self-conscious. That is 'I love you.' When the hero launches into some glowing account of how madly he wants the heroine, or extols the beauty of her eyes, for some unaccountable reason it sounds terribly silly.

"Because of this, I think talking pictures will be the swan song of the very passionate love scene. When it was silent we could use our imagination about what was being said. But when they try to fit words to match the action it becomes faintly ridiculous.

"Maybe you have already noticed a tendency toward lighter love scenes in the talkies. I think they are trying



Photo by Hesser

When June Collyer is engaged as leading lady to a masculine star, he is almost sure to fall in love with her.

to suggest rather than demonstrate. The fewer love phrases that are used the more convincing the scene, especially if there is a beautiful song running through." June laughed. "Heaven knows what would have happened to the love scene if the theme song hadn't stumbled along. It has helped us out of more than one tight spot. People will believe and *feel* music, where words leave them cold."

But it wasn't the reaction of the audience that particularly interested me. What about the players themselves? Wasn't it vastly inspiring to have the lover actually sounding his emotions in his deepest and most Vitaphonic appeal?

June crinkled her nose in a characteristic mood. If a pretty girl could make a face that was it.

"Do you think it would be particularly interesting to hear your boy friend recite some other man's thoughts while making love to you? You would feel that you were acting in a play, wouldn't you? That's almost the feeling we have. Certainly nothing very personal enters in.

"The picture I have just finished with Buddy Rogers is a perfect example of what I mean," she said. I hope you haven't forgotten what I said about Buddy and June really liking one another. It rather bears on what she said.

"The name of the picture is 'Illusion' and we have a beautiful love scene. The setting is perfect. A marble bench—a quiet lake—a sloping lawn—moonlight—evening clothes—music in the background. And the dialogue some one so kindly wrote for us was sweet. Certainly everything was conducive to romantic feeling, you'll admit. But was it? [Continued on page 115]



Winsome Nancy Drexel did well in "The Four Devils," but where is she now?

EVERY movie has its theme song these days, but for Hollywood as a whole, insidiously twined and intertwined through every movement, played and replayed as a reprise, is a chorus beginning with "Give me a break."

I strongly suspect that ninety-nine per cent of the prayers offered in the churches during silent devotion begin and end with "Give me a break."

For every extra, every bit player, and every leading man and woman will tell you on the slightest provocation, or no provocation at all, that all he or she needs is a break, "And, boy, howdy! Watch my smoke!"

The novitiate into the affairs of Hollywood is led to believe that once you get a break your troubles are over. But, alas and alack! A break does not always make a star, or are stars always made by breaks. Consider just a few who have attained the much-sought break.

Duane Thompson, for instance.

Duane has looks, she has far more than ordinary ability, and she has what, in Hollywood, is even rarer than both these, and that is intelligence. She was doing nicely as leading lady for Walter Hiers in the last series of two-reel comedies he made for Christie. About the time her contract expired, Charles Ray was being refinanced in an effort to stage the well-known comeback. He wanted Duane for his leading lady and she, feeling that she was getting a very big break, left Christie and took the rôle. On the strength of her work in comedies and in "Some Punkins" with Ray, she was chosen a Wampas star.

Nine times out of ten that is enough of a break for any one with any talent. In Duane's case it militated against her rather than in her favor because, following this distinction, a jinx fastened itself on her which she has never been able to shake off although she valiantly fought back.



Prince Youcca Troubetzkoy once was leading man for Pola Negri, surely the break supreme.

They Got What

Among players great and small in Hollywood the But when it comes, too often it proves to be a snare bitter let-down. This informative article

By Samuel

Directly after the Wampas selection, she was signed for the lead with Alexander Carr, in "April Fool." This finished, Fox chose her for the ingénue in "The Return of Peter Grimm." To play in this picture she was forced to refuse offers of leads in two others, both of which turned out to be outstanding hits. After Duane had rejected these two offers, Fox decided to use Janet Gaynor—at that time little known—in the rôle, and Duane was left high and dry, without explanation.

She has worked since then, but she has never been able to overcome her jinx, and to date her breaks have meant nothing. One reason advanced for her failure to click is

that she has too much character to play ga-ga flappers, and not the stature for heavy rôles. This is possible, although, if photographed from certain angles, she looks enough like Pauline Frederick to be her twin. Whatever the reason, it is too bad.

Take the case of Virginia Lee Corbin. Six big pictures in one year—"Headlines," with Alice Joyce and Malcolm McGregor, a starring contract in "Lilies of the Streets," and "The City That Never Sleeps," supported by Ricardo Cortez and Louise Dresser. In this she wore her first long dress, being

What good did "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" do Ruth Taylor?



They Wanted, But—

theme song is "Give me a break—give me a chance!" and a delusion, bringing only momentary glory and a cites the fate of some conspicuous cases.

Richard Mook

thirteen years old at the time. Followed "The Café of Fallen Angels," directed by James Cruze, "Broken Laws," co-featured with Mrs. Wallace Reid, Arthur Rankin, and Percy Marmont, and "The Chorus Lady," in which Margaret Livingston starred.

On the strength of her performances in these pictures she was chosen a Wampas star in the same year as Duane Thompson. She is a good dancer, too, as she proves in Colleen Moore's "Footlights and Fools," but the fans have never accepted her.

At present she is in the East in quest of a stage engagement. Her mother vouchsafes the opinion that her daughter belongs more to the stage than to the screen, adding that "Virginia has always been difficult to handle, possibly because she feels the deep emotional power within herself and is, therefore, not content to portray the silly, flapper rôles that are given her."

Whatever the cause, Virginia's name appears less and less frequently on the billboards, and she has never done anything to justify the breaks she undoubtedly has had. My own opinion is that she grew up about ten

Duane Thompson is said to have everything the screen wants, but she languishes in neglect.



Why has not Virginia Lee Corbin's lifetime on the screen placed her in a secure position?



Twice Roland Drew played opposite Dolores del Rio in big successes.



years too late. Ten years ago her blue-eyed, blond prettiness would have made her an instant favorite. To-day her type is *passé*.

Hugh Allan burst into fame in "Dress Parade" in support of William Boyd. He worked almost steadily for a year after that, among his pictures being "Hold 'Em, Yale," with Rod La Rocque, and "Annapolis," with John Mack Brown. His notices were almost uniformly good. In fact, although cast as the heavy in "Annapolis," when the picture was previewed it was found that Hugh had all the sympathy and it was necessary to retake many of the scenes in such a way as to leave no doubt that it was John Mack's picture and not Hugh's.

Many a maid spent sleepless nights, as I can testify since reading some of his fan mail, after seeing his handsome face flash across the screen. Hugh's failure to click may be attributed solely, I believe, to lack of publicity. In addition to his good looks and rather pleasing voice, he has sense and refinement.

Coming back to the Wampas. Lina Basquette rode into prominence on a wave of sympathy. She was working with Adolphe Menjou, in "Serenade"—one of his best, incidentally. During the making, her husband, Sam Warner, died. Steeped in the traditions of the stage, Lina realized only one thing. It was that despite personal grief, "the show must go on." Rather than hold up production, she continued during the time of her husband's death and his funeral. Her splendid spirit won the admiration of the producers, who were anxious to sign up girls like that.

Before "Serenade" was released Cecil DeMille offered her the lead in "The Godless Girl," and on the strength of these two engagements she was elected to the Wampas coterie.

Partly on account of the Wampas publicity and partly because of her connection with the two films noted above, neither of which had been released, she was signed for leads opposite Richard Bar-



Sally Phipps, a piquant beauty, played leads in several popular pictures.

thelness in two pictures. This engagement finished, her films began to be shown and since then Lina has done nothing worthy of note. Apparently a case of a lucky break, with nothing to back it up.

Mary Duncan came to Fox fresh from her stage triumph as *Poppy*, in "The Shanghai Gesture." She was starred in her first picture as well as in subsequent ones—"The River" and "Our Daily Bread," both with Charles Farrell, and "Through Different Eyes" and "The City Girl." When "The Four Devils" was first shown as a silent picture in New York she was starred above the title of the picture, Janet Gaynor, Barry Norton, Charles Morton, and Nancy Drexel being merely featured.

The picture was withdrawn to have talking sequences added and when it was released a second time, Janet was starred and Mary Duncan was only featured with the others. As this goes to press she is working in "Conquistador" as a featured player, but her breaks have meant nothing to her, for the public and the critics have never accepted her as a first-rate screen actress.

Betty Bronson got all the publicity in the world when she obtained the coveted rôle of *Peter Pan* and created a sensation a few years ago. Mary Brian and Esther Ralston were merely members of the cast. The latter two rose to the heights without the usual breaks, while Miss Bronson dropped from sight for a time, eventually coming back to score another bull's-eye in "A Kiss for Cinderella." This seems to indicate that she is a one-part actress and there are, unfortunately not enough of those parts.

She disappeared again after the latter picture, nothing much being

heard from her save an occasional plaintive aria from one of the horse operas she was making. Suddenly the bell clanged loudly. Betty had hit it a third time supporting Al Jolson, in "The Singing Fool."

I expected a starring announcement after that, but nothing happened except a paragraph announcing her departure for Europe on a vacation.

She has the reputation of being the most ill-advised girl in pictures. Whether it is that, or the fact that she does not have to take her career seriously, or that she has been shifted from one type of part to another so frequently that the public has never had a chance to classify her, I do not know. But she has never achieved the position to which her distinctive ability entitles her.

A similar case is that of Ruth Taylor. When she was exploited in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," you couldn't pick up a magazine or newspaper that didn't have a picture or paragraph about her in it. She was the "find" of the year, according to the studio. However, when the smoke of battle cleared, Alice White was marching serenely toward stardom, while Ruth listened rather vainly for the plaudits expected from her break.

Finding film work scarce, she went on the stage and got some good notices. The talking craze hit Hollywood and now she is working in two-reelers for Christie, but it is doubtful if she will ever be able to cash in fully on the break she got.

I think the public resented the choice of Ruth Taylor in preference to some of its favorites who were publicized as being very anxious for the rôle. Possibly this had much to do with the lack of enthusiasm which greeted her performance in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

Malcolm McGregor got splendid notices for his work in "The Prisoner of Zenda"—better, in fact, than

Continued on page 94



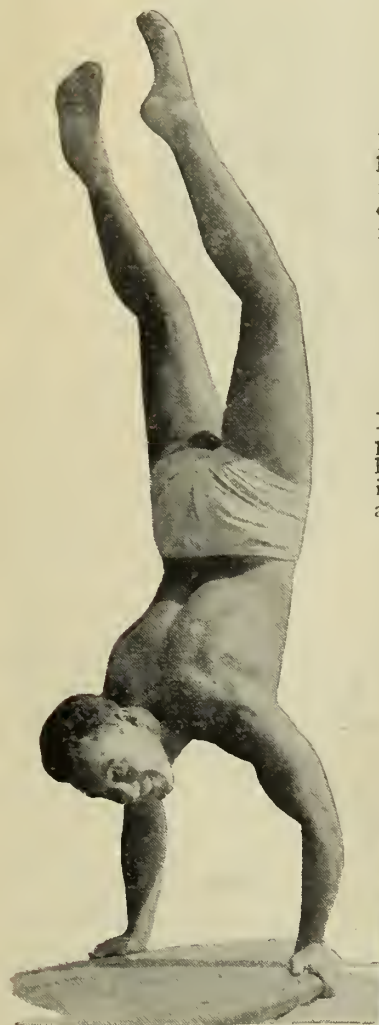
Hugh Allan created a furore in "Dress Parade," but his fans look vainly for him nowadays.

Mary Duncan was starred in "The Four Devils" and "The River," but what of it?



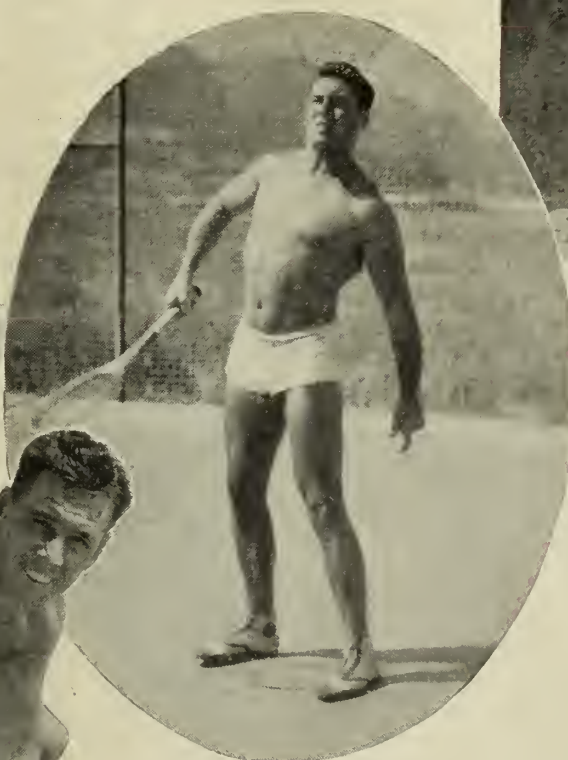
The Torso Triumphant

Physical culturists all over the world point to George O'Brien as a powerful example of what constant, intelligent training will do to the human body, while George himself gets as much satisfaction out of his fitness as he does from his acting.



Mr. O'Brien, left, finds standing on his hands almost as easy as standing on his feet. All one has to do, he says, is to use one's shoulders as an axis and throw one's feet overhead. Sounds simple to George, but it requires trained muscles.

Mr. O'Brien's surf board, right, is indispensable to the equipment of his beach home. Having been made to his order, it is exactly the right weight, size, and balance—very important points to remember when you try the sport.



George, left, reduces his tennis equipment to the least possible weight and laughs at those who prefer fancy sweaters and such. But this simplicity of garb is possible only in California, at his beach home.

In the pink of condition, tireless, and not subject to the little ills of ordinary folk, George O'Brien, left, is always ready for a race or a swim to keep the torso triumphantly strong and muscular. It's all a matter of inclination, of course, says the sedentary individual who writes these captions between rheumatic twinges and shortness of breath.



Julia Faye, Kay Johnson, and Conrad Nagel respond to Cecil DeMille's demand for perfection in "Dynamite."

The Screen in Review

By Norbert Lusk

Cecil DeMille redeems himself with a glorious gesture to the box-office, stage players score on their first appearance in pictures, and the fall season is in full swing.

CECIL DEMILLE'S first experiment with dialogue is completely successful. In employing speech to drive home points, as well as play upon nuances of thought and feeling, he has produced a brilliantly effective picture called "Dynamite," yet dialogue entails no sacrifice of the traditions of the screen—and of DeMille. The film has movement, excitement, the strong, far-fetched contrasts in which he revels, as well as the uniquely glittering embellishment for which he is famous, including something *très chic* in the way of bath tubs—a glass one!

Often "Manslaughter" has been cited as his picture of most popular appeal. This, in my opinion, exceeds it. For, aside from the newly found advantage of speech in portraying character and emotion on the screen, the situations in "Dynamite" are poignant, contrived with the utmost skill to pique curiosity, to accumulate suspense and gradually to storm the emotions. All this is timed with tactful shrewdness, directed with superb, easy authority, photographed beautifully and acted magnificently. "Dynamite" is an astonishing picture.

A recital of the plot would give you the same unfavorable reaction that it gave me before I saw the picture, for robbed of its optical and aural appeal it is, I fear, completely moviesque. I am faintly ashamed of it, because the bare synopsis has *Cynthia Crothers* bound

by the terms of her grandfather's will to marry and live with her husband on her twenty-third birthday in order to inherit untold millions. And *Cynthia* is in love with a married man, *Roger Towne*, the husband of her friend, *Marcia*. So the girls talk things over, *Marcia* asking \$200,000 to divorce *Roger* and *Cynthia* offering half that amount, in the deliciously cynical manner expected of society people animated by Mr. DeMille and Jeanie Macpherson. But when you see this scene played in dialogue by Julia Faye, as *Marcia*, and Kay Johnson, as *Cynthia*, it takes on unexpected values—and you believe it, as you do the whole story.

When *Cynthia* and *Marcia* make their pact, there is still another step that *Cynthia* must take to be sure of her inheritance. She must marry at once, for the time before her birthday is short. So she offers \$10,000 to *Hagon Derk*, a miner convicted of murder, to go through the ceremony before his electrocution. But within a few minutes of the fateful moment he is pardoned through discovery of the real murderer. He goes to the girl's modernistic home to see what's what while a jazz party is in progress.

Out of this situation it is no tax on the imagination to believe that Mr. DeMille and Miss Macpherson have left no stone unturned, no word unsaid, no emotional impasse unguarded to build up a climax that shall unite

the pampered society girl and the rough miner. It is an ostrich plume in their respective caps that they have been able to do it believably.

In this they are immensely aided by the actors. Kay Johnson, on the occasion of her debut in pictures, gives a breathtaking performance of sheer beauty. Sensitive, eloquent, gayly humorous, agonized, tragic, she reaches perfection so often that one sits back and defies her to miss a step in her marvelous play upon the emotions. Charles Bickford, also from the stage and a debutant, too, is the miner. His performance could not be bettered, his stalwart honesty so convincing that it springs from inner conviction rather than any apparent histrionism. Julia Faye, heard for the first time, is amusingly feline and her light, expressive voice fits perfectly the characters she usually plays. Conrad Nagel, as *Roger*, is at his best, and from time to time the spectator is treated to sharply etched bits of fine acting by Muriel McCormac, Leslie Fenton, Robert Edeson, and Jane Keckley, and pleasing glimpses of Joel McCrea, Nancy Dover, and Scott Kolik.

Murder in the First Degree.

Once again the craze for musical comedy not only relegates a strong, dramatic situation to the background, but deliberately stifles it. This artistic crime occurs in "The Great Gabbo," which should have been a brilliant picture but isn't, even though a fortune has been spent on prancing chorines and languid figurantes in spectacular settings, some of them in color, all to the end of bringing the "Follies" to the "sticks," I suppose. But the screen has not yet succeeded in reproducing precisely the sumptuous glamour of a Ziegfeld show. So that's that.

What remains of the story after the interruptions of pageantry and dancing, concerns *Gabbo*, a ventriloquist, cruel, domineering, a super-egoist, whose assistant, *Mary*, is devoted to him. They struggle along in cheap theaters until the inevitable occurs, *Gabbo* gets on the big time and eventually is the stellar attraction of musical comedy. Meanwhile *Mary* has been dispensed with, but she too rises and coincidence brings them together in the same show. After a struggle with himself, *Gabbo* realizes that he loves her and that he has never been happy without her. The dramatic climax, such as it is, consists of nothing more startling than *Mary's* revelation of her marriage to *Frank*, a singer in the troupe, and *Gabbo's* agonized withdrawal. Naturally his anguish is intensified by the discovery of *Mary's* bad taste in preferring Don Douglas to Erich von Stroheim.

Missed opportunities in the picture center around the character of *Gabbo*, a figure of fascinating complexities hardly suggested in the treatment accorded him by scenarist and director. Outwardly cruel and hard, he is at heart tender, poetic. Terrified by what he knows to be his real self, he conceals it from the world—all but *Otto*, his dummy, to whom he pours out his heart and who, through the words *Gabbo* puts into his mouth becomes more human and lovable than his master.

Surely an interesting character study this *Gabbo*, but his inner conflict is hardly more than suggested, all the care having been lavished on the musical comedy stuff. However, it is hardly a negligible picture and Mr. Stroheim's *Gabbo* is, as might be expected, unlike the rôle would have been had any one else played it. Furthermore his voice, heard for the first time, isn't nearly so Teutonic as expected. Betty Compson, as *Mary*, plays a backstage rôle familiarly.



Betty Compson and Erich von Stroheim share honors with a ventriloquist's dummy in "The Great Gabbo."

For Those Who Know.

"The Lady Lies" is a picture to smack one's lips over. It is enormously intelligent in every particular—story, direction, dialogue, acting—and it has the additional virtue of novelty. There's nothing hackneyed or Hollywoodish in the drama of a father whose children, hardly out of the nursery, decide to break up his liaison with a lady outside the social pale. Nor is there anything routine in the acting of Walter Huston, as the father, and Claudette Colbert, as the lady. It is impressively simple, sincere, modern. Not only should it be seen by every fan, but it should also be observed reverently and a little fearfully by the majority of the ladies and gentlemen of the screen who have recently broken into speech. For it is an augury of the new standard acting is attaining, and proof that speech can be free of elocutionary taint yet possess the polish and expressiveness that come only from cultivation and long practice.

This is true equally of Mr. Huston and Miss Colbert, but as this is the latter's second dialogue picture it is doubly refreshing to record her complete success and to wax jubilant over her photographic values, more apparent now than in "The Hole in the Wall." In every respect Miss Colbert is a "find" of purest ray serene. One hopes that her allegiance to the stage will at least be temporarily lessened in order that she may make not only an occasional picture, but frequent ones.

Her rôle is unusual. Joyce Roamer, a charming girl in a smart shop, permits Robert Rossiter, a widower, to provide her with an apartment because they love each other. But when his fourteen-year-old son becomes aware of the affair and tricks her into coming to see him, she is made to realize that she stands between the boy



"The Lady Lies."



"Womantrap."



"Our Modern Maidens."



"Big Time."

and his sister and their father. But she refuses to give up *Rossiter*, even when she hears the boy declare that he should marry a woman in his own set. Finally the children are made to repent their interference and realize that *Joyce* is a thoroughbred.

This gives but slight inkling of the plot, often tense in its development, and not a hint of the gay, sophisticated character studies contributed by Charles Ruggles and Betty Garde. And I'm afraid that even my unbounded enthusiasm doesn't do justice to the loveliness, charm, and skill of Miss Colbert. Please see her and decide if "The Ancient Mariner" isn't right.

Introducing Winnie Lightner.

Though "Gold Diggers of Broadway" throws no new light on the subject of either gold digging or Broadway, the attractive title calls attention to another musical comedy of the films. Like "On With the Show" it is entirely in color and this, together with dialogue, singing, and dancing, will put the picture over with those who are easily diverted by entertainment of the lightest sort.

It frequently reveals pronounced optical beauty, it has moments of hilarity and there is at least one song hit, "Tip Toe Through the Tulips With Me." Yes, it has all these elements of popularity, but—and I may as well break down and confess all—it made me restive when it attempted to tell its pale, little story. When musical comedy was rampant, I had no kick coming, because one can think of something else if there isn't enough on the screen to hold a vagrant mind. But when plot peeps timidly between the interstices of swaying choruses, the spectator sends his intelligence to meet and welcome it. If the story is anemic, old-fashioned, and not worth while, he retires within himself and lets others applaud the dancing, singing, and choral groupings. That's exactly what happened to me in watching "Gold Diggers of Broadway."

We thought the original comedy sophisticated and pungent on the stage nine years ago, because it was a cynical exhibit of the private lives of show girls, with enough sure-fire sentimentality to make it popular with those who overlooked its worldly implications. But times have changed and gold-digging chorines are looked upon casually nowadays. So the yarn of wealthy *Stephen Lee*, who sets out to rescue his juvenile relative from a mercenary chorus girl, and ends by falling in love with one himself—no, no *Nanette*, this won't do for the merry year of 1929.

Ah, but there are compensations. A new one materializes every time Winnie Lightner appears on the scene. She is a rowdy comic, late of musical comedy and vaudeville. Possessed of the enviable quality of disarming criticism by the sheer gusto of her clowning, Miss Lightner adds to it a warmly human friendliness that makes you feel it wouldn't be right to utter a word of reproach if she spilled the soup down your back. She saved the show for me—she and Lilyan Tashman in the rôle of a ritzy chorus girl.

Conway Tearle's return to the screen emphasizes the well-worn axiom that time cannot be stayed in its flight, even by color photography, and that disdainful acting no longer evokes enthusiasm. Nancy Welford forsakes the stage to play the heroine coolly, capably and colorlessly, in spite of all the color surrounding her. And Ann Pennington, the dancer, also leaves the stage to its fate to challenge the camera, but exhibits little of the dancing that has made her famous. Familiars such as William Bakewell, Albert Gran, Gertrude Short, Lee Moran, and Nelly Edwards are pleasant to see in their proper element, and Nick Lucas, from the stage and radio, is a sort of crooning interlocutor.

Such Is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Frequently an unpretentious picture has the charm denied a big one, but not often is a trite story lifted into realms of greatness by the acting of a single performer. But Lee Tracy, the stage actor, does just this with "Big Time," the film which accomplishes his début. Though just another backstage story of a vaudeville hoofer who deserts his wife for a blonde menace, his new partner, Mr. Tracy invests it with such intimacy, reality, and poignance that his performance ranks with the best the screen has yielded this season, and the picture becomes a triumph of a lesser sort. With such gifts as Mr. Tracy brings to it, I should like to call it a

major triumph, but the modesty of the film is such that one feels it would be an embarrassment to place it in a class higher than its intent.

The story traces the humble professional beginnings of *Eddie Burns* and *Lily Clark*, whose partnership ripens into marriage as they struggle along the small-time circuits. Finally, the coming of a baby makes it necessary for *Eddie* to hire a substitute partner in *Gloria*, who succeeds in vamping him at the moment a telegram comes offering big time. At the same moment comes also his wife who, quickly sensing the situation, leaves *Eddie* to his fate with *Gloria*. Soon he loses his foothold as a big-time attraction and his quick descent rids him of *Gloria*. Reduced to slinging hash, he hears that his wife is in Hollywood where, as a starving extra, he meets her, a star. Of course there is quick reconciliation, which surprises no one. But beauty and truth and tenderness are found in Mr. Tracy's marvelous portrayal of the dancer—a portrait so delicately etched that one is thrilled by the actor's uncanny and seemingly effortless grasp of a moment charged with emotion by means of a catch in his voice, a stammer, a laugh that ends before it is heard. Mae Clarke, who is also from the stage, plays the wife with moving sincerity, and Josephine Dunn is, as usual, perfect as the heartless blonde. Stepin Fetchit, the negro actor, creates laughs as a keeper of trained seals.

Queen of Frenetics.

After "The Letter" any appearance of Jeanne Eagels is important, for she is always arresting, intelligent, provocative, individual.

She is all these in "Jealousy," but the picture doesn't coalesce into a strong attraction, and certainly not one strong enough for Miss Eagels. One of the reasons lies in the fact that the play was written for two characters only, *Yvonne*, the mistress of a rich, old man, and *Pierre*, the poor, young artist whom she marries. In bringing it to the screen the producers have necessarily included scenes and characters that were only spoken of in the original dialogue. The result is a somewhat rambling narrative lacking distinction, or marked sympathy for any of the characters. But it is worth seeing for the sake of Miss Eagels, who makes *Yvonne* a fascinating figure far from the conventional heroine with a "past." She marries *Pierre*, because she really loves him and lies to escape the consequences of her deception. But when his jealousy becomes more and more intense, she is drawn by further lying into an impasse from which there is no escape. The climax comes when her former lover is murdered and an innocent man is arrested, a fine note of irony occurring when *Pierre* confesses his crime to *Yvonne* at the moment newsboys are shouting the news of the other man's release. And that's all there is to it.

Fredric March, as *Pierre*, does well enough in a rôle that somehow isn't interesting, but Halliwell Hobbes, from the stage, performs brilliantly as a man that is—the rich lover.

A Modern Miles Standish.

If you like thrilling airplane maneuvers, you will find them the feature of "Flight," and finely done they are, too. But if you demand something more of screen entertainment, you will find the picture rather weak. For example, in the story and characterizations.

At the outset it is only fair to say that the acting of the principals, Jack Holt, Ralph Graves, and Lila Lee, is good. But what they are called upon to do is not exactly adult, though Heaven knows Mr. Holt has passed the age of indiscretion in acting. He is "*Panama*" Williams, a sergeant in the marine flying corps, given to talking out of the side of his mouth and expectorating tobacco juice, but so shy that when it comes to telling Lila Lee, as *Nurse Elinor*, that he loves her, that—well, he just has to get his youthful protégé to do it for him. The protégé is Mr. Graves, as "*Lefty*" Phelps, a football player, who has joined the marines in an anguished effort to forget the stigma which he fears will forever brand him as long as men in civilian life regard him as a pariah. My, my, what is the stigma, you ask? Have a heart—*Lefty* was guilty of a *faur pas* on the football field. So far as I could see, he just ran the wrong way.

[Continued on page 96]



"Gold Diggers of Broadway."



"Flight."



"The Hottentot."



"The Girl from Havana."



A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Hollywood Revue"—Metro-Goldwyn. All singing and talking. Highly entertaining kaleidoscope of songs, dances, and skits, with an impressive list of stars. Like a glittering stage revue, with no story, yet not a dull moment. Marion Davies, Marie Dressler, and Albertina Rasch ballet take honors.

"Hallelujah"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. An epic in its true meaning in the portrayal of the ups and downs of a cotton-belt Negro family, as the film reveals the inner life in striking interpretations. There has never been a film like it in the dramatic sweep of a simple plot. All Negro cast directed by King Vidor.

"Cock-eyed World, The"—Fox. All dialogue. An explosive, profane, and rather vulgar, but highly diverting, continuation of the amorous adventures of *Top Sergeant Flagg* and *Sergeant Quirt* of "What Price Glory?" The war over, new affairs are found to blossom in the tropics. Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe, Lily Damita, El Brendel.

"River of Romance"—Paramount. All dialogue. An old film made over for talkies, with Buddy Rogers "The Fighting Coward," who refuses to fight, but gets results by bluffing. Dueling period of the South. Acting of high order, atmosphere authentic. Mary Brian, June Collyer, Wallace Beery.

"Last of Mrs. Cheyney, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Drawing-room drama, whose heroine edges into society to rob her hostess, with tricky and artificial aspects to whole story. Norma Shearer does well. Basil Rathbone, Hedda Hopper, George K. Arthur, Maude Turner Gordon, and several stage recruits.

"Dance of Life, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Taken from the play "Burlesque," backstage life is pictured sympathetically and grippingly. The story of a little dancer who sticks to her worthless husband, a likable clown. One of real backstage pictures. Hal Skelly, Nancy Carroll, Dorothy Revier, and excellent support.

"Single Standard, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Brilliant acting by Greta Garbo, although the story is not an inspiration. Arden Stuart attempts to live her own life freely, but conventional mother love dispels her theories. Nils Asther, John Mack Brown, Dorothy Sebastian, Lane Chandler, Robert Castle, Kathlyn Williams.

"Greene Murder Case, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. William Powell with a smoother and greater interpretation of *Philo Vance*, the popular fiction detective. Strong mystery unraveled to surprising solution, with fine performances and restrained lines. Florence Eldridge, Ulrich Haupt, Jean Arthur.

"Evangeline"—United Artists. The familiar poem done with great pictorial beauty and moments of poignant emo-

tion. Dolores del Rio's finest performance since "Resurrection," sincere and infinitely pathetic. Roland Drew and Donald Reed good support.

"Thunderbolt"—Paramount. All dialogue. Romanticized movie underworld, with exceptional touches paving the way for excellent acting. George Bancroft, as the king gunman, seeks revenge by framing a rival lover, but is himself undone. Fay Wray reveals hidden talents, and Richard Arlen scores. Good supporting cast.

"Dangerous Curves"—Paramount. All dialogue. Rattling good picture, with Clara Bow in a serious rôle. Heart tangles in a circus troupe, with unexpected developments. Strong support from Richard Arlen, and intrigue de luxe by Kay Francis. David Newell also a nice addition.

"Fashions in Love"—Paramount. All dialogue. Adolphe Menjou's first talkie and last picture for Paramount, and one of his most engaging ones. Deft story of philandering husband and a wandering wife who went back to their respective home nests. Fay Compton, Miriam Segar, John Miljan.

"Wonder of Women"—Metro-Goldwyn. Part dialogue. Dignified, beautiful portrayal of a genius who fled from his simple fireside to renew his associations with a prima donna and his awakening to his true inspiration. Marvelous acting by Lewis Stone, and Peggy Wood ideal as his wife. Leila Hyams the singer.

"She Goes to War"—United Artists. Incidental sound. War picture with unusual story and magnificent acting, in which a girl dons her drunken fiancé's uniform and goes to battle, and is awakened to real life. Alma Rubens and Eleanor Boardman give fine performances, and the talents of Edmund Burns are brought out. John Holland, Al St. John, Yola d'Avril, Glen Walters, Eulalie Jensen.

"Studio Murder Mystery, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Film studio crime unraveled by gag man and police, with suspense, many laughs, and after suspicion points to five persons, a satisfactory solution is hit upon. Neil Hamilton in leading rôle gives engaging performance, Fredric March the murdered actor. Florence Eldridge's talking début. Warner Oland, Doris Hill, Lane Chandler, Eugene Pallette, Chester Conklin.

"Where East Is East"—Metro-Goldwyn. Silent. Troubles of a jungle animal hunter, who seeks happiness for his untamed daughter. Lon Chaney as you would expect him, Lupe Velez, and Estelle Taylor in a brilliant rôle. Lloyd Hughes also at his best. Splendid atmosphere and a picture to see.

"Man I Love, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Striking film of prize fighter's drifting and his come-back in the nick of time. Richard Arlen's pleasing

talkie début as the fighter who is captivated by Baclanova, but in the end knows his heart is with his wife, Mary Brian. Swiftly presented, engrossing. Leslie Fenton effective.

"On With the Show"—Warner. All dialogue, singing, dancing, and entirely in color besides. Gayety and beauty of musical comedy, with young love of an usher and coat-room girl, with other issues galore. Entire cast does well. Betty Compson, Louise Fazenda, Sally O'Neil, Joe E. Brown, William Bakewell, Arthur Lake, Wheeler Oakman, Sam Hardy, Ethel Walters.

"Bulldog Drummond"—United Artists. All dialogue. A melodramatic thriller, with sophisticated viewpoint which makes fun of what transpires. Story of bored ex-war hero, who advertises for adventure and gets it. Ronald Colman vitalized and remade by speech, giving memorable performance, ably seconded by Joan Bennett, Lilyan Tashman, and Montagu Love.

"Madame X"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Old-time melodrama of mother love superbly vivified by fresh dialogue, modern direction, and superb acting, with Ruth Chatterton and Raymond Hackett as mother and son reaching heights of tear-wringing emotion in famous courtroom scene, where wretched woman charged with murder is defended by son taught to believe her dead. Lewis Stone, Eugenie Besserer, Mitchell Lewis, Holmes Herbert, and Ulrich Haupt.

"Valiant, The"—Fox. All dialogue. Grimly uncompromising picture notable for introduction to screen of Paul Muni, whose place among leaders now is unchallenged. Story of murderer's efforts to convince sister that her brother is not himself, but a soldier who died a hero. Marguerite Churchill also fine, and John Mack Brown does well.

"Pagan, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Singing. Treat for Ramon Novarro's fans and justification of all they've read of his singing voice, which is delightful, exceptional. Story of young South Sea Islander's love for half-caste girl. Dorothy Janis, Renée Adorée, and Donald Crisp.

"Rainbow Man, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. An irresistible picture, with finely balanced sentiment and fun, with Eddie Dowling, the stage star, and his young partner, Frankie Darro, in minstrel-show settings. They find Marian Nixon and love and trouble. Dowling is a knock-out.

"Divine Lady, The"—First National. Silent. A series of exquisite paintings animated with poetic feeling and a little drama. Lovely presentation of *Little Hamilton* by Corinne Griffith and finely modulated *Lord Nelson* by Victor Varconi. H. B. Warner, Ian Keith, Montagu Love, Dorothy Cumming, Marie Dressler.

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The Stepchildren Make Whoopee

A small group of young, foreign-born devotees of cinema art are keenly happy with their evenings of home cooking and lively talk of the finer things.

By Madeline Glass

OVER hills and down dales we went, sweeping around curves, following the winding highway at a pace as torrential and dangerous as it was unnecessary. Barry Norton sat at the wheel of the roadster, arms bare, collar open, a black tam pulled snugly over his head. In the back seat Lilya Vallon, the dancer, and Bert Le Baron, the actor, bent their heads against the fierce onrush of wind and consigned their fates to the gods.

"Why," I inquired, leaning nearer the speed demon, "are you in such a hurry?"

"I want to get there ahead of the rest of the gang," Barry shouted, his determined gaze never leaving the gray strip of graveled road.

Although we were going at a seventy-mile clip, another car appeared behind us, drew gradually and persistently nearer, until we finally got a signal to stop. An expression of acute apprehension flashed over Norton's features. Barry, the most arrested actor in Hollywood, did not relish further trouble with the arm of the law.

The four of us sat in guilty silence watching the officer approach. What a dismal way

Lilya Vallon, actress, dancer and singer, is one of the lights in the little foreign circle.



Photo by Ball

Barry Norton, a leader in the group, says that America has art, but does not appreciate it.



Photo by Duncan

Ramon Romero, the scenarist, is a free spirit who indulges in gay suspenders and garlic.

to start a gay Sunday outing! The policeman made straight for the driver, who was wearing his most guileless expression.

"I just want to warn you to be careful," began the officer, in a soft, ingratiating voice. "You are driving too fast. I want you to have a good time, make whoopee, but drive a little slower. We are all together," he concluded gently, "and I want you to enjoy yourself, but just be careful."

He shook hands twice with the men in the car, who apologetically promised obedience to the law. Miss

Vallon and I bestowed upon him our smiles and grateful thanks. A few more reproving words in that benevolent tone, and the four of us would have wept on his shoulder.

"He's drunk," said Barry, laughing, as we went on our way.

Drunk he was, alas!

Later we told the gang about the incident, describing the officer's dulcet voice.

"I'll bet he's practicing for the talkies," said Ramon Romero, the scenarist. "I was arrested on a traffic charge not long ago," he continued. "When I told the judge how it happened, he took pity on me and let me off without a fine. As I left the court I was thinking how lucky I was, and absentmindedly picked up the judge's hat and wore it away. When I discovered the mistake, I was afraid





Photo by Bruno

Good cooking is the party gift of Gloria Gray, a promising ingénue during working hours.

to return it, as he might have changed his mind about the fine."

I became acquainted with them about a year ago, these playful, reckless, mercurial stepchildren of Hollywood. Nearly all the young people comprising this particular gang are foreign born, and all of them are pursuing a career. Actors and actresses predominate, with a number of writers and dancers lending variety. Their lives sweep along on precarious artistic seas, to-day in the trough of despondency, to-morrow on the crest of optimism and good fortune.

Although they have some of the characteristics of the traditional bohemian, they actually do not belong in that group. Bohemianism usually is indicated by bizarre studios and sunless apartments, in-

Paul Ellis is a South American whose life is swept along between harmless whoopee and artistic pessimism.



habited by young people who work hard at being different. The bohemians of Hollywood, if one may call them such, are surrounded by beaches and sunsets and gay bungalows. It is not necessary for them to attempt to be different; nature saw to that.

Unlike the annoying, artificial puppets who raced wildly through modern-youth films, talking in a series of labored wisecracks, these young folk have their serious moments, their worthy ambitions, and their surprisingly alert minds. They discuss everything from garlic to grand opera, and read the most striking, if not the most profound, literature. Some of them speak several languages; some are skilled musicians.

An extremely interesting character is Ramon Romero. His father is a Roumanian, his mother a Spanish Jewess. The family name is Moscovisch, but upon entering the writing profession, Ramon changed it to Romeo. Barry Norton kidded him so much that he soon altered it to Romero. At any rate, Ramon is a very interesting individual. When not making whoopee with the gang, he writes scenarios and plays, "The Apache" and "Tropic Madness" being examples of the former. His conversation is smart and entertaining. One of his prime ambitions is to have a stately home with the name "Casa Nova" brazenly topping the front gate. He would think of that.

Another conspicuous member of the gang is Marcel de Biraben, brother of Barry Norton. He came from the Argentine a few months ago as correspondent for several Buenos Aires newspapers. These two brothers and Paul Ellis, born Manuel Granado, are the only South Americans in the movie colony. Paul is a reserved and likable chap and, like most of the others, is trying desperately to discard his accent. Four out of five suffer from this! I must say that Hollywood will lose much of its color and spice, if it is ever recaptured by the Americans.

And then there is Gloria Gray, an ingénue of promise, whose success in the movies has been intermittent. She has been working steadily the past few months and, if given the right opportunity, she will score. Remember her as the heroine in "The Girl of the Lim-

berlost." Gloria is of the Alice White type, with thick, golden hair and immense, blue eyes. She plays the piano, rides splendidly, drives her own car, and cooks. Yes, cooks. I've seen her, and I've eaten the food she has prepared.

Recently at the home of one of the girls we enjoyed a spaghetti dinner which was cooked and served by members of the gang. The food was excellent, the diners at their gayest, and my only regret was that the conversation which flashed above that merry board could not have been recorded in shorthand.

"How much garlic did you put in this spaghetti?" asked Ramon of the chief cook.

"About twelve heads," said Ruffo.

"You use more than that when you make it at my place," remarked Ramon.

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That Mystic Urge to Act

Almost every one feels it, either as a call to the stage, or as a worshiper of a player, according to Lenore Ulric, who gives *Picture Play* readers a rather surprising explanation of the dramatic instinct.

By William H. McKegg

AFTER spending four hours, instead of the expected one with Lenore Ulric, I wanted to rush down the hallway shouting "Eureka!" That's just how I felt. For I had asked and asked, again and again, but never could any of the players give me a deep enough explanation to the question I put before them.

For a long time I had sought an answer to "Why do people want to act?"

During the course of the interview, I asked this question of Miss Ulric. Without hesitation she jumped into the topic and fetched to light all her conclusions on the subject.

"That's why I wanted to shout 'Eureka!' when I left her. I almost told the elevator boy all about it, and felt sure the doorman would like to know. But I calmed down until I got home, and decided to tell it to *PICTURE PLAY*. Everybody who wants to act will understand now, thanks to Lenore, why they have that urge.

You see I went to visit Miss Ulric to obtain, as I thought, just another interview. Her apartment on Wilshire Boulevard was full of light and fresh air.

Miss Ulric entered, wearing a simple white dress and ankle socks. Her large, brown eyes glitter intensely, as if the light within came from tremendous depths. Her black hair, with a coppery glint, is bobbed and thick, making her face seem small, almost childish.

As I said, I intended hearing from her the usual comments; but as soon as I discovered that here was one player who had given more than superficial thought to her art, I figuratively threw the prosaic interview out of the window.

"Why do people want to act?" Lenore echoed in her husky voice. "I'll answer by first explaining why people want to see acting.

The Ulric personality was caught so well in "Frozen Justice" that she was given a contract for two pictures a year.



Photo by Autrey

Miss Ulric believes that in acting she is giving expression to memories of a former existence.

"Every human being wants to get away from himself—from drab surroundings and routine. We all seek some unknown goal, which none of us can explain. All the strange, whispering dreams in the depths of our being are overshadowed. That is why people attend the theater. Actors create illusions for them. An audience feels uplifted after seeing a good play, or a picture. You will hear many say, 'I felt quite taken out of myself.'

"The church has the same effect on people in taking them out of themselves. A church ceremony, with its throbbing chords from the organ, intonations, incense, and sermon, causes a congregation to feel 'carried away.' Religious beauty draws their minds from troubles and worries.

"Up to that point I think the church and the stage are closely allied. People patronize both places for the inner comfort they derive. In ancient days the temples used to stage spectacles for the public. The idea which prompted them was the hope that people would be carried away, or taken out of themselves.

"A priest will sway his congregation, just as an actor will his audience. Each works for the same result—to make people forget their surroundings and be swept away by his power."





"Everything we do is the result of groping for strange, unknown goals."—Lenore Ulric.

When Lenore Ulric talks she is almost swept away by herself. It is not affectation, either, but the surging, dynamic quality of that sweeping force within her which urges her on. If she silences herself while talking, to find the right word, her hands rotate in small circles. Then, finding the word, on she goes again at a terrific rate.

"Everything we do—the great deeds, the mistakes, even the badness—is the result of trying to realize our dreams, of groping for that strange, unknown goal, of giving way to that force nature has placed inside us, which urges us on to work for our innermost desire.

"In the first place, there is at least one grain of beauty and goodness in everything and everybody. I can feel compassion for those termed bad by others. A drunkard may have made himself one while seeking after that unknown goal. While in a torpor he believes himself in another world. Like the opium smoker, he is carried away. It gives him temporary relief, though in using such dangerous methods he ruins himself.

"The stage and pictures are safe mediums by which people gain relief from boring routine. People must always worship. They have prayed to the sun, fire, and idols. Not that they were heathens, but because they used these mediums as symbols of that Great Unknown we call God.

"Greeks and Romans of old worshiped various gods and goddesses representing different emotions—love, music, sport, and others. Though two thousand years have passed, people still have the memory of such worship in their inner minds. They give expression to such memories in adoring the stars of the stage and

screen. They regard actors as the personification of various emotions—and through seeing those stars they see themselves and are carried away.

"Day dreams are vague and useless, if not carried out in reality. In visiting the theater a man sees the daydreams and emotions which have often stirred him, but which he never has had a chance to express. The screen does the same thing for him. Both are mediums through which people can see their inner dreams and yearnings materialize.

"That is why I think stage people compare to teachers of a religion. They reach certain heights and win adoration from the public, just as great spiritual leaders are worshiped by the populace."

This is correct. I have often met young men who, previous to going on the stage, had desired to become clergymen. And opera singers who had begun as priests.

"The average person thinks emotions and various rôles, instead of acting them, of getting them out of his system. A musician can get rid of these emotions through playing and composing, an artist through painting them on canvas. But not everybody has developed a talent, though everybody could. That is why so many are unhappy.

"We all seek for that unknown goal. Instinctively we know that there is some great source of love and happiness and peace and beauty. It is while striving for it that we make so many blunders, for desire often leads us into wrong channels.

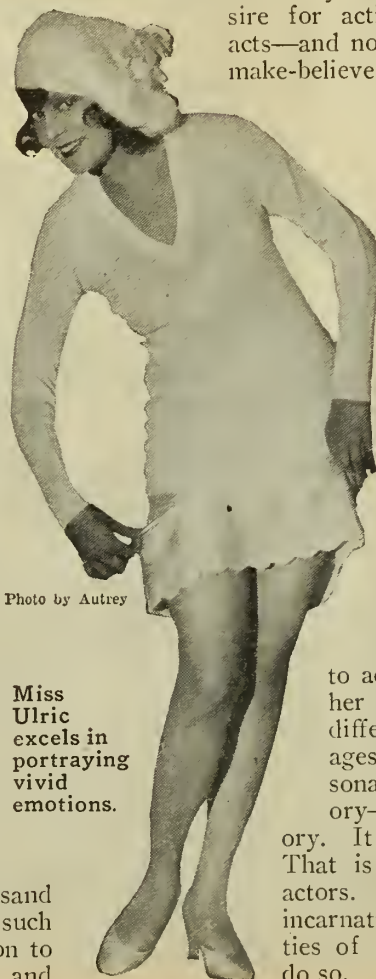
"Every individual has the urge and desire for acting within him. Every child acts—and nothing seems more real than the make-believe games of childhood.

"Since talking pictures have appeared," Miss Ulric went on, "it is surprising how many things the players have discovered they can do—such as singing, dancing, and playing—talents they had but never had developed."

Miss Ulric is a firm believer in reincarnation. This she explained, as a solution to my question, is what urges people to give expression to so many talents. In past lives we have done many things, and those talents are still buried deep in our minds, waiting for release.

"As to why people want to act—" Lenore leaned back in her chair. "The personalities of different lives we have lived in past ages never leave us. These personalities remain ever in our memory—for nothing can destroy memory. It is memory that stirs in people. That is what forces many to become actors. They are urged to portray past incarnations, to take on the personalities of past lives. In acting they can do so.

[Continued on page 109]



Miss Ulric excels in portraying vivid emotions.

Their Black Magic

The dark art, combined with the skill of the camera man, can produce some marvelous results in motion pictures.



Like Houdini, Lon Chaney, left, explains his own trick in "West of Zanzibar." The ball vanished by dropping into the hollow of his right hand.



Eddie Quillan and his sister, Marie, above, are magicians of considerable parts in "Noisy Neighbors," and nonchalantly materialize all sorts of things right out of mere nothingness.

Charles Rogers, below, who juggles hearts in "Illusion," reached into his silk hat and pulled out a dog, where the ordinary magician would have found only a rabbit.



The most mystifying trick of all, voice throwing, is performed by Erich von Stroheim, left, with the aid of Little Otto, in "The Great Gabbo," and this combination plays a big part in the picture.



And now come Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, below, magicians extraordinary, with an astounding repertoire of tricks designed to outwit the keenest eye; but, alas, "I saw down" is the only alibi offered when every one of the stunts is badly balled up in "The Hollywood Revue."





Renée Adorée is as innocent of artifice as a child, quick to anger and as quick to repent.

A COMPLEX personality is easy to get down on paper. Inhibitions and nuances of temperament make fair sailing on any typewriter. But the keys balk at the unaccustomed effort to describe a child. I mean Renée Adorée, who embodies the simplicity, the directness and naïve honesty of childhood.

Her naïveté is not coy; her simplicity is not wide-eyed; her directness is not premeditated. She is as innocent of artifice as a child. Born in the world of the theater, and an actress ever since, there are no fragments of precocity clinging to her. She is as pungently real as the soil.

Born while her father's little, traveling circus paused briefly in Picardy, she is half Spanish and half French, but temperamentally she is purely Gallic. No traces of the languor or subtlety of the Latin are to be found in Renée. She is swift of movement, candid, quick to anger and as quick to repent. Her moods are mercurial, changing with the winds, but she is not what is known as a moody person, because she is not given to brooding. When she is sad, she is just that—not lugubrious. Whatever her humor, it is always apparent.

A good actress on the screen, it would never occur to her to disguise her thoughts while away from the camera. Because, unlike many of her contemporaries, she is not playing herself in real life, she is *being* herself. And not being herself in the conscious, back-slapping manner which is the Hollywood conception of the term. Renée does not deliberate. She does not think. She lives and breathes and feels.

Emotional rather than mental, she lives in obedience to impulse, to instinct. Entirely devoid of foresight, she

Renée—As She Is

An analysis of Miss Adorée's character reveals one of the unique personalities of Hollywood.

By Margaret Reid

precipitates herself into many a disaster, of which, sportsmanlike, she never complains. Cleverer people than Renée can prevent much misfortune. Shrewdness is an invaluable weapon of defense. Renée lacks it herself, and is at a loss to combat it in others. Her strongest weapon is the high courage with which she faces bad luck when it comes.

Her life has been a stormy one, colorful, fabulous. Her fund of personal anecdote is unlimited, but she only reveals it casually in intimate conversation. She does not realize its value as a story. It is just what has happened to her—and things happen to everybody. When reporters question her, she is apologetic for lack of material to give them. "I was born in a circus and worked there till I went on the stage as a dancer, and then I got a job in pictures, and that's all."

As a matter of fact, no journalistic report could possibly encompass the drama of Renée's life. It is a Zola story, and cries out for his facile pen. In the absence of Émile, it can only be sketched lightly, for fear of infusing with unreality a career that has been far stranger than fiction.

Renée's childhood was nomadic. Her home was the lumbering caravan in which Adorée père and mère, with their little brood, trekked from town to town and country to country. All over Europe, in obscure villages, or on the edge of great cities, they would set up their one small tent. As the family increased, each new addition was trained, almost from birth, to grace the sawdust ring.

At four years of age, Renée was galloping blithely around the ring, standing on the bare back of a pony. At eight, she was a trapeze artist, a tight-rope walker, a toe dancer, and an expert at helping with the pitching of the tent, looking after the horses and selling the tickets. A sporadic education was acquired along the way—during halts in Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, Russia. Glibly Renée learned her lessons in as many different languages as Europe boasts.

When she was twelve, she was apprenticed to a famous circus in Paris. As was the custom, she was to serve an apprenticeship of five years, receiving, in return for cooking, sewing, and general assistance, her bed and board and instruction in the more spectacular tricks of the trade. The owner of the show, a Turk, was not exactly a paragon of gentleness. Renée's training was relentless—a broken shoulder sustained in a fall from a galloping horse was just part of the day's work.

Because of her love for horses and her understanding of them, little Renée almost immediately became ring-master, among her other accomplishments. Standing in the great sawdust circle, a tiny figure with a whip five times her length, she directed the speed and grouping of eighteen galloping horses.

Then, on a morning when the Turk was breaking in several new equines, Renée's apprenticeship ended abruptly. The new animals, being novices, would not hold their heads in and keep their mouths shut. One horse, after galloping round the ring, began to pant, his tongue hanging out. The Turk, in a burst of temper, snatched a knife from his pocket and, with one cruel stroke, cut the horse's tongue quite off. [Continued on page 104]



Photos by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Renée Adorée's life has been a stormy one, colorful, fabulous, says Margaret Reid, who modestly declares that no journalistic report could encompass the drama of Renée's life. However, in the story opposite, you will be startled by its high lights.

A Mum

Another picture of backstage hind the Make-up," not only but promises to throw new the souls of

Hal Skelly, left, as *Hap Brown*, a mediocre performer, sees Fay Wray, as *Marie*, the girl he loves, married to William Powell, as *Gardoni*, a charlatan, who dominates them both.

Alluring Kay Francis, below, as *Kitty Parker*, comes into *Gardoni's* life when he makes a success on the stage.



Mr. Powell, above, as *Gardoni*, reaping the reward of ideas supplied by *Hap Brown*, is introduced by Miss Francis to Paul Lukas, as *Count Boris*.

Down and out, *Hap Brown*, right, accepts a job as dishwasher in the restaurant where *Marie* is waitress and is only too happy to be near her.



mer's Wife

life, appropriately called "Be-boasts a most interesting cast, and more searching light upon player folks.

Jacques Vanaire, right, as *Gardoni's* valet, reminds him of an engagement, much to the resentment of Fay Wray, as *Marie*, who doesn't want her husband to leave her an instant.

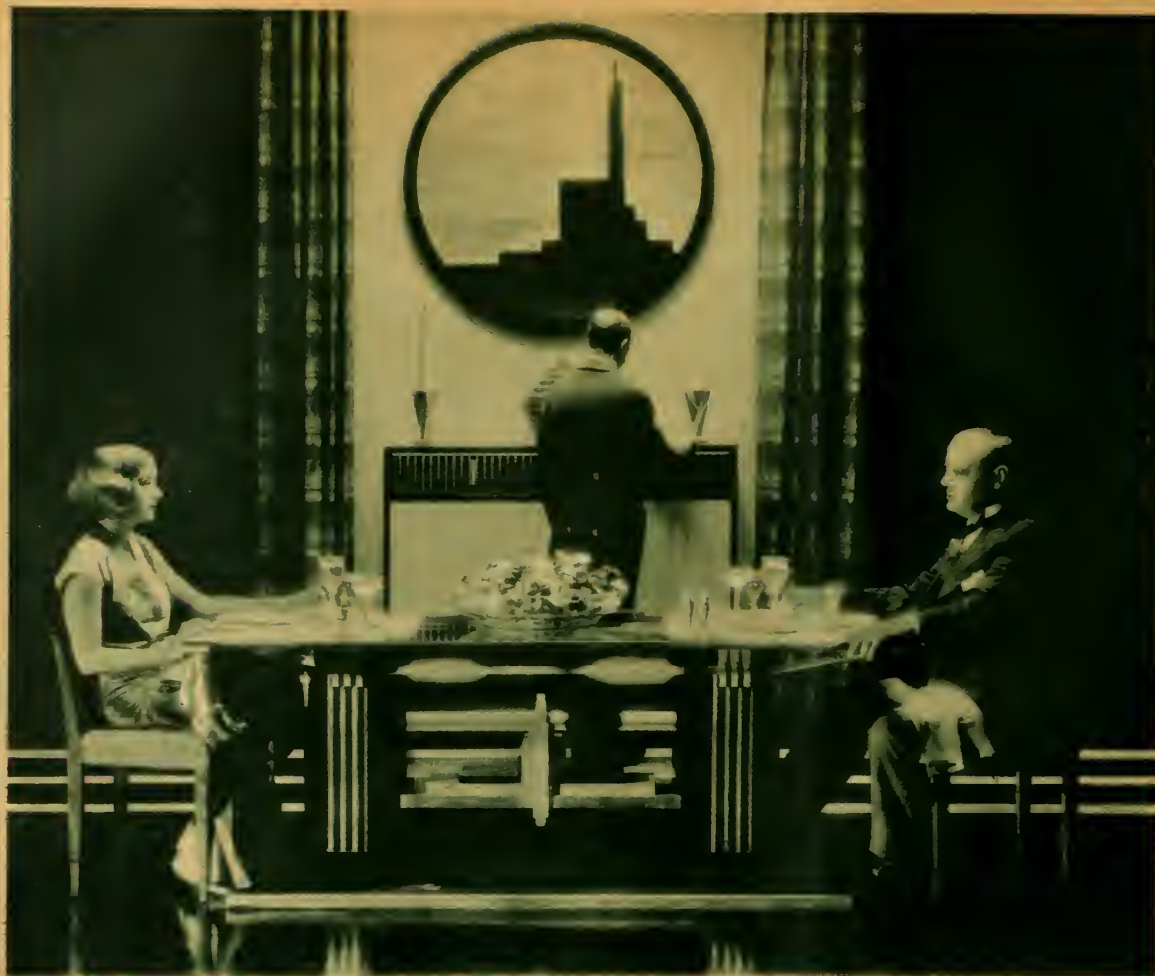
Hap Brown, below, urges *Gardoni* to pull himself together, little dreaming what it will mean to himself.



Miss Wray, above, as the little waitress, is dazzled and partly hypnotized by protestations of love from the now-famous *Gardoni*, and decides to marry him if he will ask her.

The separation of *Hap* and *Gardoni* as professional partners distresses *Marie*, left, who asks *Hap* how he is going to get along without *Gardoni*.





Greta

Almost every other star has served
can be sure that Miss Garbo will use
her new film which, at this

Greta Garbo, as *Irene*, at top of page, is un-
happily married to Anders Randolph, as *Guarry*.

In the oval, below, *Irene* attends a tennis
match with Lew Ayres, as *Pierre*.



Ah, and here, above, is Miss Garbo, as *Irene*, on the witness stand,
defended by Conrad Nagel, as *Dubail*, who has loved her hopelessly all
these years.





On Trial

her time in courtroom drama, but you different means to sway the jury in moment, is without a name.

Miss Garbo, at top of page, unhappy in the midst of luxury, reflects on how little life holds.

In the oval, below, *Irene*, distraught, tells her maid that she is at home to no one.



Anders Randolph, 'above, frenzied by the thought' that Lew Ayres, as *Pierre*, is his wife's 'schoolboy lover, attempts to kill him while *Irene* desperately restrains the husband she hates.



Miss Dove; above, as *Rodeo West*, makes peace among her brood of girl entertainers.

Siren of the

She's Billie Dove, as "*Rodeo*" West, in the least, colorful, if we may judge the

Miss Dove, left, in a characteristic moment in the sartorial life of a night-club hostess.



Edmund Lowe, below, as *Brood*, *Rodeo's* manager, protector and adoring, though undeclared lover, stands by while she administers a rebuke to an unruly patron.





Night Clubs

"The Painted Angel," whose life is, to say truth from the scenes on this page.

Rodco West, at top of page, center, rehearses her girls in the popular cowboy number which always puts patrons of her club in good humor.

Miss Dove, below, about to prance through a bridal number for the edification of her guests, suddenly decides that she will marry Mr. Lowe, as *Brood*, in earnest, with this result.

And here, right, is a close-up of Miss Dove as leader of the frolic.





Jungle Girl

Joan Crawford gives us these glimpses of her new film, "Untamed."

Miss Crawford, at top of page, as *Bingo*, the poor, little rich girl of the jungle, having slightly wounded her lover, to keep him from marrying the wrong girl, is all repentance as Holmes Herbert and Ernest Torrence look on.



Robert Montgomery and Joan Crawford, above, decide that nothing shall separate them.

Ernest Torrence, right, finds *Bingo* in Mr. Montgomery's stateroom.



It's Great To Be Famous

Though it is hard on the postal clerks, as you will agree when you read this unusual article.

By A. L. Wooldridge

JJOIN the navy and see the world!" invites Uncle Sam on the billboards scattered about the country.

"Join the postal service and see funny letters!" say the mail clerks who serve Hollywood.

There isn't a place on earth where such odd, puzzling addresses are received. If it were not for the fact that postal employees are consistent patrons of the movies, and know who's who on the screen, several hundred pounds of letters from fans would go to the ash heap each year. The men who handle the mail take an interest in decoding the freakish things. Literally hundreds of "Guess-who-I-mean" communications find their way to the rightful owners.

For instance, a large envelope on which was pasted the picture of a dog, addressed merely "Hollywood," was mailed in Detroit, Michigan, last February, the postmark shows. In the upper right-hand corner of the envelope was written a return address. The letter was "tied out" in Detroit, as the postal clerks say, for California. On its way West a railway mail clerk routed it to Hollywood. In the Hollywood post office a distributing clerk saw the picture of the dog, recognized it immediately, and dropped it in a pouch consigned to the Warner studio. Within an hour or two it was delivered to Lee Duncan, owner of Rin-Tin-Tin. The contents bore out the judgment of the mail men.

A cut-out picture and "Hollywood" was all the address needed for Rin-tin-tin.



Lon Chaney's letters frequently bear only his picture as a means of identification.

A few days later a letter was mailed at Erie, Pennsylvania, on which there was nothing more than the smiling face of a man, and the words "God knows where." But the face with the smile was easily recognized, and the letter was promptly started toward California. It was delivered to Al Jolson.

"Nobody could mistake that map!" the comedian chuckled, when the letter was handed to him.

Dozens of letters arrive bearing pictures of stars pasted on the envelopes, and with the address Hollywood, California. These of course are quickly distributed by the Hollywood mail clerks. But just the address "God knows where" doesn't tell much.

Not a week goes by without letters arriving for "The It Girl," or, in some cases, simply addressed to "It, Hollywood, California." These promptly go to the Paramount studio for Clara Bow. Letters addressed to "Mr. Ben-Hur" are dispatched to Culver City,

and delivered to Ramon Novarro. Likewise communications for "The Man of a Thousand Faces" become the property of Lon Chaney. Often letters intended for this actor bear only his picture clipped from a newspaper. Even though they show him in one of his characterizations, the identity of the addressee is unmistakable.

Joan Crawford has a nice little "I thank you!" waiting for the postal clerk who dispatched to her a communication addressed merely "The best dancer in Hollywood." He probably had seen Joan, in "Our Dancing Daughters."

William Boyd receives letters addressed to "The Cop," because he starred in a picture of that name. Corinne Griffith is now receiving communications addressed to "The Divine Lady," and David Lee gets many directed solely to Sonny Boy. Davey isn't old enough yet to read his mail, but he helps open some of the envelopes as his mother peruses them. I was at his home the other evening, during one of the fan-mail hours, and Davey was assiduously applying himself to his task. He slit a little, pink envelope and took out a letter on which was pasted a picture of a rabbit.

"Read it!" I suggested. "What does it say?"

The little Sonny Boy, holding the letter upside down,

Continued on page 116

Ladies of

They're creatures of beauty and gorgeousness, bringing up bitter rivalry among

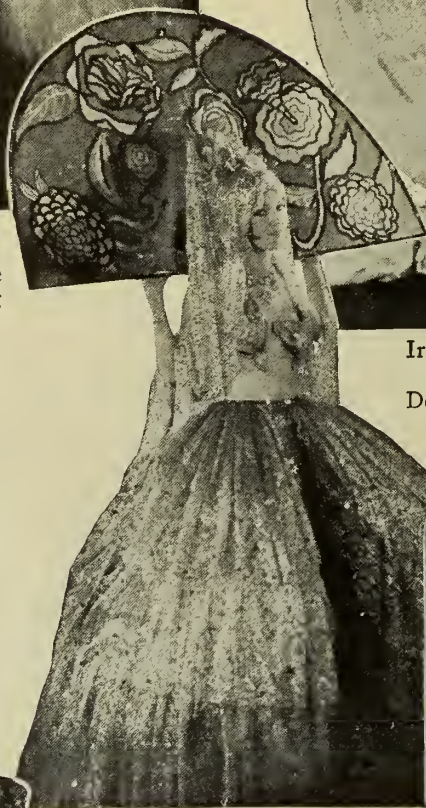


Jean Douglas, above, in "The Dance of Life," wears a striking creation of plumes and pearls.



Irma Harris, above, in "The Hollywood Revue of 1929," carries her own pearly background with her.

Dorothy Revier, below, one of the principals in "The Dance of Life."



Prudence Sutton, above, in "The Dance of Life," displays a gorgeous Spanish costume.

Ray Murray, left, in the all-color sequence of the same film, portrays a colonial coquette.



the Ensemble

to the movies the glamour of the "Follies" and stirring the costume designers.



Outlined in pearls are the headdresses of Ivy Janis and Alma Davey, above, in "The Hollywood Revue of 1929."



Diana Dare, above, in "The Dance of Life," wears on her head a towering palm composed of strips of shimmering silk.



Betty Rossmore, above, in "The Shopworn Angel."

Lita Chevret, left, exhibits a head-dress inspired by Tibet or China—it doesn't matter which.



Thelma McNeal, below, in the same film symbolizes *India*, her body painted with glistening gold make-up.



What Are the Talkies Saying?



The chattering screen, on which the hero lisps and the heroine booms, is patiently tolerated by spellbound fans who manage to see light ahead through a fog of home-made accents.

By Grace Kingsley

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

TALKING pictures will be good when they really say something, won't they? Now they're like the trained elephant that can blow a horn—it isn't that he blows a horn well, but the wonder is that an elephant can blow a horn at all.

So we hold our breath when John Gilbert says to Ralph Forbes, "How are you, old chap?" And Ralph answers, "Fine, old top, how's yourself?"

But they're coming on, they're coming on. We'll soon have our Maughams of the movies, our Shaws of the shivering photographs.

In the meantime, all our film idols are hollering down the rain barrel. And how!

Oh, the big, strong hero who lisps! And the little, delicate heroine, who booms!

"Oh, thwheatheart, I thall thave you!" he cries when her house is on fire. And she booms back, "I await you, my hero!"

There is one remarkable thing I've noticed about talking pictures. Nobody in a talkie ever seems to be able to move and to speak at the same time. Characters in a talkie are like the Mississippi steamboat Abraham Lincoln talked about, which couldn't both whistle and go ahead at the same time.

So when the villain pursues the girl, she can't let out a single yell until she has romped across the room. And if there's a fire! Well, no matter how scared the poor girl is, she can't scream until she gets a chance to stand still near a window.

Why, even if a man's coat tails are on fire, he can't yelp till he finds a microphone!

And then how the talkies do dash from one sort of scene to another! Why, it's perfectly bewildering.

In the very midst of a hectic love scene, for instance, as you are holding your breath waiting for Mary to give John his answer, lo, you are whisked right off to watch Tom kill Harry.

Aren't our lives hectic enough these days, without having our nerves wracked by a sudden shift like this? "Dearest, I've braved perils in strange lands; but now I have won a fortune. Will you marry me, darling?"

"Ah, I don't know, John, whether I love you well enough——"

Wham! Zowie!

"You blankety-blank so-and-so, I'm going to kill you with my bare hands!"

And then straight to a comedy scene, where you're expected to laugh!

But it could have been worse. Supposing, my dears, we had had talkies in the old days!

We can't be too thankful, indeed, that the talkies didn't come in during the war-picture era. What would have become of us if we had had to listen to all those battle scenes?

But perhaps what we have most to be thankful for is, that historical subjects are out just now. Wouldn't it have been just too dreadful if we had had to hear our heroes like Washington and Napoleon *lisp*ing?

Imagine Julius Cæsar saying, "I came, I thaw, I conquered!"

Could we ever have felt the same again toward our own Lincoln if we had heard him say, in a picture, "Four thcore and theven yearth ago our fatherth brought forth on thith continent a new nathion——"

Then, too, how they would have ruined some of our old favorites for us, if they had put talk into them. Imagine "Broken Blossoms," for instance. Wouldn't it have been just too awful if we had had to listen to Richard Barthelmess lisp pidgin-English to Lillian Gish? And what delicate memory could we have carried away of the ethereal Lillian, on the other hand, if her voice had resounded apparently from a deep cellar?

All the wallop, too, would have been taken out of the chase scene, and it would have been hard to be sorry for Lillian, if the brutish Donald Crisp had cornered her in the closet and then lisped at her as he swung his big fist, "I'll thever your thilly head! I'll thend your thoul to Thaten!"

Methinks the dainty Lillian wouldn't have had to poke up the corners of her mouth to get a laugh out of that!

What kick, I ask you, could you have got out of "What Price Glory?" if, instead of reading the lips of the captain bawling out his first lieutenant, you had heard him lisp that naughty name he called him? Or in "Way Down East," to have heard the hero say, "Watch out for the ithe"?

Imagine what talkies would have done for the old-time film dramas.



Think of the yelping there would have been in the old serials! "The Perils of Pauline" would have been just twice as bad, if you had had to listen to them as well as to look at them.

And the baby shows, which used to form so large a part of our news reels—fancy having had to listen to that bunch!

That children should be seen and not heard never applied more aptly than to their appearance in pictures. D. W. Griffith used to say that the charm about children in pictures was that you didn't have to listen to their little, piping voices.

But alas, all that is changed now. Talking pictures are a free-for-all. Why, they even let baseball players talk now. And as a silver-tongued orator, a baseball player is usually just a good baseball player.

But at that, the talkies are taking the tang out of the silent pictures. When you see a huge locomotive sneaking into a scene without making a sound, you want to scream! And how uncanny to behold a lion opening his mouth to roar, with no more sound coming out of it than out of a democrat at a republican rally.

What a lot of fun we'd have, though, if some of those old, silent pictures were suddenly to become vocal. There'd be men faking playing the violin; girls singing off key when they were supposed to be prima donnas; men talking pig Latin for French; and, in the outdoor scenes, wind machines rattling in the midst of desert storms.

But in these hot-and-hot days of the talking pictures, what funny things happen, to be sure!

For instance, there are the animal acts. The animal's owner has been telling him what to do, in days gone by. Now the poor animal has got to learn the sign language!

When you saw the dog leap at the villain's throat, for instance, his master was calling out to him all the time, "Get him, Tige!" even if it did look as though the dog was thinking of it himself.

And when you saw Rin-Tin-Tin holding his head on one side, in that cute, intelligent way of his, and evidently thinking up some way to save the heroine in the burning building, he wasn't doing that at all. Somebody was holding out a dead cat for him to look at, and was hollering at him, while probably the director was swearing a blue streak off stage.

You didn't really think that Tom Mix's horse, Tony, thought up all those smart things to do himself, did you? No. Tom was close by, guiding him in all his ways.

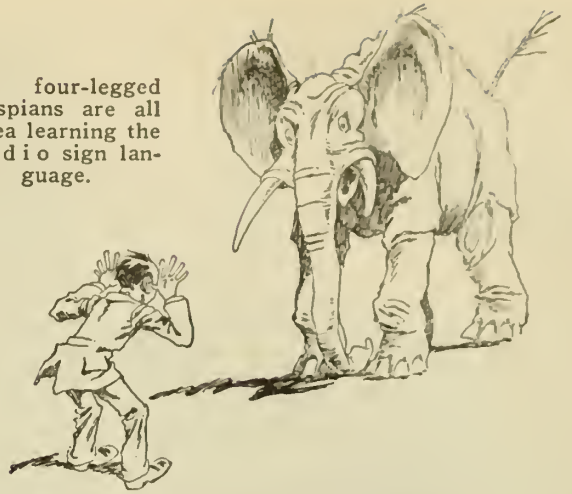
But now the voices "pick up" in the microphone.

And speaking of voices, what a lot of home-made dialects and accents we have to listen to!

Take Warner Baxter, in "In Old Arizona," for instance. Of course Warner is so fascinating that he could talk Hot-tentot and nobody would have cared, but the fact remains that Warner, as the Spanish *Cisco Kid*, speaks a very good brand of dago dialect. Probably he picked this up in all the years that he spent with Leo Carrillo on the stage in "Lombardi, Ltd."

And how everybody in Hollywood nowadays is speaking from away down in his chest! All the tenors are going out and having their tonsils lifted, so they can talk bari-tone.

The four-legged Thespians are all at sea learning the studio sign language.



Because the mike, you know, does love the deep voice, but spurns the high one.

Why, the other day, Little Billee, the dwarf actor, was playing a scene with a big, burly actor, and Little Billee stole the scene, because his voice registered deeper than the big boy's.

Even the actresses' voices sometimes register heavily. Polly Moran says that she has to go around with a muffler on her voice, it picks up so loudly, and they say that the first time Clara Bow let out a whoop in a talking picture, it blew out the fuses!

Nobody ever really knows how his own voice sounds, until he hears it in a play-back.

"When I first heard my play-back," said Polly, the other day, "I thought I'd have to sue the doctor who took out my tonsils!

"But there's one thing about a microphone," Polly went on, "you can talk to it all day, and it won't talk back."

Marie Dressler says that for the comédienne the talkies are awful.

"The director yells 'Quiet! Don't laugh! Don't anybody make a sound! Still, now!' And then in the midst of the deadly silence that ensues, 'Come on, Miss Dressler, come on and be funny!'

Then in the quiet of the death chamber, as it were, the poor comédienne has to come on and be comical!"

Miss Dressler sighed, then continued, "In the old days of the silent pictures, how we used to kid around! How the orchestras used to play while we were getting the sets ready! How even the grips and electricians would wise-crack!"

Why, I don't know how Charlie Chaplin and Doug Fairbanks work now. They used to kid until they got into the mood for a funny scene, and then do it.

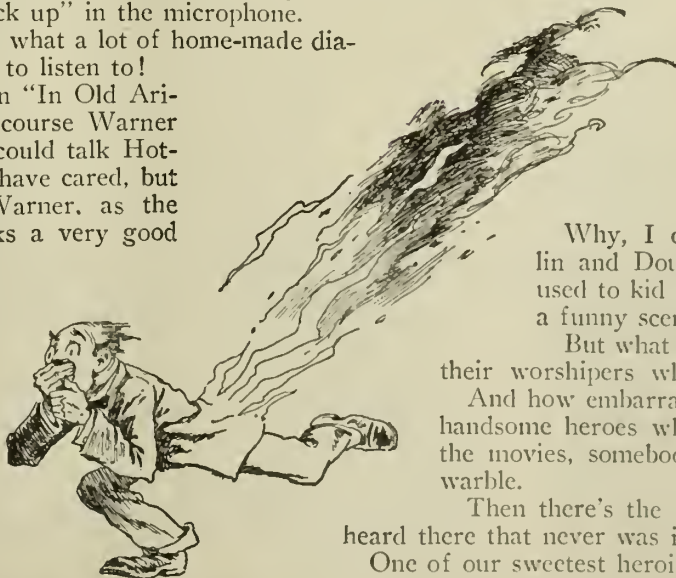
But what a lot of baby-faced heroines lost their worshipers when they opened their mouths!

And how embarrassing it must be to some of our handsome heroes when, having heard them sing in the movies, somebody at a party requests them to warble.

Then there's the play-back room. What a lot is heard there that never was intended to be.

One of our sweetest heroines was romantically lisping out her love for the hero, the other day in the play-back room, when suddenly, at the close of the scene, came the words, "Who the devil got away with my cigarette?" [Cont'd on page 115]

The hero's coat tails may be on fire, but he must find the mike before yelling.



Clara Bow, right, assisted Lyman Scott when he opened a stand and, needless to say, the new venture started off with a boom.



Marceline Day, above, as a farmerette, is serving the baby chicks their midday lunch, and can't resist fondling them.

Mary Brian, below, nails a crate of oranges for the Valencia, California, show, in which she took part.



Helping Hands

The stars are always ready to do stunts to help a worthy cause.

Automatically filled and sealed, the milk in these bottles has the approval of Dorothy Sebastian, left.

Jean Arthur, below, was the official starter in a pigeon race, a happy arrangement for all concerned.



They Watch Their Step

The young couples in Hollywood face almost the same money problems that confront newlyweds everywhere.

By Ann Sylvester

A LOS ANGELES newspaper recently published the story of a young couple in court seeking a divorce, after only six months of marriage.

"I'm tired of economizing and pinching and doing without things," was the plaint of the flapper bride. Whereupon her young husband leaped to his feet. "I make as much money as any young fellow of my age, your honor," he thundered, "but she got her ideas of living from the movie people around here, and I can't keep up with that stuff."

Funny, isn't it? Funny, and a little sad, and a little silly. It is particularly funny, if you know what I know about some of the young married couples of the movies, who are economizing and saving, just like the bride who was tired of marriage because she couldn't live as she thought they did. I wonder how she'd feel if she knew that they are living much as she does.

She wouldn't believe it, of course. Why, movie actors make hundreds and thousands and even millions of dollars! They have mansions in Beverly Hills, and yachts at the Yacht Club, and servants in their kitchens, and motors in their garages. They don't have to stint themselves a thing. At least that is the common belief of a lot of Marys and Dots and Louises, who are



Jobyna Ralston and Richard Arlen started wisely in money matters from the time of their engagement.

married to Toms and Dicks and Harrys. In a way, they're right.

Hollywood has its wealthy and prosperous married couples. There are the Schencks, and the Fairbankses, and the John McCormicks. But even in Hollywood, they are the exceptions rather than the rule. Young

love, for the most part, has just as much difficulty in making both ends meet on a movie salary, as it does on a bookkeeper's. Comparatively speaking, they have to stretch their money just as far. There are so many demands made on their earnings that don't apply to couples out of pictures. For instance, press agents, photographs, charities, and relatives. Not that other couples don't have relatives, but actors seem to have more.

Take George Lewis and his bride of a few months. George has been under contract to Universal for sev-

Priscilla Bonner Woolfan waited four years for her husband to save money for the home of their dreams.





Photo by Brown

George Lewis and his bride, Mary Lou Lohman, did some careful planning before deciding they could afford marriage.

eral years, and he has been making a nice salary, up in the hundreds every week, but George had to wait nearly a year to wed, because he couldn't afford it sooner.

"I was pretty lucky in having a girl who would wait a year for me," smiled George. "When I first met Mary Lou it was taking every cent I earned to keep up the payments on a little house, and support my mother and three brothers who are still going to school. I didn't see how I was able to think of marriage, even after I met the girl I loved. It didn't seem fair to ask Mary Lou to live in a hall room with me, and that is about all I could have afforded on my salary, after other expenses had been deducted.

"Luckily, I got an increase in salary when my option was taken up, and by careful planning we figured we could afford marriage. But we have to watch the dollar pretty closely. We try to keep our bills down by not buying heavily in one month. That is, if we get a new piece of furniture for the house, we go without some luxury to make up for it. Every time we go to a Mayfair party, it is because we have made up our minds to let the curtains for the guest room go until the next month."

"Bert and I work pretty much on the same plan," explained pretty Priscilla Bonner Woolfan, one of our latest brides. "Do you know what Bert calls our new house? 'Mortgage Manor' is his name for it, and he invites people up to see our equity.

"This house has been a dream of ours ever since we became engaged four years ago. We decided that we wouldn't marry until we could really make a home. It took Bert four years to get started as a doctor and save enough to give me this sweet place." I wonder how many modern youths could test their love that far. Four years is a long time to wait.

"While we were engaged," continued the blond and dainty Priscilla, "we didn't try to splurge and get around to all the expensive night clubs and picture premièrès. That growing bank account looked pretty good to us. If people are really in love as we are, they don't mind missing a few luxuries. Bert and I would rather go to a picture together, than to the Mayfair without each other.

"A couple of months before we were married we started this house on what Bert had saved. Of course, even now, it isn't completely furnished the way we want it. Gee, it costs money to get a house together," she laughed. "If my mother hadn't made us some perfectly gorgeous curtains for our living room and the bedrooms, I'm sure we would have been saving for them yet. But," she added, proudly, "everything we've got is good. We don't want to put on a show by furnishing our place with gaudy, cheap stuff. We'd rather take it piece by piece, as we earn it.

"Our guest room is going to be perfectly adorable, and it won't cost hardly anything.

Bert's very clever at designing, and the carpenter who worked on the house made us a bed for just the cost of the wood. We shall paint it ourselves. If people really

know how to manage, they can get such effective things for so little money. But the trouble with most people is that they *want* to spend a lot. Especially the people in Hollywood seem to like to be overcharged for everything, or they don't think they are getting their money's worth."

Duane Thompson is a great friend of Priscilla's, and she thinks they were wonderfully wise to wait until they were on their feet before they attempted matrimony. "But Buddy and I will try to get over the rough spots together," she explained. It was just a week before her marriage to Buddy Wattles, and Duane and I had met at one of the numerous prenuptial showers which were being given for her.

"We are faced with the same financial problem that meets almost every young couple," the sweet-faced ingénue explained, "and that

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It makes no difference who has the money, Ruth Roland said in announcing her engagement to Ben Bard.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER 3 PRODUCES THE SENSATIONAL SMASH HITS OF THE SEASON



CECIL B. DeMILLE, director of a hundred hits, has made in *Dynamite* what will be considered his greatest screen achievement. A thrilling drama which explodes the hypocrisy of the modern Babel called Society. *Dynamite* digs through the outer veneer of sham, pretense and glitter—and gets down to the bed-rock of human emotions. Charles Bickford, Conrad Nagel and Kay Johnson give the best performance of their careers. All-talking. Also silent version.



WHAT a cast! More stars than there are in heaven! A glittering, gorgeous, spectacular revue—the kind you would pay \$6.60 for on Broadway. Marion Davies, John Gilbert, Norma Shearer, William Haines, Joan Crawford, Buster Keaton, Bessie Love, Charles King, Conrad Nagel, Marie Dressler, Jack Benny, Gus Edwards, Karl Dane, George K. Arthur, Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy, Cliff Edwards (Ukulele Ike), Anita Page, Polly Moran, Gwen Lee, Brox Sisters, Albertina Rasch Ballad, Natacha Nattova & Co., The Rounders, and a chorus of 200. A remarkable all-singing, all-talking, all-dancing picture. *The hit picture with the song hits!*



HERE is the picture that Broadway went wild about — *Hallelujah*, the greatest drama of its kind ever produced. Directed by KING VIDOR, who made *The Big Parade*—this stirring drama of the Southland immortalizes the soul of the colored race. Daniel Haynes, noted Negro singer, and Nina Mae McKinney, a beauty discovered in the night clubs of Harlem, lead an all-Negro cast in this remarkable production. One of the classics of the screen that will never die. Don't miss it! Hear Irving Berlin's "Waiting at the End of the Road."

"MORE STARS THAN THERE ARE IN HEAVEN"





"The Only Gesture You Can Make Is To Marry!"

Janet sighed without answering. She gazed up into the eyes of her artist lover. One man had offered her wealth, another fame, and a third social position. But in each case the offer carried a condition which made it impossible for her to accept it.

And this Leonard Quigg, with his erratic, artistic temperament, was just the type of man she had vowed she would never marry! Yet she cared for him probably more than any of the others.

She hesitated and then——

The next thing she knew Leonard was kissing her, kissing her throat and

her closed eyes, and the crimson bowl that was her mouth.

"I love you, Janet," he was saying. "I love you. You don't know how sweet you are, how sweet——"

But even after this, Janet wavered in her decision. The love game was too fascinating, the offers she continued to receive were too tempting to be put aside lightly for love of a musician.

Read the absorbing account of the love affairs of this fascinating modern young woman in

The Loves of Janet

By THOMAS EDGELOW

This book is one of the famous Chelsea House New Copyrights—a line of cloth-bound books—the equal in binding and make-up of many books selling at \$2.00. But the price is only

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79 Seventh Avenue, New York

Arches and Drapes

Richard Dix's home in Beverly Hills is a fine example of the Spanish-Mexican type, in which the movie caballero enjoys the picturesque setting of the old order along with the last word in modern conceits.



The living room of Richard's home carries out the Spanish motif, with arched doorways and grilled stairways, but an occasional easy-chair and deep divan relieves the stiff formality and gives it a cheerful atmosphere.



A vista of golden hills and semitropical gardening is framed by the arch over an entrance to the Dix casa, which suggests dreamy siestas as a happy escape from the trials of talkie making.

The home is long and low, quite a contrast to the general trend of American home building, and it tops a little hill.



A Spanish chest, which conceals a radio, and Mr. Dix's favorite armchair, are the central pieces in this corner of the living room, which is warmly embellished with hangings of old Spanish design.

Strange Roads to Stardom

The late Charles Emmett Mack was a prop boy for D. W. Griffith. He'd been working at that studio for months before the famous director, as if seeing him for the first time, suddenly realized what a poignant face his prop boy had. Griffith gave him the second lead in "America," the rôle of the heroine's brother who was killed in the war.

That poignant face was an asset; Charles Mack was assigned one rôle after another. Nearly always he played the boy who was killed in the war. And then the tragic final fade-out of his career, when he really was killed in an automobile accident. Ironically enough, just as he had finished a film called "The First Auto."

Eddie Nugent is another whose story runs from prop boy to featured actor. It was Eddie's ingratiating personality which made stars and directors notice him. There was always a quip on the tip of his tongue. His wit and good looks made him so

popular that soon the general sentiment around the studio could be described as "Give the little boy a big hand up." And so opportunity came to Eddie.

The country is full of Eddies, with looks, personality, wit. But that lucky chance hasn't come their way.

One sixteen-year-old Chicago boy decided not long ago to create his own lucky chance. His name was John Loeb, and he thought he was a comedian. But how was he going to prove that he was right? How get inside the magic gates of a studio to show his stuff?

He devised an ingenious scheme. And one day the officials at the Hal Roach studio were astonished when the American Express Company delivered a long, wooden crate labeled "Statuary."

"It doesn't belong here," they said, refusing to accept it. "We didn't order any statuary."

So the driver, a little puzzled, took

the mysterious crate to the company's local office to await further instructions. To the astonishment of all the clerks, the crate was suddenly pushed open from the inside, and out popped a sort of replica of Charlie Chaplin. Big shoes, trick mustache, baggy trousers, grease paint. Johnny Loeb of Chicago, no less, would-be comedian, who thought he was inside the Hal Roach studio, and was all prepared to show astonished directors what he could do.

The sequel to this story is that the police were called in; the living statue had violated some statute about misrepresentation. But the Roach studio executives, touched by his plight, have agreed to give him a chance when the police get through with him.

Just a screen-struck boy, attempting a quite new road to stardom. The roads to stardom are many and strange—but that is the strangest of all!

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Hollywood High Lights

have been reached on a revue type of production. "When in doubt turn the show into a revue" is the new watchword of the producer.

The Whiteman excursion has already cost the Universal company a good \$250,000, but they are into it so heavily they might as well spend a few hundred thousand more.

They have engaged John Murray Anderson, of Greenwich Village "Follies" fame, to stage the Whiteman film. That, too, costs a pretty penny.

"The King of Jazz" is still the title of the picture.

Oh, Aileen, Aileen!

Alterations in the color of a star's hair mean little or nothing, nowadays, unless the changes become a regular habit, but when Aileen Pringle, after remaining a deep brunette for a lifetime, suddenly emerges as a blonde, the movie world stands still. It would be hard enough to reconcile such a departure with Aileen in any event. Still, she has done it—has become a blonde with the hope of furthering her career.

"My career seemed so ill-fated recently, that I decided I would have to do something really drastic," Aileen told us. "So I have gone Hollywood and become a blonde."

And believe us or not, Aileen is a really beautiful blonde; her appearance is most unusual and striking.

Mary Brian Bobs.

Mary Brian is another star who has taken a revolutionary step as re-

gards her coiffure. She has bobbed her hair. She had to do it to play in "The Children," and it was an ordeal, because she had beautiful hair of the long variety that reached to her waist.

Mae Glamorous Again.

Mae Murray's return to pictures may be duly celebrated, and she is reviving one of her most popular starring productions—"Peacock Alley." Tiffany-Stahl engaged her to do a talking version of this, with supporting players including George Barrard and Jason Robards.

Needless to say, Mae will dance and wear elaborate costumes. Her speaking voice registers excellently, because of her vaudeville and picture theater engagements.

Gallic Stars Thrive.

Maurice Chevalier's absence in Europe has made many people ask whether he will return. It depends a good deal, we believe, on the success of "The Love Parade." Chevalier has not been a big hit everywhere, though he won friends in many places with his work in the very poor "Innocents of Paris."

It is curious that the French are exhibiting more adaptability to the talkies than the Germans, who so dominated the silent form. It is curious, but explainable by the fact that the southern European has more of an understanding of the lighter sort of musical entertainment that is now being proffered, than the more dramatic Teutons.

Lily Damita has prospered with

"The Cockeyed World," and just lately Fifi Dorsay shows signs of becoming a sensation. She was so good in "They Had to See Paris," starring Will Rogers, that she was immediately slated for a big rôle in a production directed by Raoul Walsh.

And oh, what fascinating eyes this little mamselle has. She sang with a true Anna Held manner at a luncheon given at the Fox movietone studio, and all the boys were throwing their hats in the air.

Songbirds In Favor.

The welcome sign is out to the operatic singers. In the beginning it looked as if the films didn't care anything about them, feeling that they were too highbrow. But the engagements of several have been announced.

José Mojica, one of the tenors of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, is among the Fox contract players, and Elsa Alsen, Wagnerian soprano, is to take a part in "The Rogue's Song," with Lawrence Tibbett. She is a noted and beautiful singer, who has spent the summer concertizing on the Pacific Coast.

Tito Ruffo also gave out the word from abroad that he expected to go into the talkies. And Tibbett, already completing his first feature, is to film another.

Her Joy Fateful.

Ronald Colman has lost his mother. She died a few weeks ago in Australia. The circumstances sur-

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King Every Day

Seven persons named King, some of whom you know quite well, are active in movies to-day.

Emmett C. King, left, added effective touches to "The Shopworn Angel," "Coquette," and other recent pictures.

Dennis King, right, a New York stage star, will appear in "The Vagabond King," in which he has a stage rôle.

Claude King, left center, has a striking face that will recall such pictures as "The Missing Man" and "The Mysterious Dr. Fu-Manchu."

The King family is represented in the directing field by Henry, right center, famous for his work in "Tol'ble David," "The White Sister," and "She Goes to War."

"Broadway Melody" drew the attention of the fans to Charles King, above, although he had long been known on the musical-comedy stage.

Carlotta King, right, who made her screen debut in "The Desert Song," impressed producer and fan alike, so she was given a nice contract.

Judy King, left, is now gracing an occasional Poverty Row picture, but was once under contract to a large producer.



They Got What They Wanted, But—

Ramon Novarro, who also made his debut in that picture. Rex Ingram gave out a number of interviews lauding Mal's box-office attractiveness. He has worked almost continuously since then, but despite this no fan clubs have been inspired in his honor.

Possibly he has too much money to take his work seriously, but I think more likely that he has suffered from lack of publicity.

Warren Burke had the lead in "Road House," supported by Lionel Barrymore, and after that F. W. Murnau kept him in constant association for a time, trying to bring out something inside the young actor. Evidently he found the task hopeless, for he did not cast Burke and the boy is playing bits again.

Matty Kemp played the leading juvenile rôle with Florence Vidor, in "The Magnificent Flirt." Off the screen Matty is a husky, good-looking young animal, but the camera picks up an ethereal quality in his features not apparent when you meet him face to face, and gives him a suggestion of prettiness he doesn't possess in real life. There was talk of releasing him from the picture, because he was better looking than the girl playing opposite him, but he was eventually allowed to finish his work.

The foregoing is apt to give the

impression that Matty is pretty in a feminine way. This is not so. He is rugged, handsome, and masculine in every sense of the word. He simply photographs unfortunately. In addition to the Vidor pictures, he played the lead opposite Sally Eilers, in Mack Sennett's "The Good-by Kiss."

While Sally manages to keep herself balanced on the fence, Matty tumbled off on the wrong side and has not worked since. A few years from now, when he is a little older and his face shows more character, I think there will be a distinct place for him on the screen.

Sally Phipps got a contract from Fox and featured leads in a number of pictures, among them "Cradle Snatchers," "The High-school Hero," and "The News Parade," all with Nick Stuart, and "None But the Brave," opposite Charles Morton. She is one of the few real beauties in Hollywood, but when her contract expired the option was not taken up.

I could learn no reason for this at the studio, executives explaining that in cases of this sort they prefer to let the player make his or her own announcement to save them embarrassment. Friends of Sally volunteered the information that she cannot take direction, seeming absolutely unable to grasp what the director wants.

Compare her position to-day with that of Nick Stuart and Charles Morton, and you are bound to realize that it takes more than a break to make a star.

Nancy Drexel's position at present is similar to that of Sally Eilers—she is on the fence. She had a contract with Fox, played the lead in "Prep and Pep," with David Rollins and Frank Albertson, and was featured in "The Four Devils." She is a charming girl, with an appeal quite similar to that of Janet Gaynor, although possibly without Janet's depth of feeling, but her contract was not renewed. Why?

There are also the cases of Prince Youcca Troubetzkoy, who played opposite Pola Negri, in "Flower of the Night"; Roland Drew, who appeared with Dolores del Rio, in "Ramona" and "Evangeline," and of whom nothing has been heard since; Shirley O'Hara, who played opposite Adolphe Menjou, in "A Gentleman of Paris," opposite Ramon Novarro, in "Forbidden Hours," and then dropped from sight, eventually returning to her home in Texas.

All of which only goes to prove that a break does not make a star, nor is a star necessarily made by a break.

Continued from page 12

The Screen's Gift to Life.

"What the Fans Think" in September PICTURE PLAY contained a lot of brickbats for Buddy Rogers from persons who consider him a ham and a sort of collar ad. I may as well say right now that he is my ideal, my supreme favorite, and it makes me boil to read such unjust things about him. Really, I can't understand how any one can help but simply adore him, with his clean-cut, good looks, his unassuming manner, his nice, unaffected smile, and his vital, boyish eagerness.

There isn't another star on the screen who can portray clean, happy, carefree youth as he can. He always gives a fine, sincere performance, and his pictures, though mostly all simple little affairs, are always enjoyable. They lift one out of humdrum, everyday life into a land of happiness and youthful romance.

I always thought people went to the movies to see happy pictures like this—to be rested and cheered. But it seems to be just the opposite. People, most of them, want to cry, to see tragedy and sadness. There isn't enough of it in real life.

As for his voice, "E. V. W.," it is one of the most perfect I have heard so far. I'm not alone in this opinion, either. He is easily understood. Was it necessary for you to include in your letter that cutting bit from the *Baltimore Sun*? You must remember that "Varsity" was one of the first talking pictures, and wasn't there something odd and crude about most of the first talkies? EVELYN ROSSMANN.

577 Twenty-fifth Avenue,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

What the Fans Think

Outpourings for Vilma.

Pittsburgh has been fortunate enough to have seen Lupe Velez, Bobby Agnew, the Duncan Sisters, Sammy Cohen, Dolores del Rio, and Vilma Banky. I saw them all but Dolores. Lupe was peppery, vibrant, and nice. Bobby Agnew was adorable—Pittsburgh loved him. The Duncan Sisters were nice and friendly. Sammy Cohen was so funny that the people nearly died laughing. Every one was saying Dolores was really sweet. But the best of all was Vilma Banky. She is a thousand times more beautiful on the stage than on the screen. We saw her on the stage twice, then went round to the stage door and she came out! I had my head in the back of the car, and she was sitting right there. She was immaculate. Her hair is the most beautiful I ever saw, and her skin smooth and white. I could have easily touched her, but I was afraid I would break her apart. Pittsburgh was wild about her. She looked at me once when I couldn't control myself and said, "Isn't she gorgeous!" She smiled sweetly and winked.

The two stars I still wait for are Nils Asther and Joan Crawford. Nils is, in my opinion, the most handsome and promising young man on the screen. Accent or no accent, I'd like to hear him speak. Vilma Banky has an accent, and she has appeared in a dialogue picture, so why can't Nils?

Joan portrays a modern girl—not the type we are, but a type we admire.

ROSEMARY WURDACK.

202 Bonvue Street,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Has Clive Brook Changed?

What in the world has happened to Clive Brook since the advent of talking pictures? Why must this splendid actor, whom we all liked so well in silent pictures, act like a simpering fool in the talkies? Recently I saw Mr. Brook in "Charming Sinners," and I could hardly believe that it was the same Clive Brook of the old, silent pictures who was jumping so kittenishly and grimacing so awkwardly every time he talked. And the way he played up to the audience was atrocious. Is it that the praises heaped upon Mr. Brook about his "faultless English accent" have turned his head so that now, whenever he appears on the screen, he has that air which seems to say, "Learn of me, you dumb Americans; I'm the only one on the screen who can speak correct English"? I've noticed the same change in Ronald Colman's acting in the speaking pictures—that superior attitude which makes him look more like a professor lecturing on the use of perfect English than an actor creating a rôle.

And please allow me to ask two questions, one of the producers and one of the fans, which have puzzled me for a long time.

To the producers: Why have you been so blind as to overlook Dorothy Gish for talking pictures? She has had stage experience; she was a hit on Broadway last season in "Young Love," and, as for the screen, with the exception of Louise Fazenda, there has never been a more delightful comédienne than Dorothy. Be-

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So Near, Yet So Far

But any Romeo worthy of a lady's favor should be willing to scale a wall for a kiss.



J. Harold Murray and Lelia Kannelly, below, in a scene from "Married in Hollywood."



Norma Shearer and John Gilbert, above, are pleasing as *Romeo and Juliet*, in "The Hollywood Revue."



A balcony scene à la American, in which Hal Skelly and Fay Wray, above, exchange sweet nothings and banter in "Behind the Make-up," while the lady wonders whether to run up the steps or to encourage her boy friend by remaining.



Love in picturesque settings draws Leatrice Joy, left, and Nils Asther together in "The Blue Danube," and a wall is no obstacle to the dashing gallant.



"Lisa, I love you," whispers John Gilbert, right, as *Fedya*, in "Redemption," to Eleanor Boardman, whose charms cannot be imprisoned behind a high wall when her lover approaches.

The Screen in Review

The action shifts to Nicaragua, where *Panama*, on discovering that *Elinor* loves *Lefty* and not himself, refuses to go to the rescue of his rival's doomed plane, though he is one of the greatest flyers. Of course he relents in the nick of time, spectacular airplane flights follow, and he conquers his jealousy in acknowledging the love of *Lefty* and *Elinor*.

The picture is ambitious in its scope and much of it is impressive, but the two men, though theatrically effective, are not exactly calculated to qualify as one's favorite realists.

Life As It Isn't.

All the king's horses and all the king's men, meaning the Metro-Goldwyn studio, haven't been able to inject into "Our Modern Maidens" ingredients as strong as those which made "Our Dancing Daughters" a popular success. And, as if to delude themselves, they call it a sequel, without, apparently, looking up the meaning of the word in the dictionary. But the only relation the later film bears to the earlier one is the presence of Joan Crawford and Anita Page in the cast and the fact that Miss Page again gives the outstanding performance, though it includes nothing so sensational as her plunge down a flight of stairs. However, the picture deals with young people in the throes of sex, the backgrounds are incredibly luxurious, there's much dancing and petting—all without dialogue, a further handicap.

Miss Crawford, the star, is *Billie*, daughter of *B. Bickering Brown*, a motor magnate as rich as *Cræsus*. In love with *Gil*, she defers announcement of their engagement until she can vamp Rod La Rocque, as *Glenn Abbott*, a very youthful diplomat, out of an embassy post for the still more youthful *Gil*. Thus Miss Crawford, as a very modern maiden, resorts to an expedient as ancient as a Sardou heroine.

In cajoling *Glenn*, she receives a kiss which brings to the surface a great show of Victorian prudery and strengthens my distaste for this sort of picture, because the "Modern Maidens" aren't good sports. They flaunt their independence, but when a man takes advantage of it they bridle and shudder like old maid schoolmarms.

Meanwhile Miss Page, as *Kentucky*, an ingénue, pursues *Gil* until she too is caught in what used to be called an indiscretion and there's a great lot of moping. Finally a big, ostentatious wedding unites Miss Crawford and Mr. Fairbanks, but Miss Page is late in appearing as maid of honor because she has been visiting an obstetrician! After the

ceremony Miss Crawford decides nobly that she won't take *Gil* away from *Kentucky*, so there's a lot of hocus-pocus about being so modern a bride that she prefers to honeymoon alone. Suddenly she is seen in a foreign setting, whence Mr. La Rocque comes from nowhere to offer her further insults—and is joyfully welcomed. Just as the picture probably will be by thoughtless young people of all ages. Besides the players already mentioned, the cast comprises Eddie Nugent, Josephine Dunn, and Albert Gran.

There's Many a Slip.

Curiously "Womantrap" fails in effectiveness, though it has much at the outset to insure a successful picture. For one thing, such players as Evelyn Brent, Chester Morris, and Hal Skelly who, if you saw him in "The Dance of Life," must rank with your favorites. Yet even he is not altogether at his best, nor is Miss Brent, though Mr. Morris approaches his performance in "Alibi." Their combined efforts yield a fairly good story of a detective who discovers that the murderer he has come to arrest is his own brother. Good situation though this is, it is approached in such a confused manner that the spectator doesn't quite "get" the intent of the proceedings. For a time mother love is dominant, then fraternal devotion is uppermost, and later the evils of the liquor traffic are denounced. Even the rôle played by Evelyn Brent, usually the most direct of actresses, is a sort of half-and-half mixture of heroine and villainess. To this day I can't recall which was which, except that she was awfully cutting in some of her remarks. Leslie Fenton has a small rôle, as usual, and—also—as usual is outstanding.

A Smooth Farce.

If your familiarity with the movies goes back eight years you will remember "The Hottentot," a farce played by Douglas MacLean and Madge Bellamy. And if you are interested in still more biographical data, perhaps it will mean something to know that Willie Collier, stepfather of Buster, originated the rôle of *Sam Harrington* in the stage version. The third incarnation of the piece is now on view by means of the audible screen, and I believe it is the best of all. Certainly the rôle of the timid man who hates horses and is forced by the girl he loves to ride the fiery "Hottentot," has never been played more adroitly than by Edward Everett Horton. His knowledge of the implications of the spoken word holds a lesson for younger and less

experienced players. That is, those who have time between trips to Europe and week-ends at their beach houses to take heed. Nor is Patsy Ruth Miller far behind Mr. Horton as the girl who loves horses and insists that *Sam* is the gentleman jockey of her dreams.

The picture is tastefully produced, with many clever touches of direction and photography to drive home the farcical intent, and Douglas Gerrard is highly effective as a knowing butler, while the late Gladys Brockwell is sadly visible.

A Girl Detective.

"The Girl From Havana" is just one of those things, but it contrives to be lightly entertaining. This is because it doesn't take itself too seriously, though it is all about jewel thieves and a girl detective who finds herself falling in love with one of them. Surely you recognize the formula. However, much of the action takes place on shipboard during a voyage through the Panama Canal, with authentic views of Havana as well, and this feature of the entertainment considerably enhances the value of the film.

It begins with a rather novel jewel robbery in a big shop, with Kenneth Thomson and Natalie Moorhead as swell crooks apparently in collusion with Paul Page, as a clerk. The three embark on the Havana-bound steamer, with Warren Hymer, as a roughneck thug who supplies comic relief. Masquerading as a member of a theatrical troupe, Lola Lane joins the passengers for the purpose of gaining the confidence of the thieves. Of course she succeeds, for apparently there never exists on the screen a crook minus a strain of stupidity. Suddenly it develops that Paul Page isn't a confederate at all, but a noble youth bent on avenging the murder of his father. Talk about dramatic construction! However, as most people don't give a hoot about the niceties of plotting just so long as movies open an avenue of escape from realities, who am I to say that "The Girl From Havana" doesn't fulfill its mission? But why the harsh, unpleasant voices I cannot say. But perhaps that doesn't matter, either.

Get the Hook.

Amateur talent has its fling in "Why Leave Home?" a new version of "Cradle Snatchers," with dialogue and music. The result is innocuous comedy from which the rowdy humor of the original has been extracted. Who can tell why? As the piece now stands, it is a feeble story of three college boys hired by as many middle-

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Old-block Chips

The like-father-like-son saying applies to this group of Hollywoodites.

Taylor Holmes, below, musical-comedy star, recently visited his son, Phillips R., who has picked the movies for his acting career.



Rudolph Schildkraut, above, and Joseph are the best of friends.

J. C. Nugent, below, dean of the theatrical family of that name, learns some movie tricks from his son, Elliott.



Pat Rooney, left, and Pat III could almost pass for a twin-brother team, they are so nearly alike in size and looks.



James Gleason, left, and his son, Russell, are one of the father-and-son traditions in movie-land, for the family has long been known to the fans.



Eddie Quillan, right, and his father, Joseph Francis, appear together in "Noisy Neighbors."

aged wives as their dancing partners in the absence of their husbands, who are coincidentally spending the evening with the chorus-girl sweethearts of the boys. Basically this was the plot of the stage farce, which reached the screen intact in its silent version, but apparently the introduction of music must needs bring with it the foolishness of a musical comedy story. Neither boys nor wives are as sharply characterized as before, the consequence being that much of the fun goes begging. The ringleader of the matrons, first played on the screen by Louise Fazenda, becomes, in the hands of Dot Farley, nobody at all; and the Swedish boy, originated by Arthur Lake, is played as a half-wit by David Rollins. Richard Keene and Nick Stuart are the others. The three girls are played—no, I won't say played—by Sue Carol, Dixie Lee, and Jean Bary, whose light, hard voices betray their limitations as speaking actresses. And the other two wives are Laura Hamilton and Ilka Chase, who, as much as any one, is responsible for the first word of this review by a bored, resentful critic.

Brother Against Brother.

Although "Side Street" has the distinction of having those pleasant actors, the Moore brothers, in the

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leading rôles, the film must be catalogued as just another gangster picture, even though there are times when it threatens to rise above the average. Three brothers, played by Tom, Matt, and Owen, are city physician, policeman, and master mind of an underworld gang. Dennis keeps his family in ignorance of his movements and source of money, and helps one of the brothers through medical college. Finally his operations are drawn into his family's street, and unknowingly the gangster and the cop brother match their wits. The cop lays a trap for the unknown gang leader, and the latter, sensing that he is trailed, lays a trap for the officer.

The film has some fine human touches, especially in the *O'Farrell* home, but much of it is purely mechanical and fails to exploit the melodramatic possibilities of the situation. Owen gives an interesting performance as the boss gangster, and Matt and Tom do well enough with their rôles. Others in the cast include Kathryn Perry, Frank Sheridan, Emma Dunn, and Arthur Housman.

Who Killed Mrs. Drake?

With all the murder-trial pictures since films began to talk, you may have the habit now and, like a police-court fan, go tearing down to the

theater when a trial picture comes to town. Then you will see "The Drake Case" as a matter of course. Or you may be a sentimental soul who shrinks from courtroom drama, but would like to see the last work of Gladys Brockwell. In that case don't hesitate to see her, for the story is not strong enough to matter a great deal, and it is the sort that you never quite get worked up over. And Miss Brockwell is good, playing with a restraint that makes many of her scenes extremely effective.

The story is artificial, settings in the Drake home resembling the overloaded rooms of the flicker-movie period. At times exciting, much of the picture is dull. It is one of those stories about a mother and daughter being reunited in a courtroom. The mother, played by Miss Brockwell, is on trial for murder, but is silent. The redeeming feature of the plot is that you will not guess who killed Mrs. Drake until the director is good and ready for you to spot the villain.

Forrest Stanley, as the prosecuting attorney, leans over the witnesses, grins into their faces and talks quite dramatically. While he thunders out the true story of the killing, it is shown on the screen in a flashback. Robert Frazer is much the best of a rather large supporting cast.

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sides, Dot's fans are still numbered by the thousands!

To the fans: Are there still any of you who write fan letters to the stars since the edict went out that if you wanted a picture of your favorite, he or she would give you the *privilege* of buying it? To me, the star who would sell his photograph is in the same class as the circus freak, and I treat him accordingly!

HARRY M. COHEN.

2 Burnside Avenue,
Newport, Rhode Island.

A Fan Loses Faith.

Ever since I saw "Weary River," I have my doubts about the talent of all actors. I attended the opening of "Weary River" in a large city. It ran for three weeks to record crowds who were coming to hear Dick Barthelmess sing. Every one was enthralled with Dick's voice.

As you know, Dick *did not* sing. Last week I was in the same city, and, for comparison, saw "Drag." Were there any record crowds? *There were not.* The picture was lucky to stay in that city one week. Why? Because the public is not going to put up with Dick Barthelmess going through a picture on somebody else's shoulders.

BOB ALLEN.

233 Huffman Street,
Waynesburg, Pennsylvania.

Are "Cold" Stars Liked?

Why are the stars that are refined and beautiful always referred to as being upstage and cold? I refer to Florence Vidor, Vilma Banky, Dolores del Rio, and Virginia Valli. They are all beautiful

What the Fans Think

and can really act, but just because they don't caper around like so many of the flappers, they are called cold and indifferent. There are different types of actresses, and, for my part, I prefer refinement and dignity.

Will some one please explain just how Alice White gets by? She is not good looking and cannot act at all. This will cause quite a bit of comment, I am sure, but I have never been able to see Greta Garbo's acting ability or her beauty. Yet anything she does is considered marvelous.

I have had the pleasure of seeing many stars in person lately. Vilma Banky is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, and looks younger in person than on the screen. Lily Damita is very charming, and also looks much younger in person. Baclanova is lovely and has a very charming voice. Leatrice Joy is very charming and also has a lovely singing voice.

I think some contributors are very unkind. What has Dolores del Rio done to receive such unkind criticism? The fans always say such unkind things about her. Her voice is very sweet and she can act, too. Lupe Velez has a very beautiful singing voice. And, fans, weren't you thrilled to hear Ramon's voice? I thought "The Pagan" wonderful.

I have one more complaint to make. What have they done with little Renée Adorée? She is a marvelous actress. Won't some kind director give Renée a break?

MILDRED F.

4913 Genevieve Avenue,
St. Louis, Missouri.

Kit Leyland Answered.

The silly letter of Kit Leyland amused me. In a smug manner he tries to disillusion us poor, misguided girls in regard to the disappointing appearance of our screen heroes in real life, saying, in effect, that grease paint improves the features of the actors! Really, fans, I had never thought of that before, had you? Stars' faces are actually improved by good lighting and make-up! How do people think of these things?

He gives what he fondly believes to be a damaging description of Ramon Novarro—"short, dark, and Mexican." Certainly; why not? Strangely enough, that is just how I have always pictured Ramon in my mind—a smallish young man with black hair, dark eyes, and olive complexion. Delightful! I am a native of fair-skinned England and detest blond men. I admire the liquid eyes and olive skin of the children of the sunny South. I am so pleased to know that my mind picture of Novarro is right. Thank you, Mr. Leyland; I am deeply grateful.

For Mr. Leyland's benefit, I think I can safely say that the popularity of Ramon Novarro, which is considerable in England, is not based solely on good looks. Those, like myself, who have seen all his films since "The Prisoner of Zenda" realize his versatility—not sufficiently exploited by his company—admire him for his ability and personal charm, and respect him for his sincerity.

The remarks on Valentino were rather nauseous, I thought, and what purpose

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Tasty Morsels

Of course these bites are good, for a sandwich or a doughnut shared in this manner may have romantic significance.

Dorothy Mackaill, below, gives Sidney Blackmer a bite of cake, and he knows how such things were meant to be eaten.



A doughnut is real cake under these circumstances, Jack Oakie, above, believed when offered one by Evelyn Brent, in "Fast Company."



Gordon Elliott, right, samples a bit of something from the tea table of Vivien Oakland while working together in "In the Headlines."



Josephine Dunn, below, kindly offers Eddie Nugent the first bite from her ice-cream cone, but he seems to doubt the genuineness of the offer, or perhaps he's reviving the old one about the bite being bigger than the cone when he gets through.

George Lewis, below, receives his first bite at dinner from Mrs. Lewis, but whether this is offered as a regular ritual for young married couples to start off a meal is entirely speculative.



days gone by, was in dismissing most of the studio force when they went abroad. Evidence that most of those who experienced this hardship did not mind it seriously, was that the majority returned to the Pickford-Fairbanks studio as soon as there were signs of activity.

Cutting corners in a professional way is, on the whole, good business. It goes on from time to time, whenever the spirit seems to move in some places, and is not always fruitful of the greatest soundness and stability. Many people in pictures have taken the attitude of "get as much as you can while you can," because their jobs are so insecure.

Stars who are not spenders are well represented among the character actors. For one thing, they are not called upon to put on such a bold front as the others. The instinct to hoard is consequently more highly developed. Needless to say, Ernest Torrence is Scottish enough to be careful, although not too frugal, while Wallace Beery's biggest indulgence seems to be his airplanes. Lon Chaney would distribute his fortune too liberally were he not closely observed at home. He is naturally generous, but too heavy drains are not made on his exchequer.

Like other human beings, stars may save very liberally in small things, comparing with the person who puts pieces of string away for some indefinite future use, or the housewife who raises a rumpus if salt, sugar, or butter is too freely dispensed, and then goes out and buys a thousand-dollar Oriental rug as an investment. Tom Mix, with the gay extravagance of his career, is cited as an example. He is said to have

saved soap most diligently, gathering small pieces together to make wads much larger.

Pola Negri afforded some amusement when she was with Paramount, by generally spending her vacation elsewhere when Christmas was at hand. The routine of giving many gifts, which was then more of a custom than it is to-day, probably would have irked the temperamental Pola. She was far from being a chary spender, however.

An amusing anecdote is told of Stepin Fetchit, pertaining to an argument over money. It happened when he was on location in "Salute," the naval picture. Stepin's father was handling his financial affairs, and while in the process, Stepin's sister desired to buy a dress for the moderate sum of \$18. Stepin's father didn't feel that he could O. K. the outlay while his son was away, so he decided to phone him at Annapolis. When Stepin reached home, the telephone company confronted him with a bill for \$92 toll in settling the argument. And sister also got the dress.

What John Barrymore does with his presumably great income has always been mystifying. His one heavy indulgence is in yachting. He has never gone to extremes in living, and clothes have never become a mania with him, as with most other *matinée* idols. The presumption is that Barrymore is banking or investing a great deal of his fortune.

Al Jolson gives the world a laugh with one of his peculiarities. It belongs to his stage rather than his movie career. He used to go into the box office to sell tickets and count the money. For contrast, Al supports various charities, but he never

will rest until he becomes a movie producer. He regards a star's life as a misery, financially, because so much of the profits are distributed elsewhere.

Charlie Chaplin has stood up nobly under heavy assaults on the treasury in two divorces cases, the last having been especially depleting. In the early days he was so careful with money that he was cited as a classic example. The anecdote will never be forgotten of how once he went as a guest to Vernon Country Club, then the popular rendezvous in the old Keystone days, and was handed a bill for fifty dollars for entertainment, because nobody else had "brought any money." The story goes that Charlie wouldn't speak to anybody on that party for weeks thereafter. Well, there are plenty of others who would have felt the same way about it.

After all, the Hollywood spending habit, carried to extremes, leads to no end of grief for the spenders. The smart movie stars don't throw their money away as they used to. They don't listen to every plaint of "Gimme," but discriminate. The saving habit is undoubtedly carried to unnecessary lengths at times, and is injudiciously exerted in a number of others, but the larger spirit of the movies is to be liberal. If the abandonment of some of the foolish swank that is still put on by certain stars were to go by the way, things would be much better. Too many of them still spend too much money on themselves at the expense of others. But they are on the whole good-hearted, and instances of tightness are more amusing than otherwise.

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do they serve? Valentino is dead, and, for Heaven's sake, let him rest!

Incidentally, I saw Valentino himself on the one occasion he visited London, and can give Mr. Leyland the lie. I thought his appearance charming, and I was not a particular admirer of his. I am saying this because I like to be fair. Fie, Kit Leyland! Your attempt at disillusionment has missed its mark. DOROTHY DAWSON.

15 Lexham Gardens,
Kensington, W., London, England.

Enter Rudy Vallée.

I am going to be a pioneer in this, my first letter to "What the Fans Think," for what I am about to write concerns some one who is, as, yet, perhaps unknown to most film fans, yet a potential film star. I refer to the one and only Rudy Vallée.

'Twas strange how I first discovered him, early last winter, broadcasting in New York City. It happened that his program followed one to which I had been listening and, as fate would have it, I didn't change the station. Presently I

found myself repeating the procedure each Saturday afternoon. His rhythm intrigued me, for his dance music isn't dance music as enjoyed by the jazz mad. It is *music*—dreamy, expressive, yearning melody.

Then, one night, suddenly that indescribable something—that charm irresistible which I term a caress in his voice, caught me in its spell, and I lost all power of resistance and surrendered!

Many girls who have not been fortunate enough to hear his radio programs have a thrill in store when they hear him in his first picture, if the reproduction doesn't mar the softness of his voice. I pray that RKO will not make his film as harsh as was the lamentable "Syncopation." I don't want fans just making his acquaintance to gain the wrong impression of Rudy and condemn *him*, when the fault lies with the apparatus. I'm afraid his voice will be a most difficult one to reproduce—for it is soft and low—sweetly so, and if the producers make it seem loud by means of increase in volume, fans will not hear Rudy as I

know him and many other radio fans do. That is a particular trait in Rudy. He seems ever to be evading the spotlight.

He is also an accomplished saxophone player, and if any one believes there isn't beauty or music in one, they haven't heard one played by Rudy Vallée, and I would advise him to purchase one of his records and listen very closely. Such rhythm, such tones, such beauty!

I would add for the benefit of those who will inquire about his name, that it is Hubert Prior Vallée. The Vallée is his own. Rudy was given him as a boy because of his enthusiastic admiration of his idol, Rudy Wiedoeft, the saxophone king. He is very idealistic, shy, reserved, and quiet—musician, composer, and, now, a potential film star. I wish him a world of success, and I'm sure the fans are going to be proud of him and add him to their list of favorites—although he rather stands alone.

MARY E. LAUBER.

119 West Wyoming Avenue,
Germantown, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

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What the Fans Think

The Midnight Oil

Nowadays the players are burning lots of it learning their lines, stopping now and then to sigh for the good, old silent days.



Sally Starr, left, finds a perch behind the set on the sound stage and digs in, preparing to speak her speech "trippingly upon the tongue" as a new screen discovery is expected to do.

Robert Montgomery, right, removes his coat and tackles his lines right in the midst of a lot of machinery, for the newly-found concentration in Hollywood rises above inharmonious atmosphere.



Ramon Novarro, below, may be pictured by the fans as floating on tropical seas warbling to his lady love, but there is another side to it, for there is much prosaic work behind every talkie scene.



One good reason why Norma Shearer, above, is riding the talkie crests is that she snatches every opportunity to refresh her memory before the cameras start grinding.

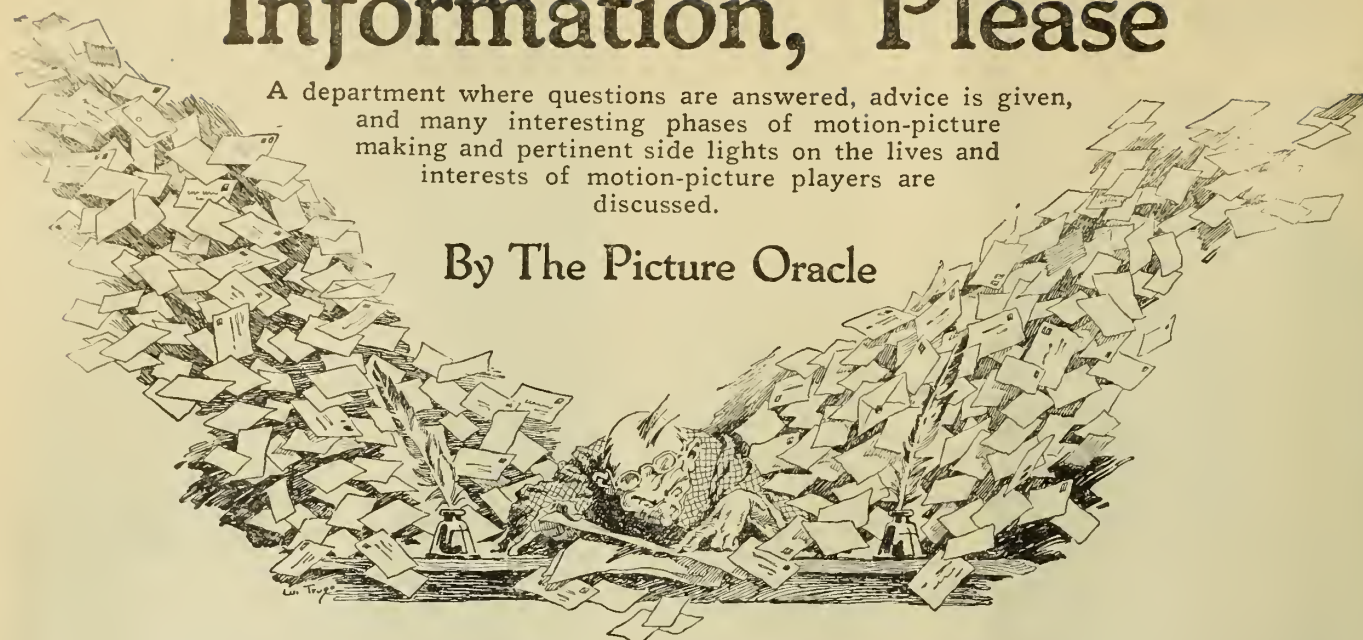
Zita Johann, left, who hails from the New York stage, tries out the new type of director's chair while getting acquainted with sound production, but the script must be dragged along on the inspection tour.



Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle



W. M., ELKHART, INDIANA.—If Anita Page is your favorite actress, you've got lots of company! Anita has certainly gone over big for the two years she's been on the screen. Anita was born August 4, 1910, and is not married. Nor even engaged. Her newest film is "Navy Blue," opposite Bill Haines. As to whether you would see her if you went to California—that depends on whether she happens to go out on the street the same time you do, and the same street. Joan Crawford's new film is "Untamed."

DOROTHY PIERCE AND LOUISE MELTON.—You're all wrong, calling me Solomon. How could I support a thousand wives on my salary? We don't announce fan clubs, but if any one asks about David Rollins or Don Terry, I'll refer them to you.

MARY ANN BAILETS.—You're very flattering! If anybody would know, I would? Well, as it happens, I do. Pola Negri's present address is Château Rueil Seraincourt, Par Moulain, Seine et Oise, France.

WONDERING.—You sound like a theme song. Clara Bow was born July 29, 1905. I think M.-G.-M. takes care of sending out Greta Garbo's photographs. A fan club is merely a group of a star's admirers who correspond. Any one can join by writing to the person in charge.

P. D.—Don't tell me the police department has found me out at last! See above. Ramon Novarro was born February 6, 1899, and has never been married. Yes, Dorothy Janis was the heroine in "The Pagan."

V. LUCILLE LEWIS.—Clara Bow and her hair are quite a problem to an answer man. It's been every color, but she tells me it was reddish to begin with. See **WONDERING.** Clara is five feet three and a half and weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds. As to whether her love life has ever been printed—probably, but not in **PICTURE PLAY**, and I have no files of other fan magazines. Sue Carol's real name is Evelyn Lederer; she was born October 30, 1908.

BRUCE STEVENS.—Poor Gladys Brockwell—killed just as she was staging a film comeback. Her last films were "The Home Towners," "Woman Disputed," and "From Headquarters." In seven years

Pauline Garon has made too many pictures to list them all here. Her newer films are "Must We Marry?" "The Gamblers," and "Headlines." Alma Rubens doesn't give her age; her first important film was "Humoresque." Other early pictures were "Find the Woman," "Valley of Silent Men," "The Rejected Woman." No, I have never heard of Kenneth Duncan, but extras' names are seldom heard of.

HARRY S. GIVEN.—If you wish to get in touch with the Kenneth Harlan Fan Club, write Mrs. Ethel S. Cottingham, 2228 North Emerson Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

A DON ALVARADO FAN.—You'd never guess what has happened to little curly-headed Richard Headrick, former screen child. He's now a child evangelist! I suppose Pat Moore is busily going to school. Apparently Sonia Karlov never got anywhere; she was signed by DeMille and then DeMille's company broke up. Eugene O'Brien plays in vaudeville, that haven of retired stars. Yes, Louise Brooks has left the American screen—some sort of studio politics—and is now making pictures in Germany. I'm sorry, but I don't even know the maiden name of Mrs. Don Alvarado.

CHARLIE M.—I didn't see "The Legion of the Condemned," but as nearly as I can tell from the synopsis, it was Lane Chandler who played the young New Yorker who joined because he was tired of life—*Charles Holabird*. Lane is from Montana and was passenger agent for Yellowstone Park Transportation Company before going on the screen as extra in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." He recently played with Greta Garbo, in "Single Standard." At last accounts, Menjou was going to produce his own pictures on his return from Europe. Anita Page was born in Flushing, Long Island; see **W. M., ELKHART, INDIANA.**

MISS DORIAN E. PRECOURTE.—I'll record your Lane Chandler club for future reference.

B. C. S.—This voice doubling in pictures quite baffles me. Occasionally it leaks out who sang the star's songs; otherwise it is impossible to find out, because the film companies pretend the stars do

it themselves. I imagine Betty Compson sang her own songs in "Hit of the Show," as she is quite musical. I haven't the least idea whether Sally O'Neil sang hers or not, or Sue Carol, in "Fox Movietone Follies." As to married actresses born in Canada—there's Norma Shearer, Mary Pickford, Barbara Kent, Claire Adams; actresses whose husbands are actors include Jobyna Ralston, Vilma Banky, Mary Pickford, Dolores Costello, Joan Crawford, Barbara Bennett, Alma Rubens, Ruth Chatterton, Ina Claire, Doris Kenyon, Helen Lynch—quite a list.

J. LUBANSKY.—Virginia Valli was the heroine in "East Side, West Side."

ERLENE OF SOUTH DAKOTA.—You seem all preoccupied with marital matters. Rex Lease and Charlotte Merriam were divorced last April. Mrs. Clive Brook was formerly Mildred Evelyn. I know only that Neil Hamilton's wife's name is Elsa, and I don't know the name of Mrs. John Mack Brown. The hero in "Bred in Old Kentucky" was Jerry Miley. The leading lady in "Say It Again" was Alys Mills, and in "The Man Who Came Back," Dorothy Mackaill.

MISS EDNA TOWELL AND GEORGE H. SMITH.—Thank you very much for sending me the address of British International, which I will keep on record hereafter.

AASE E. BAY.—The screen version of "Ann's An Idiot" was called "Dangerous Innocence." Laura La Plante and Eugene O'Brien played the leads; Hedda Hopper and Jean Hersholt were also in it. And I wish to thank the five fans who wrote in with this information.

LONESOME.—See above. *Tony*, in "Feet of Clay," was played by Ricardo Cortez. No, Corinne Griffith did not really sing in "The Divine Lady." Doris Kenyon was born September 5, 1897; John Mack Brown, September 4, 1904, Evelyn Brent in 1899—no month given; Vera Reynolds, November 25, 1907. I'm afraid Vera Reynolds has not been interviewed recently enough in **PICTURE PLAY** for the issue to be available. Eugenia Gilbert seems to have left the screen, and I don't know how she can be reached unless just Hollywood.

Suntanned Cheeks

Wearing the simple beret for motoring and sport should encourage Old Sol's kisses, anyway.



Helen Twelve-trees, right, prefers a blue tam.

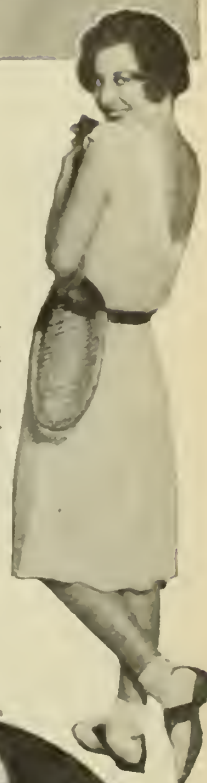


A tan beret to match her coat and furs is the choice of Mary Duncan, above.

Barbara Kent, left, who hails from the wide, open spaces, is still fond of outdoor life.



Style and practicality are combined by Joan Crawford, right, in her tennis togs.



The white beret of Dixie Lee, above, cannot cope with her unruly locks, but the effect is rather cute, eh, what?

Beatrice Blinn, left, also wears the white beret with equally good effect.

The sport costumes of Olive Borden, right, are topped by a white tam, perhaps one of the reasons why Hollywood is golf mad.



Renée, from her place in the ring, saw this and, with a scream of horror and fury, was at the Turk's side in a moment. Snatching his whip with the wicked steel thong on the end of it, and wielding it with both muscular, little arms, she lashed out at her master in a frenzy. Beating him until he cowered in a corner, and then jumping on him with both feet, she was finally dragged away, a small virago, sobbing, between epithets, for her poor, mutilated horse.

Back in her father's circus, the outbreak of war did considerable damage to their business. In order to keep the little troupe in food, Renée and her sister got work in a factory, wrapping bouillon cubes. Their earnings were about fifteen cents a day, with a penny extra for every additional thousand cubes they wrapped. Renée, unaccustomed to the close atmosphere, had fainting spells, and her sister worked with frantic speed to cover Renée's lapses.

When the circus was playing a not very profitable engagement in Belgium, on the outskirts of Brussels, the German invasion came. Saving nothing but the clothes they wore, the family joined the other refugees in flight to a boat for England. On board there was a search for a woman spy. Renée was stripped and the skin taken off her back with alcohol, in the belief that there was a message on it in invisible ink. The spy was found elsewhere, and the bewildered Renée, her back stinging and raw, was allowed to proceed to England.

In London the first stirrings of conscious ambition began to trouble her. She slept in a real bed—and suddenly realized that the narrow bunks in caravans^o had been uncomfortable. She had glimpses of the London theaters, and realized that the carefree, wandering existence of her father's circus was not the only possibility life offered.

Jobs as a dancer in London shows—an offer from Australia—running away from London—packed aboard a transport bound for Halifax—landing in New York because of the famous Halifax disaster—detained in the immigration offices—shipped to Canada under guard—sharing a seat in a tourist train with a muttering Chinaman—arriving in Vancouver ten days before the Australian boat was to sail, with just enough money to buy one meal a day—sleeping in the draughty station at night. Only fifteen years of age, yet she wasn't frightened and, being magnificently healthy, survived without so much as a cold, although it was the middle of a bitter winter.

After a few months in Sydney, she returned to New York and worked there for some time, dancing and singing. Spotted by Louis B. Mayer, she was signed for pictures and has been a Hollywood luminary ever since.

Mélisande, in "The Big Parade," is still the finest work she has done. Some day some wise person may be inspired to cast her in John Masefield's "Tragedy of Nan," and then her *Mélisande* would be topped. But things will not occur through any coercion on Renée's part. She has not the gift of salesmanship. Around the studio she is "The Frog," adored by the help, depended upon by the officials to jump in anywhere and save a picture from failure.

She lives in a shabby, rambling bungalow on an unfrequented country road near the sea, having moved there from a stucco mansion which she bought impulsively and loathed for its blatant newness. She loves old houses, old furniture. Her present home is small and sunny, unpretentiously comfortable, the house surrounded by an acre of ground on which grow avocados, berries, grapes, fruit trees, vegetables, flowers—all planted in charming confusion. Her

ménage is polyglot, a German cook, Indian maid, Polish chauffeur, Chinese chow dogs, Persian cats. An aviary, forever being populated anew by prolific canaries, is one of her dearest possessions. A canny Irish lawyer looks after her finances and allows her only a moderate income, knowing her airy prodigality with money.

Like most families who have faced adversity together, the Adorées are passionately devoted. On Renée's dressing table is a picture of her mother—a beautiful, delicately featured woman. Renée writes to her regularly, and has always provided for her comfort.

No laughter, when she is in high spirits, is more infectious than Renée's. She is ingratiating, gamin. Her humor is broad and she loves practical jokes. She seldom smiles, without laughing outright. A group calling themselves, for no special reason, the "unholy four," is composed of Renée, Ramon Novarro, Ronald Colman, and Charles Lane. Their diabolic function is to attend neighborhood movies together, explore little-known parts of Los Angeles, or just to sit and talk. With these cohorts, Renée, whose physical magnetism rates high, has the status of a boy, a good, little sport, a regular.

Although unhappiness has dogged her personal life, it has left no taint of bitterness—only a pervading wistfulness of which she is unconscious. Elemental in the honesty of her emotions, in her enthusiasm for life and her eager love of people, loyal and kind, devoid of malice, there is something gallant about her. And something a trifle pathetic, because of her consequent defenseless exposure to the political intrigue of Hollywood.

She ought to be a star, but it is doubtful if she ever will be. Skilled purveyors of personality get electric lights before Renée, who has plenty, but doesn't throw it around.

Hollywood High Lights

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rounding her passing were curious, according to all reports. She was at a picture theater, viewing "Bulldog Drummond," her son's first talkie. She had not heard his voice for eight years, and the excitement of seeing him and actually listening to him speak proved too much for her, as she was very advanced in years. She collapsed during the showing and died a few days afterward, but word came that she was happy during her last days, because the voice of her son had been audible to her once again.

Blond Stars Reglimpsed.

Miss Dupont and Lillian Rich! Two players popular several years ago reappeared on Hollywood's horizon recently. Miss Dupont is remembered as the heroine of Erich von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives," and Miss Rich as a Cecil DeMille star. Miss Dupont, since her marriage, has definitely retired from the screen. She came to the Coast only on a visit. Miss Rich returned with the expressed hope of returning to pictures in California. She has been in Eng-

land for the past few years, working in the studios there.

Rogers as Yankee.

Will Rogers is very desirous of remaking "A Connecticut Yankee In King Arthur's Court," a big hit of eight or nine years ago. Rogers would play the Yankee. Several long debates have been held on the subject at the Fox studio, and it looks as if the Rogers gift of speechmaking were winning against arguments against the idea. Opposition at first was pronounced, because it was felt

that Will was too mature for the impersonation.

Rogers is to make four pictures, and every one feels that with the advantage of using his voice he will carve a niche for himself in the movies. So far he has only made a partial hit.

Loretta Young to Wed.

Only sixteen, but deeply in love. So may the present state of Loretta Young be described. And she has yielded to the persuasions of one of the film colony's heart-breakers—none other than Grant Withers. They are to be married very soon.

Loretta began her screen career at fourteen years of age, and apparently is destined for popularity, especially in the talkies. For a mere youngster she has a voice of remarkable depth and dramatic power. She showed this marked talent in "Fast Life," in which she is featured with Chester Morris and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Some critics were unkind to her, because they said she was poll-parrotty, but she impressed us very favorably, considering her youth.

So many people are assuming these days that only the stage actors can satisfy with their voices, that they are reluctant to give the screen group credit even for valiant efforts. It has been proven that the majority of the fans would much rather hear their picture favorites speak.

LINES TO GRETA

You are a lovely dream,
Like the reflection of
A white rose in a silver vase.
Your hair, the shadows
That the moonbeams trace
Across the starlit skies.
And in your eyes, the shade
Of butterflies' blue wings,
While deep within the echo
Of your velvet voice
The robin ever sings.

JEAN DOUGLAS.

ROSE IN THE BUD

I met my love in Hollywood
Beside the "sea";
She was a Sennett bathing girl—
The queen for me!

"How soon shall we be married,
dear?"

Said I to Rose.
"Sir," she said, "you couldn't even
Buy my clothes!"

I took one look at her and,
Though I like her,
I wouldn't want a wife who thought
Me such a piker!

EDITH PIERCE JONES.

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The Stepchildren Make Whoopee

Continued from page 70

"Sure, he uses that much for four people," added Paul Ellis.

"Remember the time you put too much garlic in the spaghetti?" continued Ramon. "We went to work and they had to close the studio."

"Every time we walked through a room every one got up and left," said Marcel.

"My God!" exclaimed Barry. "You ought to have been in quarantine."

"Did you ever sit in the upper gallery at the Metropolitan Opera?" asked Paul.

"Yes!" said Barry, enthusiastically. "The people up there go to hear the opera, not see it. They all eat garlic, and every time any one opens his mouth to talk everybody ducks."

"Americans do not appreciate opera," said Barry. "They go, but not to hear the music. They go because it is fashionable. Down in the Argentine everybody likes opera. The poorest laborer will save enough to buy a cheap seat. In New York the real music lovers are the foreigners who sit in the gallery."

"Americans don't appreciate art in any form," said Ramon.

"That's a strange thing," said Barry. "I like America—I am going to take out naturalization papers—but that is one thing I cannot understand. The people here do not appreciate art. They have art, and nothing better can be found in the world. The Ziegfeld 'Follies'—why, there is nothing better anywhere than that. The best in Buenos Aires, Vienna, London, Paris—even the 'Folies Bergère'—cannot equal the Ziegfeld 'Follies.' America has the art, because she has the money—even if the people don't appreciate it."

If frankness is a virtue, then these foreigners are well supplied with that quality. And as for vices, their most

conspicuous one is a marked tendency to play strange card and guessing games. Because of their vivid imaginations and unusual cleverness, they are very easily entertained. It is the people lacking in these qualities who require hectic and expensive amusement. Many an evening I have seen them sit around a table for hours devising various games played with cards, or with paper and pencil, and have a hilariously good time. At every crisis, or near crisis, every one jumps to his feet and pandemonium reigns. All this enthusiasm is produced by their own rich and electric personalities, and without the aid of a drop of liquor. One can only wonder what would happen if the customary drinks were served.

Believe it or not, a popular diversion with this crowd is cooking, and an even more popular one is eating. The only one who shrinks from domestic duties is Barry. It is easier to perform the task oneself than to attempt to get that boy into action. Moreover, he doesn't understand American coöperation. One evening we had all gathered at the home of Marcel and were attempting to get dinner. Into the kitchen came a ladylike journalist wearing a baffled expression.

"I can't set the table until Barry gets off it," she announced.

"Ask him to sit on a chair," I suggested.

"He isn't sitting, he's standing," said she, sadly.

I could write about these charming and inventive people almost indefinitely, but I won't. Enough is enough. Drop in to see me some day and I will tell you about the time Barry rode his horse into the house, and about that beautiful afternoon when we organized a baseball team and played on the public highway.

ON SECOND THOUGHT

I go every week to the movies to see
 A star who has made such a great hit with me.
 And I sit there just thinking how happy I'd be
 If I could but know her quite well.

I'd see for myself if she's blond or brunet,
 She would smile for me—oh, the cute little pet,
 And somehow I'd manage to kiss her, you bet,
 If I could but know her quite well.

But stop! It may be that her temper is hot,
 And her curls may be false, just as likely as not,
 And then there's the chance that she'd cost me a lot!
Who knows—it may be just as well!

T. M. ARBUTHNOT.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 29

say she wanted to go off and have a good cry. But instead, she controlled her feelings, and awarded the watch to Helen Raften, of Brooklyn, who resembled her to the extent that she parted her dark hair in the middle, and had two eyes, a mouth and a nose.

"Victor McLaglen and Dolores del Rio are just the vanguard of an army of stars who are going to make personal-appearance tours. Charlie Farrell is to be the next. He will go up to Cape Cod to appear at the little theater where he used to be usher, ticket chopper, or whatever was needed at the moment. His father owns it.

"I'm all in favor of personal appearances, if the stars can sing or dance, or do something more than say a few kind words and take a bow. I wish that Fox would send Sharon Lynn East, with 'Sunnyside Up.' There is a girl who can play and sing, and she is so beautiful that she would never be a disappointment across the footlights. But imagine what will happen if companies start sending such frightened youngsters as Loretta Young out on tour! She almost died of stage fright when she had to appear at a Wampas ball, and that was just among friends.

"Loretta is so grown up in her recent pictures, it is startling. I wish they wouldn't put her in pictures like 'Fast Life,'" Fanny complained.

"You'd relegate her to gingham and gardens in the sunshine. I sup-

pose, and then where would she be?" I asked.

"Well," Fanny commented, "Janet Gaynor is getting along quite nicely in gingham, thank you."

I had never thought of that. But given her choice, I dare say Loretta would stick to the sophisticated, smart pictures. Youngsters are like that, and Loretta will be a youngster for three or four years more, by film standards, even if she has recently announced her engagement to Grant Withers.

"I suppose you know"—already Fanny had turned her attention to something else—"that Pola Negri is in this country. Not to make pictures, though. She came over to dispose of some property in California. Then she is going back to London to work. She said that she never did her best work in Hollywood, that there was too much standardization, too much hurry, too many efficiency experts interfering. She has finished a picture over there.

"But will any one ever see the picture?" I asked merrily.

"The chances are good," Fanny admitted. "Warners have to buy a couple of foreign-made films, according to the quota agreement, and it is practically set that they will take hers. Then we'll see if Pola really shook off the lethargy that settled over the last work she did here."

But I wonder if even London will be as enthusiastic over Pola as it was over Gloria!

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 100

Missing Quarters Jingle.

My letter in regard to missing quarters has brought a number of answers from all over the United States and one from London, England. Every one of them takes up the defense of Miss Daniels, but, oh, how they love Miss Crawford—with a brick.

What I gather from the answers to my letter follows:

1. Secretaries are careless, because they send photographs to people who do not inclose quarters with their requests. On the other hand, they neglect to send a photograph to the ones who *do* inclose quarters with their letters.

2. If we are to believe that the secretaries keep the quarters for themselves, why do they send out photographs without any money? The stars should look into this matter. Fans who write letters to their favorites, inclosing a quarter for a photograph, are entitled to some consideration. Let our favorites not forget that these letters do not hurt their popularity, but increase it.

3. The fans should bear in mind that the stars are not superhuman, by any

means. Therefore, we should not lose our heads over them and make ourselves ridiculous by calling them "kings of hearts" and such nonsense. It is silliness of this sort that makes some stars go goofy, call it high-hat if you like. After all, most stars are nothing but high-salaried entertainers. Some of them are good, some of them are bad, according to our understanding and conception of their performances. Take, for instance, Clara Bow. She is a type, according to my estimation, a good-bad type. She may be the loveliest woman on earth, but I detest her for the type she is, or, to be correct, the type she plays on the screen. I wouldn't give one smile of my girl for all of Clara Bow, including her "It," red hair, and exposed thighs. Am I losing my admiration for beautiful women? Not at all. It is just the matter of how we look at things, and that is all there is to it.

Providence, Rhode Island.

Tut, Tut, Miss Perula!

One or two fans write regularly to
Continued on page 109



Raquel Torres,
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
player.

from

BEHIND GUARDED STAGE DOORS come these magic beauty secrets of FAMOUS STARS

PERHAPS you too, have wondered what beauty preparations famous stars *really* use. Until today, unfortunately, women could only guess because they were closely guarded secrets within the profession. But, now their secrets can be disclosed... these amazing cosmetics are no longer exclusive professional property but available to every woman, everywhere. For the first time, the general public is invited to buy Stein's Beauty Preparations.

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A new discovery now actually peels them off harmlessly, and they're gone for good, *not covered up as with paint and powder.* It's the most amazing, yet simple, way of getting rid of skin blemishes and making yourself more beautiful and youthful-looking you ever read of. And it's all explained in a new treatise called "BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS" which now is being mailed to readers of this magazine **ABSOLUTELY FREE.** Send no money, just name and address and you will receive it by return mail, in plain wrapper. If pleased, simply tell your friends who may also wish a clear, new, spotless skin and youth-like complexion. Address, Marvo Beauty Laboratories, Dept. 81-X, 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Don't delay; write now!

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NANCY LEE, Dept. T-12, 863 Broadway, New York City.

Through Different Lenses

Continued from page 55

by a basket of flowers, perfectly at ease, as pretty a mother picture as one ever will see.

"Out of doors a gentle breeze was blowing through the eucalyptus and redwood trees. Neighbors came in at times, informally, and were greeted and welcomed as neighbors. In fact, Mr. Hoover's sitting was interrupted twice, but he showed no sign of irritation or annoyance. His home appeared as though it is always open to those who live about him. It was apparent that he and Mrs. Hoover have that 'peace of God which passeth all understanding.' There is not, there could not be, a more beautiful homelife than theirs among the California redwoods.

"I do not believe that camera portraits can fully catch the personality of President Hoover. He can be done better in oils. His moods seem almost impenetrable, and only long study by some skilled painter can give an adequate conception of the virility and magnetism of the man he really is. His outstanding characteristic, it seems to me, is kindliness. A few moments of conversation reveals his strength. The shadow of a smile lurking in his eyes indicates his sense of humor. His whole demeanor impresses you with goodness and fairness. He is the kind of man any girl would want as a father—one who would understand, sympathize, and be a rock of strength and protection when guidance was needed."

This was the impression made upon Ruth Harriet Louise by the president before he had been elected the head of the nation. Eventually the photographs emerged, with the forthcoming President of the United States posed as a movie actor would be posed. But no mascara was used on his eyes. No grease paint filled up wrinkles in his brow, nor obliterated crows' feet from the sides of his eyes. Under the deft management of Miss Louise, he was caught in many moods, and for the first time smiling a perfectly natural smile.

She did not have to resort to the almanac jokes—"Now watch the birdie, Mr. Hoover. Smile sweetly, please. Let me see your teeth—all of them in the front row." She did not have to remark: "Please don't look as if the judge had just sentenced you to sixty days at hard labor," in order to bring forth that right-cheek dimple. She simply got Mr. Hoover to take his mind off the photographing business and be himself.

Ruth Harriet Louise began studying photography in New York when

scarcely more than a child. She specialized in character studies and so far succeeded that she attracted the attention of Metro-Goldwyn. When her ability was fully realized, she was signed to a contract to make portraits of M.-G.-M. stars, and possibly she is the highest-paid woman photographer in America. Her portraits long have adorned the pages of PICTURE PLAY.

Now she has the distinction of being the only photographer to the stars ever called upon to make portraits of a president, and Mr. Hoover is the only president ever posed and photographed as a movie star is posed and photographed. And if you want to see the difference between pictures, look at those accompanying this story.

Now this incident concerning the president may prove to many that stars are not as beautiful in real life as they appear on the screen. Which, in a great measure, is true.

Any number of actresses who "photograph like a million" are, off screen, just young women of average beauty. A few can walk through busy traffic, without occasioning a second look. Greta Garbo can do this. So can Lillian Gish, Vilma Banky, Eleanor Boardman, Renée Adorée, Pauline Frederick, Dorothy Mackaill, Lois Wilson, and possibly fifty others well known to screen fame. The Garbo went into a theater in Los Angeles not long ago, bought a ticket, walked down the aisle to a seat and witnessed a showing of her picture, "The Single Standard," without being recognized by a soul in the audience. She has done this time and again with other theater throngs.

All these actresses, however, possess that intangible something which reveals them as lovely creatures on the screen. But there are little extra girls in Hollywood prettier by far than most of the stars, but with nothing else to recommend them as actresses. I know one who is exquisite, yet is comparable to the fabled blonde who lost her position in a five-and-ten-cent store, "because she just couldn't remember the prices."

President Hoover is an average-looking American, with a good face, a strong face, yet, unless photographed from certain angles, no picture can do him credit. But in the hands of Ruth Harriet Louise, these angles were divined, and the portraits came from the finishing room evincing strength and attractiveness. He is a nice-looking man, you will agree.

That Mystic Urge to Act

Continued from page 72

"An actress in playing so many different rôles, causes her inner mind to stir. It develops. That is why creative artists, such as actors, writers, musicians, and scientists all possess a certain occult power.

"Through much introspection, an actress becomes different from the ordinary individual. She enables her inner self to stir and prompt her. There is a glamour around her—what has been called the glamour of the stage, but which is really the underlying power she has brought to the surface."

I hope I have not made Miss Ulric sound like one of those would-be mystics. There are no flowing robes, no perfume, no incense in her surroundings. She is a normal, bright, and refreshing person.

Though having had practically no education, she is very intelligent. She never passed the fourth grade in school, yet college graduates could not be expected to know all she knows. She speaks German and French as well as English.

The usual hardships had to be gone through before she gained her first big success on the stage in "The Bird of Paradise." Later, under the tutelage of David Belasco, she starred in "Tiger Rose," "The Son-daugh-

ter," "Kiki," "Lulu Belle," and "Mima."

Pictures are not new to Miss Ulric. She made several about ten years ago, but the stage had greater claims on her. However, now that voices are heard in pictures, Lenore is in the fore.

Do you ever take my advice? Well, I'm glad to hear it, for I want you to see "Frozen Justice" when it plays in your city, and "South Sea Rose." Lenore Ulric possesses all the dynamic power of a great artist. Fox has signed her, and she is to make two pictures a year.

Of all the stage and screen celebrities I have met, she is the first one I know who has given acting much thought, and tried to study the fundamental elements of her art.

The fact that I have failed to get an ordinary interview, describing the star and her life, is not so lamentable when one reads what I consider better copy. And I promise you this: accept this story of Lenore Ulric and—with the editor's permission—I'll see her again, after her first two pictures are shown, and interview her according to rule. In the meantime you can think over what the Ulric says, and learn why you have that urge to act.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 107

PICTURE PLAY in hot indignation, and sometimes hysteria, against an unnamed person, a press agent, who, by black magic and other means, has so swayed a world of perfectly sane beings that they have gone crazy over a gentleman who in his own right has no charm, artistry, or histrionic ability at all; the gentleman in question rejoicing under the name of Ramon Novarro.

Is it really true? Have we been worshipping a false god, who, because his press agent has told us he is good and that we really should like him, makes us swarm to places where his picture is shown, write him thousands of letters a week, swoon with rapture every time we so much as hear his name mentioned? Tut, tut, for shame!

Isn't it too lucky that we have such a stalwart brave as Joan Perula, who, never having been dazzled by the glare of our lodestar, so sweetly and courageously comes forth and opens our eyes for us?

Think for a moment. We might positively have gone on being thrilled and dominated by this Novarro, thinking it was his handsomeness, his grace, his charm, that enslaved us, not knowing that it was his press agent all the time who was weaving his spell about our hearts.

All I can say is that, to show our boundless gratitude to Miss Perula for rendering us this great service, we should all present her with a silver-plated razzberry dish, and, as for those two wicked,

vile menaces to mankind—Novarro and his agent—we should burn them at the stake.

56 Warren Grove,
London, N., England.

More Talent for Doubling?

Imagine criticizing Richard Barthelmess! I think that he ought to be given credit for fooling every one as he did in "Weary River." In my opinion, it would be harder to have a double than to do the work oneself. Mr. Barthelmess will probably never be *seen* singing in the pictures again. I hope not, for his own sake. Those of us who love and enjoy Mr. Barthelmess' wonderful work in the pictures will not cease to attend the theaters where his pictures are shown.

As for his "plea for privacy," hasn't a hard-working actor a right to live his own life as he wishes to live it? Barthelmess has an individuality all his own. He need not guard his reputation among right-minded people. The rest don't count.

"ONLY A GIRL OF FIFTEEN."

R. F. D. No. 1,
Branford, Connecticut.

An English Fan's Luck.

I want to hand PICTURE PLAY a large bouquet, as the most interesting magazine of the screen. I've got one question, though—is Malcolm Oettinger out for

Continued on page 112



EARLE LIEDERMAN, *The Muscle Builder*
"Author of 'Muscle Building,' 'Science of Wrestling,'
'Secrets of Strength,' 'Here's Health,' 'Endurance,' etc."

Does She Love You Enough?

Give a Thought to Your Physical Self

If your wife or sweetheart acts cool and dissatisfied with you, give a thought to your physical self. A woman looks at more than a man's face. She's thinking of his ability to protect her; provide for her; of her pride in his appearance in a bathing suit, on the athletic field, on the dance floor.

When you hear a woman exclaim "Oh, what a handsome man," she's not looking at his face alone. She's sized him up from top to toe. Those broad shoulders, that graceful athletic stride, the well-shaped neck and head, those strong, muscular arms and legs. They thrill any woman. Every wife and every sweetheart wants her man to be like that. Are you?

Well, you can be!

I Build Strong, Handsome, Healthy Bodies

People call me the Muscle-BUILDER. By a method of scientific body-building I go all over your body, strengthening your internal organs, broadening your shoulders, cutting off fat, and generally turning you inside out until you're a healthy, handsome fighting man any woman will be proud of.

In just 30 days I add one whole inch of live, flexible, steely muscles to each of your arms and two full inches of rippling, muscular strength across your chest. Your legs will become straight and strong, your head snap back erect, and little lumps of red-blooded muscle will begin to stand out on your broadening shoulders.

90 Days and You Have One

But I'm not through with you yet. I don't make men by halves. Give me just 60 days more and then look yourself over. Now you sure are somebody! The pathway to happiness and success is easy.

People will ask to meet you. Successful business men will realize that here is another man to accept as one of their own group. Your boss will treat you with a new respect, and that girl of yours will have that look of love and affection in her eyes that in itself will more than repay you.

I Do More Than Promise: I Guarantee It

With a body like that the thrill of living is as great as the thrill you get when you fall in love. It's wonderful! Just check off on your fingers what such a body gives you—power, vitality, health, strength, love, affection—everything a man desires.

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Dept. 1412 305 Broadway, New York City

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The Stroller

Continued from page 57

post-office clerk, the bootlegger, and the hot-dog-stand proprietor banded together and put talkies in the local theater to keep the citizens from going to the next town for their movies, shopping and speakeasies.

Why must one listen to theme songs at all hours, at all theaters, on all radio programs?

That's a simple question to answer. I wouldn't have asked it if I couldn't answer it.

Take the example of RKO. It's an electrical company. It's the Radio Corporation of America. It's a motion-picture studio. It's a chain of theaters. It's a radio broadcasting outfit. And soon it will be a song publisher as well.

When RKO gets a theme song in one of its pictures you're going to hear it, believe me, whether you like

it or not. If you go to the theater they get your money. If you listen to your radio, which might be their make, you hear their songs. The movie you see has their tunes. If you weaken and buy a sheet of music they declare a dividend. If you buy a phonograph record they promptly collect their royalty.

Paramount has refused to let any of its songs be played before the picture in which they are used is released. And even then they make all radio stations turn in a schedule of when the songs were played, so the public won't get fed up and can still enjoy them in the theater. When the picture begins to die out, they let the song run wild and try to cash in on music sales.

"This is all very bewildering," said the Equity member as he meandered through the labyrinth.

She Wears the Badge of Courage

Continued from page 45

achievements and failures, all are too emphasized, individually, for balance. They are too greedy for life. Wait, it will come to you, in the guise best for you. Snatching, grasping things means only trouble, and losing them." Only much thought and a gift for analysis could have taught her this truth which, with her disinclination to discuss personal intimacies, she phrased impersonally.

"Go with the wind, once you have felt its quality and eased into it. See that little boat, with distended sails? It glides so easily, with the wind back of it. Energy spent in fighting is wasted; instead of buffeting a gale, find your course and go along slowly."

To a cultured mind books offer a blessed solace. Adventure, history, biography, fiction, everything. And she reads, of course, in Swedish, things whose primitive force, under the fogged soberness of her native land and the half-tones of its moods, is mitigated with translation.

"But I had to slow up," she said. "Eyes gave out."

If her head were amputated, she would mention it in just that ordinary tone. Enthusiasm is brisk for loved interests, but anything that happens to herself is related in reportorial conciseness.

When her eyes permit, she sews. Whenever I recall the first time I saw her strong, large hands doing a bit of fancywork, it strikes me anew

as an anomaly. Because of some silly tradition, we associate needlework with clinging-vine femininity. But no doubt the vikings' ladies had to darn socks!

What now? Exquisitely embroidered linens, for a betrothed friend, frocks and pajama suits for herself, a patchwork, velvet quilt. Those tanned fingers ply the needle as expertly as, years ago, they held the hoe which earned her passage to America. At eleven, in Ystad, Sweden, her home, she hired herself out to till and harvest an acre of beets for the equivalent of eighty-five dollars. Later, she came to America, a confident Swede with pigtailed like braided flax, and worked her way, by modeling for artists, to the movie studios. Probably, in those Ystad days tucked into memory, she visioned freedom from drudgery, only to find, with success, that one form of toil merely is replaced by another.

Indeed, she does not wish idleness, after this long siege of it.

"Work! It is all that I want now. I shan't be choosy."

Many anecdotes attest Anna Q.'s bravery, the tempered steel of her. Once, to add realism to a forest-fire scene, sixty trees were transplanted to a location and soaked with gasoline. She had to run an engine through. With the engineer crouching unseen at her feet, she opened the throttle wide and roared the engine into the flames. As they licked hair

and skin, she jabbed the man with her foot and screamed, "Give her gas!" Badly scorched, she was rushed to the hospital. A frenzied producer offered her, in magnanimity bred by remorse, anything she wanted. Through bandages she eyed him coldly and said, "A fine time to say that—when I'm too burned and nervous to think!"

As the sea churned its greenish mountains, that wind-swept morning, I remembered her former restlessness, the molten vitality that always undertoned every occupation, and saw that it had crystalized into a more definite course. To work, to excel in the talkies, to win back the place which she fears, unreasonably, that absence has cost her, to accomplish something worthy of one's self-respect, are her present desires.

Though still stubbornly, if not as violently opinionated—and her asperity does not spare herself the lash—a new manner both of peace and tolerance folds her in. Once she quickly rebuffed intimacy, now she reservedly considers it; the granite has melted, with a greater understanding, into a mobile spirit. Herself more powerful and steadied, her sympathy is more expansive.

Her mental iridescence is fully as compelling. Brushing aside the petty foibles which most women make momentous, she yet shapes her convictions less hurriedly and impatiently. Conventional ruts annoy her; etiquette's petty claims are stupid. One of such forceful character and such electric magnetism, who has fought her way, literally, from the fields of untutored peasant labor to success and associations of culture, has had too wide and varied and elemental experiences ever to become repressed by the rubber stamp, or submerged in unessentials.

A test revealed her oral gifts, the fluency of her rich, full voice. Her power to define vital characters should be as splendid as ever. Indeed, her agent has had more offers for her during recent months than during her busiest years. Despite the theater's invasion, there is a scarcity of women capable of playing mature rôles, and precious few who are already loved by the fans. In all likelihood, we shall soon see her again on the screen, more radiant than ever.

The sun was spreading red wings over the western horizon when finally I turned the gas filly's nose Hollywoodward, reflecting upon that valuable possession, an indomitable spirit.

Now, if this were a sob story, I would wring one last tear—

But Anna Q. makes good coffee.

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TWO GRAINS OF
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FAT people, of course, should not over-eat. They rarely do. But starvation is a very risky way to reduce.

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thirty-five cents—which was more than a lot of the troupe had. I had played the show on an empty stomach, but so had everybody else in the cast.

"Another time I was stranded in Atlanta, Georgia, which is somewhat farther away. Each time I got fired or the show busted, I learned something from my job and, if that had kept up long enough, I might even have learned to be a good actor. Say, all this is damned uninteresting. Let's talk about something else."

"Get on with your story. This—er—rootbeer is nothing but foam. Every time I look into my pail the foam has evaporated and there's nothing left. And, besides, you've gotta talk more about yourself."

Mrs. Tryon came into the room bearing good tidings in the form of another gallon of rootbeer. Glenn turned to her with a grin. "Gee, dear, I'm just doing swell. He thinks I'm not talking about me and, honestly, I'm just bursting."

"Well, sir, I came out to California from New Orleans—I think the show had stranded there—to see my dear parents and spend Christmas with them. I still believed in Santa Claus, and it seemed foolish not to let him visit me at home. I had an engagement in New York for a spring try-out, but thought I might as well winter in the land of eternal sunshine. Bless my soul, the day after I got here my father was called to another city, and here was I, broken-hearted."

"I began taking my fun where I found it. My companions, unlike Buddy Rogers, had just *not* been raised right, and presently I found myself sojourning in Santa Ana jail for ten days. I got out of there and

What a Guy! What a Guy!

found there was a tent show in town looking for a juvenile for 'The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.' That was me. They couldn't understand how I got up in the part so quickly. I had already played it three or four times. In fact, about the only part in the show I hadn't played was *Junc*, and I'd had my eye on her in one production."

"The movies," I prompted him. "Where and when did they come into your life?"

"What a guy! *What a guy!* Well, this *Junc* I was talking about lived in a two-family house, and over her or under her, I forget which, lived a director from the Hal Roach studio. He thought I ought to come out and have a test made. 'Nix,' said I, 'I've seen myself on the screen, and I don't care particularly for that form of nausea. However, with a discernment I've never noticed in any one else, he insisted, and I made the test. There was talk of a contract, but somehow they never quite got to the point of signing. One day I grew fretful and, as it was the nurse's day off and there was no one around to give me my bottle and quiet me, I went down to the Western Union office and sent wires to a lot of friends. The next day, in answer to these wires, I received a number of very flattering offers—faked—from Eastern producers and stock companies."

"I strode into the Roach office and said, 'Well, good-by, pal.'"

"What?"

"Good-by, old friend. I'm leaving. Can't turn down all these offers—showing him the telegrams—'while you make up your mind whether you want me or not.'"

"Why, didn't you know? You went on the pay roll yesterday."

"I didn't know what the salary was, but I thought with all these offers it should be doubled, so after a short conference and a great deal of haggling, it was. And that's that."

Glenn Tryon's humor is of the buoyant, evanescent kind that is almost impossible to capture and set down on the written page. It is constant and bubbling and yet, with it all, there is a stratum of cold, hard, common sense in his make-up that rather startles one.

I have been in his dressing room when he was beset by harassed directors seeking advice as to why certain scenes fell flat; by perplexed camera men as to the best angle from which to shoot other scenes to obtain a desired effect; by gag men as to what could be done to pep up other sequences. And don't kid yourselves that this baby couldn't bring plenty of gray matter to bear on the subject. The grinning com-medi-um disappears as if by magic.

Withal, he is one of the hardest people to interview I have tackled. He is such excellent company there is the constant temptation to forget all about the interview and just talk. And you, who only see him in shadow, are out of luck, because funny as he is on the screen, the camera only scratches the surface of his personality. I can think of nowhere I'd rather be on a hot afternoon, or any other time, for that matter, than in that little English house on the side of the hill, listening to Glenn Tryon's chatter and sipping Mary's—er—shall we say rootbeer?

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 109

good? Surely not! His interviews are always entertaining. I hardly ever agree with what he says, but I don't enjoy them less on that account. He avoids glue!

The subject of the moment seems to be experiences in writing to the stars, so maybe some of the fans would like to hear of an English fan's luck—or ill luck, as the case may be.

Juliette Brown says that the majority of those she heard from complained that Joan Crawford and Dolores Costello do not answer letters. This isn't always the case. I have autographed photos from both, as well as one with a printed signature from Dolores.

Please, fans, remember that when you hurl bricks at the stars in these columns, you may be really hurting them—if they aren't past it—because some, at least, do read the letters. Dorothy Mackaill docs, for onc. A letter of mine was published about a year ago, in which there were a few words in appreciation of Miss Mack-

aill. A little later I received a beautiful photograph, autographed to me.

MARGUERITE EDGELOW.

Westwood, Layter's Way,
Gerrards Cross, Bucks, England.

Dick's Critics Answered.

In August *PICTURE PLAY* a couple of fans "go off the deep end" at what they style the Barthelmess deception—as if doubling for stars were a new thing.

Did they start raving because Novarro and Bushman did not really drive the chariots in the big scene that made "Ben-Hur"? Or was any comment made because Gilbert did not do any of those athletic stunts his doubles did for him in "Bardleys, the Magnificent"?

In "Weary River" the singing of the convict *had* to be of such a quality as to cause a sensation; a merely pleasant voice would have weakened the conviction of the story. In justice to Mr. Barthelmess, let me repeat what is now common knowledge, that he has expressed his own great objection to this type of picture. "I am not a song-and-dance man," was his ulti-

matum to his chief, "and I don't want any pictures that star me as such."

As for Mr. Barthelmess' desire for privacy in his home life, that is no new thing with him, as Miss Huber should know, if she has read *PICTURE PLAY* as long as I have. Mr. Barthelmess' reserve is an inherent quality for which we English respect him as a man as we admire him as an actor, more and more with each new film.

F. J. RALEIGH.

Mannamead, Plymouth, England.

Why Spoil an Accent?

Why should Nils Asther have to learn to speak English without an accent? He always appears in foreign rôles, and an accent would be perfectly in keeping. I don't see why American actors should be made to assume foreign accents, when stars to whom they are natural are within call. If the producers use common sense, we need not fear losing our Nils and Greta.

"E. S.," I quite agree with everything you say of Nils. He is darling, isn't he? But don't you wish he'd be given starring parts?

Where are all the Richard Arlen, Betty Bronson, Janet Gaynor, and Greta Garbo fans? No one ever seems to write about them. Instead, every one seems to have gone crazy over Gary Cooper. Why, I can't imagine, when Nils is around.

MOVIE FAN.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Consider the Poor Star.

I wonder what the young lady who signed herself "Horseshoes" would do if placed in the position of a star with a lot of fan mail?

Does she know what she is talking about when she discusses the cost of photographs, stamps, and secretaries?

Certainly we pay to see the stars; and our patronage pays them their salaries, yes. But the stars don't sit back and twiddle their thumbs through all this. They work. The movies are their living, just as much as though they were in the real estate or insurance business.

Perhaps if "Horseshoes" ever tried to gather together enough photographs to take care of the average mail of one star, and enough stamps to send them, she would tone down her unjust anger a bit and realize it is not selfishness or meanness, but good business and the necessity of keeping their incomes balanced that encourages the stars to charge for their pictures.

F. E. W.

Detroit, Michigan.

Is Fiery Love Passé?

What is Pola Negri's tragedy as an actress? Many a fan blamed America and American producers for all of Pola Negri's screen failures. But is it really fair? Did America compel Pola to accept roles she had no sympathy for? In America, as in Germany, she continued to be an emotional actress, portraying with pathos the hot priestesses of the god of love. What Pola Negri began in Germany she continued in America, and yet she failed.

What, then, is the tragedy in her career?

It is in the following things: too much love fire, too much passion, blood, and flesh in the primitive thing called love. Such a feeling has outlived itself in life and could not stay long on the screen. People nowadays criticize more or less all the actions of themselves and others. Spiritual demands and human interests have changed our tastes and emotions to a considerable degree. For better or worse, nowadays one even loves with the mind. Look at life, at modern literature, the contemporary stage—does the primitive Pola Negri love have a place there?

This primitive love fire, the emotional way of portraying it, makes us put Pola Negri in the first rank of all great actresses of past screen traditions.

ROSA SHPETNER.

Soldatskaya Str. 55,
Kremenchug, Russia.

Kitty Finds Her Ideal.

To my hard-trying soul the beloved poet's words ring in the saddest of chimes, "There's nothing true but Heaven." But something, at last, has proven true! The ideal—Walter Huston.

Words cannot express my admiration for this interesting man—the wonder actor with a most pleasant, marvelous voice. Not only is he a great actor, but he is a real man, with a big soul that reaches the broken heartstrings and ties them with esteem and respect.

KITTY LEE.

2228 Cumberland Street,
Vernon, Texas.

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You can use a coined word or a word made by combining two or more words, such as "Sungleam," "Youthglow," etc., or any other name you think would fit the high quality of this shampoo. Or your name might suggest the handy new container, our latest sanitary tube from which the Shampoo is simply squeezed out, thus eliminating the waste and trouble caused by the old-fashioned liquid soap in bottles. There is nothing to buy or sell—simply the person sending the most suitable suggestion for a name will receive \$1000 cash prize, or if prompt \$1100 in all.



ANY NAME MAY WIN

No matter how simple you think your suggestion is you cannot afford to neglect sending it at once. Any name may win.

Win this \$1000 cash prize by a few moments' thought. How can you earn this amount of money easier or more quickly? Remember, there is no obligation! The person submitting the winning name will have nothing else to do to win the \$1000 and the extra \$100, if prompt. In choosing a name bear in mind this shampoo is marvelous for cleansing the hair and scalp. It is designed to bring out the beauty, lustre and natural gloss of the hair. Remember, too, how handy the new sanitary tube is for traveling, no bottle to leak or spill, no cake of soap to lie around and collect germs. The only thing necessary to win is to send the name we choose as the best and most suitable for this shampoo. Only one name will be accepted from each contestant. This unusual offer is only one of a number of offers embraced in our novel distribution plan of ultra toilet goods, whereby those taking part may win any one of twenty-odd prizes, the highest of which is \$3500 cash. By participating in our distribution plan the winner of the \$1100 cash prize may win an additional \$3500, making a total of \$4600. Everyone sending a name, regardless of whether it wins or not, will be given the same opportunity to win the \$3500 or one of the other cash prizes. Get busy with your suggestion at once—do not delay!

\$100 EXTRA FOR PROMPTNESS

To get quick action we are going to pay the winner an extra \$100 for promptness, or \$1100 in all—so send your suggestion AT ONCE!

CONTEST RULES

This contest is open to everyone except members of this firm, its employees and relatives.

Each contestant may send only one name. Sending two or more names will cause all names submitted by that person to be thrown out.

Contest closes April 30, 1930. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties.

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Enclosed with this coupon on separate sheet is my suggestion for a name.

Date this announcement was read

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Dogging Lila's Footsteps

Continued from page 48

patient Griselda she used to be, I found a smart, wise-cracking, young person, with very definite ideas about a lot of things. She even knows the name of the smelling salts George carries around with him, although she isn't partial to smelling salts, smoking being *her* weakness.

"Tell me," said I. "I've heard so much about Mr. Barthelmess' temperament. What's he like to work with?"

"Well, I will tell you. You read a lot about jealousy among players, and all that sort of thing. I suppose this will sound sort of Pollyanna-ish, but I don't think in all the years I've been in the profession, I've encountered any of it. The engagement in 'Drag' was one of the pleasantest I've ever had. Frank Lloyd, the director, was lovely, and Dick is a thorough gentleman. You can see from the picture that he was *most* generous. No, I certainly found no evidence of temperament, or an ugly disposition. I found him charming."

And then from the vantage point

of her twenty-four years, twenty or twenty-one of which have been spent on the stage and screen, Lila began to reminisce.

"Do you regret the old days?" I asked.

"In a way. You naturally miss working with the people you've known, and it's nice to feel at home, instead of like a stranger on a lot. But, on the other hand, my outlook on life is brighter and saner than it's ever been. I feel surer of myself and, certainly, the future looks rosier. I'm working on my third picture since 'Drag,' already. The other two were 'The Sacred Flame' and 'The Argyle Case,' marking Thomas Meighan's return. Isn't it funny how these threes have followed me? Maybe this third time will be the charm and the cycle will be completed."

"Yes," I murmured, remembering that I was in love with her for the third time, "the cycle's completed all right." And I went hopefully into my third faint.

Your Darts Strike Home

Continued from page 43

being of any benefit to the actor at all.

"But more often than not, valuable pointers are gained from fan letters that are as helpful as they are corrective.

"Gwen Lee told me, once, that she learned a much better make-up for the camera, because a fan had commented on her glaring lips and eyelashes. Can you see the difference in the line of criticism? One aided a player to improve herself. The other merely succeeded in hurting, where there was no help to be derived.

"The fans are also a steady barometer of the sort of picture one should do. An actor has a very limited and personal idea of his ability. The comedian wants to do *Hamlet*. The *Hamlet* wants to do comedy. In our hearts we really believe that we could be equally effective as vamps, chorus girls, ingénues, or leading ladies.

"Though we very seldom have the opportunity to reply to a compliment or a criticism from the fans, you might tell them for me that we read their letters."

We might have gone on and on into the interesting subject of amateur criticism, if an assistant director hadn't arrived on the scene with tidings that the sound stage was ready for Leila's singing test. Yes,

she has a very nice voice, and it won't be doubled.

I think it would peeve her considerably to find the remark in the fan's column a month or so from now that Leila Hyams is just another doubled voice.

Ever since Leila broke away from the protective interest of vaudeville-famous parents, she has wanted to stand on her own merits, and get credit where credit is due. Her independence brought her no little hardship at the beginning of her career.

Though she was receiving a good salary with the vaudeville skit, and could have traveled about the country in comfort, she threw it all over in favor of two years of extra work at the New York studios.

It wasn't long before she was playing bits and small parts, and shortly after that, a clever agent induced Leila to come to Hollywood. Thanks to proper management, she stepped immediately into leading rôles, with Fox and Warner, and eventually with Metro-Goldwyn, where her most important pictures have been "The Idle Rich," "Wonder of Women," and "Alias Jimmy Valentine," with William Haines. She is married, likes bridge, her home, and the beach, and lest you forget, she never fails to read "What the Fans Think."

What Are the Talkies Saying?

Continued from page 87

And two sisters heard themselves speaking words of sisterly devotion the other day, and when the scene was finished, one of them yelped, "Well, I'll bet if she doesn't quit moving her feet when I'm talking, I'll make that Jane look like a fifty-cent kimono after a hard day's wash!"

The play-back room, you know, corresponds to the former room where rushes were shown at the end of the day; only in this case the players listen to their scenes minus the picture.

Vernon Rickard told me about a picture he was playing in for Vitaphone, which Bryan Foy was directing.

"We did a scene, and when we listened to the play-back, we were dumfounded to hear the most awful flood of profanity issuing from the horn, without knowing where on earth it came from," said Vernon.

"A property man up in the flies was supposed to drop a bucket down on an actor's head. The bucket dropped all right. It was just then we heard the swearing. Finally we discovered it was the man in the flies who had done the cussing. He swore when he dropped the pail.

"Aw, well," he said, 'I could see it

wasn't going to be a very good scene, anyway, so I knew it didn't matter if I did speak.'

"Ladies and gentlemen of the stage," Bryan Foy addressed his company, "we now have Mr. Belasco up in the flies directing the scenes. Please pay attention to him. He knows whether a scene is any good or not!"

And what a producer at one of the big studios was heard to say, over the play-back, about one of his stars, is just nobody's business!

Here's another funny thing about the talkies. You hear an amusing line and you want to laugh; but they don't give you a chance. On they rattle. Then in a few minutes there's another line, supposed to be funny, and the actor waits for his laugh, while the house sits in deadly silence with never a giggle. That spacing for laughs is a tough business.

But do you notice how nice all the actors are to each other in the talkies with regard to trying to push each other upstage? That isn't kind-heartedness, my friends. That's because if an actor pushes another back, he himself gets further away from the microphone.

When They Love 'Out Loud

Continued from page 59

"We took that scene twenty-eight times. Because of the exterior setting, it could not be filmed on a sound stage. Consequently, just as we were getting into the mood of the thing, a street car would go by donging a bell. An airplane would hiss overhead. Truck drivers seemed to be inspired to honk just as they went by. Finally, when we believed we had succeeded in getting a fair degree of silence, an ambulance whirled along. Twenty-eight times Buddy told me he loved me.

"The Richard Dix picture didn't offer much of a chance for really romantic love scenes. The story was in a comedy vein, so naturally the love interest was light. But Richard should make an awfully thrilling sound lover."

Because I'm just that type, I asked if any of the charming gentlemen ever became so inspired with their love scenes with June that they junked the dialogue and substituted their own ideas?

"Heavens, no!" she gasped. "The director wouldn't let them. Footage and the running length of a scene are even more important in sound pic-

tures than in silent ones. No matter what the personal feeling of the actors—I mean their feeling for one another—they have to speak their lines and then quit. That's one way in which the love scenes have changed. Some kind-hearted directors used to let them run on and on, and I bet more than one girl in pictures has had the experience of finding her own name substituted for that of the heroine—when movies were silent.

"Did you?" I asked.

"I'm not telling," laughed Mrs. Collyer's little girl.

"But don't forget this angle," she added. "Remember that not all scenes are played between people who are interested in each other. In that case the dialogue is a life saver. Having certain set phrases to speak covers the lack of natural inspiration, and no matter how hectic the finished scene may look to the audience, it was just business to the players."

Somehow I got the idea that loving out loud was all right with any one, except the one who might have some ideas of his own on the subject. Or am I wrong, June?

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They Watch Their Step

Continued from page 90

question is, 'Have we enough money to make a go of it?' Of course our combined salaries amount to more than the average couple gets, and I'm certainly making no secret that I shall assume half of the financial obligations, at least until Buddy is more than able to support us both.

"Why shouldn't I? Why shouldn't any woman? Especially in this day and age, when women are capable of making as much, or more, than men? I think Ruth Roland said a very wise thing when she announced her engagement to Ben Bard. She said that money is meant to purchase happiness for a couple, and it didn't make any difference which one of them had it. Maybe back in our grandmother's day it was proper to wait until a man could be a 'good provider,' but that idea is out of date now.

"I don't want to be a parasite, when I am capable of making my own money. I wouldn't feel right about it. Another reason is that I like to work, and I don't know of anybody I would rather work along with than the boy I love. I think that sort of experience brings a couple closer together.

"At first we are going to have just a little apartment. After we have paid for that and our clothes, and saved a little for a rainy day, we'll take

the rest to have a good time on. If there isn't any left," Duane chuckled, "we'll stay home and play bridge. My advice to every young married couple is to learn bridge. It keeps you out of a lot of expensive evenings."

At the same party Jobyna Ralston told me a little secret economy between herself and Richard Arlen. "It was on the engagement ring," said Jobyna. "At the time I met and fell in love with Dick, I was making a great deal of money, and he was on a very small salary with Paramount. But he had saved up a little money, and he wanted to spend it on a beautiful ring for me. I absolutely put my foot down. I don't care a great deal about jewelry, anyway, and I told him I would appreciate the cameo ring he was wearing so much more. So with the money he saved on the ring, he started our home in Taluca Lake. Since then Dick's salary has mounted considerably, and every time he gets a raise he threatens to go down and invest in a diamond. But this ring"—she twisted a pretty cameo that had been in Dick's family for years—"means so much more to me than a diamond would. It means that we were wise about money at a time when we needed to be."

It's Great To Be Famous

Continued from page 83

improvised, "Mr. Davey Lee: I saw you in 'The Singing Fool.' You wasn't so good!"

A popular individual in Hollywood the past few years has been *Peter Pan*. Letters thus directed were delivered to Betty Bronson.

Numerous communications are addressed to Silver King, the horse owned by the late Fred Thomson, and to Tony, the celebrated mount used by Tom Mix. Occasionally a communication arrives for Leo, the Metro-Goldwyn lion whose head is that company's trade-mark. Once in a while, too, the Pathé rooster gets a letter from a fan.

Almost all these letters might be stamped "Returned for better address," when a return address has been given. Or they might be sent to the dead-letter office. But the mail men appear to do their best in making delivery. The postal authorities do not approve of such freak addresses, and plainly say so.

It is estimated that 885,000 fan letters reach Hollywood each month, to

be opened and read by studio clerks. Those which should receive the personal attention of the stars are sorted out.

"We have, on an average, 197,000 incoming letters each month," said Harvey Pugh, in charge of the mail room at the Paramount studio, "and nearly the same number outgoing. Many send stamps for requested photographs. These stamps pile up so rapidly we do not count them. We weigh them. Five hundred and thirteen two-cent stamps weigh one ounce. These are worth ten dollars and twenty-six cents. On rainy days, or when the atmosphere is heavy with moisture, the stamps are dried out before being placed on the scales. Not long ago we had more than seven hundred letters to go out by airmail. I weighed the contents carefully and sent them to the post office, confident each one was under the half-ounce limit. Pretty soon a telephone call came.

"Those letters you sent in," a postal employee said, "are overweight."

You'll have to put on more postage.'

"But they aren't overweight," I insisted. "The same matter is in each one of them. I checked them closely."

"Nevertheless I got the letters, and found that the post office was right. They had absorbed sufficient moisture to be above the initial half-ounce in weight. I placed them before a radiator for half an hour to dry them out, then the post office accepted the entire seven hundred as postage paid."

Checking Up On Dick

Continued from page 21

"The only way to get rid of solicitors and others is to be damn rude to them. They would hound you to death otherwise."

Strangers beat down the hedges of the Arlen estate and trample over the lawn and introduce themselves.

"You know, Mr. Arlen, I'm just so crazy about you—"

"Say! Aren't those flowers just the most wonderful! What are they? Well, did you ever! I wouldn't dream of imposing upon you, Dick. I'm not like some of those crazy fans. I like to be considerate. Those flowers are certainly great. Could you send me some seeds? Better still, send me the flowers, roots and all, when they commence to bud. Wrap them up carefully, so they won't wilt." And so on.

"I'm planning to have my hedges grow seven or eight feet high. They will thicken and no one can get through," Dick prophesied hopefully. "The entrance is open right now, but I'm going to have a gate put on—a closed iron gate you can't see through—with a lock on it, so you'll have to use a key to come in, or go out.

"It's not so much meeting people I object to, as it is to have total strangers trying to get into my home. Not long ago—" Dick stopped again. A man walked along the driveway toward us. I got up and approached the house. Soon Dick followed. "Let's go inside," he urged. "We'll be pestered to death if we remain in front." So we went within and sat in a cool, shady patio, without an insect or a tourist to annoy us.

"You know," Dick resumed, "when I was down and out, not a person bothered to find out if I were alive. I mean people I knew back home. I might have been dying, for all they cared. Yet now I am visited by friends of a friend of the cousin of the aunt of some one I knew very slightly ten years ago. You can't

It isn't often that a letter goes astray, but it happens sometimes. Nils Asther got one from a small town in the Middle West addressed to "Niles Aster," and opened it. The letter contained a garage bill for ninety dollars, and a curt request for the money.

"You said you would pay the damage done to my car," the note said. "Now send it on."

Nils had never been in that vicinity in his life.

blame me if I don't give them a rousing reception."

"I certainly don't. I'd send them to the Carriso Gorge."

You see, as Dick points out, success brings its troubles, no less than failure.

We went over to the Taluca Lake golf club and lunched. I expected any minute to see a stranger spring through one of the open French windows and confront Dick with praise, or a request, or both. But only Olive Borden, looking exquisite, her press agent and a young reporter entered, just as we were departing.

Said Dick as we drove away, "I find that the best thing to do is never to worry, no matter what position you find yourself in. Down and out, or successful, each extreme brings troubles, so it's best to be content, even indifferent.

"There's one chap you've got to admire—Gary Cooper. He takes everything casually. He'll come to the set for rehearsals in an old suit, his face probably unshaved, his hair rumpled. Visitors may come, but that means nothing to Gary. He remains indifferent and enjoys himself. I think his mind is wrapped up more in his ranch than in pictures."

Dick Arlen is just as natural. Where the average youth in pictures tries so obviously to impress you with his unassuming ways, Dick remains himself with much more success. Most of the newcomers put on an act. Their "boyishness" oozes all over them, their "simplicity" becomes chronic. No wonder a poor interviewer is sometimes forced to tell the cruel truth!

It is bad for the poseurs—but not for Dick Arlen. I have kept an eye on him since he began to climb. He has changed, as every one changes, but he has not become an actor in private life. In other words—Dick Arlen is Dick Arlen and a great fellow.

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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 68

"Alibi"—United Artists. All dialogue. Crook picture, played and directed with distinction. A cop's daughter sympathizes with underworld, marries a crook, but is soon disillusioned in a thrilling climax. Chester Morris, Eleanor Griffith, Pat O'Malley, Regis Toomey supply high lights in action and talk.

"Letter, The"—Paramount. Entertaining eloquence and dramatic situations make this a milestone in all-dialogue films, and bring to the screen the gifted Jeanne Eagels. A civilized picture showing the wrecked lives of an English couple in Singapore. Stage cast devoid of cuties includes O. P. Heggie, Reginald Owen, and Herbert Marshall.

"Iron Mask, The"—United Artists. A picturesque tapestry, sequel to "The Three Musketeers," superbly exploiting Douglas Fairbanks. Story from Dumas revolves around the throne of seventeenth-century France. Marguerite de la Motte, Dorothy Revier, William Bakewell, and Ulrich Haupt.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Street Girl"—RKO. Singing and dialogue. Story of a girl found starving on the streets, who turns out to be the salvation of four musicians who befriend her. Hard to believe, but probably entertaining to majority. Betty Compson in the sugary rôle, Jack Oakie good as lines permit; John Harron, Ned Sparks, Guy Buccola.

"Smiling Irish Eyes"—First National. All dialogue. Colleen Moore's first talkie, in which she is much better than the story deserves. An Irish lass lets her fiddling lad go to New York, and after a lot of transatlantic travel, they finally embrace over the wishing well, back on the old sod. James Hall, Aggie Herring, Claude Gillingwater.

"Say It With Songs"—Warner. Singing and dialogue. Al Jolson's new picture, cut from previous patterns. A good deal of moviesque hocus-pocus, as well as sonny-boy songs, but perhaps you like them. Davey Lee and Marian Nixon.

"Man and the Moment, The"—First National. Dialogue. Talking debut of Rod La Rocque, opposite Billie Dove, in glossy, diverting society film. A gay philanderer marries a sheltered girl, and his former sweetheart makes trouble. La Rocque's dialogue good. Besides the stars, there is Gwen Lee.

"Hungarian Rhapsody"—Paramount. Sound. Smoothly directed, well-photographed film, in Hungarian setting. Charm rather than wrenching moments. European favorites, Dita Parlo, Lil Dagover, and Willy Fritsch. Story of officer's love for girl and his career.

"Lucky Star"—Fox. Part dialogue. A countryside idyl with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, and the director is Frank Borzage. As pretty and as good as one would expect, the story being that of a farm girl and her crippled ex-soldier lover. Guinn Williams is the bad, bad villain.

"Pleasure Crazy"—Fox. All dialogue. Wild scramble of melodrama, with a cast including three important

talkie discoveries, Marguerite Churchill, Dorothy Burgess, Kenneth MacKenna. Intrigue and adventure around a country estate, crools, jewels, and lovers. Well-played support.

"The Time, the Place, and the Girl"—Warner. All dialogue. An amusing, lively story from the pompadour age. Grant Withers makes début in talkies, with honors, as victim of a stock fraud, but he blunders out. Every moment good for a laugh. Betty Compson, John Davidson, Gertrude Olmsted.

"Charming Sinners"—Paramount. All dialogue. A mild stage play denatured further for the screen, with much tea sipping and hand kissing. A constant wife catches up her husband and gives him a lecture and makes threats, all elegantly set forth by Ruth Chatterton, Clive Brook, and William Powell. Mary Nolan's first talkie appearance.

"Behind That Curtain"—Fox. All dialogue. Very good film, in spite of the mystery being revealed too soon. Lois Moran in audible début. Story of a girl who marries an adventurer in London and discovers in India that he is a murderer. Capital performance by Warner Baxter. Gilbert Emery, Philip Strange do well, also.

"Broadway Babies"—First National. All dialogue. Backstage melodrama of the usual sort, with one redeeming sequence. Entertaining, with Alice White trying hard to act, and a good cast. Fred Kohler, as rum-running lover, magnificent. Charles Delaney, Sally Eilers, Marion Byron, Bodil Rossing.

"Mysterious Doctor Fu-Manchu, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Scotland Yard versus *Doctor Fu*, with plenty of Oriental trimmings, develops into a thrilling climax. The heroine is the ward of the Chinaman, and the gallant hero one of the latter's marked victims. Warner Oland, Neil Hamilton, O. P. Heggie, and Jean Arthur do well.

"Four Feathers, The"—Paramount. Silent. English soldier loses his nerve before Sudan war, but later goes to the jungles to redeem himself in the eyes of fiancée and friends. Authentic, thrilling sequences made in the wilds, around which picture is cleverly built. Fay Wray, Richard Arlen, Clive Brook, William Powell, Noah Beery, Philippe de Lacy.

"Black Watch, The"—Fox. All dialogue. Pictorially magnificent film about English soldier on the Afghan front, whose mission is to win love of girl leader of hill tribe. Stirring episodes, but falls short of its ambitions. Victor McLaglen, Myrna Loy, David Rollins, Mitchell Lewis, Roy d'Arcy.

"Cocoanuts, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. The Four Marx Brothers bring their capers and humor to the screen, without loss of fun or individuality. Slight musical-comedy plot about a stolen necklace. Kay Francis, Cyril Ring, Oscar Shaw, and Mary Eaton.

"Broadway"—Universal. All dialogue. Big in point of sets, story reminiscent. Show girls, wise-cracking boys, bootleggers in evening clothes, with gun play and love-making, all finally meeting suitable rewards. Old stuff made tolerable by embellishments. Thomas

E. Jackson and Paul Porcasi of stage cast, Evelyn Brent, Glenn Tryon, Robert Ellis, Leslie Fenton, Arthur Housman, Merna Kennedy.

"Fox Movietone Follies of 1929"—Fox. All dialogue and song. Pageantry of colorful revue, with wisp of story, and all the ingredients of a stage show, except a certain cleverness. Many well-known faces, including Sue Carol, David Rollins, Stepin Fetchit, Sharon Lynn.

"Innocents of Paris"—Paramount. Dialogue and singing. Début Maurice Chevalier, French stage star of unique personality due for merited success in another picture. Shoddy story of waif befriended by junkman and latter's rise to fame on stage. Astonishing performance by child, David Durand. Sylvia Beecher and Margaret Livingston.

"Bridge of San Luis Rey, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Part dialogue. Story of notable novel faithfully brought to screen, with reverence and pictorial beauty. Frustrated, unhappy lives of five characters end with collapse of ancient Peruvian bridge. Lily Damita, Raquel Torres, Duncan Rinaldo, Don Alvarado, Emily Fitzroy, Henry B. Walthall, and Ernest Torrence.

"Desert Song, The"—Warner. All dialogue and singing. First operetta to reach screen, with solos, duets, and choruses of stage representation. Silly story, but no fault of screen's telling of it, but whole thing too long, therefore tedious. John Boles, Carlotta King, Louise Fazenda, Myrna Loy, John Miljan, and Johnny Arthur.

"Not Quite Decent"—Fox. Part dialogue. Hard-boiled night-club queen discovers long-lost daughter as chorus girl listening to temptations of villain, so she exposes serpent to girl in great, big scene of simulated drunkenness and toughness. Theatric, unconvincing, but tolerably interesting. Louise Dresser, June Collyer, Paul Nicholson, and Allan Lane.

"Show Boat"—Universal. Part dialogue. Life aboard a river theater traced on a wide canvas. Stirring musical accompaniment, but well-known story does not gain in film version. Laura La Plante, Joseph Schildkraut, Emily Fitzroy, Alma Rubens good.

"His Captive Woman"—First National. Part dialogue. Dorothy Mackaill at her best, opposite Milton Sills. Silent episodes on charming island, where love blossoms. Murder trial with surprising sentence. Beautiful photography, excellent acting.

"Christina"—Fox. Silent. Quaint, pretty, though sirupy, picture, with Janet Gaynor as Dutch girl, and Charles Morton her circus sweetheart. Troubled love, but certain to turn out right from the first. Rudolph Schildkraut, Lucy Dorraine.

"Lady of the Pavements"—United Artists. Old screen friends in new trappings, but familiar situations. A haughty countess, Jetta Goudal, spurned by her fiancé, counters by making him fall in love with a café girl, Lupe Velez, picked up and made a lady overnight. The affair gets out of hand, the girl flees, and the lover follows. William Boyd is the man. Lupe sings and sings.

"Noah's Ark"—Warner. A spectacle of more eye than ear interest, unsurpassed in its Deluge scene. Modern se-

quences culminating in a hopeless tangle in the World War, which fades to the biblical sequences, where the same characters appear. George O'Brien, Dolores Costello, Guinn Williams, Noah Beery.

"River, The"—Fox. Romantic, poetic, and slow picture of siren's untiring effort to win an innocent country boy, who doesn't know what it's all about. Magnificent backgrounds of forest and stream and best acting of Charles Farrell's career. Mary Duncan unusual as persevering siren finally sublimated by love.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Fast Life"—First National. All dialogue. A hollow story, topheavy with theatrics and bombastic talking. Melodramatic situation in which the governor's son, Chester Morris, hesitates to confess a murder and save his friend's life. Other players John St. Polis, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Loretta Young.

"Melody Lane"—Universal. Songs and dialogue. This feeble imitation of "The Singing Fool" is the vehicle for much crooning after the manner of a past age and an old-fashioned story. Eddie Leonard, Huntly Gordon, Josephine Dunn. A baby girl is the inspiration of the singing.

"Twin Beds"—First National. All dialogue. A moth-eaten farce in which an inebriated stranger wanders into the bride's bedroom and things have to be explained before happiness sets in. Patsy Ruth Miller is charming as the bride. Jack Mulhall, Armand Kaliz, Gertrude Astor, Zazu Pitts.

"Thunder"—Metro-Goldwyn. Silent. The trials of a veteran engineer who suffers from a schedule complex are portrayed by Lon Chaney. The climax comes with hauling a relief train to flood sufferers over a submerged track. Too much detail. James Murray fine. Phyllis Haver and George Duryea.

"Wheel of Life, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Action revolves slowly, and by coincidence. Heavy efforts to dodge love in India, that hotbed of romance, until a stray bullet paves the way. Richard Dix a very un-English Englishman, and Esther Ralston does not gain by speech.

"Drag"—First National. All dialogue. Richard Barthelmess at low ebb, in story about a country newspaper editor whose in-laws are a "drag" to his career, until he finally returns to the city and his first love. Alice Day, Lila Lee, Lucien Littlefield, and Tom Dugan.

"Father and Son"—Columbia. All dialogue. Artificial plot and dialogue, the sweet, sweet palship of father and son all but wrecked by fortune-hunting stepmother. A homemade phonograph record saves the day. Jack Holt, Micky McBan, Dorothy Revier, Wheeler Oakman.

"Idle Rich, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Story of conflict between young millionaire and his stenographer-wife's poor family, in realistic comedy. Poor recording and photography, but good acting. Bessie Love, Conrad Nagel, Leila Hyams, Robert Ober, James Neil, Edythe Chapman, Paul Kruger, Kenneth Gibson.



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Information, Please

Continued from page 102

POLLY ALLEN.—Yes, indeed, you may correct me! Any one can—and sometimes does! If there's a Gary Cooper club, that's just dandy—but I was never notified, and unfortunately you don't tell me who is in charge. The leading man in "What Price Beauty?" was Pierre Gendron. Eugene O'Brien is in vaudeville.

M. T. S.—Much as I like to be obliging, it is asking too much to expect an answer in "the next issue." In fact, it's asking a miracle. A magazine requires about three months for printing and distribution. Ken Maynard was born in Mission, Texas, July 21, 1895. He went to a military school in Virginia, and then became a trick rider in circuses and Wild West shows. He was a featured rider in Barnum & Bailey and Ringling Brothers circuses in Los Angeles, before starting his film career in December, 1922. He married Mary Deper, August 18, 1925.

N. R. WHIPPLE.—Fannie Brice has been making a film at United Artist studio. I think Davey Lee could be reached through Keith-Orpheum, Los Angeles. "Snookums" is with Universal; his name is Sunny McKeen. Farina is really a colored boy, named Allan Hoskins, and he works at the Hal Roach studio in Culver City, California. *Magnolia's* mother in "Show Boat" was played by Emily Fitzroy.

MILDRED LANDEO.—Yes, I might as well have all those questions in one gulp and get them over with! Charles Rogers has an elder sister who is married. I think his parents live in Olathe, Kansas. Nancy Carroll is twenty-three and separated from Jack Kirkland, her husband. Ronald Colman is thirty-eight, married, but does not live with his wife. Alice White is twenty-two and unmarried. Answers to your other questions are included elsewhere in this department.

MARATHON.—If I answer your questions, you'll know I'm good? I don't want people to know I'm good; they'll expect too much of me. Renée Adorée—Renée de la Fento—was born in Lille, France, September 1, about 1901. Five feet one, weight 107. Blue eyes, dark hair. Married June 27, 1927, to William Sherman Gill; recently divorced. Richard Arlen—Richard van Mattimore—was born in Charlottesville, Virginia, September 1, 1899. Five feet ten, weight 160. Blue eyes, brown hair. He married Jobyna Ralston January 28, 1927. George K. Arthur was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, January 27, 1899. Height, five feet six, weighs 135. Brown hair and eyes. His wife is Melba Lloyd, a sculptress. They were married in 1922. Jean Arthur—Gladys Green—was born in New York, October 17th—year not given. Height five feet four, weight 116. Hazel eyes, brown hair. Divorce pending from Julian Ancker, whom she married in July, 1927. Nils Asther was born in Malmo, Sweden, January 17, 1902. Height, six feet one and a half, weight 165. Hazel eyes, brown hair. He's divorced, but I don't know from whom. Mary Astor does not give her birthdate, but it's about 1906. The big event occurred in Quincy, Illinois. Her real name is Lucille Langhanke. Height, five feet six. Auburn hair, brown eyes. She married Kenneth Hawkes February 23, 1928. Jean Ackerman is a show girl, not in movies as far as I know. And who is Gurla André? Are you cataloging the A's?

RAMON'S FAN.—Yes, I have met Ramon; he doesn't seem conceited at all. Perhaps a little naïve. Yes, he's among the ten most popular stars. I didn't happen to notice the box-office returns of "The Pagan" or "The Flying Fleet."

CURIOSITY RUTH AND CURIOSITY ETHEL.—And that doesn't tell the half of it? Am I supposed to turn over the whole page to your questions? You'll find all those dozens of life stories you ask for given here from time to time. Greta Nissen is a Norwegian actress. A girl named Eva Olivotti sang Laura La Plante's songs in "Show Boat." Rin-Tin-Tin made pictures for years; some of his films were "Below the Line," "Clash of the Wolves," "The Night Cry," "Dog of the Regiment," "Jaws of Steel," "Rinty of the Desert." Malcolm McGregor was born on October 13th; William Collier, Jr., on February 12th. James Ford and Doug, Jr., are both First National players. Anita Page's real name is Anita Pomarcs. Others you ask about use their own names.

ANOTHER GARBO FAN.—No wonder Garbo is such a cool person, with all those fans! Billie Dove's real name is Lillian Bohny. She was born in New York. Write to Greta Garbo at M.-G.-M. studio for her picture. "Little Women" was produced on the screen about ten years ago. Perhaps Betty Compson wears her hair fuzzed because she likes it that way.

C. S. AND A. S.—Well, C. S., you win. There is a film called "Mademoiselle from Armentieres," an English picture released here last year. Estelle Brody and John Stuart played the leads. I don't know of any film called "Murdered Millions," but there may be some old-timer like that. Gary Cooper was born May 7, 1901. William Powell is divorced from Eileen Wilson. He doesn't give his home address.

MARGIE.—Not *the* Margie? Not the one the song was written about a few years ago? There was an article about Richard Barthelmess in PICTURE PLAY for September, 1928. He has several fan clubs; would you like the address of the one in Brooklyn? That's Ethel Milner, 1303 Dean Street, Brooklyn, New York.

JOSIANA BERNAY.—Such a nice letter, even if it was written in pencil! You'll be glad to know that your favorite, Ralph Forbes, has been signed by First National, and is playing opposite Corinne Griffith in "Lilies of the Field." I don't know why you complain that you haven't seen him much since "Beau Geste"—didn't you look? He played in "Mr. Wu," "The Enemy," "Trail of '98," "The Latest from Paris," "The Actress," "Under the Black Eagle," "The Whip," "Reckless Youth," "Masks of the Devil," and "Green Goddess." Isn't that enough? Both Ricardo Cortez and Rod La Rocque reached the movies via the stage. Yes, Alma Rubens is Ricardo's first wife. It's true she is very ill, and is not yet well enough to appear in pictures.

A DAVID ROLLINS FAN.—And he has many more! He was born in Kansas City, Missouri, September 2, 1909. He began in pictures as an extra in 1926. David's new films are "Meal Ticket" and "Listen to the Band." Did you see the story about him in PICTURE PLAY for November?

ELEANOR MARTIN.—For once I refuse to stand corrected! You chide me for saying some months ago that Buddy Rog-

ers was twenty-four and, in the same issue, giving his birthday as August 13, 1904—which, you say, makes him twenty-six this fall. Where's your arithmetic—it makes him twenty-five. Robert Armstrong was born in Saginaw, Michigan, November 20, 1896. That's his real name. Myrna Loy is American, of Scotch-Welsh-Swedish descent. Edward Nugent was born in New York City, but doesn't say when. There are countless English stars in pictures—Ronald Colman, Clive Brook, Victor McLaglen, Ralph Forbes, H. B. Warner, Percy Marmont, and many other actors.

GENEVIEVE A. LARRIEUX-LOUNDANCE.—Yes, I'll keep a record of your Lois Moran Club, though we don't announce them in PICTURE PLAY unless some one asks about them. I'd be delighted to accept your invitation as honorary member, as long as I don't have to write any letters!

THERALL E. FOURT.—I'll refer John Boles' fans to your club.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of PICTURE PLAY, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1929.

State of New York, County of New York (ss.)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George C. Smith, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is Vice President of the Street & Smith Corporation, publishers of PICTURE PLAY, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

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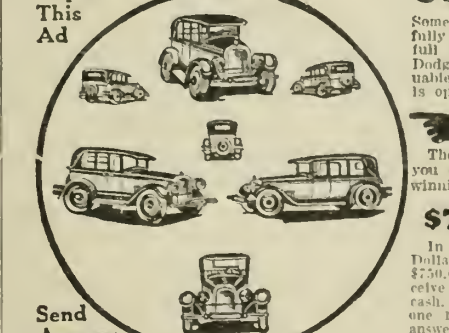
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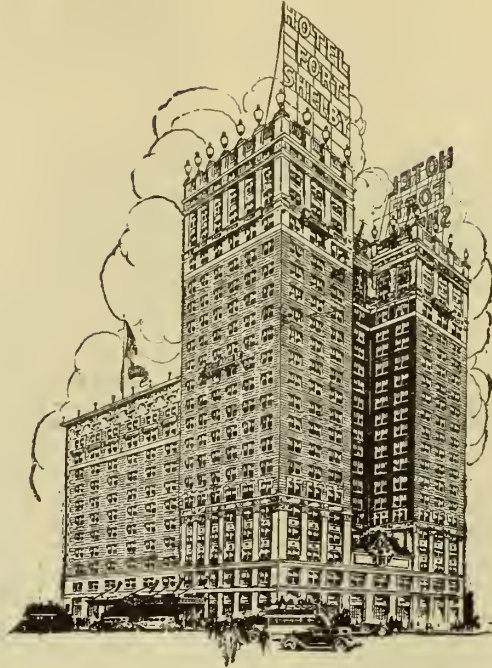
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PICTURE PLAY

NOV. 1929

25
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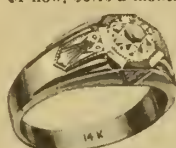
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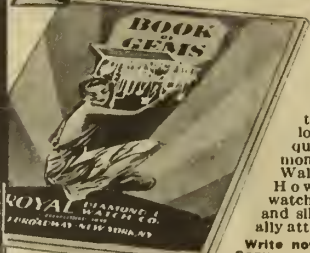
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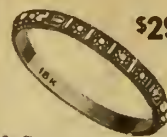
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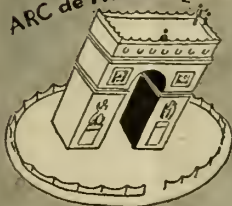
TOUR
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LE RAT MORT
MONTMARTRE

—where "Pike" Peters
met Claudine, the
gold-digging grisette.

ARC de TRIOMPHE



—where Pike met his son
Ross and discovered his af-
faire de coeur with Fleurie.



CIROS
—where Mrs. Peters
met the Marquis de
Brassac Coudray and
a possible title for her
unmarried daughter.



BOULEVARD
de CLICHY

—Claudine's apartment where
Mrs. Peters went to find Pike.

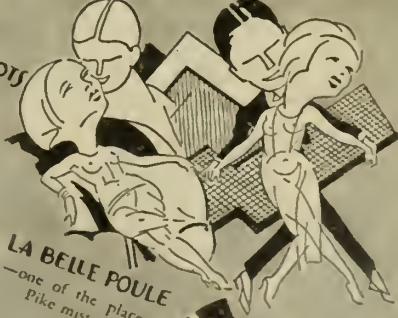


HOTEL des
TROIS COULEUR

—where Pike staged a scene
with Claudine to horrify Ross,
whom he expected any moment.



CAFE des DEUX MAGOTS
LATIN QUARTER
—where Pike's son, Ross,
met and fell in love with
Fleurie, the minette.



LA BELLE POULE
—one of the places
Pike missed!



BOULEVARD
ST. GERMAIN

—where Ross and
Fleurie set up
housekeeping — an
old French custom.



BOULEVARD
des ITALIENS

—where the family, re-
united, bought their
tickets back to Ameri-
ca — sadder and wiser

WILL ROGERS

as "Pike" Peters, saw everything that Paris
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bust." He paixed and paixed at the Cafe
de la Paix. Ooo-la-la-la!

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directed by FRANK BORZAGE



Picture Play

Volume XXXI

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HOLLYWOOD'S STINGY STARS

STINGY? you say. "Why, I thought stars just rolled in money and spent it lavishly. They always provide generously for their parents, and don't their parties cost a lot?"

Yes, they invariably look after their parents as successful sons and daughters should. And when they entertain their friends, they usually do it nicely. But there's another side of the question, and there are some stars who are far from careless with their money. Some, indeed, watch their dollars so carefully in ordinary expenditures, that they have earned the reputation of being poor spenders, of being—excuse the word—tight. This anomalous state of affairs among persons whose incomes are huge is as surprising as it is revealing. And the instances of economy, of downright stinginess, are still more surprising and revealing.

They have been collected and recorded by Edwin Schallert, whose article in December **PICTURE PLAY** will cover the subject in his usual thorough fashion and will entertain you all the way.

AND THE GENEROUS ONES

ON the other hand, Helen Louise Walker will discuss the opposite side of the question in the same number. She has discovered amazing instances of generosity, of gentle—though costly—sympathy among the stars who tide over their less fortunate coworkers during lean periods, and who say nothing about it. She will tell of the star who was approached for a loan twenty-three times in one day. When you know the identity of this star you won't need to be told how he responded!

These two leading articles are characteristic of the entire contents of **PICTURE PLAY**, and its policy of fairness, of throwing new light on subjects and personalities, of being entertaining always.

And while you're about it, make a note to look for Myrtle Gebhart's story of Anna Q. Nilsson in the same issue. In our opinion, it is one of her best. Renée Adorée's colorful career and unusual character will be the subject of another of Margaret Reid's brilliant analyses and—but there's hardly a star you won't learn something new about in December **PICTURE PLAY**.



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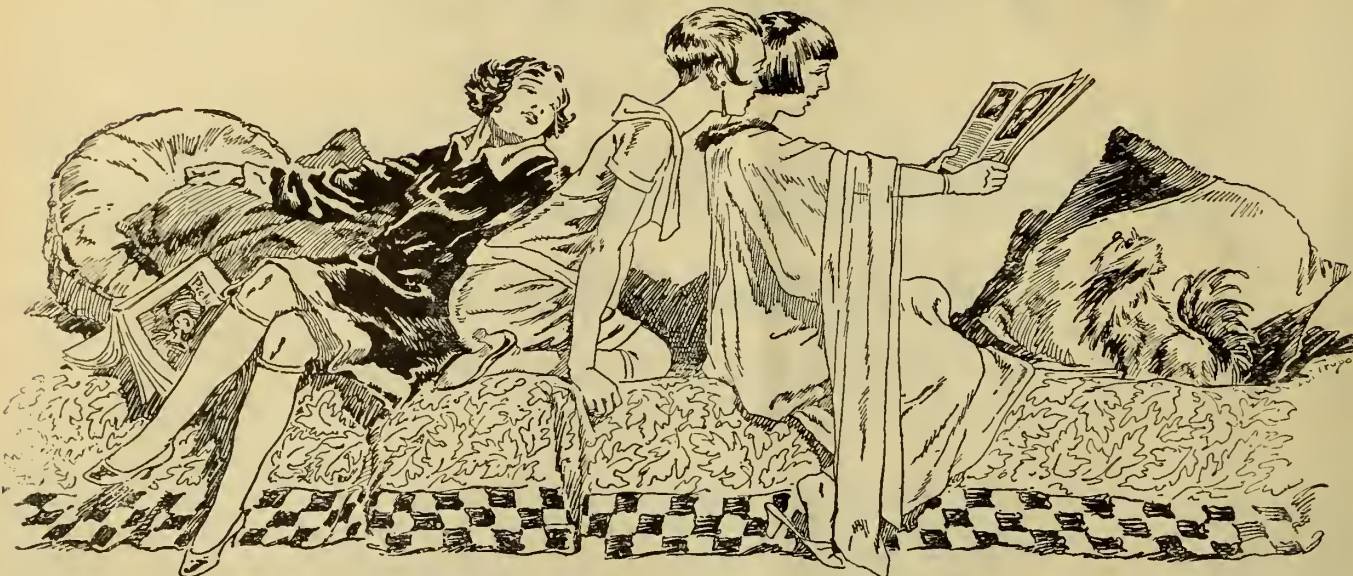


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What the Fans Think



New Light On Photo Question.

HAVING read complaints of fans concerning the photo question, I should like to side with the stars for a moment, and try to show certain irritated fans that there are two sides to this "Who gets the quarters?" situation.

It is unfortunate that certain fans should have placed such an unpleasant slant on the situation as S. Haigon, of Rhode Island. I must confess that it is very disillusioning not to receive a photo from a player one admires, and when the usual quarter fails to bring response one can hardly blame a fan for becoming angry.

Yet aren't we a little too hard on the players themselves? Isn't it quite possible that they never receive our quarters? Isn't it quite probable that the money remitted for photos goes into the pockets of the companies to whom our favorites are under contract? Isn't it feasible that a very popular screen star cannot, under any circumstances, read all his, or her, fan mail? Isn't it credible that a player of the type, say, of Nils Asther, coming as he does from a foreign land, is not really interested in fan mail? Of course the fans think this is rank ingratitude: "Ah, yes, how could the dear fellow ever forget his beloved public!" But does not "his beloved public" forget him when he begins to lose his box-office appeal? It does—and how! Isn't it logical that the missing quarters get lost once in a while? And, on the other hand, isn't it from the disappointed fan that we invariably hear? I know one fan who has sent quarter after quarter to screen players, and has never once been disappointed in not receiving a photo. But do we read her letter and the letters of the many others whose relations with screen people have been equally happy? Only sometimes!

Of the letters which we fans write to Hollywood, perhaps one fourth ever reach the players themselves. Have we a right to blame the stars, therefore, for faults of which they are not guilty?

But, you say, if the players don't receive letters, why don't they make arrangements whereby their mail will be given sufficient care? The answer to this is found in several reasons. For one, there are players who don't give a tinker's dam what the fans think of them. Isn't the box office a truer barometer of an actor's financial worth than the letters from so-called admirers, who are merely collecting photographs? For another reason, there are players who are simply neglectful, even as you

and I are neglectful, and forget to answer the letter that came last week instead of giving it our immediate attention. But, of course, in a star neglect is a sin. In fact, almost anything which isn't an absolute virtue is. For a third reason, despite the fact that certain players have made arrangements for the care of their mail, that mail is not given the right attention. Have you ever hired a man to do a certain bit of work, only to find it untouched the moment your back was turned? Well, fans, use your heads and parallel the two cases.

For still another reason, there are players who have been bitterly disillusioned by the oftentimes insincere adulation of the fans. Players who have come back and who know what it is to be forgotten for months at a time, with not a fan letter in the mail box. Can you blame them for failing to be thrilled to the skies over the raving of Polly Pickens, of Pepper Corners, Iowa? And then there are the stars who have been tricked into a hundred compromising situations by "phoney" letters, stars who have become thoroughly disgusted by the strange behavior of their so-called fan friends. Do you censure *them* for lack of interest in their mail? Come on, fans, wake up! Don't be so unfair to the poor players. They have *their* side of the story, and it's quite as logical and credible as yours.

There seem to be people who take a morbid delight in trying to destroy the illusions which the fans have built up and which give so much genuine happiness to those who dream of the romance that only the screen can give. It appears to be the thing for Hollywood fans to do their best to debunk stars when they write to the magazines. The recent letter of Kit Leyland is a superb example of this sort of rubbish. We don't say that Mr. Leyland isn't absolutely correct in the information which he so kindly offers, but we should like to know his motives in attempting to shatter the dreams which many fans have no doubt cherished. For, no matter how sophisticated we may think ourselves to be, there is much of the dreamer in each of us. Mr. Leyland looks down upon the stars so successfully that we suggest he take a fling on the screen himself.

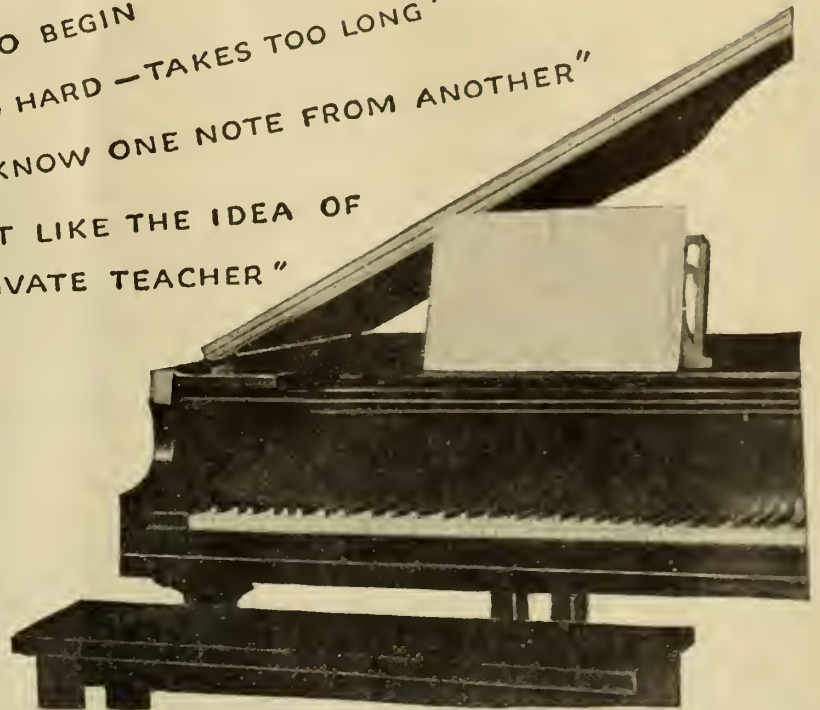
In closing, I should like to say a word in favor of PICTURE PLAY's editor and reviewer, Norbert Lusk. I have seen his name mentioned only once or twice in this department, but he deserves commendation for his sound judgment and delightful side-remarks. And,

Continued on page 10

No alibis *now* for not learning to play!



"-AFRAID TO BEGIN"
 "IT'S TOO HARD - TAKES TOO LONG"
 "I DON'T KNOW ONE NOTE FROM ANOTHER"
 "I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF
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Cornet	Saxophone
	Trombone
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	Piano Accordion
	Banjo (Flectrum, 5-String or Tenor)

Continued from page 8

thanks, Mr. Lusk, for that wholly competent and charming review of Novarro's "The Pagan"! RICHARD E. PASSMORE.
Media, Pennsylvania.

Miss Compson's Loss.

A certain star has got my Irish up, and I'm telling the world I don't like Betty Compson. She was one of my favorites. But after reading her life story, I think she is the most conceited, selfish person I ever heard of.

She says her father was dying with tuberculosis, but she wouldn't go near him because she was afraid of contracting it! Afraid of marring her perfect beauty! She says she has always known she was beautiful. She was ashamed of her parents, because they ran a grocery store and later a boarding house, although they were, she admits, doing it for the money to educate her in music. She can't stand children. When her father died she was glad, because then she was no longer a grocer's daughter.

There won't be any more of my quarters buying tickets to see her. Some of the fans will probably say "Her private life is her own affair." That's true. Why doesn't she keep it out of print, then? Every magazine you pick up has something about the lovely Betty Compson, but I don't believe she'll be popular long. I don't suppose Miss Compson cares about my opinion, or that of any of her fans, but I know many people with the same opinion. Unless she wants to lose more admirers, I advise her to stop making her *real* self known to the public.

MRS. C. B. MATLOCK.

Waco, Texas.

Mercy! Buddy Conceited?

Until I read that most egotistical interview that appeared in August PICTURE PLAY, I had always liked Buddy Rogers, but he will never get any place tooting his own horn, so to speak. Yes, of course we are interested in his love affairs, musical aspirations, et cetera. However, was it necessary for Buddy to say, "Valentino only got 16,000 letters a month, while I get 23,000"?

Another objection. Buddy says he won't get married, because his fans won't let him.

Why, my dear child, no one cares what you do in private life, for we don't know that side of you anyway. All we are interested in is the pictures you make, so go ahead and get married and don't worry about your fans becoming peeved, because we, all know we haven't any chance in capturing you, anyway.

However, I don't wish to throw too many bricks, as I admire Buddy's acting very much and, after all, that's all that counts.

For Heaven's sake, Buddy, don't get any more conceited, or I know one less fan for you.

Lansing, Michigan.

Miss Pickford's Accent False?

Personally, I like the fans who knock the movies. That sounds pretty bad, but you *do* get so much help out of seeing others find fault with the stars.

And now I'll do some knocking. How on earth could any one pick Mary Pickford for Southern dialogue? If that once adored favorite had any touch of the famous Southern drawl in her voice—then I'm from Mars. When the lamb was shorn then—well, in plain English, Mary Pickford is all up with me. I'm looking right now at a picture of her and her wonderful curls.

How could she part with them? Having lived in Georgia all my life and only recently come to North Carolina, I know all about the way real, honest-to-goodness Southern people talk. There are many who will agree with me. I heard some one rightly say that the cast in "Coquette" sounded, when they spoke, like a crowd of old-time negroes, or a band of backwoodsmen. If refined Southern people ever spoke like that, or ever will, let me be dead when they do.

They say Mary Pickford is all worked up over her *triumphant* success in "Coquette." Jove! people *are* peculiar. If she only knew the feeling, the thought, of the people who live in the setting of her "successful" film!

NAN CHAUNCEY.

Greensboro, North Carolina.

Buddy Topples—Billy Rises.

Until now Buddy Rogers has been my ideal. Before reading the interview with Buddy in August PICTURE PLAY, I had always thought him a sweet, unassuming youth, and surely not one to toot his own horn. Imagine my amazement, then, on discovering the erstwhile modest Buddy to be somewhat of an egoist.

In the first place, he made a catty remark about Charlie Farrell. Indeed, I have seen none of Buddy's pictures winning the gold medal as Farrell, a comparative newcomer, aided in doing for "Seventh Heaven."

And then again, Buddy compares his fan mail to that of Valentino. He should remember that Rudy had only the silent screen as his medium, while Buddy has the advantage of winning many admirers by virtue of his full, rich voice.

Perhaps I have misconstrued Buddy's statements. I rather hope I have. I realize that Buddy has much to be proud of—youth, looks, and success. But he might be a little more subtle when he compares himself with others.

Right now William Haines replaces Buddy Rogers on my favorite's throne.

DOLORES VASHOLZ.

Kansas City, Missouri.

Won't Some One Defend Alice?

It was unnecessary for me to sit through any picture twice to discover that Alice White cannot act. I saw her *just once*, and such agony I never want to suffer again. It doesn't speak much for the intelligence of the fans if there is any demand for her picture. I can't understand her popularity at all, although there may be a certain class of people who enjoy seeing her.

Is it any wonder that girls come to Hollywood? It isn't hard to convince oneself that one could do as well and better than Miss White. Off the screen—if any one cares to know—she is notoriously dumb. I could say a lot more.

Dolores del Rio is fundamentally one of the greatest actresses on the screen. But that doesn't mean she can make any kind of face and get away with it. It is true that her one great performance was in "Resurrection." With the opportunities she has had, no one but she can be blamed for her mistakes. I have seen almost every picture she has ever made, in search of a glimmer of the divine spark which gave such poignant and tragic beauty to *Katasha Maslova*, but have only become thoroughly disgusted instead. Dolores had better leave the cute capers for a while and go back to real acting.

CROCELLA MULLEN

Hollywood, California.

Too Busy for Clubs.

In the article entitled "Are These Your Stars?" was mentioned the fact that the stage recruits seem to have caused little or no ripples, because no clubs had been formed in their honor. Another quote from the article is "After all, who are Jeanne Eagles, Herbert Marshall, et cetera when Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll are playing across the street?"

The entire article seems biased. It seems that Radie Harris tried to arouse prejudice against the stage stars who have come to the screen.

As far as clubs in their honor are concerned, I don't suppose there will be any, for the simple reason that these stars appeal to the class of people whose lives are too busy to form clubs. These stars have supporters in the mature classes.

Let us take Ruth Chatterton for an example. What an actress! I saw her in "Charming Sinners." How I enjoyed the character which she so gracefully made live! How her voice carried! The house was packed and every one seemed to enjoy her equally as well as I, for I could hear whispers, "Isn't she marvelous?" "Isn't she clever?"

Although we recognize and enjoy the work of an artist, have we time to foster a club in her honor, or write fan mail? No, because we are entirely too busy. But when another Chatterton picture comes, we'll be on hand to see it.

MAE HARRIS.

90 Edgecombe Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

No Longer Unhonored, Unsung.

We've all been praising and damning—and not faintly, either—these creatures called stars. Even those hard-working people, the magazine writers, have been spoken about now and then. But never do I hear any one commenting, favorably or adversely, about those poor, long-suffering individuals, the film reviewers. They exist in silent anguish through miles of film, often atrocious, in order that they may help guide us in our choice.

So, I select for this month's list of adjectives, Norbert Lusk. Mr. Lusk is, to me, the most intelligent reviewer on any magazine. He does not pass off a lot of smart cracks and slipshod piffle as criticism. He adopts a workmanlike attitude toward his reviewing. You feel that he knows his business. Frankly, keenly, with fine impartiality and fairness, he analyzes pictures. Occasionally he brings in a bit of grand humor.

Have you ever noticed how much he knows about drama—tiny, fine points? Sometimes, when he allows himself to digress, he gives really brilliant dissertations on phases of drama. Note his analysis of so-called natural speech on the stage, and the question of accent.

Of course, my frequently agreeing with him may have a little to do with my admiration. It has come to be a game with me to see all the films possible before Mr. Lusk does, and then compare my reactions with his. And how we do agree! If I miss a picture he praises I am sorry, because I know that I would have liked it.

Ever since Mr. Lusk wrote long ago a series of articles dealing with Mabel Normand, Geraldine Farrar, and all the fascinating people of early film life, his work has interested me. And I'm glad that he has not let me down in this new work. Although it can't be new—he knows too much about it.

ALICE CLIFTON.

225 East River Street,
Peru, Indiana.

Continued on page 12



"The Only Gesture You Can Make Is To Marry!"

Janet sighed without answering. She gazed up into the eyes of her artist lover. One man had offered her wealth, another fame, and a third social position. But in each case the offer carried a condition which made it impossible for her to accept it.

And this Leonard Quigg, with his erratic, artistic temperament, was just the type of man she had vowed she would never marry! Yet she cared for him probably more than any of the others.

She hesitated and then——

The next thing she knew Leonard was kissing her, kissing her throat and

her closed eyes, and the crimson bowl that was her mouth.

"I love you, Janet," he was saying. "I love you. You don't know how sweet you are, how sweet——"

But even after this, Janet wavered in her decision. The love game was too fascinating, the offers she continued to receive were too tempting to be put aside lightly for love of a musician.

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CHELSEA HOUSE, Publishers

79 Seventh Avenue, New York

Continued from page 10

In Memoriam.

Silence on the Warner set! The bugler in the studio orchestra sounds taps for one who has passed on. Gladys Brockwell, a real old-timer in the movie racket and an accomplished actress, has been taken from us forever. But her fans will have memories which no one can take away. Such pictures as "Stella Maris" and "The Home-owners" are more than sufficient to make her immortal in the memories of those who have watched motion pictures rise from the time Gladys Brockwell got her start on the screen. She was the first real actress with a soul. Let us pay silent tribute to a wonderful artist.

EDDIE HILL.

New York, N. Y.

Ah, Alice Is Defended!

Ye gods and little fishes, what on earth has come over the fans, slamming my favorite actress, Alice White?

Kathryn Snyder relates that Alice thinks she is Clara Bow's twin. That shows how much Miss Snyder reads the magazines. There are interviews with Miss White in which it was stated that she had cried, because some one said that she resembled Clara Bow.

I have never seen nor met Miss Snyder, but I have my opinion of her. She hopes that all the foreign players who come to America will fail. I wonder if she has seen Nils Asther?

And another thing, Joyce Alliston, of Canada, says: "When Alice White was put on the screen, it was just a case of adding insult to injury; she isn't good looking and she can't act." All I can say is, that if you don't like her pictures, don't go to see them. You won't be missed. Who gave you the idea that she isn't good looking? I suppose your idea of a choice-looking girl is Polly Moran.

The only ones who have the authority to take her off the screen are her fans, but as long as Jacksonville, Florida, is on the map, Alice White will be on the screen. She is one of the biggest box-office bets here. I know, because our closest friend owns a theater.

BETTY HARRISON.

2225 Post Street, Jacksonville, Florida.

Eddie Dowling Gets a Hand.

Of all the stage stars who have appeared in talking pictures, there is only one I would include among my favorite screen stars. He is Eddie Dowling. He has personality, he has whatever it takes to win the hearts of fans.

In my opinion, "The Rainbow Man" is one of the best pictures to date, made so by Eddie Dowling's sincere and stirring performance, aided by Frankie Darro and Marian Nixon.

I noticed, too, that Eddie Dowling not only acted in the picture, but wrote the story; not only sang the songs, but composed the music.

How I would love to shake hands with Norbert Lusk, PICTURE PLAY's reviewer, for expressing my thoughts exactly in his review of "The Rainbow Man" and his opinion of Eddie Dowling.

Here's to PICTURE PLAY for giving us a picture of Eddie Dowling in the rotogravure section of the August issue.

A. HERMAN.

723 East 8th Street,
Little Rock, Arkansas**Can't Clara Be Serious?**

Let me say that I think Ruth Chatterton's *Madame X* was the most exquisitely human character ever portrayed on the

screen. With her beauty and that thrilling voice, she ought to go far. She is real and human, and I believe that with "Madame X" to her credit she has placed herself high on the ladder of fame, and I know I'm not the only one who thinks so.

What's the matter with Clara Bow? Her interview in August PICTURE PLAY was laughable, to say the least. She is taking the wrong stand when she makes excuses for her jazziness and love of life. That "laugh-to-cover-a-breaking-heart" attitude sickens any one. We admire Clara for her joyousness, her daring, and youth; we love her for that, not her "nobody-understands-me" pose. I suppose criticism has troubled her, but she should remember that any one is criticized who is different and lives his own life.

CHARLENE CAROL.

2230 Sixth Avenue,
Los Angeles, California.**Barthelmess' Doubling Upheld.**

Two letters which appeared in "What the Fans Think" slamming Richard Barthelmess' singing in "Weary River" urge me to come to his defense.

For years Dick has been my favorite. I have stood up for him in spite of many criticisms by the fans. And I intend to say a word or two right now!

Why does every one think it so dreadful that a double did Dick's singing? Surely that was better than Dick singing, if his voice was not suitable. His admirers would have been disappointed if his voice were poor and unappealing. And, besides, that would have spoiled the picture. I think Dick should be praised for the clever way in which he faked his singing. Perhaps all his fans do not realize what a really difficult task that must have been.

As to Barthelmess' "publicity act," that is all foolishness. It shows how really selfish the fans are becoming. They are not satisfied with the age, height, coloring, et cetera, of the stars. They must pry into the home life of their favorites. How annoying and unpleasant this must be to the stars! The fans demand to know whether or not the stars are engaged, married, divorced, and how much salary each gets. This, to me, seems only the affairs of the stars themselves.

Perhaps if the fans were to be a little less curious and a little more considerate, they wouldn't have quite so much trouble receiving the pictures for which they write.

A TRUE BARTHELMESS FAN.

Attention, Joan Crawford!

It is sickening and tiring to read the unkind letters about Alice White. Just what has Alice done to deserve the treatment given her by the fans? I can hear the answer to that question by those who read this. They will say, "That's just the trouble, she hasn't done enough to warrant her being on the screen." But I do not agree. I enjoyed her performances in "Show Girl" and "Naughty Baby" very much. She is cute and peppy and while of the same type as Clara Bow, she is *not* similar. There is room for both these girls on the screen, and I hope Alice gets a better deal than she has been getting.

Also, all the yelling about the old and new stars is rather silly. Why not like them both? One fan cries for youth, the other wants the older stars. My favorite is Norma Talmadge, and I am pleased to read that she is making a talkie. It will be a pleasure to hear her voice, and she is at present looking younger than she did five years ago. She is a vivid, refined, charming personality, and I hope

she never retires. Just a word for Connie Talmadge. Oh, come, fans, *demand* her return. No other comedienne can give the same inimitable touch that Connie can.

But don't think I don't like the youngsters. I think Sue Carol is adorable, and also Joan Crawford, Billie Dove, Anita Page, and others are nice. To say nothing of Charles Rogers! His voice quite measured up to expectations in "Close Harmony," and Nancy Carroll gave an excellent performance. But then she always does. As Norbert Lusk said in the August issue, "She's one of those rare things on the screen, an actress."

I've been trying to figure out whether the person who wrote the letter signed Fraser MacDonald is really serious, or just trying to be sarcastic. It is one of the silliest letters ever published. How can that fan let another person's opinion influence his ideas? Has he no brains to form opinion for himself? Whose business is it, anyway, what Gary Cooper is like in real life? Do these fans expect to get a chance to go to Hollywood, and meet him personally, that they are so worried for fear he might not care to recognize them after they get there?

I think the ruling that no more photos be sent out, unless they are paid for, is the silliest ever. We fans should not be expected to pay for our favorites' pictures. It is the least they can do for us. And Joan Crawford had better watch her step. It is deplorable the way she ignores her mail. She won't have to bother with it after a while—she won't have any fans.

In answer to the fan who wrote for Evelyn Brent's photo, and didn't receive it, I wish to say that I wrote twice, enclosing only a two-cent stamp, and both times I received the photo. This was before the abovementioned ruling was made. Another thing that is absurdly ridiculous is the no-fan-club ruling at some of the studios. It cannot possibly hurt the stars, because if a club is dishonest it is soon found out. And to stop them from becoming honorary members of other fan clubs is just plain mean, as it helps the other club along. I just hope some of the stars break this rule!

MARION L. HESSE.

154 Elm Street,
Elizabeth, New Jersey.**Miss Chatterton, Yes; Miss Eagles, No.**

The article "Are These Your Stars?" reminds me that, having seen in pictures several of the stage actresses mentioned, we fans owe it to these splendid actresses to voice our admiration, so here goes! Especially when I think of Ruth Chatterton, to my mind the finest actress on the screen to-day. Pauline Frederick runs her a close race for genuine acting ability. She throws so much heartrending feeling into her rôles, that her personal beauty is always secondary to her acting. I mean, in scenes where other actresses would strive for mere beautiful effects, such as Jeanne Eagels did in "The Letter," Ruth Chatterton forgets self and plays the person she is portraying so vividly that she doesn't care whether she is showing the best side of her face to the camera! This is unusual and puts her in a class by herself. Not only that, but her voice is lovely. Its tones and depths of feeling are wonderful.

I heard so much about Jeanne Eagels, in "The Letter," that I went to see her. I was disappointed—terribly disappointed—first of all in Miss Eagles' voice, which

is entirely too stagey and affected. Secondly, I thought she overacted throughout the picture. Not only that, but you never forget for one minute that she *was* acting. She was constantly striving for best angles before the camera, and rolling her eyes unnecessarily, spoiling scenes tense with drama. The few, very few indeed, clothes she wore were constant reminders of *her* alone, never the person she was playing.

Personally, I welcome the stage people. They will give the movie stars something to think about besides perfect profiles and curled eyelashes! I am sick of both! After you go and see a truly splendid actress like Ruth Chatterton or Dorothy Burgess, in "In Old Arizona," it makes you glad the talkies came along to enliven an industry that was headed for cheapness and imitation. Now we are getting nearer the real thing.

F. SMITH.

Los Angeles, California.

Boosting Kenneth Harlan.

There has been much discussion among fans regarding the talkies. But the most important issue to me is: Will the talkies be fair to the screen players?

I have no complaint to make against bringing to the screen such indisputably capable stage stars as Raymond Hackett, in "The Trial of Mary Dugan" and "Madame X." But I prefer to see and hear the old favorites, whether their voices be perfect or not.

Many screen players have taken a fling in vaudeville and in plays during the past year, and have been successful in being as appealing in person as they had been in silent pictures. Not long ago I was quite thrilled by Harrison Ford in a play. Why has not some film magnate nabbed him for the talkies?

A few weeks ago I had the pleasure of meeting Kenneth Harlan, and also seeing him in a vaudeville sketch. The act went over big. He was encored again and again. Mr. Harlan is a perfect type for both stage and screen, if you ask me—which you don't. Voice—very distinctive. Looks—he is about the handsomest man I've seen in many a day. And I can vouch for his being unusually courteous, for he strived to please even so unimportant a person as me.

Kenneth Harlan wants to get back on the screen. Why he has been off it is a mystery to most of us. I move that we remember the man who gave us such remarkable characterizations in "The Beautiful and Damned" and "The Virginian" some years ago. He is there with everything necessary, even to having a following of faithful fans willing to boost him, not only when he is at the top, but when he needs their support!

OLIVE D. THOMPSON.

Los Angeles, California.

Where's That Quarter?

Quite a while ago I wrote to Barry Norton for his picture. I've always admired him and always will, but why, oh why, Barry, don't you send it? What are you going to do with my quarter?

The way stars treat their admirers determines their popularity, to a certain extent, and shows whether or not they are as interested in the public as the public is in them.

When I send a quarter I want a photograph! L. CURRIER.

618 West Twenty-fourth Street,
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Continued on page 103

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John Gilbert chooses Continental comedy for his new picture, "His Glorious Night," which brings about the début of Catherine Dale Owen, of whom we shall see much, because of her reputed success as Jack's vis-a-vis.

Here she is seen as *Countess Tina Orsolini*, at last in the arms of Mr. Gilbert, as *Count Kovac*, who, posing as a swindler, succeeds in winning *Countess Tina* away from her fiancé and, like a truly Gilbertian lover, against the will of the lady as well.



None of John Barrymore's rôles is as striking as the man himself.

Their Actions Than

The idiosyncrasies and the extraordinary proclaim them to be not like ordinary attracting attention. You will enjoy this side lights on the private

By William

ACTIONS speak louder than words. A genius is known by his actions. The Russian ballet couldn't do without action—although one might be forgiven for believing the performers not quite sane, especially in a presentation such as the "La Maison de Fous."

What am I talking about? I'm trying my hardest to lead up to my topic—the strange actions, idiosyncrasies, and extraordinary behavior of the geniuses of filmland. They prove to the onlooker that a genius can never be like an ordinary individual.

If one be ordinary, it seems one is not a genius.

It seems, also, that a genius can let his mind become possessed by the character he portrays, just as eccentric people in ancient times were often described as being possessed by a devil.

For instance, John Barrymore, in "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," actually made audiences believe he was a crazed creature when playing the latter character. So much for what genius can do!

John has been labeled a genius because of his stage talent. Some of his screen work has also reached heights. His rôles are always colorful—yet few, perhaps, are as striking as the great Barrymore himself. The Barrymores—Ethel, Lionel, and John—are *the* Barrymores, as everybody knows. Edna Ferber's play, "The Royal Family," is said to depict them *en famille*. True, or false, the title is good. Royalty, in ye goode olde days, dwelt much on the divine right of kings. A king could do no wrong. However peculiar his actions, he remained always a king.

So it is that one might say, "John can do no wrong." I am sure John is a firm believer in this himself.

Once, at a Pasadena restaurant, Barrymore and his then fiancée, Dolores, her sister, Helene, and a friend, arrived for dinner one evening, after the hotel dining-room had been closed.

What to do? The ordinary person, of course, would have dined at the proper hour, or, seeing the dining room barred, would have left and bought a hamburger, or a hot dog, from a roadside stand. Not so the royal Barrymore.

Strolling to the desk, John struck it twice with his open hand.

Photo by Ball

Speak Louder Words

behavior of the geniuses of Hollywood mortals, content to go along without amusing article, which casts revealing conduct of the gifted great.

H. McKegg

"Do you know who I am?" he imperiously asked, in the tones of *Hamlet*. Before the startled clerk could say "The Prince of Denmark," his questioner added, "I am John Barrymore, and I intend to have my dinner in this restaurant to-night!"

Had he said, "I am the Angel Gabriel, with three companions of the heavenly host," the management could not have abased themselves with more servility. The closed dining room was flung open to John and his guests, who entered therein with true royal mien. And wine was presented, almost as a votive offering to one not as other men.

While talking of food—Mr. Barrymore will frankly tell the entire room what he thinks of each dish. If it be good, he will say, "This ——— is ——— fine!" If not so good, John declares it tastes like—well, he says what he thinks it tastes like, though how he knows is beyond me.

Yet as a gourmet of epicurean taste, I don't think John should be accepted as an authority.

He has a preference for garlic and olive oil.

Whatever dish he orders, he has served with it several cloves of garlic and some oil. He crushes the fragments of garlic in the oil, and pours the lot over his salad, or meat!

When an ordinary person buys a new coat, he dares hardly wear it for fear of marring its newness. Not so J. B.

Once he bought an expensive camel's hair coat. He did not like its newness, so what did he do? Placing the coat on the garage driveway, John kept treading on it—doing something like the "Varsity Drag," to give the garment an antique look.

An impossible act on the part of an ordinary

If Eddie Nugent ever becomes a genius he will be the last to know it.

Photo by Louise



Photo by Louise

Religion and acting are dominant factors in Ramon Novarro's life, surely the incongruous mixture of genius.

person, you say—but on the part of a genius? "*Aux génies rien d'impossible!*" as the great Goudal would declaim.

The really great are of course given much latitude by all ordinary individuals; but it does not do to act like a genius, unless you are one.

Now, I have met David Newell only once for a very brief while. Yet his voice seems to crop up wherever I go. One evening, visiting friends at the Mayfair apartments, I was startled to hear a voice exclaim, "Whom do you take me for? I am David Newell, under contract to Paramount, leading man for Clara Bow." And the shouted statements that followed had something to do with dining out.





When Jeanne Eagels says she can't act to-night, she means she won't act to-night.

Again one evening I was dining with the same friends at a newly opened restaurant on Hollywood Boulevard. Tables were in booths. Suddenly, from the next booth, I heard a voice say to the manager, "Do you know who I am?" The manager evidently didn't. So the voice informed him. "I am David Newell. I come here every evening. I'm a good customer. I've asked for sweetbreads for I don't know how long. Never can I get anything I ask for. Why, I've asked for sweetbreads over and over again."

Mr. Newell, of course, had to take something else on the menu. And I doubt if the management ever bothered to obtain any sweetbreads—"the smile of the calf," as the French call them.

Compared to Barrymore, Mr. Newell's complaint at the restaurant sounded like a grasshopper competing with an elephant, in asking for sweetbreads for I don't know how long. Yes, sir—only the really great can't be ordinary and get away with it!

I have always deemed Ramon Novarro very versatile, though, as every fan knows, he has had little chance to reveal it.

Many admirers rank Novarro a genius. I admit that in this talented young Mexican there are the attributes of one.

He appears to be an embodiment of a soul seeking both religious heights and theatrical acclamation.

"Ramon used to be a great philosopher, writing the

truths of life," a fair, young player once murmured, as if saying an "Ave." I looked blank. She smiled dreamily and added, "You don't understand me. I'm talking of Ramon a thousand years ago."

Thus you see why Novarro is not an ordinary individual!

Not content, so we are told, with his movie fame, Ramon wishes success as an opera singer. To my ears, his singing in "The Pagan" offered little possibility for operatic triumphs. Maybe the recording was bad. But Ramon's voice will have to be a far greater one, before he bursts forth singing in the *sportsitz* of the Royal Opera in Berlin, where only the world's greatest are heard.

Then again Mr. Novarro seeks religious meditation. Does he hope to find any in opera? I can tell him now he won't. What I know about opera companies!

Among religious relics, altars, candles, and peace in his home, Novarro has also his Teatro Intimo, where he stages plays and sings and dances. Mixing these things together seems incongruous.

Yet why not? Saint Augustine patronized the theaters of Rome, where the Cecil DeMilles of their day put on huge spectacles, and old first-nighters described the million-dollar shows with all the rhapsody of modern fans.

Is Novarro a reincarnation of Saint Augustine? The gentleman was holy, but evidently admired the theater. His eulogies, in Latin, cannot be quoted here, but they exist as truly as Ramon.

He remains a recluse, shunning the crowds and the emoluments of fame. Religion and acting are the dominant factors in his life. I have often wondered if he so desires the first, why does he not eschew the notoriety of the other?

Ramon keeps to both. But then he is no ordinary man.

Seeking enlightenment on this genius topic, I went to Jetta Goudal. I felt assured that my visit would not be in vain. And, to a certain extent, it was not.

Looking like Cleopatra, and talking like Hypatia, Jetta said, "You cannot compare a—well, I shall say an artist—with an ordinary person. There is no comparison mentally. An artist—or a genius—cannot be normal. By normal I mean average, one

John Gilbert deserves praise for being honest in his utterances, at least.



going according to rule. All real artists—or geniuses—are abnormal.”

La Goudal closed her enigmatic eyes and relaxed, her slender hands resting on the carved wood of the *Louis Quinze* chair on which she sat. I took it that Jetta was getting in touch with her innermost mind. Suddenly she opened her eyes, instantly disconcerting me, as she continued.

“A painter does not see flowers, trees and colors as the ordinary individual sees them.” She curved a sculptured arm toward an old, silken tapestry. “The ordinary person, looking at that, would see only the colors you see. A painter would immediately see the spirit of the pattern, the various tones in each different hue.”

I vainly tried to find tones in the hues, when la Goudal remarked, “An artist, a genius—which ever you like—is first of all true to himself. He will not do what his inner self tells him is not correct or right for his abilities. He sees, feels, and hears things differently—with a far keener perception—entirely above the senses of an ordinary person.”

The throbbing Goudal voice dropped down a tone, gradually increasing in crescendo as she said, “Were I to force myself to do something that went against every fiber of my artistic senses, I would be false to myself—no longer an artist, but a puppet.”

Jetta has been called many things by her antagonists. Her recent legal difficulties with Cecil DeMille have been well aired. Yet I must call attention to the fact that the judge said that a real artist could not be expected to do the things expected of an ordinary person. That judge knew something. But he might have said “genius”—for such is Jetta Goudal in more ways than one.

Jeanne Eagels is evidently an ardent admirer of la Goudal’s acting. Some time ago she wrote an article called “Jetta and I,” describing how artistic natures differ from the average. This occurred when Jeanne had just been temporarily banished from the stage by Equity, and Jetta was fighting in the courtroom for artistic justice.

Miss Eagels is said to be very temperamental. And why not? She is an artist to her finger tips. So true to herself is Jeanne that she absented herself from a few performances of a play. But if Jeanne says, “I can’t act to-night,” she *means* she won’t act to-night. That’s all there is to it.

But so much of an artist is Miss Eagels, that she should be permitted the grace of genius and allowed to act when she pleases.

Jeanne throws tempera-

Charlie Chaplin is the dean of Hollywood’s geniuses, being the first to be proclaimed one.



A newcomer to Hollywood, David Newell believes in introducing himself in public places.



mental fits, because she generally puts too much of herself into her rôles. Jetta only revolts when things go against her artistic principles.

Charlie Chaplin is a genius, and acts like one.

Well, what Charlie doesn’t do! Entertaining guests, he will start
Continued on page 92

The Battle of the Accents

It rages in Hollywood between stage players and film stars, and never the twain shall meet—in speech at least.

By Elsi Que

Illustrated by Lui Trugo



FIGURATIVELY speaking, the streets of Hollywood are running with gore. Under the chamber-of-commerce blue of the California sky, a World War in miniature is being fought amid the awful silence of what are paradoxically known as the sound stages.

The Battle of the Accents has been raging for months, with terrific casualties and, at the present writing, with hope of a decision.

Established film favorites, seeking strength in union, have adopted the war cry of "The Three Musketeers." "All for one, and one for all"—this alone indicates the seriousness of the situation—and are massing for defense against invading stage forces.

Stars and interviewers have come to grips in a minor, but spirited, engagement. The producers have a hand in each of these conflicts, and in their spare time are fighting each other. And still our marines remain in Nicaragua!

The Battle of the Accents is of first importance, because the fate of so many once near and dear to us hangs on the outcome. Are the talkies to go British, or remain Ammurican?

Most of the stage-trained players speak British English, or something approximating it. The filmites speak every shade of Ammurican to be found between the two oceans and the Canadian and Mexican borders.

Compare, for instance, the luscious Tent' Avenoo intonations of Clara Bow, or the husky, corn-belt twang of Buddy Rogers, with the brittle enunciation of Jeanne Eagels, or the subdued, cultured drawl of Raymond Hackett.

We are told that before the year is out, even the remotest hamlets in the United States will be wired for talking pictures. In which case there must be a place on our screens for all types of speech—the cultivated, and the wild, or natural, variety.

But from across the seas, from the mother country, has come a refined yelp of protest. British ears are not to be affronted by any but the purest English as spoken in the right little, tight little isle.

It is bad enough to have to look at these vulgah Yanks, as they have been doing for yeahs, without having to listen to the offensive argot that passes over here for speech.

Such, in essence, is the opinion

of John Maxwell, chairman of British International Pictures, the most important film organization in the land from which we severed all but friendly relations back in 1776.

Mr. Maxwell believes that the English language, through talking pictures, has a good chance of becoming the international language. But, he insists, it is to be "English English"—not "American English." He cites, as a reason for his belief, the fact that large numbers of English actors are being employed in Hollywood studios.

Perhaps it is unkind to suggest that this handful of missionaries may succumb to the virulent American idiom, before they can get very far with their good work. Maybe they have been inoculated against it.

So far there is little indication that American producers are frightened or depressed by British diatribes against our accent.

On the other hand, there is plenty to indicate that European producers are fearful of our influence. They are bestirring themselves over there, as never before. Combines, mergers, suits having to do with patent rights, and countersuits are being rushed into, all directed toward one common end—to keep Europe from being dominated by the American talkie, as it was by the American silent movie.

It is rumored that the largest movie concern in Britain has combined with the largest and pioneer, German talkie enterprise; that a five-million-dollar company has been formed to develop the talkie field in England, in conjunction with a fifteen-million-dollar concern in Germany to exploit the Continental field.

There is more back of all this than mere commercial enterprise and business acumen. Europe is really afraid of us—afraid that our manners, customs, and attitudes toward life will be forced upon her rising generations.

Americans in general have little idea of the distrust and prejudice with which many of our institutions are regarded by middle-class Europeans.

This unwelcome American invasion seems to endanger not only their cultural integrity, but the very foundations of their national life.

So the Battle of the Accents, although it may seem amusing to the United States, clumsy, exuberant, uncouth young giant that it is, is a serious matter to old Europe. She is watching us with anxious, hostile eyes, like an ancient



Old Europe
looks upon
Uncle Sam as
an uncouth,
young giant.

grande dame whose precious bric-a-brac is threatened by a visiting neighbor child.

Second in importance, but of equally ironical significance, is the clash between Hollywood's nobility and the invading stage forces.

The "profession" has always looked upon its hybrid offshoot, the movies, with a jaundiced eye. And no wonder. To spend a few weeks on the Coast was often to arouse envious and antagonistic feelings in the breasts of stage people. Here they saw mere chits, of both sexes, Rolls-Roycing from magnificent Beverly Hills estates to the studios, where their daily labor seemed to consist of nothing more arduous than registering emotion prettily. For which they received weekly pay checks of staggering proportions.

Clever, talented perhaps, beautiful certainly, these fortunate mortals called themselves actors and actresses. And the world accepted and applauded them as such. That was where the rub came. That was what seemed unfair to the visiting Thespians. According to the exacting standards of the stage, not more than half a dozen movie stars could qualify for the honorable title. Yet here were girls like Billie Dove and Olive Borden enjoying the perquisites of stardom, showered with wealth such as Rachel and Bernhardt and Duse never knew.

The movie-trained public seemed perfectly satisfied to watch Olive gambol through stories written around her exquisite legs. And so long as Billie, and half a dozen others of comparable pulchritude, could smile and weep with photographic sublimity, who cared whether or not they had dramatic ability?

When important stage productions made Los Angeles, the picture stars, of course, turned out *en masse*. But it must have been rather irksome to the legitimate players to find that at least half the audience had come to view the local celebrities, rather than the visiting ones. Advertising such as this must have been annoying: "Come and see the stars to-night at 'The Shanghai Gesture,' with Florence Reed." Or, "Your favorite movie star will be in the audience at the opening of Duffy's El Capitan Theater, to see Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes, in Michael Arlen's smashing New York hit, 'The Green Hat.'"

All was sweetness and light, on the surface. The visitors were made much of by the picture crowd—if they didn't stay too long. They were taken about and shown things.

But underneath the pleasant exchange of compliment and courtesy lurked criticism like a double-edged knife sheathed in velvet.

The stage stars exclaimed over everything. Hollywood was wonderful, the men were devastatingly handsome, the women beautiful. And the most astonishing part of it, they often added, *sotto voce*, was what the cute, pretty, little sap-headed beings could get away with!

Private comment among the picture stars was of much the

same order. So-and-so was a fair actress, but my dear! Such clothes! And she certainly wouldn't stand up under a camera test. Too bad they had to lose their youth and looks, before they could amount to much—on the stage. Behind a highly manicured hand, Hollywood giggled at the creaky, old theater, and its creaky, old players, with their audacious assumption of superiority.

But what a change the talkies have wrought! It is the theater's turn to crow—and how it is crowing!

There is no more striking example than the case of Ruth Chatterton. As yet no

punster has ever played with that famous name, but Ruth's chatter has certainly become one of the most significant and important sounds in the modern Babel-on.

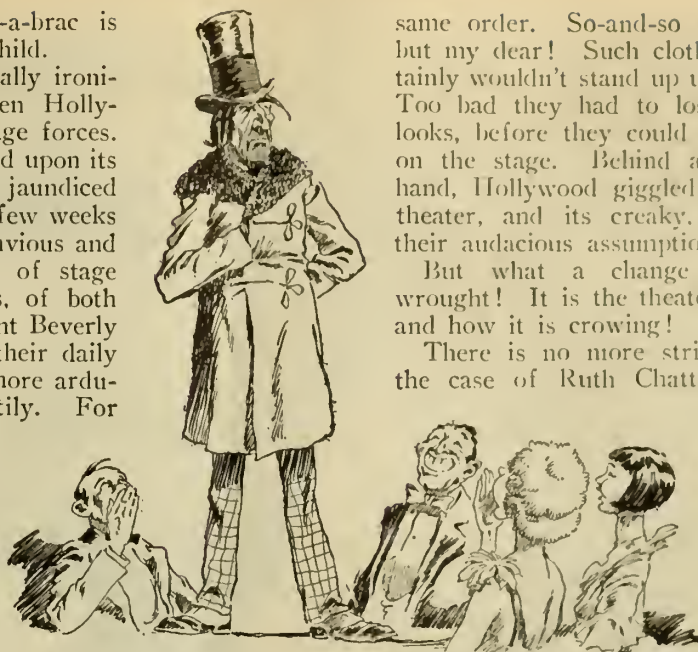
Hollywood saw her first in

the stage version of "The Green Hat," in which she co-starred with her husband, Ralph Forbes. The play opened at one of the film town's most garish theaters and was enthusiastically received. Both stars were acclaimed—praised to the skies. But it was Ralph, with his impeccable profile, who got the fat movie contract. Ruth—well, Ruth was a wonderful actress, of course, but as one interviewer has lately said of her "none of her features really fits." A wonderful voice, poise, and that distinction vulgarly known as "class," could not, in the era just passed, offset the lack of camera beauty.

After the run of "The Green Hat," she slipped into obscurity. Hollywood sucked Ralph Forbes into its maelstrom. His wife remained safely moored in the backwaters. The figurative rift between them became actual, as his success increased. They occupied separate domiciles, but met occasionally in a friendly way. Ruth appeared in one or two silent pictures, and was damned with faint praise by the critics. Ralph, on the other hand, whose dramatic talents were never equal to hers, began to receive much fan mail. Languishing ladies from Oshkosh to Oslo were taking favorable notice of his virile, blond comeliness. He was riding on the crest of his natural permanent wave.

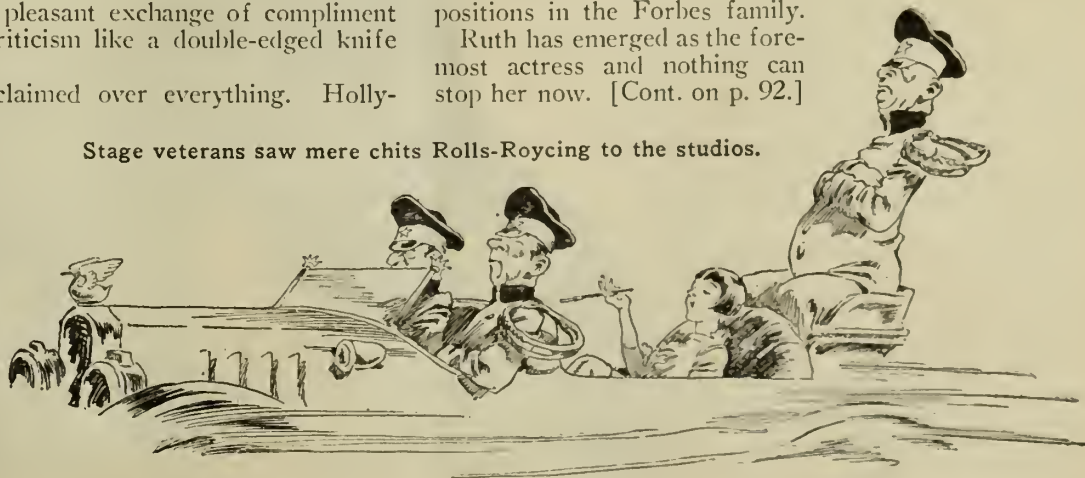
Then came the talking pictures, and of all the astonishing changes wrought by the new order, none is more astonishing than the reversal of positions in the Forbes family.

Ruth has emerged as the foremost actress and nothing can stop her now. [Cont. on p. 92.]



Behind a highly manicured hand Hollywood giggled at stage players.

Stage veterans saw mere chits Rolls-Roycing to the studios.





David Rollins confesses that he gets quite a kick out of a piece of angel cake, or looking at jewelry in shop windows.

Oh, Davie, Behave!

David Rollins, at twenty, hasn't quite found himself and is undecided whether to be whimsical, or aloof and mysterious, but until he does decide he succeeds in being thoroughly engaging and rather touchingly adolescent.

By Samuel Richard Mook

All Photos by Kahle

"Youth is a period of great, of very great, difficulty. Life swarms at you, storms at you, and you aren't equipped to meet it. You don't know what to do. You don't even know what it is that is going on within you and about you."

SAMUEL MERWIN.

FOR a person who can read between the lines, the foregoing paragraph sums up David Rollins better than a volume could. Reticent, reserved, diffident to the point of timidity, high-strung—adolescent.

He was born in Kansas City on September 2, 1909. While in high school his parents migrated to California, where his father bought a farm just outside Glendale and David finished his schooling there. His job on the farm was tending goats.

One never thinks of David Rollins as an average boy, enjoying an average boy's pleasures—baseball, basket ball, dancing. One thinks of him, rather, as lying beneath a tree, his arms folded under his head, staring up into the sky, a dreamy look in his eyes and his thoughts as far away as the clouds.

He is terrified at the thought of meeting people. I have seen him cross a street to avoid passing two men he knew who were engaged in conversation and who he feared might not notice and speak to him if he passed, or who might think he was trying to force himself upon them if he spoke.

I have known him, a number of times, to sit in his room with the telephone ringing for fifteen minutes at a stretch, without making the slightest effort to answer it, for fear it would be some one who didn't interest him. In fact, he answers his phone so seldom, the studio has given up trying to reach him by that means. Messages for him are usually left with his sister elsewhere.

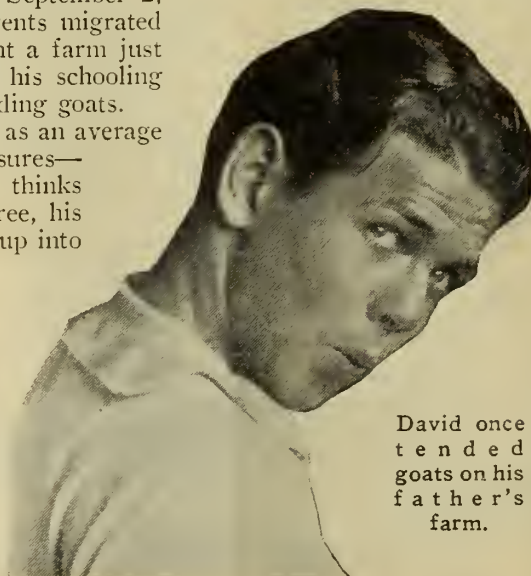
He seldom goes out at night—particularly to parties. "Most of the boys and girls I know like a drink or two,"

he says. "I don't drink, so I feel I haven't much in common with them. Nothing wrong with their drinking if they like it—I just don't happen to care for it.

"Girls are pretty much all alike after you've known 'em about a week. I go out with Nancy Drexel more than any other. We have a lot in common and we understand each other. But I'm afraid to see too much of her, for fear I'll find out she's just like the others."

"You and Sue Carol and Nick Stuart seem to be pretty friendly," I said.

"Yes, we are. They're wonderful to me. I've worked in four pictures with Sue and



David once tended goats on his father's farm.

three with Nick, and we nearly always have a good time when we're out together, but they have each other—that's about all they're interested in. I'm an outsider, no matter how friendly they are."

It is hard to get him talking. When he does talk, it is usually in desperation lest he be thought stupid if he doesn't. Occasionally, in a sympathetic atmosphere, he talks—talks incessantly. Words come tumbling out of his mouth, fairly tripping over each other. It is in rare moments like these that you get a glimpse of his real self.

To come back to his goats—or his father's. "I finished high school and thought that life should hold something more for me than goats, so father and I went to the mat on the subject. We had a terrible scene. He called me all sorts of names and I left home. At that time my sister was married to an army officer and I went to live with them. I got a job in a bank as messenger. Then, after a while, I was taken out of the messenger department and put on the adding machines. Then summer came and my brother-in-law, Major Headache, thought I ought to go to the civilian training camp.

"If I went, it meant resigning from the bank, as they wouldn't let me off that long. I wanted to go and he thought it would 'be the making of me'—whatever that means—so I went.

"When that was over, I came back to Hollywood. I hadn't a job, so my sister suggested that I try the movies. I laughed at her, but nothing else came up, so finally I went out to Universal to try my luck. They registered me and, a few days later, called me for work on the 'Collegian' series. Calls began coming in pretty regularly—three or four times a week, always through Central Casting Bureau, of course. Finally Central called up and wanted me to come down there. They said they realized I had been getting pretty steady work from Universal and thought there must be some reason for it. When they saw me, they thought I'd be a good type for college pictures and promised me work at the other studios.

"A dreamy look in his eyes and his thoughts as far away as the clouds."



"Girls are pretty much alike after you've known them a week," says David.

me to one side and said, 'Now, I've got to test a lot of people for this part, but don't be discouraged. I like your looks and I'm going to do everything I can for you. If I've got anything to do with it, you're going to play in this picture.' And I did. And when it was done, I got some nice notices and a five-year contract from Fox."

He paused a moment and rushed on. "Gee, it's funny! I make more, now, in a week than I made at the bank in a month, and that's less than two years ago and yet, somehow, even with all this increased income, I have trouble making ends meet and I'm not extravagant either, do you think?" I had to confess I didn't.

"You see, my sister and her husband separated and I help her and her two children. And I help my mother. And I have myself to look after. We all live modestly, but we get by."

Half jokingly I asked when he was going to get a new car. David surprised me by his answer. "Not until I've got the money in the bank to pay for it. I've just finished paying for Clara——"

"Who?"

"Clara—my old coupé. I admire



Despite his outward gayety, the interviewer thinks that Mr. Rollins has never had a close friend.

"Finally I was called to Fox to take a test for 'Cradle Snatchers.' I didn't hear anything about it for a long time, then I heard that Arthur Lake had been given the part. I was sick about it, but my sister said, 'If you are going to stay in this business, you might just as well make up your mind that you're going to have disappointments—lots of them. Let's go down to the beach and have a good time and forget all about it.' So we went down there and had a swell time and came home and there was a call from Fox to report for another test.

"When I got out there, I found it was for the sympathetic part in 'The High-school Hero.' David Butler, the director, looked me over and called

Come On, Let's Sing!

The once-mute picture colony enters with gusto into the development of its singing voice now that the song is the thing, and this authoritative article gives intimate glimpses of the stars at their lessons as well as side lights on their teachers.

By Elza Schallert

THERE is no question about it, Hollywood is becoming cultured. And with a vengeance!

The highest social grace any one may possess is an interest in music.

The more one knows about Herr Ludwig von Beethoven and the less about Paul Whiteman the better.

The only "out" for being on intimate musical terms with Whiteman is the knowledge that he is a good musician, besides being a "King of Jazz," and that for years he was one of the first violins in a symphony orchestra, where Brahms and Bach and Mozart and Tschaiowsky were friends and not enemies.

The talkies are to blame for this state of affairs—for Hollywood's artistic *milieu*. Because, with their advent into the realms of literature and music, there followed to the Western metropolis the greatest influx of Broadway's celebrated authors, actors, and actresses, writers of melody, headliners of song, musical comedy favorites, and even artists of concert and operatic stages, that the world of entertainment has known.

In a way, the Broadway regulars and reserves have been a veritable army of invasion into a territory that had been exclusively occupied for many years by the sons and daughters of pantomime. They have been charming and talented invaders, but they have stirred up a fight for survival among the Hollywoodites, none the less.

The film colony's battle for self-preservation has resulted in numerous casualties and complete annihilation in some instances, but the scars have been all to the good. Because, for once, Hollywood's eyes have been opened to broader vistas of effort. The players have come to realize that there is

something beyond the horizon of flickering shadows, and that they, in turn, must invade and conquer new worlds—the worlds of the spoken word, and of song.

The days when the height of æsthetic achievement was the triumphant ride through town of Tom Mix in an oversized Rolls-Royce, with liveried chauffeur and footman, and luxuriating in plum-colored evening clothes and sweeping, white sombrero, are gone forever—no more to return.

Hollywood is now giving more attention to the inside than the outside. Beautiful stars aren't content any more with their merely pictorial personalities. They really and truly want to learn how to act, how to articulate, how to give the meaning to a word that they have in the past given to a gesture, so that their sisters of the stage cannot steal their thunder.

They want to learn how to sing, so that they may beautify their speaking voices, or better still, that they may be able to sing when a part in a talking film calls for it. They do not want to resort to a double, as some stars unfortunately had to during the past year. The effect of this doubling has been very bad for the star. Audiences have resented it. They have felt that something akin to cheating was put over them.

The stars that have survived the old order are also anxious to learn about music—piano, for instance—so that they may hold their stellar places in the new social life of Hollywood and enjoy the evenings which are given in great part to music. The big games of charades and ping pong are not prime attractions any more.

We come to this. Hollywood has been the playground and the workshop of naïve children who have outgrown their toys and their clothes. Now they have to get down to the serious business of growing up and sticking their

Otto Morando, Bebe Daniels' teacher, is something of a martinet and the fame of his pupils means nothing to him.



heads between book covers, and not the latest best-seller, either.

And so Hollywood is taking its first singing and piano lessons. And the result is a spirit and an enthusiasm that are positively glowing. Hollywood has touched a world that heretofore has seemed abstract and forbidding. It is humming in the muke, in the sunshine, in the rain. And the voice teachers are thrilling, and also handsomely thriving, because they have a new group of fascinating, earnest students, who have enough money to pay for the inflated price of lessons.

Oh, yes! Singing's gone up in price considerably. There are two or three teachers with impeccable standing, whose rate scale has remained static. But they are the exceptions. They are highly ethical. But there are others who never topped \$3.50 a lesson in their lives, who have fitted up arty studios, encouraged goatees, have placed dozens of uncut volumes expounding "the fine art of singing" all over their salons, and then jumped their prices to \$10 a half hour, and in several instances to as high as \$20. Ten lessons are always paid for in advance.

One teacher who is flourishing in this musical bonanza told me, "I heard that film people are poor payers, no matter how much money they have, so I make them pay for their lessons in advance." Maybe she's right. But her lessons are too high. Much, much too high.

How to find the right instructor has been the cry since the Italians fostered the school of *bel canto*, two hundred years ago. In no other branch of music is there as much quackery and bunk as in singing. It has always been so.

It probably always will be. Each teacher says he or she has the right method. At the end of a year most pupils, who started out with fresh, lovely material, can't sing five round, beautiful tones. So you can't blame the film people for choosing wrong teachers, as many of them are doing. The history of every prima donna has been a long list of poor teachers. But somehow they manage to sing, for a few years at least.

There are two surprises awaiting fans who are still devoted to old favorites. They are going to be thrilled with Gloria Swanson and Bebe Daniels. Both have fine natural voices. Gloria has a lovely, lyric soprano and Bebe has a warm, sympathetic mezzo.

Gloria sings a snatch of a lilting serenade in her latest picture, "The Trespasser." It is incidental to the action



Photo by Bachrach

Gloria Swanson's lyric soprano will be heard for the first time in "The Trespasser," in which she sings snatches of a lilting serenade as a hint of what she will do in subsequent films.

of the story, but it is a tip to fans that some time in the future they will hear Gloria sing, perhaps in a rôle that calls for singing exclusively.

It was almost two o'clock one morning when I heard Miss Swanson make the singing scene in her picture. I was greatly surprised by the charming quality of her voice. Of course, it has been one of the cherished dreams of her life to be a singer. Very few people know that her coming to Hollywood fourteen years ago was not for the purpose of embarking on a film career. She was looking for a voice teacher to continue the lessons that she had started in Chicago. It was a twist of fate that a letter of introduction which she carried to Mack Sennett resulted in her becoming a bathing girl, and one of the most glamorous figures of the screen.



Bessie Love, seated on piano, Gwen Lee, Carmel Myers, and Leatrice Joy are pupils of Lillian Sloane from whom they take daily lessons.

Miss Swanson is seen quite often at the opera. There has always been, in my opinion, something about her that suggested a prima donna. She is not like Mary Garden. And yet she is not unlike her, in respect to pictorial effulgence, and magnetism, and something vaguely suggesting manner. Of course, nobody could be quite like Garden. There isn't enough vitality in two exceptional women to match one fourth of what the dazzling Mary has. On the other hand, there is nobody quite like Swanson. And it wouldn't surprise me in the least if some time in the future she embarked on an operatic career. She would fit well into French opera. It's a long, tedious road to get there, but Swanson has the advantage of a big reputation; she has native talent for singing, a great love for music; she is young, and she has, above all, learned to discipline her mind, which is nine tenths of the battle.

Gloria has been studying with a teacher by the name of Mark Markoff. She brought him West from New York solely for that purpose.

A story appeared in the newspapers recently, saying that Miss Swanson was planning to give a recital in Los Angeles in the fall, probably to prove that she is not having a double appear for her in pictures. It is reasonable to presume that the report is highly exaggerated, consid-

ering the length of Miss Swanson's study, and so forth.

Bebe Daniels is an amazing example of what a well-disciplined person can accomplish in almost any field. Bebe received the biggest acting-singing plum of the year when she was cast for "Rio Rita." She determined to learn how to sing so that she would have no double. The result is that in less than six months of serious, intelligent study, she equipped herself sufficiently for the rôle. It is half dialogue and half singing. It is a rather tough rôle for any but a professional songbird, but Bebe will make it because of her natural gifts of voice, her tremendous earnestness and, of course, her ability as an actress.

I heard her take a lesson one day, and also listened to the rushes of her voice tests. She is studying with Otto Morando, a teacher of broad experience and highest standing. She takes a lesson daily, as do all of the players in Hollywood. There are periods, however, which are interrupted, due to studio demands.

Now the average music student would fiercely object to any one's listening to his or her lesson. But not Bebe. She said, "Sure, come along. Ticked to death. If you can stand it, I can." And to the credit of Signor Morando, it must be said that he encourages all his pupils—and there are very many—to sing before each other and any "visiting delegates."

It was very thrilling to watch Bebe. She literally took her entire vocal apparatus between her teeth and shook tones out. No half-way measures with her. She either sings, or she doesn't. And if she is wrong in her tone production, she demands to know why, and

Continued on page 108



Clifford Lott can point to "Smiling Irish Eyes" as proof of his success in developing Colleen Moore's charming voice.

Silence Is Golden

It is truly valuable in the studios nowadays, these pictures showing precautions taken to maintain it.



Dorothy Janis, above, light-footed though she is, must needs have her footsteps muffled when she treads the sound stage.

Leila Hyams, upper right, is shown by Tod Browning, director, how the wheels of camera trucks are made soundless with cloth and felt.

Major Bob Blair, below, takes the oath to preserve silence as he is sworn in as aerial cop to patrol the sky above the M.-G.-M. studio.



Dorothy Sebastian, above, wends her way to the studio carpenter shop to have a squeak removed from her shoe.

Poor Jiggs, the movie dog, right, is muzzled lest he bark, but Josephine Dunn tenderly consoles him.





Photo by Brown

Ziegfeld lured Ruth Morgan from Hollywood to play in "Whoopie."

NO, it wasn't a traffic jam that delayed me," Fanny announced airily, as though that excused all. "I was walking, and I had to pass the Roxy Theater."

Before I had a chance to gasp "Walking?" she was settled in the chair beside me, with a wave of her hand had indicated to the waiter that she wanted practically everything on the menu, and was all set to go on with her story. Fanny really deserves the title of the first and only continuous one hundred per cent talker.

"Have you ever tried to get past that crowd waiting to see 'The Cock-eyed World'?" she asked as indignantly as though I were in some way responsible for it.

"Have I?" The vehemence of my retort stopped her for a minute. "I tried regularly every day for a week. Finally, one day I waited long enough to get halfway into the lobby, but had neglected to bring along a box lunch, so I fainted from hunger. And where do you suppose my rescuers carried me? Right into the theater! When I came to, I waited craftily until they weren't looking, and then I scuttled out of the hospital quarters down into the theater, thereby beating two or three waiting sections."

Vilma Banky has emerged triumphant from a siege with a diction expert.



Over the

By The Bystander

"Dear, dear!" Fanny condoled patronizingly. "You really ought to get around more and meet important people. I went with a newspaper reviewer and all we had to do was knock down two or three hundred defenseless old men, and explain to the door man who we were. Then we went right in and didn't have to stand more than half an hour."

"And will you tell me what makes that picture such a knockout?" she demanded, not, of course, expecting a reply.

"It wasn't McLaglen, because he has done the same sort of thing before, without starting any riots, and vocally he's a disappointment. It must have been Eddie Lowe, or my old favorite, El Brendel. You'll never get me to admit that it was Lily Damita. Women don't like Damita. She reminds them too much of the tales returned soldiers told about their French sweethearts."

Fanny is right. "As rare as a girl who has a good word to say of Damita," is a time-worn simile. I'd be a traitor to my sex if I admitted that I admired her performance in "The Cock-eyed World." Really, she is not like that. At least not on the tennis courts in Hollywood. She is more inclined to be coy and hoydenish.

"I think I liked 'The Cock-eyed World,'" Fanny rambled on, "because I was so relieved that there was no war in it. All a picture has to do is to show a one-legged man, or play a few bars of 'Over There,' and I am dissolved in tears."

In which case Fanny has a long, hard year ahead of her. The war is to be fought in an epic way by at least three companies. Herbert Brenon is to make "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" for RKO. I suppose he knows his business better than I do. Do I hear tumultuous cries of "Yes, yes"? But still I cannot see how he will make a picture of the heart-rending story of an innocent man's execution and the relentless workings of red tape.

Universal will make "All Quiet on the Western Front," and Tiffany-Stahl "Journey's End." They are the three grimmest, most heart-breaking dramas of the World War. They are just the bewildering routine of a small section of the war as seen by sensitive individuals. "Journey's End" has charming humor of a goofy sort, but the others have none of the comic spirit that inspired the saying that the French fought the war for patriotism, the English for power, and the Americans for souvenirs.

But even with such weighty mat-

Teacups

Fanny the Fan announces that talking pictures have become blasé and produces evidence to show that audiences haven't.

ters as war on my mind, I kept thinking of Fanny's reference to walking. Finally, I asked her if there was a taxi strike.

"No," she said hesitantly, "it's all Hedda Hopper's doings. Even though the country separates us, Hedda's good example still hits me once in a while. Every time I think of her I go in for a sense of beauty and healthful living. First, I buy a lot of clothes and then I start taking exercise. When I saw how gorgeous she looked in 'The Last of Mrs. Cheyney' her preachments hit me hard and I have been trying to live up to them ever since. I've haunted the Paris openings at the shops buying the fragile, feminine clothes that Hedda wears; I've walked when I wanted to ride, and I've tried to get a night's sleep now and then. But the picture openings lately haven't been the sort you could sleep through.

"But speaking of the new clothes"—she knew that if she didn't pretty soon I would demand that she should—"they will make a lot of difference in pictures. The skirts, even on sports clothes, are ever so much longer. That will hide the only tangible assets some of the younger players have. But it may pave the way for that long-threatened film début of Aimee Semple McPherson."

"Just as though Hollywood didn't set its own styles," I cut in. "Backstage fashions will still be skirtless, and as nearly as I can see the wave of backstage stories isn't nearly spent. Billie Dove will always be draped in lace in the manner of a small-time prima donna, regardless of fashions, and Sally O'Neil will continue to tie sashes tightly around a high waist-line."

"You might just as well know," Fanny cautioned me, "that catty remarks about Sally O'Neil are out of order. I have always thought her clever, but since seeing 'Sophomore,' she is my favorite crooner on the screen. A lot of other girls have melodic, cultivated voices, but Sally's is the only one that has a childish note in it."

As though that had anything to do with her taste in clothes!

"You know," Fanny rambled on, "producers are getting awfully blasé. They're not satisfied with putting one or two stars in a picture. Look at the 'Hollywood Revue'! It is so crowded with stars it makes you want to howl, because just as soon as one of your favorites gets going, he is rushed off to make room for two or three more headliners. I like the

Tears were shed when Gertrude Lawrence left the Paramount studio for England.



Photo by Autrey

Janet Gaynor's fate in talking pictures still hangs in the balance.



samples of Marion Davies' and William Haines' work and wanted a lot more.

"Texas Guinan felt the same way on the opening night, only worse. Honestly, she acted like a child at its first show. She was so thrilled and excited, she must have worn out her rings applauding. She heaved and sighed over Charles King's mother song, and gasped her regrets whenever a clever turn was cut short. Only once did she break out into a wisecrack. During the 'Jewel' number, when for no apparent reason, the camera came to rest on a long close-up of a very blah blonde, she announced loudly, 'Fanny Ward!'

"I wish that some visiting Hollywoodians had been here for that opening. The contrast of Eastern and Western audiences is staggering. Out West nothing but the shiniest top hat, the biggest diamonds, and a record-breaking crop of ermine and marabou will do for an opening. But at the New York opening the nearest approach to evening dress was wilted chiffon and a pair of sneakers.

"Film openings are getting awfully im-



Photo by Kahle

Fanny decides that Lily Damita's fan following is largely made up of men.

portant, though. Texas Guinan and all the Broadway regulars attend them, even when a big stage premiere conflicts.

"Charles King ought to get a medal for one great moment of acting. He was supposed to register deep humiliation and chagrin when he found that Conrad Nagel had a fine singing voice, and he put the idea over unmistakably. But the trouble was that Conrad did nothing to build up the scene. He just proved that he had a heavy, artificial voice with a strong, nasal twang.

"When you are seeing shows like the 'Hollywood Revue' and see how hard the chorus girls work, you begin to understand why some of them are hurrying back to Broadway. Ziegfeld brought four of Hollywood's favorite beauties East to play in 'Show Girl' and 'Whoopee.' And are those girls happy? Evelyn Pierce and Ruth Morgan never had to worry about being out of work in

the studios. Every time a director wanted a couple of beauties to dress up a scene, theirs were the first names that came to a casting director's mind. But working in pictures nowadays is just like playing in a super-stock company, where a new show is put on every week, with entirely new songs and dances. It means eight hours of work every day and continuous dancing and singing lessons. But in 'Show Girl' the girls get just as much money, and after learning the routine of the show they are all set for a year's run, if not longer. Eight performances a week, doing the same things over and over again, is a lot easier than eight hours a day, continually learning something new.

"Chorus girls aren't the only sufferers from the epidemic of tap dancing in pictures. Stars have to learn, too. It seems to me that every time I pick up a newspaper, or get a letter from the Coast, I learn that Janet Gaynor has just collapsed from the strain."

"But I thought——"

But Fanny was not in the mood to be interrupted.

"Yes, you thought the Fox officials disapproved of Janet studying dancing. That shows how their convictions shift with changes in pictures. Three years ago they put up an awful holler, because Janet went to Walter Wills' dancing school twice a week for taps and waltz clogs. They said the exertion was too much for her, that it was ruinous to her health, et cetera. Now they want the poor child to learn, in a few weeks, dance routines that would be difficult for a seasoned hooper."

"What are they doing about her voice?" I asked by way of being unpleasant.

"They don't have to do *anything* about her voice," Fanny retorted, but her tone lacked sincerity. Fanny knows as well as every one else that the lovely, ephemeral Janet of the silent drama was displaced by a realistic and almost humdrum personality when she spoke. But there is always hope. Miracles are daily being performed in training Hollywood voices, that is, with all except Dolores Costello's.

"Vilma Banky's been given a clean slate, or a diploma, or whatever it is that diction experts give players as evidence that they have conquered their 'o's' and 'k's' and 's's.' Vilma has been studying for months with Jane Manner. Part of the course of study is to watch

your lips in a hand mirror to see if you are forming each letter perfectly. I am anxious to see rather than hear the result. If it is as grimace-y as I fear, I am all for having voice doubles speak lines offstage, while pretty girls like Vilma restrain their faces in the old silent-film manner."

Well, you can't very well please every one. Many fans object to the use of voice

Gloria Swanson bursts into song by way of denying to interviewers that she has a voice double.

Photo by Bachrach



doubles. They think that players who use them are cheating. And here is Fanny in favor of preserving the illusion of a star's beauty at any cost. It seems to me that the best solution of the problem is to move the camera way back whenever a player opens his mouth à la Grand Canyon in reaching for a note.

"Gloria Swanson has a marvelous way of answering people who ask her if she really does her own singing in 'The Trespasser.' Without clearing her throat, or snapping her fingers for an accompanist, she simply breaks into song. Her voice is one of those charming, naturally melodious ones that never has to feel its way round for true pitch.

"Gloria was in one of her lovely, joyous moods when she stopped off here on her way to Europe, and when Gloria is happy there isn't a more gracious human being to be found anywhere. When she is worried, she becomes aloof and goes into portentous silences. But on this trip she went through the most grueling experiences as gayly as a lark."

While Fanny was speaking, I was wondering if larks really are gay. If a casting director for sound effects were asked to find a gay lark, could he? I heard of one who had a lot of trouble searching for a bell that would live up to the description "As clear as——" Dear, dear, what troubles these sound effects have caused! One man was headed for a madhouse after trying to find a Yiddish-speaking parrot and some baritone crickets. I snapped out of my reverie to find Fanny still ranting about Gloria.

"How she ever stands the strain I can't see. This is supposed to be a vacation for her, but ten photographers met her at the train, and there were as many more waiting at the hotel to take pictures of her in lounging pajamas. In two hours she talked to twenty-three interviewers, and when she stole off to see Dorothy Stone, in 'Show Girl,' some more newspaper men spotted her and rushed up to ask questions. She expects to make personal appearances at the première of her picture in London, Brussels, Paris, and Berlin. What a vacation!"

I do hope that some one has notified both Gloria and Cecil DeMille that a bathroom is now on display at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. As pioneers in the movement to exploit bathrooms as works of art, they should be told that their campaigning has broken down the reserve of the most conservative of institutions. I wouldn't even mention museums to Fanny, though. She wouldn't understand any one going to a place where movies are not shown. I doubt if she ever even de-

Anna May Wong's triumphs in Europe are social as well as professional.



Evelyn Pierce is another who gave up Hollywood to play in "Show Girl."



veloped an ambition to go to Sing Sing until she heard that they had installed talkies there.

"Wouldn't you love to go to Europe now?" she asked in a burst of enthusiasm. "There are so many American stars in England and France it must be terribly exciting."

And to think that some misguided souls go over just to see a few old cathedrals and remnants of aristocracy! They would never rate as real movie fans compared with Fanny.

"John Gilbert and Ina Claire are in London. Reginald Denny is in England to make pictures. Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver will stay in France to make pictures, while that old expatriate, Rex Ingram, is coming back home to go to school and learn about talkies. But the real sen-

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Back Home—and Happy

You won't see Tom Mix in any new pictures for some time, for he has run away from Hollywood and joined the circus he trouped with twenty years ago.

By Helen Klumph

IT was that dusky-blue hour before dawn, when the seemingly endless yellow cars at the Sells-Floto Circus rumbled into the railway yards at Stamford, Connecticut, and came to a halt. All was quiet in the town, but hardly had the first elephant bellowed his "Ugh-eee!" of command to his twelve teammates to link trunks and tails and plod down the runway to the ground, when a scrambling, hustling army of little boys appeared out of nowhere asking, "Where's Tom Mix's car?"

For weeks the countryside had been placarded with posters proclaiming that the one and only Tom Mix, with his famous horse Tony, would accompany the mastodonic pachyderm marvels, the Hanneford family, the breath-taking aerialists, the almost-human seals, and the man who at each and every performance was shot from a cannon. The silent theater that had done little business since the talkies came in down the street, revived one of his old films and cashed in on the impatient interest in Tom Mix aroused by the circus posters.

Excitement was at fever heat when the circus trains began to disgorge the army of workers who skillfully slid the flamboyant scarlet-and-gold-encrusted wagons from the flat cars to the ground. Everywhere underfoot, jostling, tripping, and miraculously dodging, was that swarm of little boys who piped constantly, "Where's Tom Mix's car?" "Can I carry his bags?" "Is he awake yet?" It would have been strange if he weren't, in all that tumult and shouting.

Finally one of the circus men let out the secret that Tom Mix's private car was the dark-colored one among the stream of yellows, and the boys swarmed in that direction. They climbed upon the platform, they piled up boxes to stand on, bringing their faces to window level so that if by chance Tom Mix should raise the shade, there they would be looking at him up close.

Fifty of them were lured away by the promise of a job helping to unload at the circus grounds. But the crowd that stayed filled the space between the two trains. When Tom came out on the platform for a breath of air before break-

fast, a shout went up, and there was a chill of dread in some hearts that he might be annoyed and distant with them. They had met stars before, who wore their geniality only during a personal appearance at a theater.

"Hi there, boys!" he called out breezily. "Why didn't you let me know you were coming over, so I'd be up?"

Thunderstruck by this friendliness, one youngster almost toppled off the leaning tower of boxes he had erected.

"Whoa there," Tom cautioned, grinning broadly, "you can't ride Tony if you can't keep your seat better than that."

When he went back into his car with a wave and "See you later," he could have enlisted an army of boys to follow him wherever he willed. "Oh, boy!" one of them ejaculated, thumping his little brother on the back. And then again, as though further words failed him in this great moment, "Oh, boy!"

Over at the circus grounds the reserved seats were sold out and the general admission section was jammed an hour before the afternoon performance. Patiently Tony had stood while admiring throngs gaped at him. And then at last the great moment came. The calliope puffed, the band rose to a crescendo and into the tent came the parade, with Tom Mix on Tony in the lead. The clatter of applause and shouts vied with the band, the animals behind snorted impatiently, and the

Oriental beauties ambled along unnoticed as Tom stopped at every section to wave and call "Hello!"

It was a youthful, grinning Tom Mix who greeted the crowd; a man who had shed twenty years since leaving the cares of Hollywood and coming back to life in the open. When he wasn't in the ring putting his trained horses through their paces, or dashing here and there at breakneck speed with his yelping, stunting cowboys, he was standing over by

the band stand, looking on as eagerly as though he had never seen it all before.

Just before the evening performance I went back to his dressing-room tent to see him. Tom is one of those people you always want to see again. In those hurried minutes before he made his entrance, he didn't have to assure me that he was enjoying life these days.

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"Everything in the circus is so real it makes Hollywood look like papier-mâché."
—Tom Mix.

Melodious Swains

Now it's with music and song that screen lovers win—or lose—their “proud fairs.”



Joe E. Brown, above, strums his guitar and sings to Marion Byron, in “Song of the West,” but it must be a sad ballad.

Nick Stuart, center, warbling trustingly under Sue Carol's window in “Chasing Through Europe,” is about to get a flower, pottery and all.

In “The Delightful Rogue” Rita Le Roy, below, is the inspiration for soothing strains by Rod La Rocque.



Dorothy Sebastian, above, has no taste for Jack Benny's performance on a Chinese fiddle.

Bessie Love, below, also has unromantic ears, and John Mack Brown's music is just wasting itself.



Bill Powell—As He Is

A brilliant résumé of the character and career of one of the most adroit and sure-fire stars.

By Margaret Reid

and has pouted in corners as a result—and has discovered dismally that there was nothing to be done about it.

It is a little unreasonable that Powell is such a fine actor. Or, if he must do good work, the least one can expect of him is adherence to the Hollywood precept of one contract being better than another, not because of the additional thousand dollars it entails, but because of the additional opportunities for dramatic expression. It has made more than one boulevardier shudder fastidiously when Bill Powell has bluntly confessed that he is in pictures solely to make money. Such vulgar frankness is not quite cricket around the cinema capital.

But that is his story and he sticks to it. The making of money is his primary interest. If, in so doing, he has a picture now and then in which he can take an intelligent pride—well and good. But if not, his heart doesn't bleed with artistic frustration. He is sorry, but not as sorry as he would be if there were a cessation of pay checks.

At one time, the tremendous glory of being a Thespian was all that Bill Powell asked of life. During his college years, when his trusting family still thought their boy was going to be a lawyer, he was lending most of his energy to college dramatics. Pedagogy left him cold and when, during vacations, he worked in a telephone office, and then in a haberdashery, the glimpse afforded him of business routine was distressing in the extreme. Deciding that he would be the last person in the world to drown artistic genius in a business career, he left college and took the flower of Kansas City dramatic talent to New York.

In the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts, young William Powell learned many disconcerting facts about what was wrong with his interpretations. Undaunted, he threw himself into study with great fervor. New York was enchanted ground, and he was to be its chosen.

On leaving the academy, he proved to be no Merton, but rather a good advertisement for his teachers. He had no difficulty in obtaining rôles. For several years thereafter he worked steadily, principally in New York, now and then on the road, gaining constantly in repute. He was doing, altogether, extremely well.

And then, gradually but surely, the pleasure of hearing himself talk before an audience began to dwindle in importance. The first

Many a star long on eyelash, but short on brain waves, has been baffled by William Powell's suave theft of scenes, but nothing can be done to stop him.

thrilling luster of the footlights wore off, and he realized that there was a lot in life besides acting, that there were countless places he wanted to go, things to see and to do. And he wasn't becoming rich enough to do them.

Straightway he decided that what he must do was to find a better business, since only a select few stage players ever become really wealthy.

Having heard much about the inviting salaries of the movies, Powell made several attempts to get one of them, but without result. Then one day, when he was enjoying the questionable glory of five successive artistic successes—that is, commercial flops—he ran into Albert Parker in the Lambs' Club. Parker was about to begin direction of John Barrymore, in "Sherlock Holmes," and asked Powell why he didn't come along and play one of *Moriarity's* henchmen. Unable to think of any reason

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Photo by Richee

STARS may come and stars may go, but a good actor goes on forever. Look at William Powell. If you can think of a better example for the point at issue, name ten. All right then, look at William Powell.

In the beginning, it was decided that there would have to be some compensation for the histrionic deficiencies of the majority of stars. So that was when William Powell made his cinema début. Since which time he has blithely, and quite without malice, stolen more pictures from the players he has supported than any other actor. Many a star long on eyelash, but short on brain wave, has been baffled by Mr. Powell's suave theft of scenes,



Photo by Hommel

THOUGH William Powell might well prate of his art and his philosophy, he eliminates both by saying that he is in the movies for money with which to enjoy himself later, this being but one of Margaret Reid's discoveries in the story opposite.



THE singing screen revealed to John Boles the promised land he hoped for, but never quite attained in silent pictures, and now he is to scale greater heights in a musical film based on the life of Rouget de l'Isle, composer of "La Marseillaise."

Photo by Freulich



Photo by Russell Ball

SERENELY Louise Dresser contemplates the opening of the new movie season, for she finds her fans doubled by her increased appeal in the talkies and promises them, in "Twelve Hours of Love" and "Three Sisters," thrilling reward for their loyalty.



WHAT can orchidaceous Olive, the beauteous Borden, know of love by halves, when sweeping completeness is so obviously her destiny as long as there's a man alive? Let the screen answer the question, for her first dialogue picture is "Half Marriage."



Photo by Otto Dyar

OF all the younger players, none has more fully realized the promise his acting held than Richard Arlen, to whom speech has proved no stumblingblock, but a means of making every rôle more vital. And his reward is full-fledged stardom.



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

MARY DORAN first attracted notice in "The Broadway Melody," as the hard-boiled vaudeville performer who paired off with Bessie Love when Anita Page married and broke up the act. Well, you'll see her again in "The Girl in the Show."



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

THERE'S *everything* in the name when it's for the screen. For example, John Mack Brown is just like his—an everyday chap, a composite of the crowd, or the group strumming ukuleles on the porch. That's why he's popular. Or is it something else?



Photo by Russell Ball

A GAINST everybody's advice Irene Rich ventured into vaudeville and promptly became a different person—so different, indeed, that her doubtful voice became a charming one and she was recalled to Hollywood, as you will learn from the story opposite.



Irene Rich and her daughters by her first marriage, Frances, left, and Jane.

Irene Is Made Over

Just when her screen career was stagnating and her future uncertain, Miss Rich took a flyer in vaudeville and found a new personality and the secret of renewed success.

By Myrtle Gebhart

WHERE, I wondered, as she sat across the table, tailored in blue, her manner jaunty, and her merry eyes shining, was the Irene Rich of responsibilities and rules? She in whom, if ever there had been any chance turbulence, it was instantly curtailed with a well-bred calm?

Gathering her courage in one final effort to fight off professional stagnation, she had taken out a vaudeville act, and had turned the failure predicted for it into success by being herself.

Dulled into routine's security by poverty's reminder and a family's necessity, for a long time she dared not involve her career, though it was gradually slipping down grade, by pursuing endeavors of chance. Always her desire to go on the stage was shelved as an unreasonable and foolish dream. Lack of confidence in her own powers was her *bête noire*.

Practicality overlaid her manner, her every thought. Life itself had a much-pressed air. Her capability in many guises was evidenced, even stressed; one almost resented her skill in coordinating the duties of career and home, with so little friction. Making a cult of conservatism, she was too thoroughly *nice*.

But certainly she did not express the strong convictions, italicized by gestures, to which she gives vent now. Why, once or twice during our talk, instead of compromising as she used to, she was absolutely opinionated! I wanted to get up and cheer, and in sheer surprise might have done so, if we hadn't been so continuously interrupted by the glad greetings of her friends.

Her excursion into vaudeville refashioned her into

buoyancy. It dimmed the faint lines which were beginning to etch that set-in-a-mold look; it fluffed her conversation. Vivaciously fluent, her repartee is keenly pointed, at times pungent; she broadcasts verve, and an electric interest in everything and everybody. Her very thoughts seem to leap and hum.

The success of her tour was largely due to her unostentatious, intimate manner. Her sketch had a light cleverness. In her public appearances she wore frilly clothes, which she invested with that spontaneous, youthful charm nullified by the camera and the sedate rôles so frequently allotted to her.

The friendliness of her curtain speech, with its timidity, quite won everybody. She was no movie star, making a personal appearance. Explaining that this articulate venture was undertaken as a test of her vocal ability, the simplicity of her address accomplished an appeal beyond rhetoric's power. It had an air of, "I'm trying to put this over—will you help me?" which went straight to people's hearts. That sincerity was a reflection of herself.

The tour was beneficial in a number of ways. It developed her voice, taught her some skill in its projection, range, and nuance and brought out a clear, crisp tone. It gave her poise and self-confidence. If ever again a rut threatens her, she will break out of it with quicker courage and energy. Most important of all, was the public's introduction to the real Irene Rich, lovely, spirited, gay.

"Why, you're so much *younger* than we expected!" fans exclaimed invariably, in surprised pleasure.

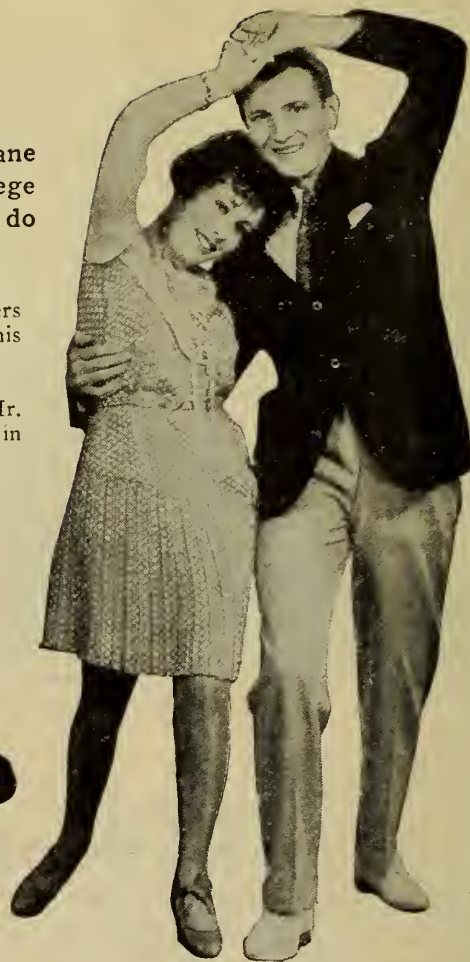
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Dance, Baby, Dance!

Elliott Nugent and Phyllis Crane show their gyrations in "College Life" and dare you to go and do likewise.

The first movement, left, shows the dancers rocking from one foot to the other in this pleasant, chummy fashion.

Jumping to the fifth movement, right, Mr. Nugent and Miss Crane grab hands in mid-air and embark upon a fox trot.



The second movement, above, shows the position assumed after the dancers have wheeled about, keeping time with the knees.

Third, right, has the dancers starting on a hopping glide, changing their foot positions with every third hop. Can you follow this? If not, blame those who started you going.

The fourth movement, left, consists of spinning around and gliding side-wise, if by now you aren't too dizzy. We are, after trying mentally to dance the steps.



Calm As the Night

Though Marguerite Churchill, heroine of "The Valiant," is one of the few stage players to make a sympathetic impression on the screen, she is neither excited nor influenced by Hollywood.

By William H. McKegg

SINCE the talkies swept over Hollywood, every one has been sunk in a whirlpool of contemplation, discussion, comparison, and distraction. One of the chief factors causing this upheaval has been the arrival of a number of players from the stage. Many have come—in fact, so eager were producers to engage trained voices, that some players were almost kidnaped and dragged westward, like recalcitrant victims for sacrifice to a new cult.

Of the scores of stage actors who came, scarce a handful remain. In many cases, one screen performance was given and the players returned to Broadway, probably quite willing to stick to their old jobs, and not enter new fields. The few that remain and are likely to become well known, almost assume the likeness of extraordinary individuals.

It is a little too late for me to state that Marguerite Churchill is likely to become one of the exceptions. She has proved herself to be one already, so I am done out of appearing as a prophet.

Under contract to Fox, Miss Churchill played in a couple of short talkies. Probably her willingness to be told things earned her the lead opposite Paul Muni, in "The Valiant."

Most stage players, who have played leads on Broadway, would have turned up artistic noses at the suggestion that they act in anything like Clark and McCullough's "The Diplomats" and Robert Benchley's "Furnace Trouble."

Not so Marguerite. She knew nothing about pictures and didn't pretend to. She realized that she had come upon something entirely foreign to anything she had ever done before; she was not adverse to being guided while she studied the new medium.

I could name one or two stage players who came to Hollywood and regarded the talkies with condescending mien, posing amid theatrical grandeur. Where are they now?

But to return to "The Valiant," to prove that some stage recruits face happier endings.

If you saw this picture, you must have noticed Marguerite Churchill's poignant acting—and her exquisite hands. She can do more with her hands than other players can do with their entire bodies. I shall return to her hands later on. Keep them in mind. In the meantime, before it is too late, you must hear what she has done from her earliest years to the present time.

Kansas City claims her, because she was born there on a Christmas Day—which makes her no ordinary person to begin with.



Though brought up in the atmosphere of the theater, Miss Churchill wears none of its tinsel.

New York has been chiefly her abiding place, though she lived more than a year in Buenos Aires. Her father bought a chain of theaters in South America, and took Marguerite and her mother with him to the Argentine. Marguerite returned eventually to the United States, crossing the Andes up to Lima, and taking a ship from there, through Panama, and back to New York.

Then she entered the Theater Guild School of Acting.

Her first professional rôle was the ingénue in "Why Not?" She must have been good, for she became the youngest leading lady on Broadway, playing in "The House of Shadows," "The Small Timer," "The Alimoniacs," "Skidding," and "Night Hostess." Her most prominent success was in "The Wild Man of Borneo."

It was while playing in the last that Winfield Sheehan, vice president of Fox, saw her. Right away he sought her out and signed her, and thus Marguerite came to Hollywood with her mother and grandmother, to learn what it was all about.

I found her in a Beverly Hills abode of Spanish architecture. A large bell clanged when I pushed open the iron gate and entered a patio. I expected to see *Ramona* run out and greet me, but Miss Churchill appeared instead, not running, but gliding gracefully like a sylph.

She stood in the open doorway wearing a dress of some veily stuff—you know the kind I mean. In the dusk it gave her the appearance of being enveloped in



Marguerite Churchill's exquisitely formed and eloquent hands attracted attention on her first appearance.

faint mists. She has dark-auburn hair, with touches of bronze in it. Her slender arms are beautiful, and her hands are the most perfect of their kind. What was that, Johnny? Her eyes? Well, believe me, old chap, they are confoundedly large, a deep velvet-brown. They hint of unfathomable depths, and mystic things and secret quests and—well, then we went inside the house, for Mrs. Churchill was approaching to learn why the interviewer was such a long time coming in.

Though practically brought up in the atmosphere of the theater, the Churchills possess none of its tinsel. They are well-bred gentlefolk.

We talked of many things—from cabbages to kings. Marguerite sat curled up at one end of the settee, her arms and hands in graceful postures, like pieces of sculpture.

Hollywood? She had been here only six months, and knew scarcely any one.

"Mother and I have been invited to a few places, and have enjoyed ourselves very much, but I am still quite a newcomer. My director, William K. Howard, is a delightful man. He is both clever and entertaining."

"You won't like most of the receptions," this individual put in, being determined to discourage the newcomer as much as possible; whereupon he spoke thus and thus, as Mr. Arlen would say, about Hollywood receptions, their meanings and results.

Marguerite looked incredulous and said, "Oh, surely not! But we scarcely know any one yet." Then her mother entered, after a short absence, carrying three large glasses of orangeade. I hesitated, because I am good and insist on observing the law, and said, "Is—it—"

Mrs. Churchill smiled and reassured me by saying, "No, it's only orangeade—the strongest drink you'll get here."

Moving the sprig of mint aside so it wouldn't tickle her nose, Marguerite remarked over the rim of her glass, "I always feel as if there is something dreadfully wrong with me when a drink is offered me and I refuse. I get such surprised looks, and am deemed a 'good little girl'! One would think I had to put up some big mental fight in refusing, when I decline merely because I wish to."

Embarrassment on this point was also felt by her mother.

"I feel more uncomfortable than Marguerite," she said, "for I always think the others believe Marguerite refuses because I am there—that she'd accept, if I were absent."

Marguerite was in the midst of her new picture, "They Had to See Paris," with Will Rogers.

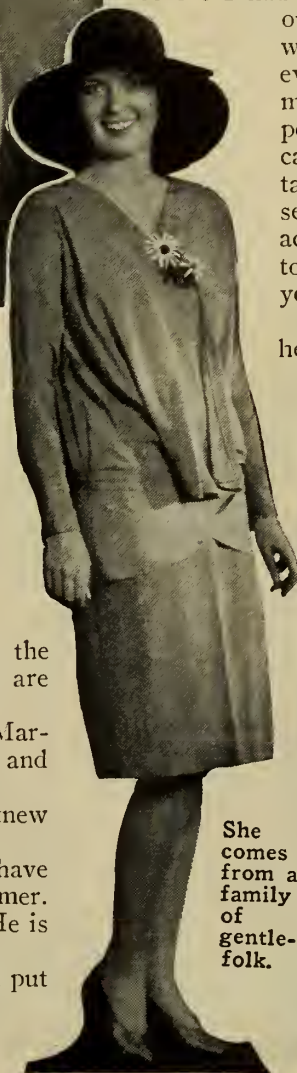
Did she find the studio rather startling after the stage?

"Not at all. I had never been inside a studio before I had my test taken, and until I came out here," she explained. "There was nothing to frighten me, though everything was new. What amuses me is that most of the picture people depend so much on the camera. They must stand at certain angles, their faces must be seen, they say, or how can they act? I think you ought to be able to act as much with your back as you can with your face."

She did not mention acting with her hands. In fact, this young actress will not talk about anything that gives herself a compliment. But I'll tell you. Marguerite Churchill's hands are so beautifully expressive that she does not have to face the camera to let an audience know what she is thinking.

But didn't the scattered continuity of studio acting make it difficult to get into emotional moods?

"Not to me," Miss Churchill gayly denied. "For in the first dramatic scene I had to play, I got the fright of my life. A violin and organ commenced something like 'Hearts and Flowers.' Instead of pitching me into the depths of pathos, I burst out laughing. I said, 'Please stop the music! I get better results without any.' You see—on the stage you have to act without musical atmosphere. It is not difficult." [Continued on page 110]



She comes from a family of gentlefolk.

He Dug His Way In

Guinn Williams entered the movies by means of a pickax, but it has taken him ten years to reach the inner circle.

By Helen Louise Walker

GUINN "BIG BOY" WILLIAMS might never have been in pictures if he hadn't been commissioned a second lieutenant in the army.

And he entered pictures in a novel manner. He *dug* his way in—with a pickax. Honestly! And if his horse hadn't died, and if it hadn't been for that plumber, and if he hadn't had such well-developed muscles in his arms—everything might have been different.

Oh, well, all right! I know it sounds involved. But I'll straighten it all out in just a minute.

We'll begin with the commission and work along from there. It was like this. Big Boy joined the army during the War and won his commission when he was nineteen. After the armistice was signed, he went home to the ranch in Texas and found that his father had secured an appointment for him to go to West Point.

Big Boy was a little dismayed at the prospect. He had already had quite a lot of army life—and he had made other plans.

"You see," he drawls, "I figured that I was already a second lieutenant. The idea seemed to be for me to go and work like everything for four years at West Point, and when I got through—I would be a second lieutenant! Seemed kind o' silly! So I said I'd rather play baseball. I'd had an offer from the White Sox."

The elder Williams didn't care for *that*. They couldn't seem to compromise on their divergent plans for Big Boy's future. So Big Boy left home.

Baseball, it seems, didn't wear so well, and it wasn't long before Big Boy was wandering about the country, cashing in upon his early ranch experience by riding and roping in rodeos.

What more natural at this point than that he should come to Hollywood to do stunt riding in pictures?

He arrived with two dollars and a half in his pocket and looked about him for a motion-picture studio. He found Larry Semon and his



Photo by Fryer

Guinn Williams, nicknamed "Big Boy," was born on a Texas ranch, and much of that environment still clings to him.

In "Lucky Star" he is the villain to the hero of Charles Farrell, left.



company working out of doors on a comedy. Here is where the pickax enters the story. A large hole in the ground was required for the picture and Big Boy, standing by, considered that the efforts of the workmen employed to dig the hole were distinctly half-hearted.

"I hadn't had any exercise for days," he said. "I went over to a man and said, 'Say! Would you lend me your pick for just a minute?' The bird was glad enough to turn it over to me, and I tore into that hole like nobody's business. Pretty soon everybody began to watch me—I guess they thought it was funny that anybody could be so enthusiastic about digging! Semon came over and asked me if I'd like to do some work in comedies."

See? What did I tell you?

He still had the notion that a hard-riding cowboy should make good in Westerns. So he drifted out of comedies, and sought employment in the wide-open epics.



Photo by Fryer

Big Boy eats steak for breakfast, because "you gotta have muscles to act," he says.

"I found out that in the old-fashioned, cheap Westerns they had a good-looking guy for the lead, and had somebody who could ride to double for him. I got to be the double," Big Boy relates mournfully. "But I wasn't licked yet. I thought I'd get me a good horse and train him the way Fred Thomson and Tom Mix had—and I'd get to do some pictures where I could do my own riding.

"Well, I got the horse. And, say! What a horse he was! I've ridden horses and broken 'em, and worked with 'em all my life, but I've never seen a horse like that one. Beautiful, intelligent, gentle, easy to train, spirited—he had everything. I spent a lot of time and money on him—getting ready to make pictures with him. And then he took the flu and died.

"That did nearly finish me. After that I had appendicitis, and the doctor said I wasn't to get on a horse for at least a year."

There was a lugubrious silence at this point in the narrative. We were lunching at the "Munchers"

Charles Farrell and Guinn Williams are real pals, but they don't talk about it.

on the Fox lot, and Charles Farrell joined us. Charlie and Big Boy are great pals.

"Tell her about the plumber!" urged Charlie.

"Oh, the plumber! That was a part in a picture," Big Boy explained. "It was an independent picture, and it wasn't so much of a part, but I was plenty glad to get it. It turned out to be a pretty good rôle for me—an easy-going, good-natured, funny, diamond-in-the-rough sort of chap. Lots of comedy. And it went over pretty well."

"Pretty well!" snorted Charlie.

"Very well," admitted Big Boy. "I've never had an idle moment since. Of course the rôle in 'Noah's Ark' did me a lot of good. It was the same type of character.

"Funny thing about 'Noah's Ark.' When George O'Brien and I got those parts in that picture, we thought it was on account of our ability as actors. We felt pretty good about it. Or at least I did. But we figured out afterward that we weren't chosen because we could act at all. Uh! Uh! We were picked because we were husky guys who could pack a lot of weight without collapsing.

"You know—you saw the picture. George had to carry Dolores Costello all around, and I had to carry about two tons of suit cases! You gotta have muscles to act in pictures like that one. There was hardly a scene where we didn't carry something."

He looked extremely adequate as a candidate for muscular rôles as he sat stowing away roast beef, while Charlie toyed with chicken salad. Big Boy urged his friend to have a "steak or something" and insisted, worriedly, that he eat a piece of custard pie with cream on it.

"When I first knew Charlie, he didn't eat any lunch at all!" he told me in a for-heaven's-sake voice, adding, "I eat steak for breakfast!"

And Charlie volunteered proud remarks about how well Big Boy was doing in "Lucky Star," Charlie's new picture in which Big Boy plays the heavy.

"I wasn't a bit sure I wanted him to do this part," Charlie said, "though of course I wanted him to work with me. It's a real heavy, you know, and I thought it might not be good for him. He has played those lovable characters for so long that he has made a name for himself in them. But he's doing awfully well in this—

I guess it won't hurt him.

What do you think?"

I was sure it wouldn't harm the big actor in the least—which seemed to relieve the Farrell boy amazingly. There is real affection between these two.

They were going out to Big Boy's ranch to ride that afternoon, it being Saturday and the director of "Lucky Star" having a desire to play golf, which released the company from work.

Big Boy's cowboy proclivities persist, you see, even after ten years in Hollywood. He has a miniature

Continued on page 111



Photo by Kahle

Just in Sport

These movie folk may be merely suggesting a fad for golfers and college freshmen.



Morgan Farley, above, a former stage player, seeks comfort above all.

No ordinary headdress, this, for Basil Rathbone, below, imported it from Paris.



Edmund Lowe, below, wears his beret at a cocky angle, as he does all his lids from topper to tin hat.



Nothing like the beret for golfing and motoring, says Charles King, above, in endorsing the brief headpiece.



Conrad Nagel, right, looks you in the eye and dares you to take off his beret, if you don't like it.

At last there is some chance to discover who's who in movie-talkie Hollywood. So many players have been signed up, that it has been almost impossible to discriminate between the wheat and the chaff, so to speak, until right now. A whole host of débuts will be made this fall and winter, and here are some of the nominees for applause and attention.

Marilyn Miller, dazzling song-and-dance idol of musical comedies, who will be seen in "Sally."

Ann Harding, suavely charming actress of "Paris Bound" and Ronald Colman's "Condemned."

Irene Bordoni, French-accented and piquant comédienne appearing in "Paris."

Joan Bennett, registering already in "Bulldog Drummond," and the busiest leading lady in filmdom. A cameolike beauty.

Maurice Chevalier, whose first real opportunity comes in "The Love Parade." He has been seen already pleasantly, in "Innocents of Paris," though it was a poor story.

Moran and Mack, who should, like the Marx Brothers, be good for one round of laughs, anyway. They're the "Two Black Crows" of vaudeville fame.

George Arliss, superlative character actor.

Other possibilities include Dennis King, Ina Claire, Constance Bennett, the Duncan Sisters, and little Helen Chandler, who is cast in "Salute," with William Janney and George O'Brien, and Catherine Dale Owen, leading woman for Jack Gilbert, in "His Glorious Night."

It's almost a grab bag out of which any one can take a pick, when it comes to other possibilities, and one thing is assuredly a fact—stage prominence won't mean a thing for the success of most of the film newcomers. They'll have to make good all over again.

Ooh, La, La, Maurice!

The talk of the town is Maurice Chevalier, and yet one must regard with puzzlement the news that he has gone back to France. Of course, it is said that the trip is only for a visit, but then, who knows? Will he return or not? One remembers the case of Emil Jannings and other artists considered exceedingly popular.

At all events, Chevalier made his big personal hit at the première of "The Four Feathers." He was master of ceremonies for that function, at the United Artists Theater, and instead of taking his duties seriously, he very cleverly burlesqued them. He travestied particularly that type of star introducer, who, while he is talking to the audience, walks back and forth across the stage. He gave the impression that he was doing a sort of marathon.

Chevalier has a real understanding of American audi-

Hollywood

Items of news and gossip from the ever-changing capital of moviedom.

ences, and is so genuine that it would be a pity if the right rôle did not come his way to make him a universal success. His first picture did not please everywhere, unfortunately, but in some cities, it was an extraordinary hit. It ran for nearly twenty weeks, for example, in San Francisco.

Much is anticipated for him in "The Love Parade."

Lupe Turns Serious.

Well, well—good news at last! Lupe Velez is really taking her work seriously. But that's perhaps because she has a rôle that she truly loves, and when Lupe loves anything, it is always ecstatically. She is playing in "Tiger Rose," and will have a chance to use her natural accent. The heroine originally was a French-Canadian, but a Spanish inflection probably will do just as well.

Lupe had a squabble not long ago with Herbert Brenon, when she was supposed to appear in "Lummox." She was late on the set, so it was told, but now she has reformed completely. She has been on time every day, and studies her dialogue so zealously that she knows it backward, and takes

occasion to chide, more properly "hawl out," the other actors, if they are not up in their lines.

The Cost of Victory.

Will it come to that stage where Lon Chaney will have to pay bitterly for his years of affording pleasure to his public? Sometimes we have feared it.

Chaney has been on the sick list for weeks, first with influenza, and later with throat trouble, and though his illness might not be directly traceable to the physical strain that he has put upon himself, with his many weird and misshapen impersonations, undoubtedly these have constituted a menace to his health.

Chaney had to give up playing in "The Bugle Sounds," and Wallace Beery took his place. It is expected that he will soon be able to work again, but there is little chance, we hear, of his assuming any of the more taxing and grotesque characters that he at one time undertook so frequently.



Photo by Hesser

Edward Hillman, Jr., gives Marian Nixon that beatific look, because she's now his very own little bride.

High Lights

By
Edwin and Elza Schallert

Erudite and Playful.

Do you know how to play Guggenheim? No, it's a game, not a character in a picture, and we were introduced to it at Colleen Moore's not long ago. This latest indulgence is in the intellectual class, and requires a knowledge of everything from the most obscure writings to the very latest advertising slogan. The playfulness of the stars is nothing if not erudite.

Guggenheim remotely resembles a cross-word puzzle. To play it, one draws six vertical lines on a piece of paper, and then crosses them with six horizontal lines. If this is done correctly, it should give thirty-six squares like those in a cross-word puzzle—only they should be larger than the puzzle squares.

The square in the upper left-hand corner is left blank. The five squares under that, on the left-hand side of the paper, are filled in with so-called general categories. Anything like rivers, islands, flowers, names of motion pictures, names of stars, names of famous battles—not that they have any relation to picture stars—will do.

The five squares at the top of the page are then filled in with a five-letter word—one letter to each square. As previously stated, the first square is left blank. Some five-letter word, like "peach," "pearl," "crane," or anything else that pleases, may be chosen.

Then begins the fun. You are given twenty minutes to fill in the remaining squares, and the procedure is to use only authentic words or names opposite the general classification. Each one of these must begin with the letter that is in the vertical space at the top of the column in which it is placed.

The more unusual the words chosen, the better will be the score. If there are nine people in the game, nine is the top score, and is allowed for each word that is not chosen by any other person in the game. If two persons happen to pick the same word eight is allowed; if three, seven points, and so on. The total of the points allowed for each word is added, and the person is declared the winner who has the highest score.

Great arguments ensue, if unusual words are chosen, and this adds to the fun. Those participating in the game have the privilege of turning thumbs down on any

word chosen, if the person writing it cannot absolutely prove that he is correct in using it. If there is doubt, a vote determines whether he shall have the points, or be awarded a goose egg. No referring to the dictionary is permitted, under peril of one's life.

Contending Intellectuals.

Those who entered the fierce competition at Colleen's home included, among others, Bebe Daniels, Julianne Johnston, Ben Lyon, and Carmelita Geraghty; but the highest score went to Carey Wilson, the scenario writer. The big events were when some one tried to slip by the name of the card game "euchre," spelled with a "u," and some one else contended that "scene-stealing" might be listed under the heading of "crimes." The shouting at moments like these could have easily been recorded in microphones ten miles away.

Colleen Moore's new home is, by the way, a most attractive hacienda. It has all the usual appurtenances of swimming pool, tennis court, motion-picture theater, et cetera, and one of the most distinctive features is a guest room entirely separated from the house. The

buildings are low and rambling, and constructed in the form of an open square. With red-tiled roof and white walls, it is distinctly Spanish-Californian. Its sun parlor is huge, extending the full width of the building. Colleen herself is furnishing the manse, room by room, and she has plenty of vacation time to do this, since the completion of her contract with First National.



Charles Farrell's mother has come out to Hollywood to live with her son and enjoy huckleberry muffins before a New England fireplace.

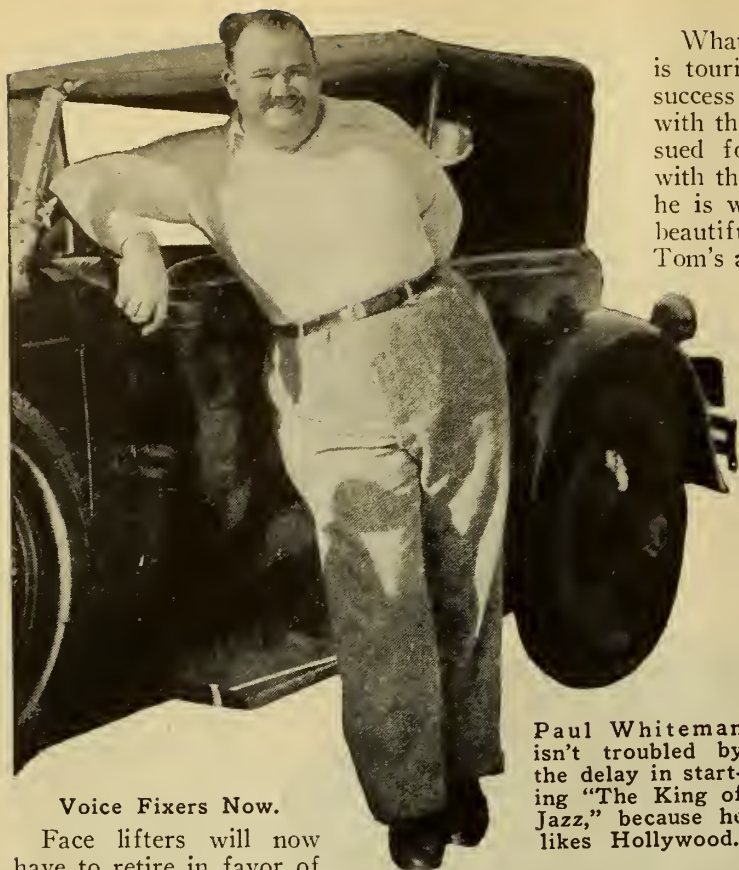
The New Democracy.

Guests at Hollywood affairs these days are an interesting commingling of stage and screen

celebrities. In the beginning, there was little mixing of the two groups, but the walls are gradually being broken down. One reason for this is the fact that many stars have changed their associations, and that since the Equity trouble, there has been much interchanging of players by the various studios. Acquaintances and friendships nearly always begin through professional meetings on the sets.

At Bebe Daniels' recently we found a composite assemblage, including Beatrice Lillie, Walter Catlett, John Boles, Ben Lyon, Louis Wolheim, Marie Mosquini, who is an old-time friend of Bebe's, and others. At another party given by Wesley Ruggles, the director, with Kathryn Crawford, to whom he is reported engaged, acting as hostess, were Neil Hamilton, Olive Tell, Sally Eilers, Lila Lee, Richard "Skeets" Gallagher, Thelma Todd, Viola Dana, Laura La Plante, and Walter Catlett.

Six months ago one could be sure of finding nearly the same group together at any particular set of affairs, but now all is apparently changed with the coming of a new democracy.



Voice Fixers Now.

Face lifters will now have to retire in favor of tonsil removers. And, as usual, this changed state of conditions will have to be attributed to the talkies.

Somebody has projected the theory that tonsils interfere with a vocal career by causing a muffling of the voice, or too much vibration.

Several stars, among them Estelle Taylor, have undergone the operation with a view to improving their enunciation.

Here's hoping that this new fad, if it is that, doesn't become too epidemic. It will, though, don't worry.

Equity Tempests.

Equity contentions are bringing on strange, new disturbances for those working in the movies. Minor players are frequently besieged at the studio gates, and urged not to play in pictures, until the rights of the actor under Equity rule are recognized. In other cases, rumors have been heard of players dreading being hit by falling lights.

In this connection, Douglas Gerrard was recently the victim of a practical joke. A rock was hurled through a window of his home, on which was a paper bearing the word "Beware" and signed "Heck-quity." For two days afterward, Gerrard went around with a body-guard, but he discovered that a friend was merely playing a trick on him.

Paul Whiteman isn't troubled by the delay in starting "The King of Jazz," because he likes Hollywood.

Charles Farrell cheerfully submits to the special stretching exercises of those two amateur osteopaths, Richard Keene, left, and Nick Stuart.



Tom Again Under Fire.

What next? Tom Mix may well ask this question. Mix is touring with a circus, but word reaches us of both his success and his troubles. Tom has already had his griefs with the government over income tax, and now he has been sued for \$400,000, because of alleged breach of contract with the proprietor of another circus than the one in which he is working. Tom also is reported to have lost a very beautiful diamond-studded watch that he valued highly. Tom's affection for jewelry is well known.

The Mix house in Hollywood is to be sold, according to latest reports, and the wife and daughter of the star are living at the beach. They will probably remain in the vicinity of the film colony until Mix's return.

Ingenious Betty.

Income-tax troubles, in a new form, bothered Betty Blythe's otherwise quiet and peaceful life recently. Her tourney was with the British collectors, and to add insult to injury, the bill that was forwarded to her was dated the Fourth of July.

Betty, so the foreign revenueurs state, owes them \$3,000. It is their share, they say, of the money that she earned on her vaudeville tour of Europe.

Betty objected on the ground that she had not been in England for six months, and therefore was not liable to being taxed. "I was there just five months and twenty-nine days," she said, "and I'm not going to surrender my rights in those circumstances."

Their Devoted Guide.

Most people, who know of the careers of Dolores and Helene Costello, must have realized what a deep loss the death of their mother was. Mrs. Mae Costello passed away suddenly a few weeks ago. She was a victim of heart disease, and her age was forty-seven.

Unquestionably she was responsible for the very entry of her daughters into the films, and guided their progress with indefatigable interest. She literally devoted her life to their welfare, and was happy to behold their success. Before their respective marriages, she accompanied them everywhere, and undertook virtually all the responsibilities of their lives.

Mrs. Costello was, at one time, the wife of Maurice Costello, and she herself appeared on the screen under the name of Georgia Maurice.

Nancy Drexel Resumes.

Nancy Drexel, who always struck us as a most promising youngster, will have her chance again. She is at Fox's, in "New Orleans Minstrels," playing the only important feminine rôle in this picture, which features William Collier and Walter Catlett.

Now, Nancy, try to steal a few scenes, if you can, from those two old stage players!

Bathing Girl's Successor.

It used to be that specifications were formally issued for the bathing girl, telling her height, weight, age, et cet-

era, and including even more detailed measurements of arms, ankles, and legs. Now it's the chorus girl of the movies who enjoys this popular broadcasting of her charms.

Hollywood's typical chorus girl is discovered to have the following attributes: height, 5 feet 3 inches; weight, 108 pounds; age, 19 years; hair, bobbed and light brown; eyes, blue. No mention is made of the dimensions of biceps and calves, for the reason that the mere beauty of these is not so valuable. The film chorus is a dancing chorus, and athletic Terpsichorean performances render the minor details of shapeliness somewhat less important than they were in the good old days, when it was plastic pulchritude alone that counted.

It is further disclosed that the typical chorus girl is ordinarily born in the Middle West, lives with her family, and does not adopt an assumed name on the screen.

The one-hundred-per-cent typical girl is said to be Maxine Cantway, under contract to First National. The attractions of one hundred and seven girls furnished the basis of the decision, in which Miss Cantway won out.

The Sisters of William.

All the talent in the Haines family is not confined to William, familiarly known as Bill, or Billy. He has two sisters, who are also bent on taking at least a fling at the movies. One is Ann and the other is Lillian, and they are both younger than their brother. Perhaps you can catch a glimpse of them in "Navy Blues" when that production is released, although the parts they play will be small.

The girls, who are from Staunton, Virginia, have been paying a summer visit to the star of their family.

Talkies Smile on Doris.

Little by little Doris Hill is fighting her way up the trail to fame, and talkies are bringing her more good luck than silents did. She started in a bit as a flower girl in "Interference," and is now doing her first genuine lead in "The Children."

"The Studio Murder Mystery" helped a little, but the new picture, adapted from the Edith Wharton novel, promises to be the most auspicious yet. Fredric March is the male lead.

Opposed to "Junior."

Raymond Hackett will never be happy until he changes the name of his youngster, born a month or two ago. In a weak moment, he consented to the boy's being called Raymond, Jr., largely through the persuasions of his attractive wife, Myra Hampton.

Now he wants to renege on the agreement. "James, George, John—anything but Raymond would do," he exclaimed. "I think it's the height of vanity, though, for a man to permit his son to be named after himself."

We suspect, though, that the youngster's mother, who is very devoted to her husband, is going to rule in this case, despite all paternal objections and expostulations.

Buddy's Stock Goes Up.

Charles Rogers is a smart young financier, and if this seems astonishing news, just consider what he achieved in Chicago during his personal appearances there. Charlie sang and also played some instrumental numbers during the run of his film, "Close Harmony," and made a most amazing hit.

While he was on this detached service from the studio his salary went right on as usual. Also he received an amount equal to that stipend from the theater. Then, when he became homesick, and asked if he couldn't return to Hollywood, the Chicago people wouldn't let him go, and offered to double what they were paying him, if he would stay.

Buddy now has made up his mind that he can be a business man any time he finds it necessary to leave the screen, and he also contends that homesickness is one of the most profitable maladies he knows.

Greta, the Mute.

Again will Greta Garbo be a silent star. And why should she stop? Her pictures seem to be record hits, despite that she does not talk.

When she made "The Single Standard," it was announced that this would be followed by the audible "Anna Christie." Instead, the company interposed another mute production, directed by the Belgian, Jacques Feyder.

Somehow this decision appears to be very well gauged. Greta's elusive charm might vanish were her voice heard. In any event, it had better be good.

Others Goldenly Silent.

Only a scant half a dozen or so of prominent players are on the silent list to-day. Besides Greta, there are Lon Chaney, Renée Adorée, Dolores del Rio, Charlie Chaplin, and Nils Asther. They are all popular. The majority, even Chaplin, would probably speak with an accent. So too would Ramon Novarro, who is making his first dialogue feature. While Ramon has never spoken lines, his voice was heard in "The Pagan," because, contrary to rumors that a double sang, he *did* carol "The Pagan Love Song."

Asther had a few words to say in "The Hollywood Revue," but these were eliminated. It was not deemed propitious for him to make a talkie debut in a feature of this sort.

Chaplin is apparently unalterably opposed to talk, but if he ever decided to take the leap, what a marvelous burlesque he could do on the vocal films of to-day. Those who know Charlie as a drawing-room entertainer realize that his mimicry is not limited to pantomime. He is clever, too, with his travesties of the spoken word.

Griffith's Magnum Opus.

With no small solemnity are preparations being made for D. W. Griffith's entrance into the talkies. His first picture will be the life story of Abraham Lincoln. It will be the sort of picture, we are assured, that he

Continued on page 100

If Georgiana, Loretta Young's little sister, is as nice as Loretta is when she grows up, she'll beautify *Picture Play's* cover, too. That's a promise!



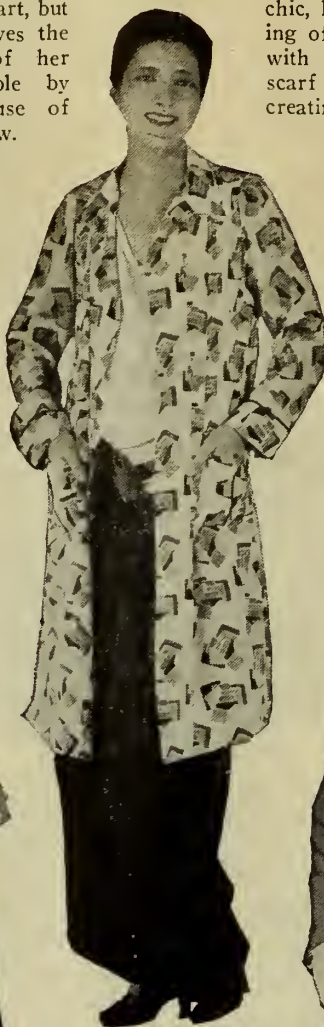
Photo by Longworth

That Nameless Something

Kay Francis has it in her manner of wearing clothes, which sets her apart from the many and makes her one of the very few.

The utter simplicity of Miss Francis' outfit, left, would be trying to a woman less smart, but the actress relieves the dusty brow of her tweed ensemble by wearing a blouse of lemon yellow.

She combines navy blue and black, right, with utmost chic, her frock being of navy crape, with a silver-fox scarf and slippers creating the black notes.



It is in the lines of her evening gown, right, that Kay Francis achieves subtle distinction, for the costume is merely of black crape and tulle—ah, but look at the silhouette!

Her lounging ensemble, above, includes a robe of red, white and black, white blouse and black satin trousers that boast a flare of side plaiting.

In no other costume on this page does Miss Francis better demonstrate the effectiveness of simplicity than is seen, left, in her town ensemble. The sleeveless frock of green crape is plaited and tucked, while the jacket is embroidered with a band of white dots. Hat, gloves, bag and shoes are white.



Photo by Dyar

A small sign, but a significant one—the ease with which Fredric March poses with a kitten. Yes, he'll stay in Hollywood.

Freddie For Keeps

For many good reasons an alert interviewer predicts that Fredric March will not return to the stage, but will remain in the movies.

By Helen Louise Walker

HOLLYWOOD swarms and swirls with a thousand new faces these days. On the set, when you can get on one, at the Montmartre, at premières—all is confusion. You have no way of knowing who is a potential picture celebrity, and who is just another tourist trying to look like one. And, by the way, it must be a little hard on the tourists, too. How are they to tell, when they write home to the folks, whom they saw eating ham and eggs right at the next table?

Excited press agents dart up to one, crying out the news that Angela Le Moyne, or somebody, has just been signed to sing and dance in such-and-such a picture. "What? You never heard of Angela? Why, she was the tap dancer in the 'Joy Jinx Revue'! Three years on Broadway—"

Oh, yeah? Does Broadway know it, we wonder? Oh, well, some of these people are going to get breaks and make good in pictures. Some of them. But which ones? It is as likely to be Angela as some one whose name has flourished in electric lights for years.

There is, of course, Fredric March. I am willing to venture timorously—one loses one's habitual cockiness about prognosticating nowadays—that Freddie belongs to Hollywood for keeps.

He is a young stage actor of unusual and particularly appropriate accomplishments. Essentially a character man, his technique is as pictorial as it is vocal. And he has been very fortunate in the circumstances surrounding his excursion into pictures.

He came to Los Angeles to play the rôle of *Tony*, in "The Royal Family," the stage play which purports to present a picture of the Barrymore family at home. *Tony*, of course, would be the irrepressible John, and Fredric March's portrayal of that impetuous celebrity was more than an imitation. It was delightful caricature. Although younger, smaller, and darker than the scion of the Barrymores, he nevertheless managed, without resorting to trick make-up, to look amazingly like him. The exaggerated walk, scowl, and characteristic gestures sent the original himself into howls of mirth when he and Mrs. Barrymore attended a performance of the play.

The result of all this was that Paramount seized Freddie and promptly put him under a long-term contract.

"It has been a great break for me," he says, "that the people with whom I have worked have been doing something almost as new to them as the whole picture business is to me. It must have been very tough on stage actors who came out here to try to work in silent pictures. One would feel like a rank amateur, I should think."

Freddie was lent by Paramount to Pathé, to play opposite Ann Harding, in "Paris Bound," and we were sitting on one of the new sound stages as we talked. He was quite resplendent in morning coat and striped, gray trousers, with a chaste lily of the valley in his button-hole. Miss Harding, in her ivory satin and lace, was almost too gorgeous to be real. [Continued on page 112]



Photo by Louise

Anita's eager enthusiasm is not clouded by artistic poses, or strange yearnings, for she has not "gone movie."

IS youth going natural again? Are boyish silhouettes and wise-cracking and semisophistication out?

The steadily increasing popularity of Anita Page adds to the present indication that the flapper has streaked her carmined path through enough jazz jingles. A new and less hectic type of girl, adapting the valentine-feminine allure to the vital, modern mold, is prevalent at all the studios, and is personably illustrated by Anita.

There are no half tones about Anita. Her opinions and contagious enthusiasms are those of gloriously peppy eighteen, a friendly and an astonishingly inexperienced eighteen. The steady gaze of her blue eyes echoes a candor untrained to guile, and they hold questions there before you. There is an unvoiced but tacit reminder in the significant glances all about you, that you must answer her questions in ways best for her.

Her provocation is wholly artless, and therein lies her charm. When Anita learns the power of her appeal, its freshness will be smudged. Chattering like a magpie, she pokes a smile into offices and, by the very alchemy of her youthful zest, rubs the gloom from dour faces.

She is sparkling, eager to be about the day's business. What a relief from poses and conversational mazes through which one must wander, seeking hinted meanings! In her simple sport frocks—admitting apprecia-

Hollywood's

Anita Page leads the rising group
ened the supremacy

By Myrtle

tively that some of them were given her for posing publicity pictures in them—she takes a lease on all eyes, however blinded said orbs may be by the opulent beauty of a Dove, the perfect chic of a Joyce, or the capers of a Bow. And how restful this blunt, joyous speech of hers, untrained to the movie interview manner.

With Anita, the improbable has happened. Eighteen months ago I met her, the day after she had signed an M.-G.-M. contract. Amid discovery's flurry, publicity photos, casting, and costuming, everything was one grand, breathless whirl of excitement, work, and being liked.

And I'm Al Jolson if it isn't *still* that way!

I have been waiting, with that usually unerring premonition based on experience, for Anita to "go movie." According to custom and human nature, it had to be. She hasn't. There *are* outward evidences of her career—the imposing motor in which sit her proud parents and her kid brother, trying like the dickens not to act impressed, a certain remembrance of her profession which follows her, in public taking the form of recognition and requests for autographs, at home the scheduled care of her.

Otherwise she is unchanged. Her bubbling vitality never seems to need recharging; she never slumps, tired, pouty, chagrined. Criticisms and disappointments she accepts cheerfully, as just and beneficial.

Everything that is said to her, she believes, is for her own good. At the very outset, every one in the studio tacitly accepted the rule of looking after 'Nita. The boys became surprisingly careful of their speech, lest some term foreign to her inexperience creep in, each making himself a manager and bodyguard. It strikes me as rather curious that her father, knowing nothing of picture making or conditions, should have the intuition to select from among this maze of proffered advice the most sensible and meritorious suggestions.

Her career is being built methodically, as one would plan and execute each step of a business campaign, all mapped out. She would be just an invoice, except that she imbues all this meticulous, detailed arrangement with her own bright spontaneity.

Her course is charted with careful consideration of all the winds which might affect her navigation. All that is influential to her career is incorporated in her busy schedule; the irrelevant is shunted aside. She is to become a success, provided her talent develops and the public approves her. Nothing will be permitted to detract from this single purpose. For it, to please her

Nine O'clock Girl

of natural, girlish girls that has already threatened the hey-hey sorority.

Gebhart

mother and to gratify her wish, Marino Pomares gave up his business back East and placed himself, after being the breadwinner, in the outwardly nebulous position of a movie actress' father.

Outwardly, I say, for he is still the head of the family. All things pass before his judgment.

A robust constitution being necessary, if she is to endure the strain of long hours and the tension of emotional work and not develop nerves, her health is guarded. When she is working, the rule is a nine thirty bedtime, unless the occasion be a very special one, such as an important premiere at which it is politic for her to be seen. As many spare hours as possible are spent swimming or golfing with her father. She is not permitted to drive, for fear of accident. Fresh air, exercise, sensible food—she has displaced those pounds which for a time threatened a too-ample upholstery—and study are included in her program.

Parties are rare. Only once, with the German Prince Ferdinand, was she allowed to go out in the evening with a man unchaperoned.

"Of course, I must have a chaperon." It required effort to divest my face of its unconscious where-have-I-heard-that-word-before expression. "It isn't that my father doesn't trust the boys—they are all very nice—but they speed, and he is afraid of an automobile accident."

So that when Harry Crocker, or another swain, takes Anita to the theater, to Catalina, anywhere, Mr. or Mrs. Pomares accompanies them. The boys say they like the arrangement. Her parents are jolly good fun. Perhaps, too, the youths are fed up with the flappers who "know life," with all its picot edges, and find this experience novel and refreshing. Whatever their personal reactions to the archaic custom, Anita is no wall-flower when she attends social affairs. Papa or no papa, the boys hang around.

Anita's earnestness, her avidity for work, belittle my poor vocabulary. Every actress has an in-



Papa or Mamma Pomares chaperons Anita when she goes places, and the kid brother has his innings, too.



tensity of application to duty that any business man might well wish his secretary possessed. A girl who lacks this capacity for work would stand small chance in the scratching, pulling, fighting competition of Hollywood, where an ingénue grows on every rosebush.

Anita's absorption, however, shames all others.

It amounts to a happy obsession. From the first it has been work, study, learn; into this routine she has poured all her vital Spanish energy, all her French vivacity, all her Irish imagination.

Until she acquired ease of manner on the set, the next day's scenes were rehearsed minutely by the family at home each evening. Papa Pomares might be hero or villain—I dare say at times he was none too sure!—and her mother, bewildered, was the cast, individually and collectively; sometimes, one or the other even had to be a prop. Anita went through her scenes until she had

Continued on page 105

Photo by Bull

Anita's great concerns are career and health, so daily exercise and early bedtime are two fixed rules.



The Stroller

Shrewd comment on the idiosyncrasies of the movies and some of their people.

By Neville Reay

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

IT'S all a question of credit—or credits.

From time to time the industry has been agitated by moves to eliminate credits on the screen, the idea being that the extra reel of film would give the producers something to play with in their effort to achieve entertainment. An extra reel of action would be room enough for a glittering, gorgeous galaxy of emotional play by Sarah Heimer, the most scintillating beauty on the screen—with a tintinnabulous voice as full of meaning as an assistant director's promise of stardom.

My opinion—having seldom written anything that could get screen credit—is that these beautifully molded titles with strange names, that sound like a passenger list on the combination freight-passenger local to Center-ville, could be eliminated without loss. And I further suggest that this footage be not filled by action, but be used for the philanthropical purpose of shortening the show. I further hope that this will not encourage exhibitors to toss in another painful talking short of some third-rate vaudevillian, who needed the one hundred dollars for giving his act away to save himself from starving.

We didn't have to go to vaudeville unless we wanted to, in the past, but now if we go to pictures at all, we must take it or leave it.

Film editors, assistant directors, wardrobe designers, and prop boys probably insist upon the credits, under the illusion that they have fan clubs all over the country adoring them and picking out the pictures they work on to honor with their attendance.

To become logical for a moment, what do their names mean, even in Hollywood? They have nothing to do with whether a picture is good or bad. They have to work on whatever picture is assigned them. The work is the same on a flop as it is on a hit, so far as these people are concerned.

However, it does help some of them personally in Hollywood. If, by chance, they work on a hit, they flash a copy of the title on some producer and maybe get a job at some other studio. Not to complicate this matter too much, let's use the screen for these credits only in Hollywood. Use a slide like the following:

Wardrobe—Joe Shoe. Fired Sept. 15. Tel. Gr. 9999.
Props—Sam Cohn. Fired Aug. 10. Will take \$20 a week. Tel. Gr. 2070.

I feel certain no one would ever telephone a studio.

But this is all a bit futile. Talking pictures have more than doubled the credits, and color photography has added its line. Now we include the names of sound engineers, recording experts, song writers, music publishers, the electrical company, and we even know which of several methods is used to produce sound—provided we read the titles.

Since the thing has gone to such ends, I am in favor of putting the thing on the up and up. Let's be honest and give credit where credit is deserved, even if it adds to the length of the reading matter.

Let's do it this way.

SIMON PURE
PRESENTS
"ORANGE PASSION"
STARRING
CACTUS BLOSSOM

Face.....Mr. Blossom
Voice.....Otto Schultz, Jr.
Feet, in dances

W. Nathan Tobriner
Hands, in pantomime

Jim Thomas
Body, in fights.....Donald Kirby
Double, for stunts

"Longshot" O'Brien
Double, for love scenes

E. L. Davis



New shows on Broadway are lacking in fresh music, because the first, second, and third-rate song writers are all in Hollywood cleaning up.

Then when all that's done, let's form a fan club and go gathering nuts every Saturday afternoon.

For some one to compose an eighteen-day-diet crossword puzzle would be one of the heights of something, combining, as it would, two forms of common insanity.

The only thing I hope is, that the diet won't get space on the printed page as long as crossword puzzles have.

I am printing herewith The Stroller's special diet for Western stars' horses. Breakfast—one wisp of straw, two grapefruit seeds, water; lunch—two munches of fresh grass, one quarter carrot, water, one grapefruit seed; dinner—ten grains of oats, one grapefruit seed, tea.

When the horse has come through this, send him to President Hoover for exercising—or eating.

People who have nothing else to do are turning into collectors of statistics.

One of the Hollywood newspapers actually had people on the corner of Vine Street and Hollywood Boulevard counting the number of automobiles which passed the intersection, and noting which way they went.

The figures passed into the millions during a month. Every car that came to the crossing was counted by one man, and every car which left the crossing was counted by another, making the thing more darn fun.

Actors out of jobs, but still retaining their cars, used to spend the day driving around the block, or making U-turns at the crossing to increase the labor of the clockers, figuring that it was possibly one of the most enjoyable ways of spending a between-pictures vacation.

If the clockers could only be placed at studio gates to count the number of ideas taken in, they would be equaled only in labor by those clocking the ideas coming out; while the task of figuring how many ideas remained within would be an easy job for Stepin Fetchit.

An indoor sport which receives my heartiest coöperation has broken out at the Coconut Grove.

The tourists flock there on Tuesday nights to see the celebrities—people will flock to see anything—and dance near them.

Then they write back home, "I kicked John Gilbert in the shins." "I poked Charlie Chaplin with my elbow." "I bumped into William Haines so hard he fell down." "I jabbed Buddy Rogers in the eye with my finger—oh, his flesh was so soft, like a baby's."

Although it has driven many of the stars to going other nights of the week, I think this is a great idea. If we only had hardier and huskier tourists. If I could only get some of my pet hates to attend during a convention of lumberjacks from the great outdoors, this would indeed be bliss.

As one of the tourists was heard to remark, "A good kick in the shins is worth ten answers to fan letters; while a poke in the eye is better than an autographed picture."

A wee bit of late warm weather is causing trouble to sound stages. Once, during the summer, an experimental press agent at the First National studio put a thermometer on a set during the day, and found the lights ran it up to 135 degrees.

If it had been a Greta Garbo kiss scene, that could have been explained satisfactorily. This suggests a new field for practical and experimental psychology.

The reactions of the air to the star should be measured to prove once and

for all that Mary Brian is really not cold, but runs the temperature way up to 118; Clara Bow to a torrid 146; Bacallanova to 184; Janet Gaynor to 80; and May McAvoy to 30.

A wax figure of Joe Gans dripped away at the Fox studio because of too great proximity to a story conference.



"A good kick in the shins is worth ten answers to a fan letter," said a tourist who danced by a star at the Coconut Grove.

To appreciate the great change in the personnel of Hollywood one has but to meet a few song writers.

Heretofore we were never bothered by this species, but like a plague, they have descended upon us. They have not only immigrated, but like an epidemic, they have sprung up among us from our own ranks.

New musical shows in New York are strangely lacking in fresh music for the simple reason that the first, second, and third-rate writers are all in Hollywood cleaning up.

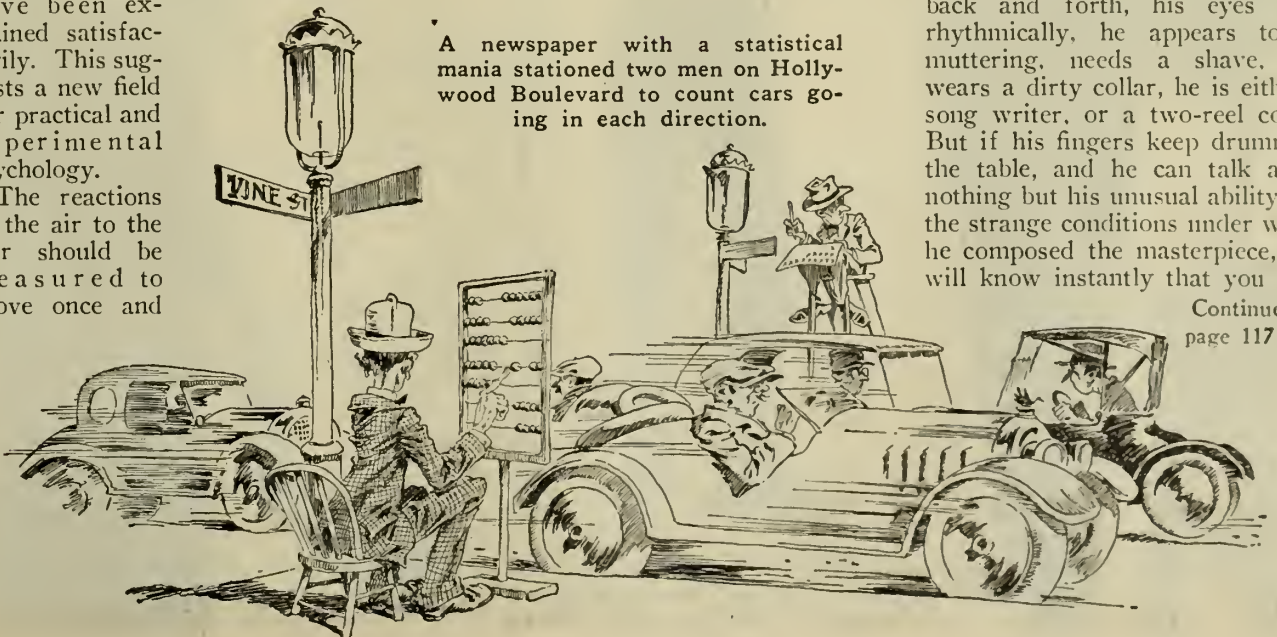
After all, if you have a motion picture to plug your song you can get more in royalties than from the sale of copies inspired by a limited New York plug. These song writers can be heard over the radio at any time, and they always play a medley of all the songs they have written since they were first able to hit a piano with one finger, many of them not having progressed beyond that.

One writer, in a moment of drunken stupor, admitted that he had sold for a big picture three of the songs which he wrote five years ago for a New York musical show which was a dismal flop. And music dealers list two of these numbers as best sellers.

The way to tell a song writer from a human being is to look at his eyes and fingers. If his head swings back and forth, his eyes shift rhythmically, he appears to be muttering, needs a shave, and wears a dirty collar, he is either a song writer, or a two-reel comic. But if his fingers keep drumming the table, and he can talk about nothing but his unusual ability and the strange conditions under which he composed the masterpiece, you will know instantly that you have

Continued on page 117

A newspaper with a statistical mania stationed two men on Hollywood Boulevard to count cars going in each direction.



How to Break In

Eddie Nugent, the resourceful, gives five priceless hints to those who want to get into the movies.



Plenty of pull is the first requisite, says Eddie Nugent, above, and proceeds to show the kind he means.

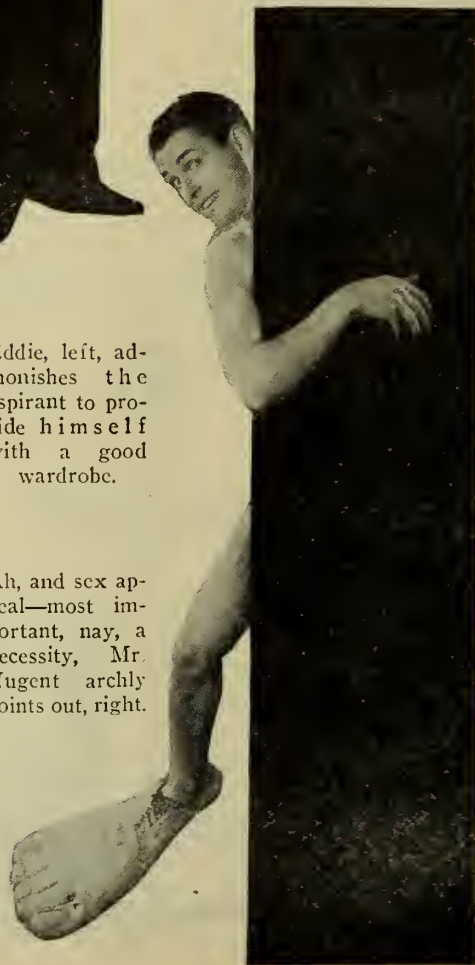


You must learn to "sell" yourself as Eddie does, left, never missing an opportunity to speak a good word in your own behalf.



Eddie, left, admonishes the aspirant to provide himself with a good wardrobe.

Ah, and sex appeal—most important, nay, a necessity, Mr. Nugent archly points out, right.



A good voice is necessary these days, says Eddie, left, suggesting that you watch his tone productions for the best results.



A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE

"Thunderbolt"—Paramount. All dialogue. Romanticized movie underworld, with exceptional touches paving the way for excellent acting. George Baneroff, as the king gunman, seeks revenge by framing a rival lover, but is himself undone. Fay Wray reveals hidden talents, and Richard Arlen scores. Good supporting cast.

"Dangerous Curves"—Paramount. All dialogue. Rattling good picture, with Clara Bow in a serious rôle. Heart tangles in a circus troupe, with unexpected developments. Strong support from Richard Arlen, and intrigue de luxe by Kay Francis. David Newell also a nice addition.

"Fashions in Love"—Paramount. All dialogue. Adolphe Menjou's first talkie and last picture for Paramount, and one of his most engaging ones. Deft story of philandering husband and a wandering wife who went back to their respective home nests. Fay Compton, Miriam Seegar, John Miljan.

"Wonder of Women"—Metro-Goldwyn. Part dialogue. Dignified, beautiful portrayal of a genius who fled from his simple fireside to renew his association with a prima donna and his awakening to his true inspiration. Marvelous acting by Lewis Stone, and Peggy Wood ideal as his wife. Leila Hyams the singer.

"She Goes to War"—United Artists. Incidental sound. War picture with unusual story and magnificent acting, in which a girl dons her drunken fiancé's uniform and goes to battle, and is awakened to real life. Alma Rubens and Eleanor Boardman give fine performances, and the talents of Edmund Burns are brought out. John Holland, Al St. John, Yola d'Avril, Glen Walters, Eulalie Jensen.

"Studio Murder Mystery, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Film studio crime unraveled by gag man and police, with suspense, many laughs, and after suspicion points to five persons, a satisfactory solution is hit upon. Neil Hamilton in leading rôle gives engaging performance, Fredric March the murdered actor. Florence Eldridge's talking début. Warner Oland, Doris Hill, Lane Chandler, Eugene Pallette, Chester Conklin.

"Where East Is East"—Metro-Goldwyn. Silent. Troubles of a jungle animal hunter, who seeks happiness for his untamed daughter. Lon Chaney as you would expect him, Lupe Velez, and Estelle Taylor in a brilliant rôle. Lloyd Hughes also at his best. Splendid atmosphere and a picture to see.

"Man I Love, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Striking film of prize fighter's drifting and his come-back in the nick of time. Richard Arlen's pleasing talkie début as the fighter who is captivated by Baelanova, but in the end knows his heart is with his wife, Mary

Brian. Swiftly presented, engrossing. Leslie Fenton effective.

"On With the Show"—Warner. All dialogue, singing, dancing, and entirely in color besides. Gayety and beauty of musical comedy, with young love of an usher and coat-room girl, with other issues galore. Entire cast does well. Betty Compson, Louise Fazenda, Sally O'Neil, Joe E. Brown, William Bakewell, Arthur Lake, Wheeler Oakman, Sam Hardy, Ethel Waters.

"Bulldog Drummond"—United Artists. All dialogue. A melodramatic thriller, with sophisticated viewpoint which makes fun of what transpires. Story of bored ex-war hero, who advertises for adventure and gets it. Ronald Colman vitalized and remade by speech, giving memorable performance, ably seconded by Joan Bennett, Lilyan Tashman, and Montagu Love.

"Madame X"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Old-time melodrama of mother love superbly vivified by fresh dialogue, modern direction, and superb acting, with Ruth Chatterton and Raymond Hackett as mother and son reaching heights of tear-wringing emotion in famous courtroom scene, where wretched woman charged with murder is defended by son taught to believe her dead. Lewis Stone, Eugenie Besserer, Mitchell Lewis, Holmes Herbert, and Ulrich Haupt.

"Valiant, The"—Fox. All dialogue. Grimly uncompromising picture notable for introduction to screen of Paul Muni, whose place among leaders now is unchallenged. Story of murderer's efforts to convince sister that her brother is not himself, but a soldier who died a hero. Marguerite Churchill also fine, and John Mack Brown does well.

"Pagan, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Singing. Treat for Ramon Novarro's fans and justification of all they've read of his singing voice, which is delightful, exceptional. Story of young South Sea Islander's love for half-caste girl. Dorothy Janis, Renée Adorée, and Donald Crisp.

"Close Harmony"—Paramount. All dialogue. Lively, up-to-date medley of backstage life, shrewd, clever, entertaining, with best performance Charles Rogers has given in talkies, and another by Nancy Carroll. Jack Oakie, "Skeets" Gallagher, and Harry Green.

"Trial of Mary Dugan, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Courtroom drama glorified in baffling mystery murder of a chorus girl's lover. Norma Shearer excellent in talkie début, as accused girl. Raymond Hackett, a newcomer, Lewis Stone, H. B. Warner, Lilyan Tashman give fine support.

"Coquette"—United Artists. All dialogue. The "new" Mary Pickford, in fancy frocks and bob, essays a flirt whose actions create drama in a small-town Southern family. John Mack Brown, John St. Polis, Matt Moore.

"Rainbow Man, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. An irresistible picture, with finely balanced sentiment and fun, with Eddie Dowling, the stage star, and his young partner, Frankie Darro, in minstrel-show settings. They find Marian Nixon and love and trouble. Dowling is a knock-out.

"Divine Lady, The"—First National. Silent. A series of exquisite paintings animated with poetic feeling and a little drama. Lovely presentation of "Lady Hamilton" by Corinne Griffith and finely modulated "Lord Nelson" by Victor Varconi. H. B. Warner, Ian Keith, Montagu Love, Dorothy Cumming, Marie Dressler.

"Alibi"—United Artists. All dialogue. Crook picture, played and directed with distinction. A cop's daughter sympathizes with underworld, marries a crook, but is soon disillusioned in a thrilling climax. Chester Morris, Eleanor Griffith, Pat O'Malley, Regis Toomey supply high lights in action and talk.

"Wild Orchids"—Metro-Goldwyn. Silent. Greta Garbo in her best rôle, rather slow, but impelled by adult emotions. Java beautifully pictured. Nils Asther and Lewis Stone. Triangular love situation, a wife's admirer punished.

"Letter, The"—Paramount. Entertaining eloquence and dramatic situations make this a milestone in all-dialogue films, and bring to the screen the gifted Jeanne Eagels. A civilized picture showing the wrecked lives of an English couple in Singapore. Stage east devoid of euties includes O. P. Heggie, Reginald Owen, and Herbert Marshall.

"Iron Mask, The"—United Artists. A picturesque tapestry, sequel to "The Three Musketeers," superbly exploiting Douglas Fairbanks. Story from Dumas revolves around the throne of seventeenth-century France. Marguerite de la Motte, Dorothy Revier, William Bakewell, and Ulrich Haupt.

"Broadway Melody, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. An extraordinarily entertaining musical-comedy picture, human in its appealing story of stage life, with dialogue, song and spectacle. Concerning two sisters with ambitions to make Broadway, and a song-and-dance artist from their home town, and their careers and loves. Bessie Love, Anita Page, and Charles King top-notch.

FOR SECOND CHOICE

"Lucky Star"—Fox. Part dialogue. A countryside idyll with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, and the director is Frank Borzage. As pretty and as good as one would expect, the story being that of a farm girl and her crippled ex-soldier lover. Guinn Williams is the bad, bad villain.

"Pleasure Crazy"—Fox. All dialogue. Wild scramble of melodrama,

[Continued on page 118]



Polly Moran, Charles King, Bessie Love, Gus Edwards, Marie Dressler, and Cliff Edwards contribute an amusing number to Metro-Goldwyn's "Hollywood Revue."

The Screen in Review

By Norbert Lusk

The parade of new films yields several notable ones as well as some brilliant individual performances.

METRO-GOLDWYN'S long-awaited "Hollywood Revue" at last unfurls itself before delighted eyes. It is inconceivable that any eyes anywhere—to say nothing of ears—will fail to see and hear it. Its fame will travel far and its magnetism will drag doubting souls into theaters wherever it is shown.

Glittering, gorgeous, and always entertaining, it adheres to the form of stage revues so closely that there isn't even a recurrent theme song in lieu of a story to bind it together. Instead, it is a swiftly changing kaleidoscope of songs, dances, and skits performed by so large a number of stars that one is obliged to call them, somewhat apologetically, a galaxy. Some of the names familiar to fans are Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Bessie Love, Conrad Nagel, Lionel Barrymore, Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy, Anita Page, John Gilbert, William Haines, Buster Keaton, Marie Dressler, Charles King, Polly Moran, Karl Dane, George K. Arthur, and Gwen Lee. Recruits from vaudeville include Jack Benny, Brox Sisters, Natacha Nattova, Gus Edwards, Cliff Edwards, and the Albertina Rasch ballet, not forgetting a huge chorus of prancing boys and girls who, as much as any one, see to it that there isn't a dull moment.

Since there's no story to recount, your reporter must tell you what the stars do and how they do it. When I saw the "Hollywood Revue" on Broadway the most spontaneous and lasting applause was evoked by Marion Davies, Marie Dressler, and the Albertina Rasch ballet. But this may differ in other communities. For example, I can think of nothing more melodiously pleasing than Charles King singing "Your Mother and Mine," nor

anything more like bathroom warbling than Joan Crawford crooning something or other. However, her dancing is another thing altogether. It electrifies her entire body, which is beautiful, as you know. Miss Davies also dances capably and sings likewise in a handsomely staged military drill with a sensational finish, in which she appears in her favorite rôle, that of a smartly turned out boy in uniform. She is utterly captivating, and the burst of applause which followed it didn't surprise me at all, for I contributed more than my share. The same can be said of Bessie Love, both in her solo as well as her amusing number with Miss Dressler, Miss Moran, Cliff Edwards, Charles King, and Gus Edwards, a picture of which appears on this page.

Conrad Nagel also sings, as well as alternates with Jack Benny as master of ceremonies, but as gentlemen who function in the latter capacity always bore me intensely, perhaps my appreciation of Mr. Nagel's vocal efforts is necessarily tempered by the tedium imposed in his other capacity. However, Mr. Benny monopolizes the functions of interlocutor—a word, by the way, which he slurred in pronunciation, as well as completely mispronouncing "conjure." Once again I nominate as a useful citizen in Hollywood a censor of pronunciation.

Some day from somewhere will come a man with the qualifications of a real master of ceremonies. He will be suave, amusing, and civilized—and I'm sure he will have the devil's own time getting a job.

Last, but not least, Norma Shearer and John Gilbert perform the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" in

color, but all the color is, unfortunately, in the photography, Mr. Gilbert's voice being too mincing and affected for words—Shakespeare's glorious words! However, when they burlesque the scene in slang Mr. Gilbert shows that he hasn't spent fifteen years in the studios for nothing.

Yes, the "Hollywood Revue" is vastly entertaining from one standpoint and another. It isn't conspicuously original or intelligent, but it is so easily the best of its kind that one must not only see it, but wait eagerly for the next edition.

Genius.

"Hallelujah" is a great picture—so great, indeed, that the conscientious reviewer, overwhelmed, feels that no words of his can convey its majesty, its epic grandeur. For the words commonly used to describe other pictures become pale, inadequate. Enough to say, then, that there has never been another film like it; that it is the most American picture ever produced; and that it has the sweep and surge of an opera rather than the emotional appeal of a mere story. For it portrays the soul of the negro race as no work has ever approached the subject, neither sublimating nor ridiculing the poetry, superstition, religion, music, sensuality, and optimism inherent in all negroes, but combining these qualities in a magnificent, sweeping whole.

The picture has no relationship to a dramatic plot, but it is intensely dramatic, this simple story of a young negro cotton picker, *Zeke*, who is lured into a crap game, is fleeced, and in attempting to wreak vengeance upon his enemy, accidentally shoots his young brother. In atonement, he becomes a wandering preacher, conducting revival meetings among his people. The girl responsible for his downfall again comes into his life and, first jeering at him, her scorn turns to love, her love to religious hysteria, and the two go away together. Again *Zeke's* enemy, the girl's former paramour, appears, and their elopement is interrupted by the death of the girl by accident and *Zeke's* savage murder of the man. Released from the penitentiary on probation, *Zeke* returns home light-heartedly to the musical rejoicing of his family.

Indeed, music is the emotional expression most often heard throughout the picture—the happy singing of the cotton pickers, the crooning of the mother as she goes about her work, her lamentations when doom is in the air, and the superb outpourings of the congregation when laboring in the throes of religious fervor. All this is a glorious symphony of American melody.

As for the all-negro cast, not one of whom has ever appeared on the screen before, perfection of type, of acting and singing is so uniform that individual praise is unnecessary. But let us not fail to spell out the name of King Vidor, the director, in platinum stars.

Rough Stuff—and How!

"The Cock-eyed World" is a broadside, an explosion, the only picture of its kind. But you must have heard all this by now. Never have I known the fame of any film to spread so quickly, to excite audiences on the first warning of its coming and to keep theaters crowded long after the time allotted to it.

Frankly, outrageously vulgar, profane, and abandoned, it depicts the amatory exploits of two marine sergeants—and it is irresistibly funny. In spite of whatever qualms its immorality arouses, and notwithstanding the shocking impact of its dialogue upon sensitive ears, "The Cock-eyed World" quickly "gets" you, puts you in the spirit of the thing, and immediately you forget yourself



Lily Damita and Victor McLaglen wage the battle of the sexes for laughing purposes only in "The Cock-eyed World."

entirely and become one of the rowdy company on the screen. At least that's what it did to me, and I dare say thousands of others feel the same way about it, for I have seen no one leave the theater while the picture was in progress, whereas in the course of many a "nice" picture it requires no clairvoyant to know that the persons constantly departing are doing so from boredom, and not to catch a train to the suburbs. But it is not only because of the racy, close-to-the-soil humor and biological dialogue that makes the picture a success. It is superbly directed and acted.

What more is there to say? Of plot there is little or none. Just a series of episodes involving *Top Sergeant Flagg* and *Sergeant Quirt*—those immortals of "What Price Glory?"—in a continuation of their jealous rivalries in scenes that shift from Vladivostok, by way of Coney Island, to an unnamed tropical territory. It is in the latter that most of the ribaldry occurs, and it is there that Lily Damita joins the boys to contribute more than a lady's share to the rough indecencies of sex rampant. And, really—but what am I saying, I who applaud Betty Bronson for purity?—well, Miss Damita is a flaming signal to forsake one's books and seek the tropics!

As for Victor McLaglen, as *Flagg*, and Edmund Lowe, as *Quirt*, they need no cue from me to pat themselves on the back. El Brendel, the comedian, is conspicuous in the horseplay, while Solidad Jimenez, the mother in "In Old Arizona," again explains why her daughters need never go to a finishing school.



"The Single Standard."



"Say It With Songs."



"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney."



"Smiling Irish Eyes."

Backstage At Its Best.

It is not exactly a new story that you will see in "The Dance of Life," but you will see it better done than ever before, and the picture in its entirety will rank with the finest of the new season. Faithfully adapted from the play "Burlesque," it tells the story of a tender-hearted little dancer who sticks through thick and thin to her husband, a likable though worthless clown, whose dumbness she overlooks and whose unintentional cruelty she forgives. All this yields a series of brilliant character studies sharply etched against the background of a cheap burlesque show and the screen's most gorgeous and authentic representation of the "Follies." In short, this is a picture to miss at your peril, for it will take its place among the lasting successes.

Intimate, revealing, on the screen, it is hardly fair to reduce the story to bare words. They could not do justice to the appeal of the characters. This lies in their dialogue which deftly, completely, uncovers their thoughts and emotions and causes the spectator to share their viewpoint amazingly. The picture has the rare and precious quality of awakening sympathy for every character. The weakness of *Skid*, the clown, in neglecting *Bonny*, his wife, with his first taste of success on Broadway, is made to seem a lovable weakness for which you cannot reproach him, because you know what manner of man he is. Nor do you resent *Bonny's* return to him on the eve of her marriage to a good man as merely the striving for a happy ending, for you know that it is what a girl like *Bonny* would do in real life.

Hal Skelly, who played *Skid* on the stage, undertakes the same rôle on the screen and acquits himself with glory. As for Nancy Carroll—well, I don't know where she is headed for unless it be among the immortals of the screen, if there are any. She is a superb *Bonny*. Of all the singing actresses, she alone can best express heartbreak while raising her voice in joyous song. Dorothy Revier, as a "Follies" vamp, is excellent, together with every one else in the cast.

The Great Garbo.

One of the most brilliantly searching moments of acting ever seen in my fifteen years' observation of the screen occurs in "The Single Standard." It is furnished by Greta Garbo. She washes her hands, then her hair. Ah, but what is not back of this simple act, and who could make it mean more? Even echo is silent. Miss Garbo stands on a pinnacle, alone. Only she could make the story matter, or give it even ephemeral conviction, for it is a shallow, pretentious flirtation with the subject of a woman's right to live her life with the freedom enjoyed by a man. It proves nothing except that in an emotional extremity a little child shall lead them.

Beginning with her love affair with an English nobleman disguised as a chauffeur, who commits suicide, to avoid scandal for them both, *Arden Stuart*, the girl who would live freely and fully, meets *Packy Cannon*. Ex-pugilist, artist, sailor, he captivates her and she embarks on a lengthy cruise with him. Comes the fateful day when *Packy* thinks that enough is plenty, so he orders his ship back to San Francisco. It is then that *Arden*, stunned and crushed, stumbles into her cabin and abstractedly washes her hands and then, crazily, her hair as if to cleanse herself of the torture that consumes her.

Again in her old surroundings, *Arden* marries a suitor who has faithfully loved her in spite of the *lune de miel* without benefit of clergy. Three years later *Packy*, haunted by the girl he can't forget, comes to take her away and *Arden* is all for going, until she is suddenly made aware that her little son shall be the man in her life from then on. How she comes to this conclusion is melodramatically set forth, but Miss Garbo succeeds completely in rising above the theatrics of the exhibit and exposes a soul in torment. Her performance throughout is something to treasure, while the meretriciousness of the story and the glitter of the backgrounds will further insure the success of the picture, particularly with feminine free spirits who see themselves in *Arden*.

Nils Asther is *Packy*. I thought him fine. John Mack Brown is the husband with a problem. Most people think him fine, too. Others are Lane Chandler, Dorothy Sebastian, Robert Castle, and the invaluable Kathryn Williams.

Pistols for Two.

If Buddy Rogers is your idol, you'll drool when you see him in "River of Romance." If you are one who eccentrically prefers Emil Jannings, you won't be bothered by Mr. Rogers in a really delightful and intelligent picture, in its way quite equal to "The Shopworn Angel," which was directed by the same man, Richard Wallace. Incidentally, it is a talking version of the silent picture filmed some years ago as "The Fighting Coward," in which Cullen Landis assumed the rôle now played by Mr. Rogers. So much for biographical data.

Not only is the story whimsical and attractive, but it is overlaid with satire and occasional burlesque; the acting is of a high order and the reproduction of scenes and manners of the old South is exceptional. As you may remember, the central situation revolves around the return of *Tom Rumford* to his home in the South after a long stay in the North. He cannot see the sense of dueling and all the romantic nonsense that goes on around him. When *Tom* refuses to fight a fire-eating major for the affections of *Elvira Jeffers*, who is engaged to him, he is branded a coward and is sorrowfully driven from home by his father. Then he comes upon *General Orlando Jackson*, a comic bully, from whom he learns that if one builds up a reputation for ferocity one doesn't have to do much fighting—even in the South. Whereupon *Tom* returns to his home as *The Notorious Colonel Blake* and, masked, attends a ball. He exposes the villains, rights wrongs and claims *Lucy*, the one person who has believed in him and his principles.

The latter part of the picture is not quite as good as the first, but it is quite good enough to maintain a standard higher than average.

Mr. Rogers is not as easy in the rôle of the old-fashioned Southern boy as he was with the jazz band leader in "Close Harmony," but he will give satisfaction plus to his idolators. There is no question at all of the complete success of Mary Brian, as *Lucy*. She is thoroughly expert, wholly and unselfconsciously charming, while June Collyer surprises with a shrewdly satiric portrait of the trivial, vain elder sister. Wallace Beery is richly human as *General Orlando Jackson*, whose bluster he captures with fine skill.

Crumpets and Pearls.

English drawing-room comedy flourishes on the screen in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney"—very English, very drawing-roomy. It is well acted and handsomely produced, but the recording is so uneven that the blasting voices sometimes heard are hardly in keeping with the quality of silken suavity intended. Then, too, I believe the majority of fans will find it rather puzzling to accept as a heroine a girl who edges her way into society in order to rob her hostess. And I am inclined to think that they will be prejudiced against a hero who, professing to love the girl crook, demands that she give herself to him—or be turned over to the police. Still another strain on conventional credibility is their ultimate marriage.

Of course the dialogue that brings all this about is amusing. On the stage it was called brilliant. But to me it is synthetic brilliance, as tricky and shallow as the argument of "The Single Standard," a silent picture. However, there's no denying that "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" is a credit to all concerned, not the least of that credit going to those who had the courage to choose it for the screen. Its artificiality will appeal to those who like to think themselves sophisticated, but I believe the majority of fans will neither be amused by the dialogue nor moved by *Mrs. Cheney's* predicament. Nor will they nominate Basil Rathbone the man of their dreams on the score of his embodiment of *Lord Arthur Dilling*, the philanderer who tries to blackmail *Mrs. Cheyney* and, defeated, offers her love and marriage.

Shorn of its chatter, the plot is really rather moviesque. A former shopgirl poses as *Mrs. Cheyney* and, financed by a band of crooks who masquerade as her servants, she is mistress of a mansion in Mayfair, all this for the purpose of robbing the wealthy. To convince us that she isn't wholly naughty, she is shown to have qualms when the time comes to relieve her hostess of those pearls. But *Mrs. Cheyney* is so sensitive that she can't bear to disappoint the boss crook, who has set his heart on having the rope of Orientals. So she enters the bedroom and emerges laden.

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"The Greene Murder Case."



"Fast Life."



"Street Girl."



"Evangeline."

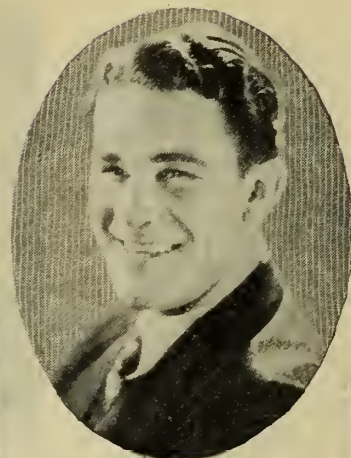
What's This?

Eight stars appear to tell you their nicknames off the screen—more remarkable for their simplicity than for their imaginativeness.

Rosetta Duncan, left, is called "Heinie" for no particular reason.

Constance Talmadge, right, so chic and sophisticated, answers to the prosaic name of "Dutch."

Margaret Livingston, below, is hailed as "Swede" by those who love her.



Guinn Williams, above, was nicknamed "Big Boy" for a very obvious reason.

Lupino Lane, left, center, is affectionately known as "Nip."

And Leatrice Joy, right, center, labors under the commonplace nickname of "Letty."

Evelyn Brent, left, has her friends to blame for calling her by the innocuous name of "Betty."

Marion Byron, right, is dubbed "Peanuts" by her pals, probably because she's so small.

To Him Who Waits

Failing in go-getter tactics to crash the movie gates, Paul Page settled down to stage work—and the movies eventually came to him.

By William H. McKegg

STAY away from Hollywood! If you are talented, Hollywood will find you!"

With a cynical, unpleasant grin I read B. P. Schulberg's advice to all aspirants to screen fame. I took it that Paramount's production manager was just talking. Yet after meeting Paul Page, a newcomer from the stage, and listening to his story and philosophy, it seems there is some truth in Mr. Schulberg's generalization.

"While I tormented myself day and night trying to land in pictures, I never got a thing from them," Mr. Page related. "No sooner had I stopped chasing after them, than they sought me out and things came my way."

There you are! Account for that, if you will. I can't. Nor can Mr. Page. It's just one of the phenomena of the films.

Paul was on the stage, but always wanted to get on the screen. And why not? He possessed all the reputed attributes for screen success. Dark, with a suggestion of the Latin in him and quite presentable in every way, it seems hardly credible that casting directors should have been indifferent to the eager, young applicant.

Eventually he was given a test by Paramount's Long Island studio. In preparing for it, Paul set about with many ambitious, go-getting gestures.

"To this day, I don't believe there was any film in that camera," is the young man's suspicion. "It's funny to think of now, for I was very dramatic, and acted for all I was worth. But I had been given the test through knowing a man 'high up.' I have since learned that studios will exert themselves to accommodate the influential fellow, but they never do anything for the person introduced by him.

"I was never given a glimpse of the result. When a test is good, they let you see it, but keep it on file. If bad, they let you take it away as a memento of how ridiculous you look on the screen."

Mr. Page struck a match during the middle of his monologue. He was just in time to light a cigarette with it before it burned his fingers. His gestures were slow. And, after all, he was in plenty of time.

Paul has the physical requirements for screen success, plus a long-standing determination.



Photo by Bull

A couple of Pages, Anita and Paul, discuss his early chasing after screen work, and decide that the dark chapter has ended.



To-day, applying his recently discovered philosophy, Paul isn't in a hurry with anything—not even with matches.

Going back to his test he said, "It seemed too bad. I was almost broken up over the fact that I had been a failure—as I took it that I must have been. The stage was my only calling. It seemed best to stick to that. But I wouldn't abandon hope altogether. I still continued to chase after films."

Mr. Page spent most of his time being very ambitious. He went tearing to this manager's office, then to that one's, applying for rôles in screen productions. The young man's life was full of action. He believed in the go-getter theory.

While we leave Paul racing after film fame and not getting it, we can glance at his biography. He is a Southerner,

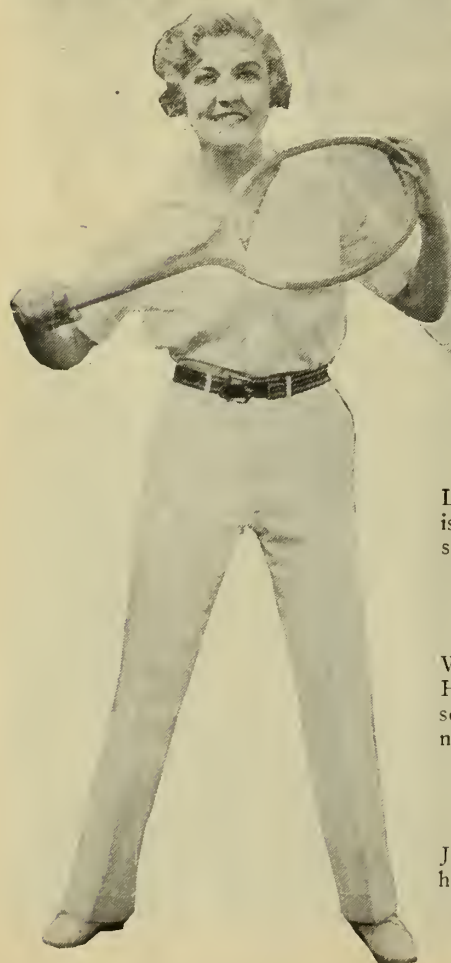
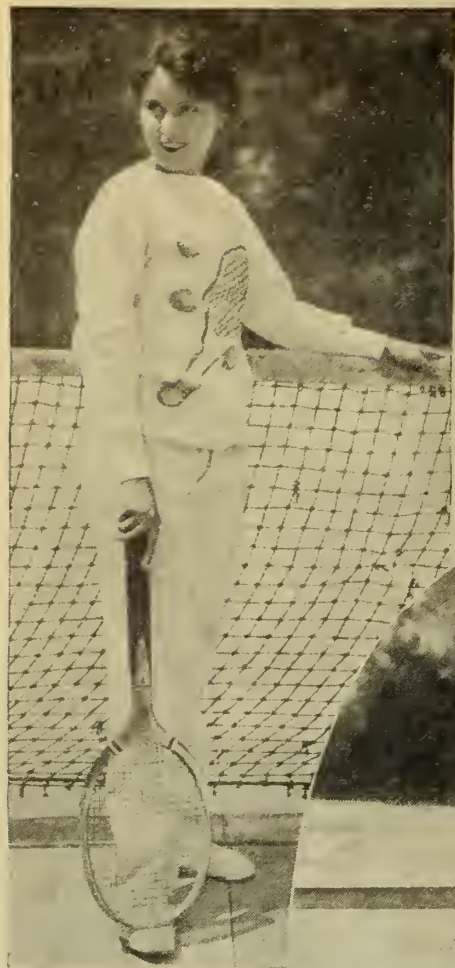
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Wool, But Not Wide

Indeed, very trim are these flannel trousers worn nowadays by the girl tennis enthusiasts of Hollywood.

Time was when Fay Wray, left, was always pictured in chiffon with swans, or something equally ethereal, but since playing a gunman's gal in "Thunderbolt," we are beginning to see her as she really is.

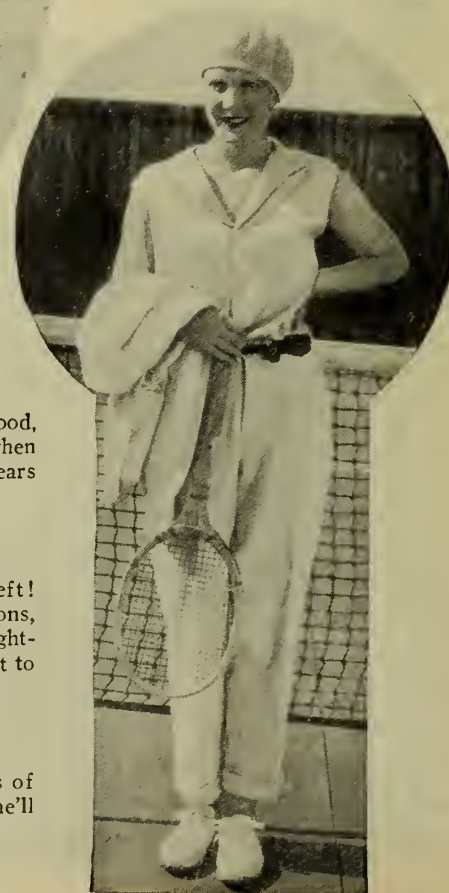
Dorothy Gulliver and June Marlowe, right, pause in their spirited game to step close to the camera for the purpose of joining the other trousered beauties on this page.



Lita Chevret, above, a newcomer to Hollywood, is perhaps a little plumper than she will be when she gets into the swing of fame, but she wears her pants with a way all her own.

What a broth of a boy is Laura La Plante, left! Her figure is fortunately devoid of undulations, so she can wear her flannels with the slim straightness of those who resort to the eighteen-day diet to do for them what nature does for her.

Jean Arthur, right, seems a little self-conscious of her trousers, but as she wears them in public, she'll soon get over her girlish qualms.



She Couldn't Kid Herself

Dorothy Mackaill bluffed the world and herself for a while, but finally she achieved a balance that assures success and peace of mind.

By Myrtle Gebhart

WHAT has Hollywood done to me?" Dorothy Mackaill's cryptic brows lifted her repetition of my question off her crisp voice, and it dangled there a moment between us, before she plunged into the task of answering it.

Six years in Hollywood could not but effect changes and indent marks. A cactus coat could not escape the influences with which the film town sandpapers its personalities and redecorates them.

Four years ago she said to me, "This business offers me money and prestige; I intend to get ahead." Has she? All right, boys, we heard you! "I lack much imagination." Correct, and better for her. She admitted that her illusions had been roughened and expressed a flippant cynicism, which has been mellowed by a few real heartaches into a clearer understanding and a more sympathetic tolerance. Hard-boiled bluster has become dignity.

At fourteen, working in an English newspaper office, she bluffed the editors into thinking her older and intellectual; at school in London, in the awkwardness of a misfit, she bluffed that she didn't mind her ostracism; on the Hippodrome stage she bluffed the supper chappies into considering her a blasé woman. On a pound or two more than passage, she bluffed her way to America, into the "Follies," to Hollywood.

She got away with it beautifully, until she started to bluff herself.

When "The Kid," as she used to call herself, got Mackaill's number, the jig was up.

Her career has maintained a steady progress. It has been like a ship that rides out the gales so expertly that only its navigator knows there has been danger. She has never achieved the extraordinary, either in success or failure.

Her publicity, characterized by simplicity, has been less than that promoting others. A series of neat, little news notes—just that, no more. Even marriage and separation were negotiated without the customary ado. There has been nothing exceptional, unless one accepts my own view, that in maintaining level-headedness in Hollywood one accomplishes a rarity, the distinction of being unsensational, the minority of the sane.



Miss Mackaill has herself so well in hand that vital personal or professional matters no longer disturb her.

Curiously, her name is never bandied about. Though she is far from being a recluse, it is not slithered from luncheon to bridge table by the gossip brigade. I rather think her very disdain disarms them.

Her answer is a snappy "Yes!" or "No!" or "I don't know anything about that." No equivocation, no fumbling, no tactful evasions.

Any turbulence is well curtained and disciplined. Whatever the mêlée, she emerges undisturbed. Her handclasp is quick and firm, her walk brisk; her eyes give you candor. She has been called "The Deer," because of the way she throws her head back, as though listening. Her barbed wit can be caustic. I should not want her antagonism. One sharp phrase would be her shrapnel.

Only one other star I have known was so brutally frank—Anna Q. Nilsson. Even when, for a brief time, she went slightly Hollywood and was given to dashing to places for the hurrah, she kidded that sort of thing and herself.

"Most important to me is that I have achieved bal-



Photo by Carsey

Dorothy Mackaill prefers rôles that are honest, whatever their morals or station may be.

ance." Mackaill spoke my very thoughts of her. "When you have that sense of proportion, you have peace. I used to think it was success only; now I know it is contentment. When I thought I was hard-boiled and bitter, I was merely a silly kid showing off. In acquiring actual self-confidence, I have lost the sham which goes with bluff. I look life squarely in the face, and dare it to lick me. For I know, now, its secret. D'you know, it can be rather sweet!

"I—I—I——" A smile flashed in her gray-green eyes and in that odd, little side-quirk of the lips. "Be sure to dot them. No—give me a break! Make them capitals! Aren't actors all I?

"But we have to be egoists. It is essential. An actor is made of gossamer stuff, not of the stable firmness that can stand routine and chains. He has a quivering something, if you get what I mean, and belief in himself. The average man could not act, because he hasn't enough conceit.

"Let actors talk of their inferiority complexes; perhaps some really fancy they have them. Self-analysis that is only skin-deep is a favorite mental exercise in Hollywood. They aren't seeing themselves truly. That inner urge to act, stronger than a mere impulse, develops in the actor a bluff, partly assumed but based on his ego, until by his work he attains real self-assurance.

"It's a wonder my back didn't break, carrying so much nerve around. My cockiness must have been absurd. It wasn't to me—not until I had torn up my contract, because I got mad and walked out. I expected them to

run after me. They called my bluff. Friends said I was a fool, that I'd never get the money I wanted, or another opportunity. Soon I realized what an idiot I had been. For the first time in my life, I was really frightened."

After two idle months, she got another chance. Not humbly did she ask, for never could it be said that she was humble! Let us say agreeably.

"That was when I called my own bluff, and began to build a solid self-confidence. When experience proves your ability, you feel established and clear out the superfluities that must accompany bluff. At first, I wanted to wear gorgeous clothes, with all the ermine-and-orchid trimmings, both in my work and personally. To be popular, to be seen about, to be in the swim. Then I got wise to myself. This last year I have stopped playing the game of going places and doing things expected of an actress, adding my dab of color to Hollywood's surface cosmetic.

"Fortunately, I had few disappointments in my work. I felt that several rôles weren't right for me. Studio executives generously admitted that results proved me correct. That gave me confidence in my judgment."

Characters that are honest, whatever their morals or station or drama, appeal to her. "His Captive Woman" was a favorite, because of the girl's candor.

"No false sympathy, no crying cowardice. I loathe artificial sentimentality. Why do they have to explain a bad woman on the screen, build up excuses for her? If her story has drama, why soften her?"

"The Great Divide," second and audible filming, was followed by "The Woman on the Jury." An odd circumstance is that in the first version of the latter, in 1924, she refused the second lead.

While the broad English accent has driven some of her countrywomen home, she took a tuck in hers, and is studying nuance.

The heroine of "Classified," retitled "Hard to Get," delighted her. Snappy business-girl rôles, or common gamins, she thinks more real and more worth playing than the dressed dummies.

"Possibly this preference is part of my back-to-nature feeling. Assurance of success enables you to drop your props, and *be* yourself, however simple you are! You dare to enjoy that precious freedom in Hollywood, only when you know your foothold is secure."

What sort of good times does she like now?

"Agua Caliente, flying down, with three men along." Her answer had an arrow's swiftness and accuracy. "I have a few girl chums, whom I like tremendously. But to be quite selfish, which I am, I have a better time with men.

"Mother has helped pull me through things," she replied to my murmur about the personal tragedies so dramatized in Hollywood. That was all; no sentimental

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Her Five Gifts

Doris Kenyon has combined successfully the responsibilities of wife, mother, householder, actress, and finds time to write verses.

By Aileen St. John-Brenon

TWO chic and charming young matrons, both blondes and attractive, but friends in spite of it, were driving through New York on a shopping expedition.

Each was the last word in the season's fashion, one a willowy, responsive creature in aquamarine, with restless, eager eyes flashing out of her sables; the other trim and vibrant in a delicate shade of rose, with sparkling eyes dancing beneath her gay bonnet.

The former you may recognize, as everybody else did along Fifth Avenue, as Doris Kenyon, in private life Mrs. Milton Sills; and the other was May Allison, long popular on the screen in her own right, and now the happy wife of James R. Quirk, editor and publisher.

Miss Kenyon had come East to care for her husband, who was recovering from a nervous breakdown, while Miss Allison, who has found her first true happiness in the undivided occupation of being "just a wife"—and glorying in it—is a permanent addition to New York's movie set.

It was by no means their first expedition together in search of the elusive frock. They had been shopping for days and days, while



Photo by Carsey

Miss Kenyon believes that work is essential to her happiness, but her family is first in importance.

models strutted before them; while they had hummed and hawed as overzealous saleswomen insisted that "this little number—the latest thing from Paris—photographs white" was the gown of gowns for all occasions. While they had compared fabrics, prices, and models, alas, the

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Doris gives Kenyon Sills a flower, and the little fellow is delighted.

Photo by Gillum

Modern

With the disappearance of the old order of things
surprising that these young ladies offer them

Mary Nolan, left, removes her hampering clothing, swathes herself in black gauze, strikes a pose and calls herself the muse of modern art. Why not? She certainly knows all about the movies, and aren't they a modern art?

Dorothy Gulliver, left, grasps a football, dons spangles and high heels, and smiles at the camera as the muse of sports, or is it athletics in a broad way?



Ruth Elder, right, who knows her air pockets as well as Colonel Lindbergh, throws herself into the task of sponsoring aviation and, holding aloft a toy airplane, proclaims herself, with a coy smile, the very spirit of the skies.



Little Barbara Kent, right, not to be outdone by all these goings on among the Universal sisterhood, rushes to the grimy machine shop, snatches up a diamond-studded monkey wrench and calls herself "Mechanics."



Muses

all around us, including self-effacement, it is not selves as embodiments of latter-day goddesses.

June Marlowe, right, her pretty head fairly bursting with zig-zags, says she is the soul of electricity, that she just radiates magnetism. Be that as it may, let's give her a hand for not injuring herself with all those tinny things.



Mary Philbin, right, dangling a few yards of film from her waist and shoulders, asks you to accept her as the muse of the movies, the goddess of the cinema, or what have you? Well, it's a big responsibility, and Mary has a lot to answer for right now.



Kathryn Crawford, left, shows by her carefree attitude and the symbols she flaunts, that she doesn't give a whoop for art. Why should she? For she is commercialism, the muse who trips the light fantastic through all the studios and brings dreaming stars to their senses by whispering "Remember the box office."



Merna Kennedy, right, her saxophone poised for a blast that shall drown every symphony ever written, fittingly portrays the modern muse of jazz whose cry is, "Down with Beethoven, Lizst, Chopin, and all those guys!"



Photo by Autrey

Victor McLaglen got his professional start by boxing and performing feats of strength before he got into the movies.

He's a Soft-Boiled Egg

Though you'd never suspect Victor McLaglen of being that on the screen, he discloses his real self when he talks of his family and the way he is bringing up his children.

By Alma Talley

IS there a good, rowdy rôle looking for some one to play it on the Fox lot? Page Victor McLaglen. A tough marine captain, a baggage smasher, a river pirate, a strong man—whenever a Fox film calls for a hard-boiled guy in its cast, the directors shout for Victor McLaglen.

A hard-boiled bozo on the screen. Ugly, with a nose flattened by boxing gloves early in his career—at least, I suppose that's how his nose got that way. Six feet three. Two hundred and five pounds of brawn. Ex-boxer, ex-soldier of fortune. No wonder he's ticketed, in the casting department, "hard-boiled."

That's what he is on the screen. But at home—that's a different story. With his family, he's a gentle, devoted husband, an adoring father.

When he came to New York, he had his family with him in photographs. His family in person were far away in England, visiting relatives. He cabled them every other day, Mrs. McLaglen and the two children.

And he likes to tell you about them.

Most actors have a favorite topic of conversation. And you don't need three guesses to figure out what it is! It's "Me and my career and me."

But when I mentioned movies, McLaglen protested. "That's shop talk. When I leave the studio, I like to forget work."

So I mentioned his family, and you could see at once what it is he likes to remember when he forgets work. Does any one think Victor McLaglen's hard-boiled? Well, they should see his eyes light up when he talks about his family.

"The children? There are a boy and a girl. I'm Scotch-Irish, you know, so the boy has a Scotch name, Andrew, and the little girl an Irish name, Sheila.

"And you should see my boy!" Proud papa beamed. Obviously he's one of these fathers who wanted a son and got him!

"Andrew's mine, and the smartest youngster you ever saw. He's the lightweight champion of his school; he swims; he rides. When he was six, and just learning to ride, he fell off his horse. He blinked at me a little, with tears in his eyes; he wasn't quite sure whether to cry, or to laugh. But he wasn't hurt, so I just looked at him very sternly, and without a word he climbed right back on his horse again.

"Not long ago his school held a track meet and I went to watch. The high-jumping event came along, and I saw to my surprise that Andrew was entered in it.

"He can't be much good at jumping," I told myself, 'he's never said a word at home about jumping. He'll probably drop out in the first round.' As each boy failed to clear the obstacle, of course, he dropped out.

"So I waited for Andrew to be eliminated. He cleared it the first time. 'He'll be out next time,' I thought. But he wasn't. The other kids kept dropping out by twos and threes and fours, and Andrew kept on going and going, a regular jumping jack. Until first thing I knew, there he was, with only one other boy. Then the other boy dropped out, too, and they were giving Andrew higher and higher jumps to make. Why, the kid was the champion jumper and hadn't even mentioned it.

"Along with his athletic side, Andrew's got the softest, kindest heart you ever saw. The other day he saw a spider and he couldn't kill it. 'You kill it if you want to, dad,' he said, 'I can't step on it.'

"He loves flowers. Maybe he gets that from me. I love flowers, but I don't know one from another.

"I try to train Andrew to be completely self-reliant, and to know the value of money. It doesn't do for kids to grow up without learning about such things.

"So I have a big blackboard at home, with a list of all the stocks I own, and how much I paid for each. Then I give Andrew a dollar a week to keep up with the market prices and record them after the names of the stocks. He takes quite an interest in it, too; he'll come to me and say, 'Dad, your railroad stock went up three points to-day.' He watches the quotations every day.

"So you see he's not good only at athletics. I try to bring him up to be bright in every way, a first-rate, all-round youngster. Would you like to see his picture?"

Continued on page 94



Photo by Max Mun Autrey

Victor MacLaglen is a hard-boiled guy on the screen, but at home he's a three-minute egg, softly devoted to his family, says Alma Talley in her engaging story opposite, which is easily the most revealing ever written about the big fellow.



A Fatal Séance

It occurs in "The Thirteenth Chair," forerunner of all the mystery melodramas, now brought to the screen in dialogue.



Margaret Wycherly, top of page, center, as *Rosalie la Grange*, the medium, is surrounded by the twelve persons interested in solving the murder.

The same characters are seen, below, after *Rosalie la Grange's* first séance is unsuccessful.



Moon Carroll, above, as *Helen Trent*, John Davidson, as *Edward Wales*, and Leila Hyams, as *Helen O'Neil*, lock hands at the medium's request.



Leila Hyams, as *Helen O'Neil*, outer left, is accused by John Davidson of murder, while Conrad Nagel, as *Richard Crosby*, defends her and Holmes Herbert looks on.



A Song Writer's Wife

Hers is not a happy lot, but Norma Talmadge, in "New York Nights," her first dialogue film, promises revelations galore.

Miss Talmadge, as *Jill*, at top of page, has left her husband for John Wray, as *Joe Prividio*.

Gilbert Roland, right, as *Fred Deverne*, the song writer, with Miss Talmadge, as *Jill*.

A glimpse of their home life is seen, below, with Lilyan Tashman as an interested visitor.

In the oval, lower right, are Miss Talmadge and Mr. Roland.





"Paris"

Irene Bordoni, the singing star, makes her screen début in the gay farce of that name.



Bess Lee, Cornelia Thaw, Lulu Talma, and Georgette Rhodes form the charming fresco at top of page.

Miss Bordoni, a resplendent figure, center, sings one of her inimitable songs.

Jack Buchanan, a favorite of the London stage, above, teaches Louise Closser Hale how to be gay though old.



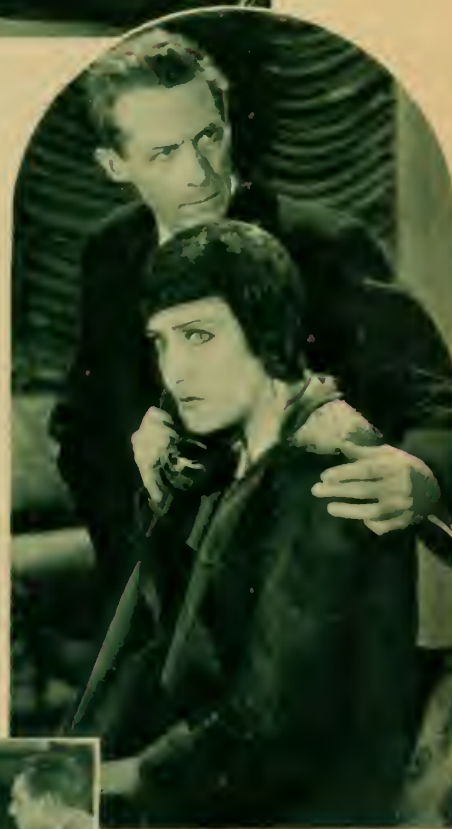
Irene Bordoni, above, looks on at Mr. Buchanan's lesson in amazement, while Jason Robards primly disapproves of the change in his aunt's deportment.

Miss Bordoni and Mr. Buchanan, left, in a singing interlude, one of many in the picture.



Gloria's Back

We mean that these glimpses of "The Trespasser" show Miss Swanson after a long absence from the screen.



Gloria Swanson, at top of page, with Robert Ames and Wally Albright, Jr.

Miss Swanson, above, as *Marion Donnell*, the stenographer whose crowded life is the subject of the story.

Miss Swanson, center, as a proud, young mother.



Henry B. Walthall, above, as *Fuller*, confidential employee of the millionaire who is providing for *Marion*, tells her that he is mortally ill.

Miss Swanson, left, finds dictation difficult because her thoughts are on her impending elopement with a millionaire's son.



A Merry

He's Maurice Chevalier, of
laughter and song the
vania in "The

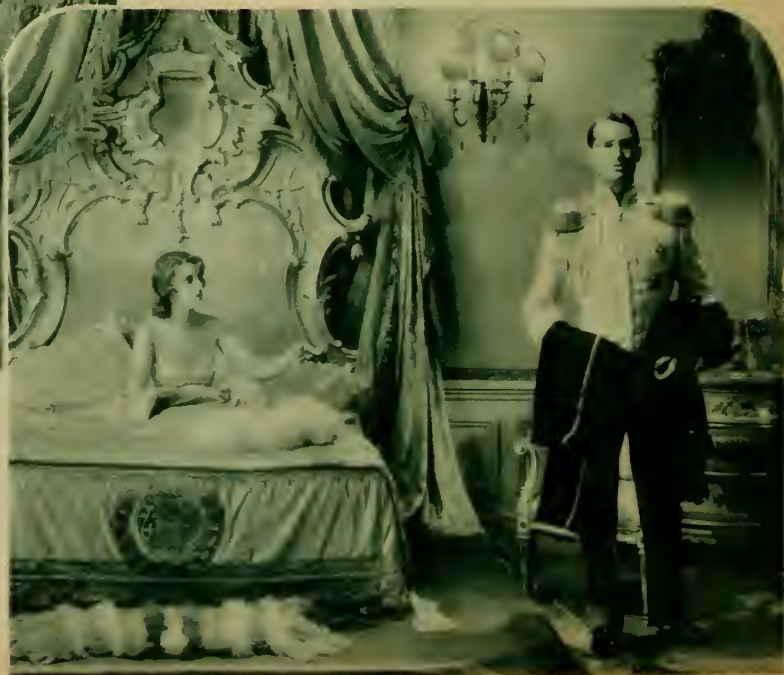
Jeanette MacDonald, left, as
Queen Louise, is attended by her
ladies-in-waiting, Virginia Bruce,
Josephine Hall, Helene Friend,
and Rosalind Charles as they sing
"My Dream Lover."

Maurice Chevalier, below, as
Alfred, the prince consort who
becomes king, in a characteristic
moment.



Lupino Lane, above, as *Jacques*, *Alfred's*
valet, has many a droll scene with Lillian
Roth, as *Lulu*, the *Queen's* maid.

Jeanette MacDonald, right, and Maurice
Chevalier have a little tiff about their
unequal rank, for she is a queen, you know,
and he is but a prince consort until her love
makes him king.



Monarch

course, and he rules with mythical kingdom of Syl-Love Parade."

Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier, right, sing "Anything to Please the Queen," one of the many gay, sophisticated numbers promised in "The Love Parade."

Miss MacDonald, below, a brilliant figure in musical comedy, makes her screen debut with every assurance of success.



Mr. Chevalier, above, feels that he is a man first and the husband of a queen afterward, so he refuses to take orders from Miss MacDonald.

Ah, but when the last scene is reached, left, and tiffs and quarrels are forgotten, Miss MacDonald and Mr. Chevalier remember that there really isn't anything else but love





Sophistication

Colleen Moore pledges herself to be very worldly in "Footlights and Fools."

Colleen Moore, at top of page, as *Fifi d'Auray*, star of a musical show, is really *Betty Murphy* with a Paris label.



Miss Moore, above, has many moments of whole-hearted comedy as she pretends to be French.



Thanks to a large repertoire of wigs, Miss Moore, above, changes her appearance many times, including her transformation, center.



Andy Rice, Jr., above, tries to convince Miss Moore that he sees through her disguise.



Raymond Hackett, above, as *Jimmie Willet*, has a guilty conscience, but Miss Moore's trust is unshaken.

Are Censors Human?

An amusing though penetrating discussion of a subject that is ever with us.

By
Elsi Que

Illustrated by
Lui Trugo



CENSOR baiting having become, next to circumvention of the Eighteenth Amendment, the most popular sport in America, it is admittedly a risky business to lift one's voice in defense of the despised breed; yet to those of us whose sympathies are inherently with the under dog, it seems high time that somebody put in a kind word for at least one division of the species, to wit, the well-meaning, if misguided, custodian of film morals.

His is certainly no bed of roses, and if he is frequently crowned, it is not with laurel. Virtue is its own, and in most cases his only, reward. Such censor boards as do not serve gratuitously, receive a stipend so disproportionate to the labors involved as to be practically negligible.

Consider for a moment what it must mean to be born with a censorial mind. Fancy the agonies of the inarticulate infant on beholding its nursemaid in clandestine flirtation with the corner cop! Or, in more humble circumstances, imagine its embarrassment to discover its mother engaged in unseemly badinage with the iceman! Such seeming trifles have an incalculable effect upon the delicate nervous organism of the congenital censor, and often account in later life for a mental attitude incomprehensible to less sensitive natures.

It is little short of barbarous to hold this affliction up to ridicule. What a censor must suffer in the course of his self-inflicted martyrdom will hardly bear thinking of. It is estimated that in order to keep up with the output a really diligent indecency-expert must witness an average of two films per day. This alone should entitle him to the diamond-studded medal for endurance. Stop and think for a moment, you who pay your money, take your choice, and walk out on the show if you don't like it, what this sacrifice involves.

And bear in mind that he goes to his task not in the light-hearted and hopeful mood in which even the most disillusioned of us approaches a new movie, but as one led to the stake, with every quivering sensibility attuned to lurking impropriety, impurity, immodesty, and indecorum, not to mention uncleanness, unseemliness, coarseness, foulness, and grossness.

No love scene is for him just a love scene. He must hold a stop-watch on the clinches, and estimate and record the calorific intensity of each kiss. Where some of the more delicate-minded of us close our eyes from an instinctive aversion to intruding on the privacy of even the make-believe big moments of screen lovers, he must look and look and look right into the final fade-out.

And now he must listen, as well as look. His ears are assailed by a multitude of offensive sounds, from which he must differentiate, if he can, those which might have some impure significance from those which are of purely adenoidal origin.

Both the public and the producers take a diabolical delight in evading censorial mandates. Let a book, picture, play, or film be officially condemned as indecent, and, no matter how unworthy it may be as a work of art, it is almost sure of commercial success. England was amazed at the popularity which Michael Arlen's somewhat piffling story, "The Green Hat," enjoyed in the United States, and was still more amazed when it reached the screen over there as "A Woman of Affairs."

Piffle has been reduced to sheer inanity in the effort to meet a hypocritical moral standard which is supposed to represent the American ideal. No conscientious censor could see this film, without a depressing realization of the hopelessness of his aims and aspirations. Such strength as the novel had lay in its relentless portrayal of social decadence. It might have conveyed a moral lesson if truthfully handled on the screen. But such are the illogical demands of film censorship, that the unwholesome conditions which reacted so tragically on the lives of the characters in the story couldn't even be hinted at on the screen.

The mad *Marches*, who become the mad *Merricks* in the film version, are pictured as a pair of jolly young moderns, without a suggestion of that taint of decay which made them such pathetic figures in the novel. Thus the theme of the story is distorted and the subsequent actions of the characters become meaningless. John Gilbert, as *Neville*, walks through the sappiest rôle of his career, thanks to the evasion which bases his father's objection to the girl of his heart, *Diana Merrick*, solely on the fact that she has a lot more money than 'Nevs'!

It must be said of Greta Garbo that she looks the part of the misunderstood lady of the green hat, but her performance leaves us cold, because of the false situations. For instance, the pivotal scene, after she has been separated from *Neville* and marries the supposedly impeccable *David*, who commits suicide on their bridal night "for purity," has been so ridiculously censored that her subsequent sacrifice seems silly. American audiences are not presumed to know that moral lepers like *David* exist; it wouldn't be nice! So he becomes a mere embezzler and hurls himself out of the window "for decency," after

Continued on page 116



The Albertina Rasch ballet is a feature of "The Hollywood Revue."

WHERE is the bathing beauty of yesteryear? Gone is the day when no short comedy was complete without a liberal display of her voluptuous charm. The screen has seen less and less of her of late years; and the talkies apparently have sounded her death knell. Mack Sennett, who originated the film beach girl, has definitely declared that there is no place in vocal celluloid for the merely decorative damsel.

In some respects the passing of the bathing-beauty squad from the screen makes way for a new mainstay of the talkies, the chorus girl. Will the movies be her stepping-stone to stardom?

Josephine Houston, center, and a bevy of beauties in "On With the Show."



The Chorine

The passing of the bathing-beauty squad from the screen makes way for a new mainstay of the talkies, the chorus girl. Will the movies be her stepping-stone to stardom?

A chorus number from "Climbing the Golden Stairs."



chance to earn while learning to act. It gave them the opportunity of stealing scenes from star comedians such as has never been known since in the annals of extra work. Of late years the going has been getting harder and harder for the extra girl. Even if she had the rare fortune to work regularly, she found that she was put in the background of scenes, often out of focus. Then came the talkies, with their intimate dialogue between principals, and even fewer opportunities for extras.



Hal Skelly does his stuff against a background of girls in "The Dance of Life."

Comes to Stay

By H. A. Woodmansee

Arthur Lake and the chorus girls in "On With the Show."



Then came, not the dawn, but "The Broadway Melody," with a flashing display of music, dancing, costumes, girls, legs. The public showed in no unmistakable way that it approved. Immediately every producer began filming musical plays, with scantily draped dancing and singing beauties. And so we have with us the film chorus girl, logical successor to the bathing beauty.

She seems destined to be not a passing fad, but one of the permanent mainstays of the talkies, as she has been of the stage. Her appeal is so much more varied than that of the old-

style bathing beauty, who could only pose in her one costume, and could not bring singing and dancing to her aid.

Monotony killed the bathing girl; the far greater range of the new type seems to assure her screen immortality.

Will movie history repeat itself? Will the chorus occupy the niche of the old bathing-beauty squad as a stepping-stone to stardom for the talented unknown? Will it bring forth players of the ability and charm of Phyllis Haver, Gloria Swanson, Marie Prevost?

[Continued on page 116]

A snappy sextet of dancers from "The Broadway Melody."





Honk! Honk!

In the days when horns squawked instead of going to-doodle-do, flivver riding was a quaint exercise.

Marceline Day, left, and the car she is in are of the same age.

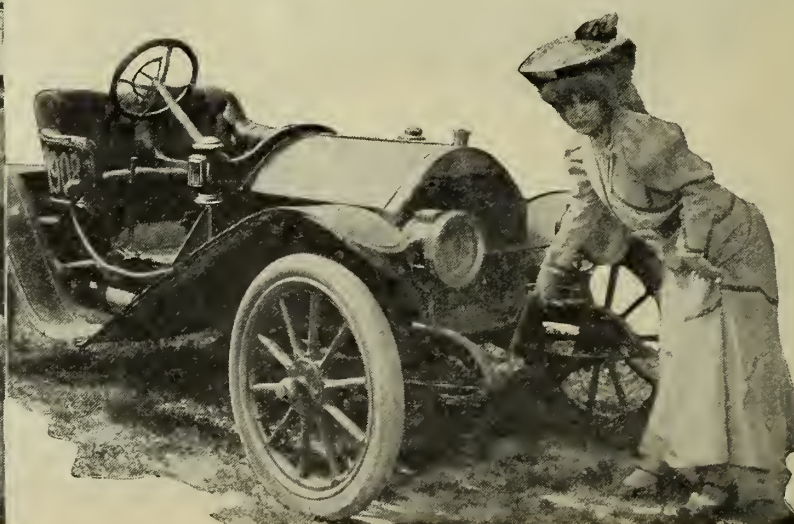
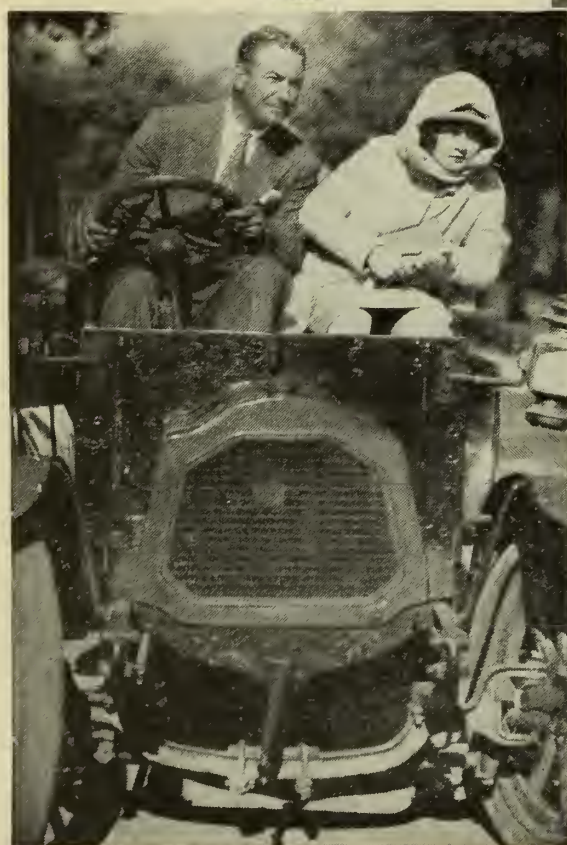
Raquel Torres, below, in a 1902 "horseless carriage" costume, tries out one of the first models.



Audrey Ferris, center left, experiments with what might have been the first sight-seeing bus.

Back in 1904 they tore around town in a vehicle such as Victor Fleming and Nancy Carroll, left, are riding.

Sally Rand, below, used to think the 1908 model would run.



Easy Come, Easy Go

Like the ebb and flow of the tide, new faces appear and disappear from the screen, while old ones surprisingly come back. This suave story glitters with examples of transient fame.

By Willard Chamberlin

IS the avalanche of new faces crowding out the old favorites? At first glance, you would say yes.

Every one now is new. You pick up a fan magazine. You see there pictures of Nancy Drexel, Sally Phipps, Dorothy Janis, Diane Ellis, Carol Lombard, Sally Eilers, Betty Boyd, Ethlyne Clair, Nena Quartaro.

"Who are these?" you ask. "They are not stars, I know. I do not know Helen Twelvetrees, Betsy Lee, Mona Rico, Flora Bramley, Mary Mayberry, Dolores Brinkman, Fay Webb, or Anita Garvin. Why are their pictures crowding the magazines? They have never done anything for films. Where are the stars of a year—a month—a week ago? Where is my favorite? Why do I see portraits of Frances Lee, Lupita Tovar, and Lia Tora, instead of ones of Alice Terry, Blanche Sweet, Claire Windsor, Anna Q. Nilsson, Aileen Pringle, and Pauline Starke? Names which are passwords in the realm of pictures."

Diane Ellis is one of many newcomers.



Constance Bennett disappeared from the screen, but is back again.

find there must be something under the burnished tresses, and that bare legs do not make a movie—not even a "Broadway Melody." A few magazine poses, some high touting and introducing, and that's all. Two thirds of the new faces hailed in the monthlies as new personalities never reach the screen. They go, just the same as the old favorites go.

And while all this posing and undressing is going on, some of the familiar, worthwhile figures of filmdom, who disappeared a year or two, or even longer ago, come swinging back, smiling and lovely as ever. And they have a reputation which will let them back in.

The sudden influx of established players to prominence within the past year is really surprising.



Mona Rico received a great deal of publicity on the strength of her "discovery."

One by one, it seems, they drop from view—disappear. Where, indeed, are Priscilla Dean, Anita Stewart, Alice Calhoun, Viola Dana, Sylvia Breamer, and Ethel Clayton? It seems but yesterday that Wanda Hawley, Mae Marsh, Alice Lake, Lillian Rich, Dorothy Phillips, and May Allison were shining lights, riding on the crest of the movie wave. Where are they now?

Why are others, though still playing, submerged in a dim background? Capable, attractive, but inconspicuous—Vera Reynolds, Virginia Valli, Pauline Garon, Seena Owen, Alberta Vaughn, Shirley Mason, Barbara Bedford, Myrtle Stedman, June Marlowe, Kathleen Key, Edith Roberts, Julianne Johnston, Eileen Percy, and Virginia Lee Corbin.

But on the other hand, how many of these new girlies, with golden tresses and big, blue eyes, who come to Hollywood in carload lots from this high school and that night club, find that they should have come on a round-trip ticket, for the film capital soon bids them farewell—forever. They



Nena Quartaro, like many others, comes and goes.

Of course, Betty Compson must be mentioned first, even though you are already familiar with her comeback. It seems too much cannot be said about it. That it has a sentimental significance is shown in the constant references to it and to Betty's ability. After struggling through the studios on Poverty Row, appearing in "quantity products," the real Betty Compson fading further and further from her rightful place in the film world, she came suddenly back with an unbroken series of fine performances, her wistful beauty shining out again from the front ranks. She has found, as the song of one of her pictures says, that "every weary river some day meets the sea." Betty is a real actress, and who wouldn't much rather see her act than watch Rose Robin or Lili Lipstick pout in lace scanties?

Anna Q. Nilsson is one of the screen's few "old-timers" to retain her charm and popularity through scores of pictures, and even now can be numbered among the smartest, most per-

Sally Phipps makes sporadic appearances.



sonable women on the screen. She is back again after her accident, and some time ago gave one of her clever performances in "Blockade." Do you remember when Anna Q. and Betty Compson played together in "The Rustle of Silk"?

Bessie Love's sensational comeback was meteoric, to say the least. Bessie was already to pack up her ukulele and so forth and skip for other climes, when she suddenly showed them how in "The Broadway Melody," and this adroit little lady decided she wouldn't quit Hollywood just yet, you bet! Bessie has been a faithful trouper, appearing nicely in picture after picture that was shown only at the neighborhood theater around the corner. Now M.-G.-M. has gobbled her right up, so to speak!

Marguerite de la Motte was not having her picture in the rotogravure sections any too often, which is a sure sign of waning popularity. Marguerite was fast losing her prestige. Then Douglas Fairbanks, just to show he was a good sport,

Who is Lupita Tovar?



made a sequel to "The Three Musketeers," with some of the members of the original cast, and Marguerite was one of them. And so she had her name in print again. Will it mean a chance to return?

Every one is glad Mae Busch finally had a bit of luck. Poor Mae. She is another of the really good actresses who has never been appreciated. I have seen her give splendid characterizations in mediocre films which were otherwise hardly worth showing. Lon Chaney recognized her ability and gave her rôles in "The Unholy Three" and "While the City Sleeps." She had an artificial rôle in "Fazil," which nobody paid any attention to. And thus she continued slid-

ing into oblivion. Then the producers of "Nightstick," which comes to the screen as "Alibi," gave Mae a lead. It is a United Artists picture, and an important part in a United Artists film is no small



Frances Lee.

matter. Here's hoping she stays there, where she belongs. Up high.

Lila Lee was a little somebody playing in this and that for companies nobody had ever heard of. And she used to be a Paramount star. You remember her opposite Thomas Meighan in his old pictures? Well, all of a sudden, a *svelte* and chic siren appeared in a picture of marital complications called "Just Married," and the siren was Lila Lee, in sleek coiffure and earrings. And now she's opposite Richard Barthelmess, in "Drag," and Tommy Meighan again in "The Argyle Case." Just like old times!

There was another popular actress who, about five years ago, was one of Paramount's box-office bets and would have ranked high in a popularity contest. You remember Agnes Ayres? She married Manuel Reachi and retired. She made only one important appearance after that. Rudolph Valentino wanted her for the flash-backs in "Son of the Sheik." And so she made a little aftermath in Rudy's last picture. Then I saw her in a two-reel comedy. Imagine Agnes Ayres racing through one of those trick houses! It was a pretty good comedy as comedies go, but not a vehicle for the lovely Agnes. More fitting was the "Lady of Victories," a color film, with Miss Ayres as the *Empress Josephine*. But, of course, not an important picture, one not generally shown. Now there is a *finis* to Agnes' marriage, and she has returned, more beautiful than ever, in the all-talkie, "The Donovan Affair."

Where others succeed, there is always one who fails. A note

Bessie Love's comeback is now historic.



Why has Pauline Garon never been "discovered"?



For a year Helen Twelvetrees has been widely publicized.

of real tragedy is struck in the almost successful comeback of the gorgeous Alma Rubens. Absent from the screen for some time, Alma returned, a striking figure in a John Gilbert success, "The Masks of the Devil." Then the wonderful opportunity to play *Julie* in the eagerly awaited "Show Boat." Followed by a poignant rôle in "She Goes to War."

Success indeed! Then Alma's dream castle crashed. She collapsed in a nervous breakdown. Unpleasant publicity swiftly and surely broke down the walls of her success. To-day she is in a California sanitarium for narcotic addicts, a pitiful figure. Some day, perhaps, Alma will have another chance. She is too beautiful to go down in defeat. And yet there was Barbara La Marr.

Doris Kenyon has made a gradual return to prominence during the past year. Doris retired from films after her marriage to Milton Sills to attend to more important domestic duties. When she came back it was as her husband's leading lady in a series of his pictures, but in these she was subordinated to his more dominant personality. Then she appeared in "The Home-town-ers" and "Interference," two of the better films. She was once more an important player.



Alberta Vaughn, capable but inconspicuous.



Betty Compson's return to prominence was spectacular.

Mildred Harris is another old-timer who has recently bloomed again after a period of acting "depression." Although Mildred is no longer sweet sixteen, she is still attractive, and Universal gave her the feminine lead in its first all-talkie, "The Melody of Love." She has also been seen in "Lingerie" and "Power of the Press" for smaller companies, and in Billie Dove's "Heart of a Follies Girl." A recent portrait of Mildred in a shoulder-length bob was charming. How these actresses keep their youth!

Another is Jane Novak. After having all but forgotten Jane, it was rather a surprise to see her with Richard Dix in his color film, "Redskin." She did good work. Nothing startling, to be sure, but a sincere performance as the school-teacher. And so we find Jane Novak with us again.

And Ruth Clifford. You remember her blond beauty. She resembles the newer Dorothy Revier. But there is room for the old, too, it seems. At any rate, the cast of Olive Borden's "The Eternal Woman" numbers Ruth Clifford in a prominent rôle.

Do you remember Kathlyn Williams when she was starring in railroad thrillers and serial sensations? That was some time ago. The Kathlyn Williams whom we see to-day is undeniably older, but she has found opportunity to play middle-aged mothers and society matrons,

and has returned effectively in "Our Dancing Daughters" and "Honeymoon Flats." Gladys Brockwell and Ethel Grey Terry are other erstwhile favorites who have returned in a similar manner. Miss Brockwell in particular has been successful in Vitaphone rôles.

Further proof that the experienced are wanted in talking films is evidenced in the case of Helene Chadwick, who it seemed was in the last, sad stages of a long screen career. Then Paramount signed her for a leading rôle in an important talkie, "The Greene Murder Case." So Miss Chadwick will postpone her swan song for an encore or two.

It is true that some of the old recruits take a few downward steps in their return to the screen. Kathleen Clifford, for instance. There is quite a grand stairway between her colorful rôle of the medieval queen in the spectacular "Robin Hood" five or six years ago, and the slangy hooper in the backstage scenes of "Excess Baggage." In one sense. And yet, perhaps, the latter rôle was the better example of real acting, even if it lacked the prestige of the former.

Do you remember when Winifred Bryson used to enact sirens and duchesses and the like? We do, and we remember her last in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." After that she retired professionally and was known simply as the wife of Warner Baxter. Recently, however, she was seen anew in Billie Dove's "Adoration." A duchess again, but this time an impoverished

Continued on page 117

Betty Boyd frolics in Educational comedies.

Betsy Lee has played few rôles.



HALLELUJAH

A Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer
ALL - TALKING
ALL - SINGING
PRODUCTION
 DIRECTED by KING VIDOR
 Who Made "The BIG PARADE"



"Like little children that ain't grewed up"



"Soon forgotten were the fields of cotton"

CLAP yo' hands! Slap yo' thigh! "Hallelujah" is here! "Hallelujah" the great! "Hallelujah" the first truly epic picture portraying the soul of the colored race. Destined to take its place in filmdom's Hall of Fame along with "The Big Parade," "The Broadway Melody" and "The Hollywood Revue." ¶ King Vidor wrote and directed this stirring all-negro drama, this absorbing story of the colored boy, indirectly responsible for his young brother's death in a gaming house brawl, who becomes a negro revivalist; of his devotion to his ideals; and of his craving for a seductive "yaller girl." ¶ The soul of the colored race is immortalized in "Hallelujah." Every phase of their picturesque

lives—their fierce loves, their joyous, carefree pursuit of happiness, their hates and passions—finds dramatic expression against vivid backgrounds of cabarets, cotton fields, gaming houses, and humble shacks called home. ¶ Daniel Haynes, noted Negro singer, plays the central character. Nina Mae McKinney, a beauty discovered in the night clubs of Harlem, has the leading feminine role. In addition, the celebrated Dixie Jubilee Singers and other noted performers sing the songs of the negro as they have never been sung before. Don't miss this tremendous event in the history of the screen!

Now playing simultaneously
 at the Embassy and the
 Lafayette Theatre, N. Y.
 Twice Daily



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

"The Web Of Destiny," a new serial by Alice M. Williamson, begins in *Love Story Magazine* on October 5th.



Order your copy early and begin this thrilling story of love and mystery. On the day before her wedding, Joyce Grandon disappears. Several weeks later, her body is washed ashore near her home. When the funeral is about to take place, her fiancé makes an amazing discovery. What that discovery is will be told in the first installment of "The Web Of Destiny."

Love Story Magazine

15c per copy

Every week

Short and Snappy

Brevity in dress coats is the rule for tropical heroes.



Philip Strange and Lily Damita, above, in "The Rescue."

O. P. Heggie, right, wears the tropical dress uniform in "The Wheel of Life."

Although best known in rough garb, Victor McLaglen, below, dresses up for "The Black Watch."



Neil Hamilton and Baclanova, above, are victims of torrid love in "A Dangerous Woman."

Richard Dix, below, affects the short, white coat in "The Wheel of Life."



Their Actions Speak Louder Than Words

the radio, or phonograph, and conduct the unseen orchestra. If I were to do that, would my guests care to repeat their visit?

But Charlie is a genius.

When that brilliant English woman, Clare Sheridan, came to this country, she visited Hollywood and met Chaplin. In her "American Diary" she relates what occurred when Charlie saw her sculptured head of him. Clare writes as follows:

"It might be the head of a criminal, mightn't it—' he remarked, and proceeded to elaborate a sudden theory that criminals and artists were psychologically akin. On reflection we all have a flame—a burning flame of impulse, a vision, a sidetracked mind, a deep sense of unlawfulness."

It seems a genius possesses this flame to a marked degree!

Sometimes Charlie is tremendously gay—laughing, jesting, the life of the party; conducting unseen orchestras; making grandiloquent speeches to imaginary audiences.

Just as quickly he turns to the other extreme. He seeks solitude, where the torments and sorrows of the world surge through his wracked brain.

Chaplin is no poseur. I believe he genuinely expresses what he really feels. He anticipated Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude" by asking his few friends—when no women were present—to "think aloud." That's most embarrassing, if you are one of those soul-tossed

beings flung into the vortex of artistic expression.

After a period of intense solitude Charlie returns to Hollywood and Henry's, as if nothing had ever troubled him.

Could you put up with Charlie's moods? You could not? Then you have no compassion for the feelings of a genius.

One fond gesture of a genius is "to bare his soul to the world." How many of the dear players, both young and old, are reveling in their "soul baring"—though the soul seems not so much bared as—

Well, I'm alluding only to those possessing genius.

John Gilbert, for example.

John may be compared with his namesake of the Barrymore clan. His life and loves have been described frankly and vividly by himself. John has no use for evasion. His love throes have sounded like attacks of measles.

His love episode with Greta Garbo amounted almost to a national epic. The Gilbert-Garbo affair blazed over the world and received more *réclame* than Madame Curie ever received for discovering radium.

But John deserves praise for being honest in his utterances, at least.

Part of Don Ryan's startling novel, "Angel's Flight," depicts various ones of genius in the film capital. John is the young actor described by the author. If this be so, then John has jolly well seen life, as they say.

The only excuse I can make for J. G.'s peccadillos is that he can't be ordinary. You've got it—he's a genius!

Would you enjoy living with a genius? I should prefer not.

One night, while driving down to the beach with Eddie Nugent, I listened to this interesting young man's ideas and desires, both active and suppressed, while Samuel Richard Mook, one of my fellow scribes—without adjectives—sat behind in the rumble seat. One of Eddie's suppressed desires is to conduct an orchestra. He told me that so great is this yearning, that if he is alone when he turns on the radio he imagines himself to be the conductor!

But Eddie is not like Chaplin by any means. If Eddie ever became a genius he'd be the last person to know it. He's too regular.

Before starting on our nocturnal ride, I suddenly thought I'd need an overcoat while driving. Eddie went in and fetched a ridiculous-looking coat he had worn in a picture. But did it go against my artistic feelings to wear it? Not on your life! If the coat did not look quite right on me, I hoped that people, glancing at the flashing car, would mistake me for a genius!

Believe me, boys and girls, I could easily pass up the company of the great—excepting la Goudal—for an evening spent with young Nugent, who has tons of knowledge, but acts like an ordinary person—even as you and I!

The Battle of the Accents

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The situation is symbolic of Hollywood at the present moment. Although the Forbeses have made up their differences, the rest of the town is an armed camp. Each day brings some new and startling development in the wake of stage players crowding to the fore. They have taken the Coast by storm. Their doings make the front pages of the newspapers.

John Gilbert even married one of them, Ina Claire, three weeks after they met. This is significant of the

hysteria which prevails in the film colony. No wonder Joan Crawford took young Doug to New York for their marriage ceremony. With stage sirens of all ages cluttering up the erstwhile Eden of the screen, the place is no longer safe for susceptible and bedazzled picture stars of the male persuasion.

Hollywood is no longer a happy hunting ground for interviewers, either. Their feud with the stars dates from the ushering in of the new

order. It is the thing now to high-hat the humble fan scribe, once fed and tenderly nourished, before the infant industry learned to talk.

There is one hope for embroiled Hollywood. Maybe Henry Ford will drop his scrap with his greatest competitor long enough to think up a plan to get our boys and girls out of the trenches before Christmas. Otherwise it looks as though we are in for a Seven Years' War.

THE GREAT TEACHER

THE old town's changed; they ain't no more
Swappin' tales at the grocery store,
Pitchin' quoits, er huskin' bees,
Quiltin' parties, er social teas.
No barn dances when the hayin's done,
Er country fairs; but there's much more fun,
'Cause every night sees the hull town go
To the Palace movin' picture show.

Sure the old town's changed sence the movies come.
'Lectricity now—*that's* goin' some!
Got the streets marked out, and the women they
Dress in style like the folks in the play.
Got a public square like the one we seen
In a movie piece, right on the screen.
Oh, the mayor an' councilmen they ain't slow!
Study civic reform at the picture show!

HAROLD SETON.

Pretty Pigtails

These modern maidens can be gracefully old-fashioned in their borrowed tresses, but still there is no hint of a Maud Muller in the eyes of any of them.



Loretta Young, left, was the patiently waiting *Irma*, a farm girl de luxe, in "The Squall," and of course her lover's drifting heart was won back.



Norma Shearer, above, poses as one of those rare lasses who wears heavy tresses and still believes daisies won't tell.

Beauty, acting ability and a nice voice are the promised attractions of Ann Harding, right, when she appears on the audible screen in "Paris Bound."



Braided and costumed for *Evangeline*, Dolores del Rio, below, looks as if she might have just come out of Acadia.



Louise Fazenda, left, in "Noah's Ark," is as much herself in pigtails and wooden shoes as in frizzled bob and sports sandals.



He's a Soft-Boiled Egg

Victor, beaming with pride, brought out three photographs—of Andrew, of Mrs. McLaglen, and of Sheila. Three hand-tinted photographs in heavy, carved frames that must have added considerably to the difficulty of packing. But there they were, accompanying the proud pater-familias on his travels, the first thing to be unpacked in his hotel room.

Andrew, the nine-year-old boy, is a manly youngster, with sweet, brown eyes. Dark, and so good looking you surmised at once that he resembles his mother, rather than his famous father.

The surmise proved at once to be correct. "This is my wife," said Victor, beaming. "She's the daughter of a British admiral."

And Victor had reason to beam. If there's anything to that old theory that beautiful women marry homely men, here was example number one! Mrs. McLaglen is beautiful and charming enough to be a star herself.

"And this is Sheila," said Victor.

Well, you've seen those precious five-year-olds whom you want to hug at sight? Sheila's one of them. Blonde, blue-eyed, another beauty like her mother.

"Tell me about Sheila."

"Oh, Sheila's a regular, little woman," said the proud parent, "with

dozens of dolls that she mothers. And I had a little house built just for her."

"A doll's house?"

"Oh, no, a real house outside our own. A stucco house, with a red-tiled roof. Big enough so that I can stand in it by stooping a little. It's a complete house, just as completely equipped as the one we live in ourselves, only smaller, of course. It has four rooms—sitting room, kitchen, bedroom, and bath. It has a real telephone, and Sheila just loves to phone in grown-up fashion to all her little friends. She carries on long conversations with Faith, Clive Brook's little girl.

"She turns on her radio whenever she wants music, or plays a record on her own little phonograph. And she's the busiest, little housewife you ever saw, going around with a dust cloth; everything in the house is simply spotless. She cleans it all by herself.

"And you should see the way Sheila can cook. She has a little electric stove, and she gets batter from the cook and makes muffins, or hamburger steak which she fries. Sometimes I go in and have lunch with her, and she serves it with all the skill and aplomb in the world.

"She takes her housekeeping very

seriously. When I ring her doorbell, she doesn't allow me to say, 'Is Sheila there?' Oh, no, indeed. In her house she's not Sheila. She's the madame. I must say, 'Is Mrs. McLaglen in?'

"So Sheila smiles like a regular hostess and says, 'Do come in. Won't you have a chair?' And the other day she said, very politely, 'Will you excuse me just a moment? I'm very busy just now.' And off she dashed to look at her meat cooking in the stove.

"You can see how I'm trying to bring up Sheila. Already she's completely sure of herself as mistress of the house. Even at the age of five she has learned to be a gracious hostess. And of course it is teaching her how to run a house—how to cook, if she ever has to cook. She'll grow up to be a completely competent housewife."

An intelligent father? Well, rather! A man of the world, who speaks, literally, the king's English. The son of an Episcopal bishop—"Though you'd never know it to look at me," said Victor.

Rather a different picture, isn't it, from the roughneck star of Fox films? From the man who got his professional start by boxing.

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sation of Europe is Anna May Wong. She is a big hit in pictures all over the Continent, but her social triumphs almost top her professional ones.

"Anna May has become as inevitable a guest at all big functions as Fanny Ward and the Dolly sisters. She is pointed out to all tourists as one of the sights not to be missed. In fact, it wouldn't surprise me to find her in the next edition of Baedeker. If you know your Europe, you say 'As rare as a night when Anna May dines at home.'

"I am awfully glad," Fanny went on earnestly. "It always seemed to me that Anna May didn't get half the breaks she deserved in Hollywood. Many a time I have seen her trying to swallow her disappointment at not getting a rôle. She was a problem for the casting directors."

"But why?" I asked. Anna May always gave capable performances.

"Well," Fanny explained, "she just didn't fit into their cut-and-dried ideas of what a Chinese girl should be like—and you know how casting directors run to types rather than to ability. Anna May was too poised and gracious and she looked too chic. I remember when she was tested for

the part of a half-caste and was turned down. They said she didn't look foreign enough. So they took an American girl—shall we be generous and say of the peasant class?—and made her up to look more Chinese than any Chinese girl ever looked.

"Anna May wanted to come home for a visit between pictures. She tried to book passage on the *Graf Zeppelin*, but couldn't induce any one to part with his reservation. She was a good sport about her disappointment, though. She gave a big luncheon for all the passengers just before the airship took off.

"Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are sailing soon for a vacation in Europe. Douglas Fairbanks will be pleased at Anna May's success in Europe. He is one of the few producers in Hollywood who ever gave her a good rôle."

Fanny's preoccupation with Europe was ominous. Remembering how, unwarned, she had whisked me off from Hollywood to New York, I began to grow apprehensive.

"Gertrude Lawrence finished 'The Battle of Paris' at the Paramount studio the other day and rushed off to

a play in London. The parting was nothing short of tragic. Every one in the studio simply adores her."

Hastily I tried to think of something to distract Fanny's mind from sailings. A moment later I was relieved.

"They will all be coming back soon, though. Miss Lawrence is to do 'Candle Light' on Broadway, and another picture for Paramount, so we shall have her with us again.

"And who do you suppose is in town?" she asked brightly, and I knew from the hurried way that she started gathering up her belongings, that she was about to rush me off to see one of her super-special favorites.

"Estelle Taylor!" she announced with enthusiasm. "She is rehearsing a sketch for vaudeville. We'd better rush right over to her hotel now. Once she gets started on tour, she will be as lost to her friends as though she were exploring darkest Africa."

But with Leatrice Joy, Mae Busch, Doris Kenyon, Irene Rich, and any number of others touring in vaudeville, their routes must cross sometimes. And what homesick Hollywood reunions there must be then!

Over the Teacups

All, All Is Vanity

And to prove it, these stars show the more or less ingenious places where they conceal their lipsticks rather than be caught without one.



Carmel Myers, above, has what she calls a sanitary lipstick to imitate a match and be discarded after one application of carmine.

Joan Crawford, right, seems proud of a rather deadly-looking tube which apparently contains all a lady's needs—though if you ask us——!



Sally O'Neil, above, looks heavenward as she snaps open a woolly puppy and discloses in its tummy all the necessities of a perfect lady.

Fay Webb, below, is one of those girls who loves her little joke, for when timid souls swoon at the sight of a dagger thrust in her stocking, she restores them with the information that it is just a perfume vial!



Marceline Day, left, ever girly girly, points to her lipstick carried, for some esoteric reason, in the heart of a satin flower on her shoulder. Now you know what a strain it is to be an actress!



There's much more to the proceedings than this, and many more characters than those mentioned. As a side issue of this tawdry plot we hear a lot of talk about the decaying condition of English society, with active evidence to prove it. Besides Miss Shearer, who does well—remarkably well—the cast includes familiars like Hedda Hopper, George K. Arthur, and Maude Turner Gordon. The others—George Barraud, Herbert Bunston, Moon Carroll, Cyril Chadwick, and Madeline Seymour—are from the stage.

Murder Mystery De Luxe.

My first enthusiasm for "The Greene Murder Case" is lessened by what has been told me by those who have read the book. Before being somewhat disillusioned by the changes made in the story, I thought the picture just about the finest mystery story I had ever seen. For that matter I still do, notwithstanding the disparity between novel and film, and I shall tell you why, hoping that you too will enjoy the picture as I did in happy ignorance.

Again William Powell is *Philo Vance*, the dilettant detective, as in "The Canary Murder," but with this difference. He is the center of a far more engrossing plot, his lines are better and his acting therefore gains in authority, restraint, and incisiveness. Magnificent actor always, he, like all others, adds to his stature when he has good material. And that he most assuredly has in *Philo Vance's* latest exploit.

He is called in to solve mysterious deaths in the Greene family. First, the elder son of old *Mrs. Greene*, confined to her bed by paralysis, then the younger comes to a violent end, followed by the sudden demise of *Mrs. Greene* herself, leaving her two daughters to share the enormous fortune which all the family would have enjoyed in a few years. Well, I was never more surprised in my life than by *Philo's* unraveling, thread by thread, as well as by the *dénouement*. But you won't get so much as a syllable of a clew from me!

Enough to say that every one gives a fine performance, and that the production too is really noteworthy, because here are no self-conscious efforts on the part of the director to overlay the proceedings with horror and mystery. The whole story is told simply, directly, almost casually. Principal players are Florence Eldridge, Ullrich Haupt, Jean Arthur, Eugene Palette, and Morgan Farley.

Never the Twain Shall Meet.

If you know the story of "Evangeline"—and who doesn't?—you will

not go to see it expecting to be thrilled to the marrow and your blood to be chilled. This is mentioned at the outset in citing an exquisitely beautiful picture for honorable mention, because its tranquillity, even lethargy, are its only faults. Yet they are not that, because this quality is inherent to the original, and a faithful transcription of the poem could yield nothing else. Besides, to some of us the thrill of pure pictorial beauty is often more moving than self-conscious dramatics. There are none of the latter in "Evangeline," but moments of poignant emotion and mile after mile of breath-taking scenic beauty, so carefully composed as to remind us once more that Nature is the eternal artist and man her occasional imitator.

Perhaps the most striking episode that does not depend on background so much as direction, is the expulsion of the simple Acadians by British troops. Families are separated, babies torn from their mothers, old men are beaten and left to die, and *Evangeline* and *Gabriel* are parted, never to meet again until he is dying and she comes upon him, an aged sister of mercy. The interval, covering many years, shows her search for him through the length and breadth of the land.

Evangeline is, in my opinion, Dolores del Rio's finest performance since "Resurrection." It is beautifully sincere and infinitely pathetic. Her singing is haunting, her voice flexible and sweet, and her transformation into an aged, bent sister in the last episode is admirably devoid of histrionics. Roland Drew, as *Gabriel*, is not sufficiently romantic in appearance or manner to suit my taste, but Donald Reed, in the lesser rôle of *Baptiste*, is.

Ireland As It Isn't.

You won't find a more piquant and charming star in the talkies than Colleen Moore, in "Smiling Irish Eyes," her first experiment with dialogue. She is wholly delightful in song and speech. But lest you think that all is peaches and cream, I must heed my conscience and tell you that the picture is far, far below the gift: Miss Moore brings to it. In fact, it's rather dreadful in its commonplaceness, its self-conscious quaintness and its falsely sentimental representation of Ireland, all reminding one of a medley of old-time plays such as Chauncey Olcott, Andrew Mack, and Fiske O'Hara used to sing through. However, the fact remains that Miss Moore has carried many a weak picture in silence, and there is nothing to indicate that her valiant efforts will go for naught in putting this one

over, however the judicious may grieve for her burden.

You see, it's all about little *Kathleen O'Connor*, who believes in fairies, wishing wells and such, and her sweetheart, *Rory O'More*, a fiddler. After this, that and the other thing happens to spin out their childish romance and saturate the screen with Irish atmosphere, *Rory* goes to New York to make his fortune. Into the toils of a show girl he falls and is helped by her to sell his song, "Smiling Irish Eyes." Whereupon *Kathleen*, piqued by his silence, sails across the seas to find him, only to return to Ireland and find a stack of accumulated letters. Nothing does but that she must again set sail, this time finding her way backstage with no difficulty at all and jumping to the conclusion that *Rory* is faithless. As casually as you please, she returns to her thatched cottage and the wishing well and there *Rory*, rich and successful, finds her.

There is more transatlantic travel in this picture than ever I saw before, with nary a word about the cost of all poor *Kathleen's* running back and forth. But I don't think any purser would begrudge so engaging a girl as *Kathleen* a trip on the finest ship afloat, for she'd be invaluable as an entertainer of jaded passengers.

James Hall, as *Rory*, has a good voice and a fatuous rôle, and the long cast reveals such stand-bys as Aggie Herring, Claude Gillingwater, Betty Francisco, Julianne Johnston, and Tom O'Brien.

Mr. Jolson Never Disappoints.

"Say It With Songs" is Al Jolson's new picture and there is plenty of both Mr. Jolson and his singing. I should say about a million dollars' worth, if we may estimate it by the success of "The Singing Fool."

The new picture is cut from the same pattern, which is to say that an ordinary plot has been cued to permit the star to sing of the subjects dearest to his heart—and in the oddest places. One of his solos is rendered on Brooklyn Bridge, startling in its complete absence of traffic. But this serves a good purpose, for it miraculously enables his son, *Little Pal*, to speak again after he has been paralyzed. How this is accomplished remains a mystery, except that Mr. Jolson appears to visit the child in double exposure and leaves behind some of his vocal vigor.

These unusual occurrences begin where Mr. Jolson, as *Joe Lane*, a radio singer, is told by his wife that the manager of the broadcasting station has asked her to invite him to dinner. The invitation is to be extended if

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In Loving Memory

The stars keep photographs of their friends—and themselves—to remind them that admiration and affections are ties that bind.



Marian Nixon, above, keeps the photo framers busy adding treasures to her walls. See if you can discern familiar faces. Isn't that Ben Lyon, upper left?

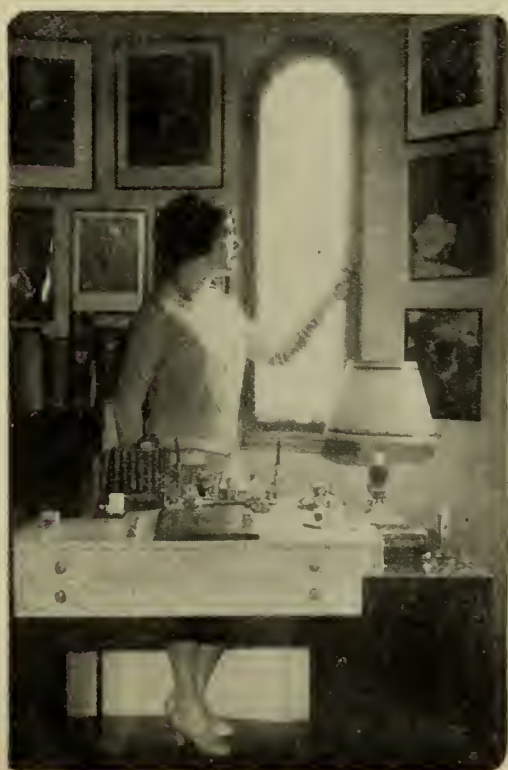
John Barrymore, right, finds himself in the best of company—numerous photographs of himself in memorable rôles, as well as the armor he wore as *Richard III* on the stage.



George Lewis, left, lovingly hangs on his wall a Japanese poster of himself in the "Collegian" series, this treasure being flanked by a photograph of himself already there.



Alice Day, below, at home with her photographs and a few magazines, the former reminding her of friends tried and true, and the latter to be scanned hopefully for reminders of herself.



Aileen Pringle, left, contemplates the sunlight from the window of her writing room, its walls decorated with old Chinese prints and a few not old American gentlemen.



there is any hope for the manager's willingness to help *Joe* along if his wife will—yes, aren't men beasts? It seemed to me particularly dumb of the wife to have told, but if she hadn't there would have been no suffering and sorrow for anybody. So *Joe* calls the manager a rat and kills him. For this he is sent to prison, where he cheers his fellow convicts with song, and broadcasts as well. On his release he visits *Little Pal* in school, and in following his father the boy is swept down by a truck. The doctor whom *Joe* consults is in love with *Joe's* wife and his fee is \$5,000 for a life-saving operation, but this will be waived if *Joe* will relinquish the child. So it's just one agony after another for poor *Joe*, but as intimated above, everything comes out all right.

Mr. Jolson sings at least seven songs, Davey Lee repeats the performance so many like, and Marian Nixon nicely plays the faithful, though tactless, wife.

Rod La Rocque Speaks.

The talkie debut of Rod La Rocque takes place in "The Man and the Moment," opposite beautiful Billie, the dulcet Dove—and he comes through splendidly. I say this because his voice records exactly as it does in conversation, and because he has a rôle which displays his whimsical banter and that humor which is so much a part of his real self. Miss Dove, in a rôle less hysterical than in "Careers," is also nice, but it is Mr. La Rocque who evokes the most audible response from audiences, because he makes them laugh.

The picture is unimportant, but it is as diverting as one of those glossy society films, with a whipped-cream filling, could be. *Michael*, a gay philanderer, and *Joan*, a sheltered snow-drop, marry; he to extricate himself from a liaison, she to escape the choler of a guardian. But of course *Michael's* lady friend is not so easily shed. She seeks to ruin *Joan's* reputation, but *Michael* somehow saves it by smashing a glass tank in which high society is disporting in an under-seas ball à la DeMille. There you have it. Besides the stars, there is Gwen Lee.

Made in Germany.

Three European favorites appear in a German silent picture called "Hungarian Rhapsody." They are Dita Parlo, Lil Dagover, and Willy Fritsch, who became an American favorite in "The Last Waltz." Players and picture are well worth seeing, if you care for a smoothly directed, carefully acted, and skillfully photographed film of unvarying

charm rather than wrenching moments. Backgrounds of waving wheatfields are beautiful, as well as moonlight dappling the lovers in their trysting place under the trees; and the prayer of thanksgiving for the harvest is strangely moving.

The story is that of a dashing officer too poor to marry the girl he loves, and too proud of his uniform to give it up and go to work. He is drawn into a dangerous flirtation with the wife of the resident baron, and when they are in peril of discovery his sweetheart saves them at the expense of her own reputation. This brings about the officer's awakening to the true worth of the girl, as well as the worthlessness of an idle life. All this has a quality, a feeling, all its own. I hope I have communicated enough to send you to see it.

More In Sorrow Than Anger.

"Fast Life" is the sort of picture that gives most critics acute pain, and the kind that producers excuse by saying to us, "Poor fish, it's what the public wants."

But that doesn't excuse it at all, for if it pleased some one to bring it to the screen, the shallow, theatric story and the bombastic acting could have been toned down and the whole disguised by good taste and restraint. As it is, "Fast Life" is a distressing exhibition of actors allowed to rant at will. I say allowed, because Chester Morris and John St. Polis have acquitted themselves brilliantly in talkies, the former in "Alibi" and the latter as Mary Pickford's father in "Coquette." But you would never guess it from their actions and utterances in the new film. So we must hold it against the director for giving them a free hand.

Mr. Morris is *Paul Palmer*, the governor's son, whose friend, *Douglas Stratton*, is about to be electrocuted for a murder *Paul* committed. Which means that we must pay the penalty by watching all the old, familiar scenes—the pleas to the governor, the singing prisoners, the long-drawn-out march to the chair, from which, incidentally, the prisoner escapes without explanation. But this is merely to prolong the agonized contortions of Mr. Morris as he struggles against the temptation to "tell all," and thus ruin his father's political chances at the cost of his friend's liberation and his own life.

Now, this is a melodramatic situation of the kind known as strong, and it might have conveyed the full intent had the director forgotten the antiquated theater and been decently generous with his use of the soft pedal. But the writhing of Mr. Morris, his grimaces and contortions con-

veyed nothing to me except envy of an actor having a sweatingly good time tussling with a hammy scene.

There is a lot more to the picture than this, but I found the events that led up to Mr. Morris' selfish pleasure equally shallow. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., not at his best, is the falsely accused murderer, and Loretta Young, as his wife, is appealing, but the innuendoes cast upon her relationship to her husband aren't pleasant.

Starving in Silk.

"Street Girl" bored me intensely, but I heard others laughing with glee, so you can join them, or sustain me in my task of trying to tell you what the picture is about. There really is no effort attached to that. So far as plot goes, there is almost none. Nothing at all to cause even a backward child to ask who's who, or what's what. But there is an effort necessary for me to remember the least entertainment in it. So bear with me.

It seems that a dear, little girlie named *Freddy* is starving on the streets of New York in silk stockings, plump chin, heavy make-up, and a permanent wave. She is encountered by a young musician in a jazz band, who takes her to the room he shares with three companions and persuades her to remain by the simple expedient of curtaining off a corner with a sheet. Whereupon *Freddy* becomes the little mother of the quartet whom she quaintly nicknames "Spring," "Summer," "Fall," and "Winter." She cooks, presses their clothes and manages their careers. Though homeless, penniless, and all else the night before, she goes to a swell restaurant managed by an old friend and persuades him to employ the quartet at a large salary. She herself performs, too, cutely playing the violin as she sways from table to table. Then the prince of the mythical kingdom of which she is a native arrives, and his fervor on recognizing *Freddy* as a subject causes him to kiss her on the forehead. So the young musician becomes jealous and—did you put me on the witness stand I could remember no more. It's all a blur of singing, dancing, wise-cracking, and so forth. But, as I said, people did laugh—perhaps from enjoyment, perhaps not.

Betty Compson, as *Freddy*, is not at her happiest in a sugary rôle, but Jack Oakie, as one of the jazz boys, is as good as his lines permit. John Harron, Ned Sparks, and Guy Bucola are the other "boys," this probably being the first time Mr. Sparks has been so denominated in the last quarter century. Ivan Lebedeff is *le Prince*.

Shades of Terror

How would you like to be placed in such dire situations as these scenes suggest?



Louise Closser Hale and David Newell, above, in "The Hole in the Wall," are terrified of the nameless kidnapers of Miss Hale's grandchild in the film.

Jean Arthur, right, in "The Greene Murder Case," has lots and lots to be afraid of, compared to which the shadow of a knife is nothing, as you know if you saw this stirring film.



Do you remember this scene from "The Haunted House," left, in which every one was on edge during the cerie goings on in the ghostly mansion?

Carol Lombard, below, has good cause to be nervous of shadowy handcuffs in "High Voltage."



Fredric March, left, in "The Studio Murder Mystery," plays the rôle of an actor who is mysteriously murdered in the course of filming a movie, and as he has a great deal on his conscience, you can't wonder that he's nervous of shadows.



Hollywood High Lights

directed in the heyday of his career as a silent-feature genius—a magnum opus, so to speak.

Plans were announced recently at a luncheon given for a group of newspaper men, and had a certain awesome character. Joseph M. Schenck, executive head of United Artists, presided. To enliven the proceedings there were songs by Harry Richman, the night-club star.

Griffith himself told with emotion, most genuine and sincere, of his intention to relate a human and tender story of the great president, and one could not fail to be impressed by his deep sympathy with the subject. Griffith has wanted to do this picture for ten or twelve years. Prior to that, he had once touched on the idea in "The Birth of a Nation," the assassination of Lincoln being a significant climax in that historic event.

Mr. Schenck remarked that in recent years the Griffith efforts had been confined to smaller productions, and that he was not fulfilling the desire of the public that admires his greater achievements.

"Mr. Griffith's most outstanding pictures have always spelled something more than mere entertainment," he said. "They are the kind of pictures that are not and cannot be forgotten. He has been the leader in the past, and it is only proper that he should continue to occupy a position of preëminence in the future. The picturegoer expects much more of him than the ordinary director, and we feel that he should have opportunity to make exceptional pictures."

Confidence seems strongly felt in Hollywood that the older and more experienced directors will forge ahead in the talkies, not only because of their experience in the studios, but because a majority of them have a knowledge of the theater as well.

Old Styles Must Go!

Something is going to happen to the formal dress of men in Hollywood. It's in the air. The tuxedo and the full-dress coat are beginning to pall upon the well-attired heroes of pictures when they are socially active. A hot summer in Southern California, with wilting collars and shirts, has led to an open advocacy of the change, and surprising as it may seem, Basil Rathbone and Ivan Lebedeff, two of the strictest adherents to Prince of Wales styles, are among the leaders in the proposal.

An agreement is being reached by these actors and an associated group for the discarding of conventional garb for the white Eton, or pea jacket, at dinner dances. This jacket is like a full-dress coat, sans tails,

and if adopted will cause an upheaval in movieland traditions. Also, like the treader trousers of some years ago, it probably will be adopted by all the young sheiks, with results both grotesque and amusing.

This garb is not altogether unfamiliar at summer dances in the East, but thus far has not penetrated the West.

Immortalized in Song.

Still very much in the air is the romance of Harry Richman and Clara Bow. They agree and disagree at regular intervals, and frequently have something to say about each other in the newspapers. They are a pleasantly frank pair, and if it is true that the course of true love never runs slickly, then theirs is sure to be a match.

One of Clara's latest announcements is that she will go to Europe, and that Richman probably will meet her there. Also she avers, with great seriousness, that she is likely to retire from the screen on marrying. The trend of her theories is the usual one that a wife cannot be a wife and have a career.

Richman is evidently devoted, for one of the songs that he warbles these days mentions Clara's name. The song is called "Ga-ga," and one of the lines indicates that the singer has gone so "ga-ga" that he is "being a child and playing with mud pies." Now make of that what you will.

At that, it is an amusing and rather clever number.

Lillian, the Perplexing.

Will Lillian Gish return to the screen—and when? Puzzlement seems to surround the continuation of her career. The Reinhardt picture she was to have starred in is long since forgotten, and she herself has been absent in Europe for the summer.

The latest talk is that she may do "The Swan," once produced by Paramount, with Frances Goldwyn, then Frances Howard, in the stellar rôle. The story is ideal for Miss Gish, and should be better in a talkie than a silent version.

Now the question is, How will her voice record? Studio opinion seems favorable.

Heir to Gloria Rôle.

Ruth Chatterton is nothing if not an inheritor of great dramatic rôles. In "Madame X" she was elected to do a character that Pauline Frederick once imbued with glamour on the screen, and in "Charming Sinners" she assumed a part for which Ethel Barrymore gained attention on the stage.

Now, if nothing happens to disturb present plans, she will be seen in "Zaza," in which Gloria Swanson acquired honors on the silent screen. Strangely enough, there seems some rivalry for this particular picture, because Clara Bow has also been mentioned as its star. Our surmise is that Miss Chatterton will play it.

Specters Rise Again.

Even from the musty archives are films being resurrected for the interpolation of talkie sequences. That's a new wrinkle, incidentally—musty archives and wrinkles going nicely together.

One of the first to be provided with dialogue is "The Phantom of the Opera."

Lon Chaney will remain a silent character, but Mary Philbin and Norman Kerry will speak. Chaney not only has thus far declined to become audible, but he is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn. "The Phantom of the Opera" is a Universal film.

War and Reprisals.

A rift almost loomed in the long-time friendship of Norma Talmadge and Fannie Brice, when the latter was refused permission to enter the stage where Norma was working. The gateman chose to keep her out, because he said he had instructions to "admit absolutely no one."

"All right, then, you tell Norma that she can't come over on my set, either," exclaimed Fannie with (perhaps) mock pepperiness, and went away. Very shortly a messenger arrived from Miss Talmadge's stage, urging Miss Brice to return immediately.

The two stars joked about it afterward.

The Shifting Gang.

In the words of a studio wit, a large vacancy occurred in Our Gang when Joe Cobb left to free lance. Joe is the stout boy who has been with the comedy youngsters for six or seven years. Very often he has been their leading actor. However, Joe felt that the far field looked greener, particularly as a rival had come into the lists, namely Norman "Chubby" Chaney. Chubby is nine years old, sends the scales up to 106, and is just a trifle less than four feet tall.

Farina, who is the senior member of the company, was signed again about the same time that Cobb withdrew. It is felt that Farina's vocal powers will guarantee his success.

It's A Fad

That's the only way to explain the decorations which appear on the sweaters of these charmers.



Kathryn Crawford, left, goes in heavily for caricatures of the comic-strip variety.

While Carol Lombard, right, is popular with sentimentally inclined gentlemen.



Mary Philbin, center, wears her souvenirs sweetly, coyly, hopeful of more.

Joan Crawford, lower left, points proudly to her smallest decoration, "Dodo" Fairbanks' bleeding heart.

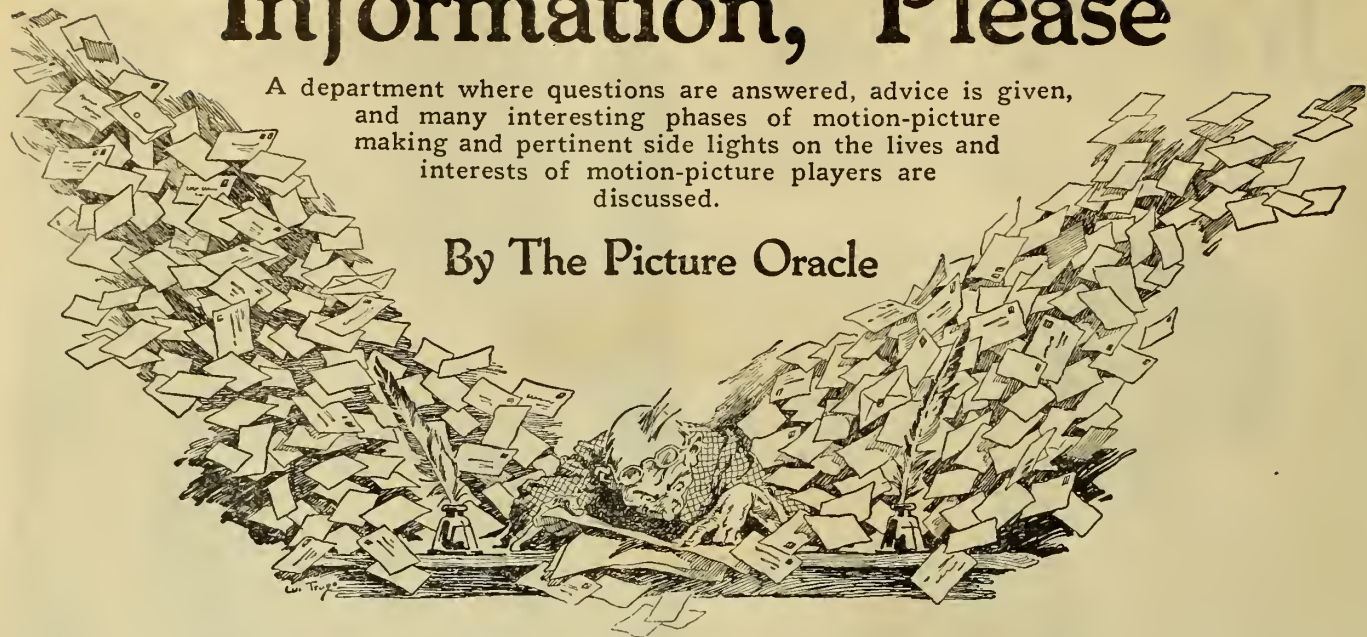
Sally Eilers, below, smiles in spite of somebody's reminder of the terrifying microphone, though Sally isn't terrified at all.



Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle



CRAZY ON HEIGHTS.—What happens in depths? Are you crazy then, too? So I'm a "wiz" if I live through your questions? If living through questions made me a wizard, I'd be pulling rabbits out of hats by this time. Mary Astor is five feet six and weighs about 120. Mary Nolan, five feet six; weight 112. Gwen Lee, five feet seven; weight 135. Charles King, five feet eleven, weight 160. Lilyan Tashman, five feet five, weight 112. Dorothy Mackaill a half inch shorter, weight 115. Eddie Nugent doesn't give his height in his biography; I haven't Armida's description. As for Anita Page, her official height is given as five feet two and weight 118, and who am I to dispute a lady's word?

DONALD BEAVER.—As to why Charlie Chaplin doesn't like the talkies, my guess is that it's because he's not a talkative person. Louise Fazenda was born in Lafayette, Indiana, June 17, 1895. She has hazel eyes and weighs 135. Her next film is "Hard to Get." Pauline Frederick's new pictures are "Evidence" and "The Sacred Flame," both Vitaphone dramas. No, Esther Ralston hasn't left the screen; her latest film was opposite George Bancroft in "The Mighty." Eileen Sedgwick is working in a serial called "The Vanishing Westerner."

ELOISE SPAID.—Well, I'd rather be "pounced on" with questions than with a pitchfork. The Mary Brian club has headquarters with Clara Fochi, 53 Villa Avenue, Yonkers, New York. Clara Bow clubs are as follows: Romulus Gooding, 93 Broad Street, New Berne, North Carolina; Louise C. Hinz, 2456 Sheridan Avenue, Detroit, Michigan; Ida Katz, School No. 80, Federal and Eden Streets, Baltimore. As for all those "sister teams" you ask about, they are rather obscure stage dancers engaged to perform in a picture, and I have no addresses for them.

A. K.—Anita Page's height is giving me lots of trouble. Her biography gives it as five feet two, but she certainly looks many inches taller than that. Ramon Novarro was born February 6, 1899. He is five feet ten. Music is very much his hobby! I understand his new contract calls for six months of film work and six months on the concert or opera stage. I think

Dorothy Janis did her own singing in "The Pagan." Yes, George Webb was married before he wedded Esther Ralston. Any one may belong to a fan club just by writing to the person in charge. The purpose of these clubs is to enable fans of the various stars to get together by correspondence. Esther Ralston's club has headquarters with Mabel Hill, 1250 South Normal Street, Chico, California.

MARGOT WATSON.—A worshiper at the shrine of Joseph Schildkraut! Well, he's working quite hard these days. You have probably seen him by now in "Show Boat," with Laura La Plante. The names of pictures which he is to make are, at present, "Mississippi Gambler," "Bachelor Husband," "Man About Town," and "The Melting Pot," leading ladies not yet announced. Of course all these titles may be changed before the films are released.

J. B.—Yes, the talkies have given Ruth Chatterton a fine opportunity. Of course you know she was well known on the stage before she began her movie work. She was born in New York City, but doesn't say when. She is five feet and weighs 110. Her picture, following "Madame X," was "Charming Sinners" and her next will be "Sarah and Son."

B. L.—See J. B. above. Ruth Chatterton also played in "The Doctor's Secret," "Sins of the Fathers," and "The Dummy." Nancy Carroll was born November 19, 1906. Five feet three; weight 116. Anita Page's next films are "The Gob" and "Speedway," both with William Haines.

CLEO HAINES.—So these questions have bothered you for a long time? Never let a question bother you; there are too many other bothers in the world. David Rollins has two fan clubs, both in Pennsylvania. One is with Bella Jaffe, 1110 Bushkill Street, Easton, and the other with John Allen, 230 Pine Avenue, McKeesport. I don't know whether he flew the airplane himself in "The Air Circus." His new pictures are "Why Leave Home?"—a musical film version of "Cradle Snatchers"—and "Meal Ticket." Arthur Lake was born in Corbin, Kentucky, in 1905. He is six feet tall. Richard Arlen was born in Charlottesville, Virginia, September 1, 1899; James Hall in Dallas, Texas, October 22, 1900. Warner Baxter was

born March 29, 1892. Baclanova is five feet four and weighs 123. Mary Brian is twenty-one, June Collyer twenty-two. June's real name is Dorothea Heermance. The nearest stellar birthdays to March 7th are Lois Moran's on the first, and Dorothy Gish's on the eleventh.

D. E. M.—I don't usually answer questions about star's religion, but in the case of Buddy Rogers I don't mind admitting that the report that he is Jewish is based on his playing in "Abie's Irish Rose." That's Charles Rogers' real name. "Lady of the Night" was released in February, 1925. Norma Shearer's supporting cast included Malcolm McGregor, George K. Arthur, Dale Fuller, Fred Esmelton. Bebe Daniels still has one film not yet released by Paramount, "Number, Please." Edward Nugent doesn't give his age. See A. K.

E. L. D.—To join a fan club, just write to the person in charge and you will be sent a membership blank. William Bakewell was born in Los Angeles, May 2, 1908. Write him in care of his publicity agent, Dave Epstein, Hollywood, California. There is no William Bakewell club. I don't know what you can do about the unacknowledged quarters you sent for photographs.

FRANCES HARRIS.—Yes, indeed, I'll keep a record of your Dorothy Janis club, provided you're not a little girl who'll get tired of it by the time the letters start coming in. Did Colleen Moore like the little verse you composed about her? Jetta Goudal's name is pronounced Jet-ta Goudal, accent on dal, short "a." I don't know why Gary Cooper should be called upstage; I've met him and he's rather quiet, but very friendly. No, Thomas Meighan hasn't quit the movies; he's been making "The Argyle Case" for Warner Brothers. I believe Johnny Hines is to make "A Pair of Sixes" for Pathé.

P. K.—Well, P. K. is very smart for girls' dresses this year, I believe. What a question box you turned out to be! Maurice Chevalier was born in a suburb of Paris called Menilmontant, "less than forty years ago," according to his biography. He is not quite six feet tall, weighs 165, has brown hair and blue eyes.

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Honored By Joan.

In July PICTURE PLAY there was a letter signed B. F. U., Omaha, Nebraska. The caption of this letter was "Stamps Wasted on Joan."

May I not say to B. F. U. that I think Joan Crawford is not the least bit high-hat, as B. F. U. will realize when he knows the truth.

When I first wrote to Miss Crawford, requesting her photograph, I received no reply, although I had enclosed twenty-five cents. I wrote a second time, about three weeks after the first request, asking why I had not received the photograph, and still no reply.

While awaiting an answer to my second letter, I thought I would try writing to Miss Crawford's home. I did, and was certainly surprised and pleasantly shocked to receive, about two weeks later, not only a small photograph, but a personal note as well. In the meantime I received a larger photograph from the studio, where I had first written.

I don't know whether one has to have patience, or the ability to write the kind of letter that succeeds in getting an answer, but I certainly appreciate the fact that I have been lucky to get a personal reply from my favorite.

HELEN HANRAHAN.

174 Nagle Avenue, New York City.

Rapping Kathryn Snyder.

What I have in mind at present is the letter of Kathryn Snyder in which she expresses her hope that all foreign players fail in pictures. My, my, what a loyal American! Vilma Banky can't act? The very idea is ridiculous! And such beauty! None of the commonplace flapper type that one sees every day, gum-chewing, whoopee-making, but an example of pure, womanly beauty that would have been an inspiration to artists had she lived a century or two ago. They would have made her immortal.

Camilla Horn "an odd-looking foreigner"? No personality? What does Miss Snyder consider beauty? The mascara-eyed, heavily rouged flapper?

As for Greta Garbo, thank Heaven she is no empty-headed, doll-faced ingénue, but an actress. Could any one have surpassed, or, for that matter, equalled her performance in "A Woman of Affairs"?

And here's to Dolores del Rio! She is not faultlessly beautiful, but she has more than beauty—a stamp of refinement, culture, breeding, besides acting ability.

Oh, I've almost forgotten Nils Asther, who, in my opinion, has no equal. Not only is he handsome and can act, but conveys to every one that he is the perfect gentleman so rarely found now, alas!

Should we shun foreign players? I dislike to think of having nothing to see but pictures of the wild, jazz-mad and vulgar modern girl of fiction. I do not like to mention the players I have in mind; I leave that to the imagination. And still I do not hope they fail. Let them go on and succeed, if they give amusement and enjoyment to some.

If we ban foreign players, shall we also put a stop to opera, music by foreign composers, literature by foreign authors, poetry, painting, etcetera? Certainly, if we are to be one hundred per cent American. Oh, I dread even to think of it! Horrors, if I should be able to hear only jazz that reminds me of cannibalism, and see modern dance steps that trace their origin to African jungles! I can picture not a few real Americans packing their bags and baggage, off to Europe. For

hasn't Europe basked in culture and knowledge, while America was inhabited by savages? Where would you be, Miss Snyder, if a foreigner had not discovered America?

MARILYNN URBAN.

1043 North Damen Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.**To Arms For Gary!**

So Gary Cooper is high-hat! So says Fraser MacDonald in August PICTURE PLAY. Some people believe everything they read. Where would every one be if they believed what others told them? It is always the same—as soon as an actor or an actress gains a little popularity, some one says something against them, and the consequence is that every one believes it.

I, for one, do not believe it. Just because Gary is quiet and reserved does not mean he is high-hat. We like stars for what they are on the screen, not for what they are in private life.

People who believe that he is high-hat are not sincere in their views. Never believe anything until you have proof of it yourself.

Gary has been my favorite ever since he made "The Legion of the Condemned" and I will always love him—even though some say he is high-hat—until he *proves* to me that he is.

MARY VENABLES.

504 Neville Street,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.**Step Up, Mr. McKegg.**

In a recent issue, PICTURE PLAY's most brilliant writer contributed an article dealing with the treatment interviewers receive at the hands of some of the players. Previous to this he had written other very interesting articles on unique subjects. Subjects not commonly dealt with, and for this reason, more interesting.

I am referring to "Youth Is Triumphant," "Carrying On," "Objects of Wrath," and "Whom Fortune Would Destroy," all by that capable journalist, William H. McKegg. These articles proved to be interesting variations from stereotyped interviews and trite publicity tales. Let's hear from Mr. McKegg more often!

M. LOGAN.

Royalton, Minnesota.

Southern Generosity.

For quite a long while I have been collecting photos of the stars, and at the present time I have 1,611, many of which are duplicates. Of course such a collection is ungainly, and I have very nearly 500 photos which I should like to give away to fans desiring them, if they will mention the actors in whom they are specially interested and enclose postage.

LEONARD E. EURY.

Box 85, Bessemer City, North Carolina.

That "Weary River" Double.

I would like to register my first objection to the otherwise splendid "talkies." Why have movie stars, and even stage stars, belittled themselves by allowing some unknown double to speak, sing, or entertain for them? Surely if their own abilities are such that they are not capable of carrying the rôle themselves, why have them do it at all? For instance, "Weary River!"

The fact that Richard Barthelmess allowed a double to sing for him, and then permitted advertising which boasted of his "splendid singing voice," such things as this entirely spoiled the picture for me.

Mr. Barthelmess was splendid in his silent pictures, and no doubt there were dozens of other rôles waiting, in which he would not have been required to sing. And likewise there were probably many really good singers who could have played that part to good effect. Then why miscast our favorites? Why spoil them for the future? No doubt the whole world would be indignant if it were discovered that some famous singer were being doubled! Then don't let it happen in the movies! "Show Boat" was another splendid film, and I must say that Laura La Plante was magnificent in it, but again I object to the deceitfulness of the sound portion of the film.

My collecting days are over, alas and alack, and as far as I can find out, I am not the only one. I feel sure that stars are going to have fewer and fewer fan letters from now on. Imagine sending quarter after quarter and receiving no reply! I have never done it, as my collection has thrived on the old-fashioned way of letters for photos.

No doubt the photos are worth much more than the requested quarter, but every one I know has experienced trouble in receiving photographs for the self-same quarters. One could hardly call it getting money under false pretenses, since the stars do not ask us to send our money for their pictures, but we do it out of common courtesy, and what do we receive? Nothing! I think there is something wrong somewhere and it does not lie with the star, but perhaps in the studio system there is error.

PEARL H. McLAUGHLIN.

137 Wilson Street,
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.**This and That.**

Fans from all over have been criticizing stars with such slurs as "I don't like the way Greta Garbo does her hair." Or "What made Nils Asther shave his mustache?" I should think the fans would praise the stars instead of making remarks that probably the fans would not read if they were not loyal to PICTURE PLAY.

I would like to speak a good word for Paul Muni. I don't believe there is a person who saw him in "The Valiant"—unless they are terribly hard-hearted—whose eyes were not filled to overflowing when they came out of the theater. I, for one, bawled like a baby, especially when Marguerite Churchill, who should be given a great, big hand for her fine acting, repeats their childhood prayer, "Good night—good night! parting is such sweet sorrow—" Heavens, when I think of it my eyes fill! For goodness' sake, fans, don't miss it.

Also a word about those players who have been "discovered" by actors and directors. For instance, James Ford. What has become of him? Two years ago he was "discovered" by Corinne Griffith, and the magazines said that he was to be given parts in large pictures, but it ended in his not getting anything.

BILLY ANDERSON.

Manchester, New Hampshire.

A Friend in Need.

"Holly" should have refrained from sending a letter such as she did to any magazine to be published. She mentions that she *read* in a newspaper a letter, which a former friend of Gary's sent, saying that Gary high-hatted this friend! I think perhaps this is a good time to mention the old and quite truthful saying, "If

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Miss Bow tremendously, but I've never met her. Don't want to—I *might* be disappointed. Well, I've just finished paying for Clara and I can tell you it was awful. Every month for eighteen months I had to make a payment and I couldn't go out anywhere, because I mightn't have enough money left to meet the payment and they'd take Clara away from me. I paid the last installment last month, and I can draw a breath at last. All I need, now, is for some one who doesn't carry insurance to run into me, for the thing to fall to pieces."

He has a small apartment high up on a hill in a sparsely populated section of town.

"It's the first time in my life I've ever had a place to call my own—a place where I can be absolutely by myself when I want to. First, my mother and father were always bossing me. Then it was my sister and her husband. Now it's always some one at the studio. They do it because they like me, I guess—actors and people like that whom I don't concern. I suppose they want to see me get ahead, but it's *trying* always to have some one saying 'Don't do it that way—it should be done like this.'"

"My way can't be altogether wrong, because it's put me at the point where, in less than two years, I'm playing featured rôles. I have to rely a *little* on my own judgment, don't I? Well, now when I leave the studio in the afternoon, I can either take a ride by myself, or else go home

up on top of the hill and either read, or just sit and look out of the window."

He is about five feet eleven and weighs around one hundred and forty pounds. He has dark skin, dark, curly, brown hair and what Sue Carol declares are "quite the nicest eyes in pictures—a violet blue."

Most of the people in the movies try to impress you with their loneliness—the lack of understanding they encounter in their relations with the world, with their families and with their friends. It has come to be regarded as more or less a stock pose out here.

If it is a pose with David Rollins, he is a better actor than I credit him with being. I don't know that he is exactly lonely, but I don't believe he has ever had a very close friend.

I've seen him playing volley ball at the Thalian club's beach house, shouting hilariously. The members of this club are mostly youngsters who are featured in pictures. Their standing is pretty nearly equal and any attempt at posing within the family, so to speak, would promptly let the poseur in for some kidding that would take him the rest of his life to live down.

The game over, David suddenly disappears. If one took the trouble to look for him, he would be found about a mile up the beach sitting on the sand, staring out over the waves, or watching the breakers as they rolled in.

We drove out to Maywood one

evening, looking for a picture called "The Shakedown," in which James Murray was playing. When we got to the theater the picture wasn't being shown. David went in to ask if they knew where it could be found. A second later he was back in the car, his face beet-red, gasping for breath. "You go in and ask—they *recognized* me!"

One moment he says or does something that gives you the impression he is far older and more knowing than his years give you a right to expect; the next he says something that makes you wonder if Booth Tarkington knew him when he described Willie Baxter in "Seventeen."

On another occasion, when we were riding, I turned to him suddenly, hoping to startle him out of his shell, and asked, "Davie, does anything ever get you wildly excited, or make you very, very happy? Do you ever get a thrill out of *anything*?"

Davie never batted an eyelash as he answered, "Oh, yes! I get quite a kick out of a piece of angel cake, or looking into the windows of jewelry stores and wondering if I'll ever be able to buy any of the things I see there."

So we drove over to my apartment and opened a bottle of anchovies for excitement. Those finished, Davie started Clara up, turned his face toward the stars and pointed the nose of his car toward the solitary, little apartment that stands high up on top of a lonely hill, and drove off.

Bill Powell—As He Is

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why he shouldn't, Powell went eagerly. Followed engagements in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Outcast," "Under the Red Robe," then to Italy for "Romola," and Cuba for "The Bright Shawl."

By this time firmly established with the public, Powell was signed by Paramount, with which company he has been ever since.

One of the few screen players to whom the talkies have not come as the millenium, he has been considerably advanced by the advent of the microphone. His performance in "Interference," the first talkie to show intelligence, added greatly to the distinction of that picture.

Distinction is, indeed, essentially a component of the Powell personality, both on and off the screen. The élan which characterizes Menjou in pictures and is missing in real life, is evident in the off-screen Powell. Worldly, intelligent, charming, he is what picture heroes are made of. But because some trick of physiog-

nomy renders his appearance sinister, he is catalogued as a villain.

Which is all right with him, as long as it isn't the fairy-tale menace in a Zane Grey thriller. Realizing his facial limitations, he has no thwarted yearn for heroic rôles, but, nevertheless, he does not enjoy doing heavies whose sole function is to accentuate the incredible virtues of the hero and heroine. He finds satisfaction in any rôle which deals with a man who gives the impression of having been born of man and woman, rather than concocted by a scenario writer and a tailor. He dislikes formula, hokum, and melodramatics, but doesn't allow his personal prejudice to deny the fact that they are good box-office ingredients.

He has deep appreciation of the good things of life. The best in paintings, in drama, in caviar, in music, in automobiles. It is to be able to indulge these tastes, that he is acquiring money as rapidly as possible. He has a deep horror of poverty.

Although he has never been destitute, he is aware that the only free spirits are those with money to unlock the doors of the world.

His particular desire is to be foot-loose; to be able, if he feels so inclined, to pack a bag and catch the next train, or boat, or airplane. Perpetual travel is his idea of utter peace. Even a week's vacation between pictures is sufficient excuse to rush to the Grand Canyon, or Seattle, or Mexico. He admits to a sentimental love for Italy in particular, and would like to have a home there, making it the converging point of his travels.

Ronald Colman and Richard Barthelmess are his two closest friends. His excursions to Hollywood restaurants and such are comparatively infrequent. He took up tennis a year ago, and has since been an ardent devotee, but not an expert.

He enjoys his profession and would not want to follow any other, but is subject to moments of depression

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Hollywood's Nine O'clock Girl

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worked herself into a fine state of the emotion required.

Experience has bred a facility which renders this family participation in rehearsals unnecessary—probably a great relief in some quarters! Still, there is her voice. The first pupil to enroll for a course in modified elocution when the university added the speakies to its curriculum, she was the only one to attend regularly two hours every day. Now, she and her father read aloud each evening.

"Shakespeare, at present." Something happened to me just then, and I do believe that I swallowed an olive pit. Not that I believe *nobody* reads Shakespeare—but when a blue-eyed, baby-faced blonde tells me, so composedly, that such is her occupation, I choke if I am eating.

For once, though, I hadn't allowed for that gorgeously naïve candor which is Anita's greatest charm. "Not," she laughed, "for entertainment—I'd much prefer the magazines, though certain scenes of Shakespeare are very powerful, and I want to act them all over the place—but to train my voice. Daddy believes that a natural voice is best, but there is much to learn in dramatic range and vocal inflection to express every little shade of thought. It is practically an art.

"We warble a little, so that I can keep tuned up. I haven't much of a voice. When I must sing in a picture, I just trail along. I will take singing lessons, if my voice ever gives promise of being any good."

For a time, he had run off for her screen classics which she had missed, his purpose being that she might study the skilled actors' technique. It developed, however, that she merely was enjoying herself hugely!

"I get the same thrill out of seeing pictures that I used to, before I began acting. I wonder, when the actors talk about a certain movie, how they go about analyzing their impressions that way, and I don't see how it can be much fun, if they are always watching how scenes are done, and everything. I guess I don't know enough about technique yet." Her shrug was deprecatory. "I simply like something, or don't, and I'm crazy about most all the players."

Jeanne Eagels symbolizes very nearly the type of actress she hopes to become.

"Won't it be wonderful if, some day, I can play such things? I know it sounds silly—presumptuous. But there must have been a time when

Continued on page 113

Lose Unsightly FAT

This Easy Pleasant Way

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Her Five Gifts

Continued from page 71

dresses possessing that particular brand of chic had managed to evade their discerning eyes, and the quest was still on, full tilt.

As they drive from shop to shop, let's take a look at Miss Kenyon, that rarity among women who is able to combine the duties of wife, mother, householder, and actress, and do them all gracefully, with tact, charm, and good breeding.

She's a beautiful girl, fresh and lovely. Her features are delicate and refined, and her coloring is exquisitely blond, with blue eyes and pink cheeks. She uses rouge, of course. What woman worthy of the name in this twentieth century, when nature is so sparing with her tints, does not enhance them with the carmines of Paris?

She has clothes sense—never extreme—but always in good taste, preferably vivid blues and greens, with conservative, graceful lines and hats to match.

"She's a wonderful girl!" exclaims Miss Allison, who has rare qualities of loyalty and acumen. "And her home is as lovely as she is. Everything is beautifully run. It is perfect, and the régime is smooth as silk."

"But I've a good housekeeper," adds Miss Kenyon.

"Yes," interpolates Miss Allison, "if you didn't know how things should be and were not an executive and a judge of character, your house would stand a good chance of being chaotic. Yes, you're good, Doris, we've got to admit."

"You are living a full, rich life, and living it to the full, and you're neglecting nothing. And I call that not only rare, but marvelous."

Doris smiled. She has a brilliant smile. It's young, enthusiastic and full of glee. It comes and goes swiftly, and it's very broad. It has that youthful spontaneity of those unspoiled and unafraid.

She's impulsive and altogether feminine.

She was quite frantic when she arrived in New York with a sick husband, and realizing that an indefinite stay was before her, and that she had left her baby in California, with five days' journey between them, she sent for the nurse and the baby and put them in an apartment, while her husband was recovering his health in a sanitarium.

Satisfied that all was well within her domestic sphere, she went on a perfect orgy of shopping, but while she ordered lavishly, she canceled her

orders promptly. Calm reflection convinced her that her impulses had led her amiss, and despite appointments and fittings she would call up penitently and beg the mercy and understanding of the shopkeepers who invariably capitulated to a maiden, a pretty and a winsome maiden, in distress.

"But," says she, "I couldn't stand all this long. I could never relinquish my work. I love my husband and my child, and I do all I can for them, but he has his own interests, and I must have mine. I don't feel that I am a great genius, a Duse or a Bernhardt, or that the world of art will miss me if I fail to act. But I do feel the need of self-expression. I must have a definite interest in life; a definite use for my own time and energy."

"I find the combination of a home and a career difficult—terribly, terribly difficult—but I couldn't give either of them up. I am pulled in half a dozen directions; my thoughts, my time, my duties are divided, but there isn't one I would deny. It may be just habit of mind which prompts me to go on with my work. It may be egoism, if you prefer to call it so. But I've always felt the need of having some means to express myself. Before I acted for the screen, I wrote poetry. I do still sometimes—often, I might say. As with most people, financial necessity prompted me to find a more lucrative form of activity."

"The furtherance of my career became a habit of mind with me. All my thoughts, energies, and activities were directed toward the advancement of that career."

"It is impossible suddenly to abandon these pursuits, and though I no longer have that financial urge, or necessity, I have learned to occupy and to utilize every moment of my time. I don't know how to live without my work, which has become a part of me."

"Since my marriage I have been able to blend my home life and my career, without making either suffer. I think—in fact, I know—I could not manage them both, if I had a contract which called for the making of one picture right after another."

"An interval is essential for relaxation and undivided attention to one's home and its problems. I make only a few pictures each year, so I feel that I maintain a fair balance between work and home."

"My home is far more important

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She Couldn't Kid Herself

Continued from page 70

soliloquy, no elaboration. The sentence conveyed that the Mackaill manner, so composed, had been disturbed, that there had been tearful times, and that the one who never fails had given comfort.

"Hollywood's worst hurt is broken friendships. Jealousy causes that 'most unkindest cut.' I knew that men's hearts weren't made of leather, but I banked on friendships. After a time you learn to wait, to take people at face value, until circumstances prove them. Sentiment has its edges chipped, but when you do find something real you treasure it."

Knowing the brittleness of life, she has schooled herself to anticipate each challenge and to match it, to make a game of it.

"You wear a front over heartaches, a gay bravado. You shrug and dance and pretend to be a little crazy. Get me? You delude yourself that you cover your hurt with your mask. That appeases your pride. Suffering makes you finer. Introspection follows feeling; then gradually the normalcy of 'Well, that was that, chuck it.'

"Hollywood has replaced bluff with self-assurance, taught me the frailty of artificialities and the value of commonplace and permanent realities," she summed up, swiftly. "It has taken much of my faith in people and given me, instead, a profound respect for work. More than anything, it has taught me to be myself."

Good-natured when trivial errors are made, she can be sharp and adamant on matters of importance, man-like in her bluntness and shrewdness, and in the calm, quick way with which she brushes aside those unessentials upon which most women love to dwell. The sort of girl whom a man calls a pal.

No poet of to-day would type sonnets to her beauty. Instead, an inhabitant of that tinny thoroughfare known as "Applesauce Alley" might dedicate to her his latest "blues," the utmost of his praise in tunefully glorifying the modern girl.

Her friendliness on the set strikes

a happy medium between comradeship and aloof hauteur. They call her "Miss Mackaill"—no raucous first-name greetings. She can kid with the boys, without fear of familiarity.

She lives in one of the new apartment hotels, modishly furnished and snappily serviced. It is like her to eliminate worry.

Gowned for a party, her slimness wrapped in some gleaming stuff of gold, hair in symmetrical marcel, head high, she is reminiscent of a Gainsborough, though her aristocracy is of personal development rather than that of heritage.

It is in sport clothes, though, swinging along, alert and gay, that she is at her best. I associate people with things. She makes me think of a good, stiff breeze; of a Diaz silver-birch forest; of that red honeysuckle found only in certain forests; of wintergreen.

Ordinarily she is well controlled, with perfect presence. Occasionally frazzled nerves that snap, or the solving of a problem, will send her out to the highway, to drive all night at racing speed, until dawn brushes its calm hand over her. Quite composed, she will appear at the studio as though no worries had ever bothered her. Usually, though, her life is serene. While all actors talk of early hours and adherence to career's demands, I know few so punctilious in obedience to its rules.

The methodical Mackaill refutes that wistful irony of Sara Teasdale.

"When I have ceased to break my wings
Against the faultiness of things,
And learned that compromises wait
Behind each hardly opened gate;
When I can look life in the eyes
Grown calm and very coldly wise,
Life will have given me the truth
And taken, in exchange, my youth."

She has grown rather coldly wise, yet glories in her youth. I think she is well aware of the faultiness of things, and asks little more of life, now, than that it occupy and entertain her.

MY MAN

My sweetie's not a handsome guy
Novarro has the edge on him.
He hasn't hair like Richard Dix,
Nor teeth like that D'Arcy "bim."
He doesn't love like Rod La Roque,
Nor kiss like he was Gilbert's twin.
He don't do things like all these boys—
But, gosh, he bites like Rin-Tin-Tin!

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Come On, Let's Sing!

Continued from page 26

corrects it instantly. At the end of her lesson she knows where she is. And so does Morando.

There is more than just study and application in bringing results in Bebe's case. She never knew a half note from a whole one until recently. But she has musical sense. It is a rare attribute. It will become rarer if she develops it. I feel sure she will.

She is also studying piano with Fanchon Armitage, who commends Bebe particularly for her determination, and also remarks on her unusual cleverness and facility in fingering.

It's just no telling what Bebe will do. Signor Morando says she will one day sing "Carmen," if she sets her mind to it. She has the mezzo voice for the rôle, she knows how to act, she is of Spanish descent, and she is intelligent, so why not? Heaven knows—and so do audiences—that the old operatic stage sorely needs a new *Carmen*. And not a fat one.

Signor Morando and his wife have one of the busiest studios in Los Angeles. Morando is as interesting as his pupils. One of the first things he says to a prospective student is, "I am not teaching for Vitaphone, Photophone, Movietone, or any other kind of phone. If you want to study with me, be prepared to work. Every pupil is the same—rich, poor, famous, unknown. Come here to work. Be on time. If you can't do both, stay away. I don't want you."

Every now and then he becomes very temperamental when some one talks about Vitaphone, or one of the other sound-reproducing systems, and he nearly commits mayhem on the innocent maker of conversation. He will fairly shout, "Don't mention those—those—whatever they are—to me. There is one man who said the truth about them. All the noise that has been squeezed out of iceless refrigerators has been put into talking-film machines."

Some of his pupils from the film colony are Jane Winton, the possessor of a charmingly fresh and buoyant voice, which is as bubbling as herself; Marion Davies, Jack Mulhall, Lois Moran, Blanche Sweet, and Walter Pidgeon. John Roche has been one of his pupils, as well as Carlotta King and Norma Talmadge who, Signor Morando says, has a beautiful voice. She has not been studying lately, however.

Another studio that fairly hums with activity, not to mention thousands of ahs and ees and oos, is that

of Lillian Sloane, wife of Paul Sloane, the director. And North Detroit Street, where her studio is situated, has become overnight the parking place for more Rolls-Royces than it has known in its entire existence.

Mrs. Sloane possesses a very gay and enthusiastic personality, which is a big asset and magnet for any pupil, and particularly for those from the film colony. She has the added advantage of having been married for thirteen years to a director, and therefore understands the demands and limitations of the screen, and knows all the latest wrinkles of the mechanical devices for registering sound.

Bessie Love has been working with her for two years, and one day when the gang were there—that is, Bessie, Leatrice Joy, Carmel Myers, and Gwen Lee—Bessie sang for me Gounod's "Sing, Smile, Slumber" and sang it well, too.

Leatrice had her lesson in my presence and ably demonstrated what a magnificent muscle the diaphragm is, and also illustrated how disastrous a tight jaw may be in interfering with the flow of tone.

It is recognized that Mrs. Sloane helped Leatrice stage a comeback from her long period of idleness by helping to launch her in vaudeville. The vaudeville contract reinstated Leatrice into talking films, with no little success.

Mrs. Sloane helped Leatrice build up her act, advised her about her speaking voice, and permitted her to sing only a few phrases of song. It was discreet assistance.

Billie Dove is another Sloane pupil. So is Mae Murray, said to possess a "gorgeous soprano." Others studying from the film colony are Adele Rowland, otherwise Mrs. Conway Tearle, Jacqueline Logan, Sally O'Neil, who could be a contralto if she stood still long enough, Alice Day, Frances Lee, Mary Astor, Mrs. Paul Muni, wife of the actor, and Mrs. John Francis Dillon, wife of the director. Lilyan Tashman is also a prospective pupil.

Clifford Lott, long identified with the musical life of Los Angeles, and recognized as one of its best musicians and singers and teachers, is guiding the vocal destiny of Colleen Moore. Colleen has been studying diligently for over a year, not with the idea of becoming a prima donna, but to develop her voice, through singing, for talking purposes. Mr. Lott speaks highly of Colleen's keen

perception and her quick, steady application. He also speaks enthusiastically of Georgia Hale's voice, and describes it as "lovely." Joel McCrea, who has been playing small rôles in pictures, has most promising possibilities as a singer, according to Mr. Lott. He is a baritone.

Julia Faye, like Bessie Love, is a coloratura soprano. There aren't many among the film players. Miss Faye is another serious, earnest student who has progressed to the stage of singing "One Fine Day" from "Madame Butterfly," not as a finished show piece, but as part of her lesson. Her instructor is Mrs. Henry Major, wife of the caricaturist. Mrs. Major has spent most of her life abroad, having been a singer in opera and concert. But teaching is her great love.

Norma Shearer is also a Major pupil, but her love for music, her enthusiasm over developing her voice for speaking or singing purposes, can hardly be compared with that of Julia Faye, or the hundreds of other stars and players who are pursuing learning.

Gary Cooper is singing robust tones and arpeggios for Madame Gloria Mayne, also prominent in the musical circles of Los Angeles as a teacher and singer. Clara Bow has been devoting time to elocution lessons. Mary Duncan has been working, when time permitted, with Miss Swanson's teacher. June Collyer and Nick Stuart have been studying voice, as has James Hall.

Monte Blue, Carlotta King, John Boles, Laura and Violet La Plante, Kathryn Crawford, Barbara Kent, Marian Nixon, and Marian Douglas all do their warbling at the studio of Harold Kellogg, who recently came to Hollywood from New York and abroad. Kellogg was a pupil of Jean de Reszke. Carlotta King, of course, has been studying the greater part of her life, and is with Mr. Kellogg for special work and repertoire. Mr. Boles is a product of the Kellogg method of teaching, having studied with him in Paris and New York.

Hollywood is changing; it is progressing. And in its present transitory stage, the song, and plenty of it, is the thing!

Back Home—and Happy

Continued from page 32

Contentment fairly radiated from him.

"I feel as though I'd come back home. I guess I belong here, with the horses and the circus folks."

People called to him from near-by tents; some one strolled into his tent and helped himself to cigarettes, without a "Please" or "Thank you."

"I've been a little lonely the last few days," he went on. "Had Thomasina with me for a while, but her mother took her back to Hollywood. Tommy inherited my love for the circus, all right, but my wife didn't like the life much. Why, Tommy knew every one in the show the day she joined us. Every one was teaching her their tricks. I went into the tent one day between shows to see if she was swimming with the seals, or swinging with the acrobats, and there she was on her knees on a prancing horse. 'To-morrow I'm going to stand up,' she called to me. She's still real, Tommy is. Living in a big house with a lot of servants, and going off to France to school hasn't spoiled her a bit. I'm just a cowboy and don't pretend to be anything else, and Tommy's just like me.

"I was with this outfit twenty years ago," he went on. "Got twenty dollars a week and thought I was doing fine. One day they fined me five

dollars for watching the performers when I should have been out helping to load a wagon, so I left. Couldn't see how any one but a judge could fine me."

His horse had been led up to the tent and the calliope was puffing the last of the introductory march, when he started to go. "Come on down to the train afterward," he called out.

Tom is mighty proud of the private car the circus got for him. One big room, with a table and lots of armchairs, with Navajo rugs here and there to make it homy; a smaller room, with a wide bunk and innumerable pictures of Tommy and Mrs. Mix; a jade-green bathroom, with cupboards all around. So delighted is he with it, that one almost forgets that he has long had a mansion in Beverly Hills, a yacht, and a house at Catalina.

"I'm going to be with the circus for quite a spell," he told me in answer to the inevitable question about his coming back to Hollywood to make talking pictures. "Maybe as long as they want me. Everything is so real here it makes Hollywood look sort of like papier-mâché."

The train gave a warning jolt and I left. But not without a last congratulatory glance at a man who has gone back to the scene of his youth and found happiness.

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Her Five Gifts

Continued from page 106

than any work I could possibly do, or any heights I might possibly attain. And should I ever find that my work is interfering with my home, it will, of course, be the work that must go.

"There is work awaiting me now in Hollywood. I shall not accept it, because I know my place is with my husband when he is ill.

"But barring illness, and under ordinary circumstances, I can see no reason why any woman should abandon her work. My home is run comfortably. I see my child developing as I wish, and my husband is happy.

"Sometimes our work keeps us acting in the same picture. That is great fun, even if it does happen to be bad business.

"A woman's work outside her home keeps her on the qui vive, makes her keep her wits about her, keeps her brain active and alert. And naturally she is more interesting to a man—her man—than if she be-

comes kitchen-minded. Work, I believe, is the greatest factor in happiness at home—work which you love, which satisfies and develops you.

"If, however, my acting ever threatens to mar the happiness of my home, I shall give it up unhesitatingly. It may be a wrench, but I will do something else. I can write poetry, and I will develop my gifts as a writer in such a way that they will not make discord out of that domestic harmony which, after all, is the root of everything. But I will never, never be idle. Years of work have made me unfit for it. And so—"

But here the limousine drew up, with a sudden halt. And Doris, bubbling with enthusiastic anticipation, hopped out exclaiming:

"Oh, May, here's Estelle Taylor's favorite shop! She says the dresses are simply divine!" And she was lost in the ecstasy of contemplating the new modes.

Calm As the Night

Continued from page 46

Marguerite is now prepared to become "crazy" over California. She took me into the garden and turned a handle, whereupon water trickled down through a grotto into a pool, in which there were goldfish. A baby goldfish had been hatched the day before my visit, half an inch long, according to the length indicated by Marguerite's tapering fingers, when recounting the offspring's appearance.

"This is what I enjoy," she said, standing under an archway of vines. "In New York there is nothing but buildings and not a garden in sight."

The rush of the studio is hectic, but not disturbing to her. At eight o'clock Marguerite is ready for work,

and she does not return home until seven. She then puts in an hour of fencing—for she must fence in "They Had to See Paris."

This girl is still so young that she has had little time to gain more than perfection in music, refinement, poise, intelligence and pleasing naturalness. So natural is la Churchill that she makes all the others with theatrical trimmings look more than ridiculous.

I feel certain that it is this naturalness that will attract attention to her—in fact, it has, for the fans have already discovered her, and fan photos have had to be ordered. A sure sign that Marguerite Churchill is here to stay!

Bill Powell—As He Is

Continued from page 104

when making up, thinking to himself, "What a damn-fool thing for a man to be doing for a living—making himself pretty." He is deeply thankful that, with new processes, it is not necessary for actors to use make-up.

He was once branded by an interviewer as "the wittiest man in Hollywood." It was an unkind compliment, life ever since having been miserable for him. "Come on," his friends challenge, "do something funny, say something cute." He is,

despite that, the possessor of a fluent and charming wit.

He lives with his mother and father in Hollywood. He prefers caviar to chicken livers, Florence to any other city in the world, Scotch to Bourbon, and champagne to either, the stage to the screen for entertainment, detests fittings for clothes, and likes good taste and dignity in all things. And, although it is none of your business, he has been married, but is separated from his wife.

He's a Soft-Boiled Egg

Continued from page 94

Victor was broke, and he ran into one of those small-town carnivals which offered twenty-five dollars to any man who could stand up for three rounds in a boxing bout with the carnival strong man. Victor knocked him out, got the twenty-five dollars and a job.

Later the two of them got up an act together, Victor taking on all-comers in boxing, the other—Hugh MacDonald—standing with arms akimbo and offering twenty-five dollars to any one whose two horses, attached one to each arm, could pull his arms apart. They were pals, Hugh and Victor, and then one day they were invited to go through a brewery. Neither of them was accustomed to drinking, so a few glasses of beer were a few too many. They decided to hold a contest as to which had the bigger chest measure and each accused the other of cheating in the measurements. So they broke up in

a silly quarrel. That was twenty years ago.

"And when I came to New York," said Victor, telling me the story, "who should walk into my hotel room to see me but Hugh MacDonald! We hadn't spoken for twenty years. How we laughed over that old quarrel!"

Again that glow of tenderness came over him, in speaking of Hugh MacDonald. You could see that here was a man to whom a friend was a friend, a family something to live for.

In fact, his family was his reason for not crossing the continent by the new air-rail route. "I'd have liked very much to travel that way," said Victor, "but I felt I'd no right to take such a chance. Not when there's the possibility of an accident leaving two children without a father."

Yes, this hard-boiled egg of the movies is a "three-minute egg" at home!

He Dug His Way In

Continued from page 48

ranch with a well-stocked stable, and a bunch of calves which he keeps, one gathers, for roping purposes.

"I get sort of homesick for Texas and ranch life," he admitted, with just a bit of embarrassment—like a small boy caught in some sentimentality. "It isn't that I like it better than Hollywood," he added with swift loyalty, "and I suppose that I wouldn't go back there to stay if I could. It's just that once you have known that sort of life, you can never quite get away from it. The space, the silence, the cleanness of it. You miss the animals and the companionship that grows up between men and the beasts they take care of.

"I like to ride. But I want to be going somewhere. It wouldn't be any fun for me to go out and canter

up and down a bridle path, all dressed up! I want to sleep out there and get up in the morning and feed my horse and rub him down, and then saddle him and start out.

"I'm teaching Charlie to ride a Western saddle and rope a calf," he broke off, adding proudly, "You ought to see how quickly he's picking it up!"

Charlie accepted this tribute with becoming modesty, and presently we parted, the two hurrying off, arm in arm like two schoolboys on a holiday.

I like Big Boy. I like his simplicity and his grin and the gusto he has for life. And when he gets a part which suits him, I think he is a fine actor.

That's a lot to be said in any man's favor!

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Tell us not in mournful croakings

How you woo Melinda fair,

For your voice is like a buzz-saw,

Though you look so handsome there!

Boy, you've surely missed your calling

As along through life you jog;

You should help a fog-bound vessel—

You *could* imitate a frog.

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Continued from page 55

"Every picture I have made," he went on, "has been the first talkie attempted by its director. It has been the most interesting experience I have ever had, watching to see what each one has learned from the others, and how each picture improves as the makers experiment. Each one has been striving for something a little different from what other directors have done."

"Bob Milton, with his stage experience, was trying, in 'The Dummy,' to smooth out the dialogue to make it clear and natural and intelligible."

"Dorothy Arzner, working with 'The Wild Party,' remarked that the dialogue in talking pictures had delayed the action and slowed the tempo. She was working for swift-ness of movement."

"Frank Tuttle, directing 'The Studio Murder Mystery,' strove for smoothness—to remove that jerkiness which had characterized all talkies up to that time. With beautiful results, too!"

"Each of these directors has added something to the whole of this tremendous experiment which is being carried on in the picture industry. A fascinating process to watch!"

"Watching all this, I know at last what it is I really want to do. I want to direct. That is the next step. I began to act, because it was the thing I had to do. But, after all, you know, acting is a funny sort of job for a man! Make-up—and all that."

There spoke Freddie's early Middle-Western environment. For he sprang from people who had not an actor in their family history. The friends of his youth were of the

same type. And at the University of Wisconsin, while he was president of his class twice in succession, while he was managing the football team, while he was winning a scholarship which would send him to New York to study banking in one of the biggest financial organizations in the country, he was hiding from his fraternity brothers, and perhaps really from himself, this inexplicable urge to go on the stage. One didn't do it in his circle unless one was rather—odd. One sold bonds, or went into business with one's father, or studied law. Something solid.

Finally, after he had gone to New York and studied banking for a year or two, he developed appendicitis. In the hospital, convalescing, he considered his future.

"I am not doing what I want to do," he confessed to himself. "I don't want to be a banker. I want to do something in the theater. I'm going to take a crack at it before it's too late."

So he did. His first rôle was that of an old man who, appropriately enough, rang up the curtain in Belasco's "Deburau." After that Fredric March was an actor.

He acted on Broadway. Then he wisely seized an opportunity to play in stock in Denver. A grinding experience, stock, but invaluable to a young player.

And he married Florence Eldridge, an actress of no small ability herself. She too is working in pictures at present.

"The first character you ever play makes a permanent mark upon you," he told me. "That old man who rang up the curtain—I studied him

and worked over his make-up and practiced his walk. Thought about him, until I knew all there was to know of him. His history, the things in his life that had influenced him, his passions, his disappointments, his loves. I have never forgotten him, although his was an unimportant part in the play. And I still prefer to play old men above any other type of rôle."

You have to love your job to study it like that!

That thoroughness, I believe, is one of the most important contributions that stage people are going to make to pictures. The nature of their medium induces an exhaustive study of the character to be portrayed. They work for weeks before the play opens, and they are going to live with their characters, *be* those people, every day during the run of the play. It may be for years. It is a very different process from that of silent pictures, in which a scene is perfected, shot and done with within one day, the picture finished in a few weeks, and the actor goes on to a new portrayal.

In talking pictures, where the actor must learn lines and make his character speak, that thoroughness and painstaking study of the stage actor is going to show in his work.

Fredric March has the advantage of that training. He has talent, personality, earnestness, intelligence, and a terrific love of all things pertaining to showmanship.

Yes, on second thought I reiterate, a bit more loudly, my timorous prophecy that Fredric March is one stage actor who will go over in talking pictures!

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 103

you can't say something good about a person, don't say anything."

I do not believe everything I see and hear, and especially if it is printed in a newspaper. If "Holly" had actually known this supposed friend of Gary's, and knew that his story was true, she should not have felt it a duty to write that letter on hearsay. Another thing, Holly, have you ever walked along the street, deep in thought about something important to you, and had a friend call up and say that you didn't speak when you passed that day? Well, I have, and I think almost everybody has had this experience. So why not give Gary the benefit of the doubt, especially when you must realize that he has much more on his mind—more important than anything we fans have. Another thing to think about is, that it might have been a person who just knew the actor by sight, and who wished to "get in" with him now that he is a star.

Fraser MacDonald is next. I should think that you would be ashamed of yourself to take to heart what "Holly" said about Gary Cooper. How do you know it's true? Are you a real fan to

refuse to go to see a favorite's pictures just because you *heard* something detrimental to him? Is that the correct thing to do, without giving the suspected person a chance to explain? You hear one side of the story and consider that sufficient—the suspected person is guilty!

And what if it should be true? Are you going to stop seeing him on the screen, when you confess that you "love him so much and he has given you many enjoyable hours"? Gary Cooper is a wonderful actor, too wonderful to be banished from the screen. And another thing, who are we to dictate to the people who give us their talent, and beauty to make us happy, what they should do in private? I think it is our duty to refrain from criticizing them, and allow them to live their lives as they wish.

RENODA GWYNNE BROWN.

196 Martine Avenue,
White Plains, New York.

Irene and Dolores In Person!

Perhaps it is true that Mary Brian is frail looking off the screen. To be frank, I don't think she is pretty. She doesn't

wear clothes well, and she *can't* act. Why they give her leads in so many pictures I'll never know.

I had the thrill of my life when I saw Irene Rich in person at Keith's Theater. She is absolutely the most charming woman I have seen in a long time. She is lots prettier in person than on the screen. Her voice is that of a girl instead of a woman.

I also had the pleasure of seeing Dolores del Rio in person. In fact, I was so close to her I could easily have touched her. She appeared at the Stanley Theater, with "Evangeline." She is also prettier in person than on the screen.

The movies haven't yet perfected pictures to the extent of photographing the beautiful complexion of the stars. Gee! Del Rio is exquisite! If you ever have the chance to see her, grab it. She is far superior to that Mexican wild cat, Lupe Velez. Where was Gary Cooper's head when he fell in love with her?

ARLINE LENSLEY.

Baltimore, Maryland.

Continued on page 116

Hollywood's Nine O'clock Girl

Continued from page 105

she hadn't had experience, and didn't know so much. If I work hard, do you think I *might* develop into *almost* as great an actress?"

There is considerable distance between the immature Anita and the skilled sophisticate, Miss Eagles. Yet who can prove that Miss Eagles never was eighteen, never a bubbling bundle of dreams, never a bit crude, her talent never at that raw stage, before cutting and polishing endowed the gem with brilliance? Obviously, Miss Eagles at some time must have been all these things which Anita is now. Perhaps she was not quite as pretty, or had not such an auspicious début and such splendid opportunities; mayhap she displayed even less embryonic ability.

Reassured that there was no law to prevent her becoming *almost* as fine an actress—it is the policy of her confrères, in a genuine affection rather unusual, to belittle her talent slightly, to keep vanity away—she continued, "But I want to become nice in the last reel. Wicked women are so much more interesting and dramatic, aren't they?" Concurrence was given, chucklingly. You agree with all Anita's enthusiasms, because she is eighteen and vivacious and artless, and you know that you never again will be.

"You have to turn nice, for the public must like you. The fans want to imagine themselves as you; I'm that way, when I see pictures. 'Re-forming' gives you all the more dramatic opportunity. Ingénues never do anything really important."

In the management of Anita, a sane balance is shown. While practically everything right now, I surmise, is being put back into the business—which is Anita—the possibility that the venture may not succeed is often mentioned in her presence. They would keep her free from that first, false conceit, glamour's twin, which wrecks many frail star-ships so soon after their launching. Things do revolve about Anita, but she knows that her career is on probation. If she fails, she must go back East, where Papa Pomares will resume his business connections, and forget that she ever saw a studio.

With all things in Anita's favor, those concerned agree that her growth must be steady and logical. If under their guidance she achieves in the hectic atmosphere of Hollywood the normal development of an ability in any other business and community, it will be an unusual and praiseworthy accomplishment.

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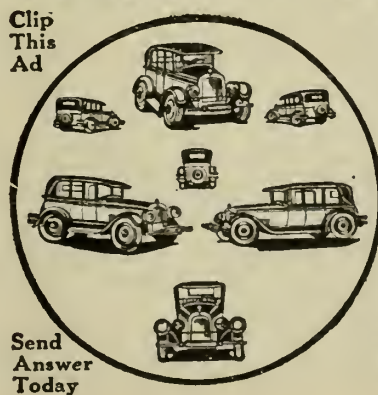
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To Him Who Waits

Continued from page 67

Birmingham, Alabama, being the place where he was born twenty-six years ago. He received most of his education in Baltimore, then went to St. John's College, Annapolis.

But you know how it is—young people will go on the stage after gaining congratulations in college theatricals. Such happened to Mr. Page. After graduation, he went to New York and was successful in obtaining a small rôle in the 1923 version of the Music Box Revue. So good was he that his part was increased before the run ended.

Thus stood Paul Page's career when he started rushing after chances to break into the films. In the midst of all his go-getting excitement, his friend, James Hall, returned to New York to make "Love's Greatest Mistake." Jimmie's yearning for film fame had been somewhat similar to Paul's experience at that time.

"Jimmie and I had been friends a long time," the latter remarked without any rush or gush. "He said to me 'Come out to Hollywood, Paul. I know you can get a break there.' Being still crazy for film work, I went to California with him."

Jimmie gave advice. I pity any person following it, for Jimmie's well-meant ideas are likely to fluctuate at any moment. Nevertheless, on this occasion his counsel held a grain of truth.

"Don't let them see that you are overeager to get into pictures," Mr. Hall told Mr. Page. "Let them imagine you don't give a darn to act on the screen."

Mr. Page refused to adopt Mr. Hall's rather frightening method. He insisted that the overambitious chap always got the breaks.

"I did more running about and saw more people and took more tests, than any actor in existence. There was a test at the Fox studio. I was taken onto a stage where Olive Borden was working. After the scene was finished, I was rushed before the camera and told to act the brief sequence I had just seen. In all that commotion around me, the result wasn't so good.

"My next port of call was at Samuel Goldwyn's studio. Another test was to be taken. Unfortunately, I was stupid enough to mention the one taken at Fox's. The casting director insisted on seeing it. That finished me with him. Metro-Goldwyn was the next in turn.

"Tests seemed to haunt me. Crashing the studio gates, and worrying myself sick over seeing executives,

finally made me feel fed up with Hollywood. I couldn't stay here any longer, for I was missing stage offers by doing so.

"There's something lacking in me that is needed for success on the screen," I told myself. "I fall down somewhere. New York and Broadway was my only favorable outlook; so I said good-bye to Hollywood and pictures, and returned East to spend the rest of my working days, I thought, on the stage."

Mr. Page changed his former mode of go-getter action; he no longer rushed hither and yon after picture rôles. He resolved to live a calm, quiet life, seemingly devoid of all ambition for screen fame. And so, for the moment, we leave him.

Back in Hollywood, Winfield Sheehan, vice president of Fox, sent Benjamin Stoloff, a young Movietone director, to New York to shoot atmospheric scenes for "Speakeasy." The gentleman was likewise asked to find a suitable hero for the picture.

Mr. Page was appearing in vaudeville at the time. Quite casually he met Mr. Stoloff. It was natural that acting should be spoken of. The stage, then the screen.

"Why don't you apply for this Movietone part?" the director asked. Mr. Page laughed. A test? Ancient things of long ago. Gone from his young life altogether. In short, he couldn't be bothered.

"I'd probably be no good on the screen," he even suggested. Possibly no other actor had ever spoken like this to a director. Its originality was arresting. An argument ensued, though friendly withal. A couple of days later Paul received a pressing request to call and have a test taken for "Speakeasy." In order not to seem indifferent to his friend's interest, he went.

"The microphone didn't scare me at all. The only thing I was afraid of at first was the camera—but no longer. Having just finished my second picture—a silent one—I feel like a veteran!"

His rôle in "Speakeasy" has brought him no little success. "Protection," his second film effort, is a newspaper story.

Gone forever are the go-getter aspirations belonging to his early days! Everything is taken as it comes.

In any case, all we need notice right now is the fact that Paul has proved Mr. Schulberg's maxim to be in some way correct. For Mr. Page is proof that if you are good, Hollywood will find you!

Irene Is Made Over

Continued from page 43

"I was typed into stupid, rocking-chair women who waited, or Victorian fichu ladies who made a dogma of dignity, as they strolled through formal gardens and oak-paneled manses. I was simply," she said, with keen relish, "too darned lady-like!"

"Once you are catalogued, you must stay put, so they paid no attention to my requests for more interesting rôles. Only Lubitsch thought I could look and act sophisticated. I got so tired of it all that I became sick with discontent. You can remain with one company too long, regardless of its fairness to you financially; you can accustom yourself too much to one mode of thought and viewpoint. A one-track brain is a handicap, personally and professionally."

"I felt so blank and drab, with the futility of repetition; and that sense of monotony was reflected on the screen and helped to add age. Many of my pictures had a workmanlike air, as though done to a metronome. I almost went into eclipse."

"Craig's Wife" and "Ned McCobb's Daughter" gave her powerful rôles. Otherwise there was seldom a false note in her expertly correct ladies—and seldom an interesting note, either.

"Besides, my motherhood was over-publicized. My pride in my girls caused me to prate too much of combining motherhood with a career, of woman's domestic place. This constant reiteration, coupled with talk of my professional duties and my sedate rôles, all combined to fix in the public mind an impression of me fussing over a large lot of responsibilities."

"Seeing others achieve success in the theater was a sting to my pride. I had had spunk enough to make our living in the movies—why couldn't I, too, try the stage? So I forced myself into it. I cannot be grateful enough for all that engagement did for me in correcting false impressions, and in teaching me so much of value for the talkies."

Canceling her tour when Fox wired for her to join Will Rogers, in "They Had To See Paris," she plunged into work the very day of her arrival, reporting at the studio for scenes even before going home.

"The rôle delighted me. Old-fashioned, ordinary home folks. Rather narrow and fussy, but extremely human, with a whimsical pathos. It gave me a fine opportunity to characterize vocally. At first, before oil

was discovered, I played her Oklahoma—a whining drawl, a setness. With money and Paris, I could not only dress her in exaggerated magnificence, but also express her new affectations of speech. It was great fun."

She is inclined to alternate; a couple of talkies and a road tour, then a Broadway play after another season in the elocutionary movie. Her personality, with its more assured vivacity, would ornament distinctly any comedy-drama.

With quite a household to manage, since her marriage to David Blankenhorn, a wealthy business man, she makes far less to-do about it all than she used to over a new frock for Frances, or taking Jane to the dentist. Her girls and her two stepsons get along well. Using tact in handling the boys, she never disciplines or orders them; in turn, they defer to her wishes and idolize her. The result is a harmonious home, with sentiment and gay laughter.

Her associations are mostly non-professional, of her husband's circle. Due to his own strong character and to her exquisite tact, she did not attempt to force him into her picture environment, but adapted herself to his. Society women, the wives of prominent lawyers and bankers, join her in social hours. It is a tranquil life, yet busy and interesting. Motoring to their Santa Barbara home for the week-end; watching the girls in a chukker of polo. Swimming; de luxe picnics at the beach; teas at old, ivy-clad Pasadena homes; shopping excursions; luncheons at the ritzy places.

She knows, as maturity alone can, the acids and balms of life, knows hurts and solaces, and the way it all evens up into contentment, beyond the ken of youngsters with their petty problems and victories, to whom a dream-burst is exaggerated tragedy. Heartaches and hopes have gone into all these well-seamed years. Rich years, indeed, for Irene. Full, busy, rushing years, scheduled with many activities.

Eyes twinkling with swift amusement at some quip, she asks why she should not enjoy many more years of work and accomplishment. Why, indeed? By all the new rules, whereby the cinema demands character, intelligence, and ability, above youth's inexperienced loveliness, rôles in the articulate and sophisticated movie await her, and these she will fuse with this energetic charm which she has recaptured.



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To a certain degree this is undoubtedly what will happen. Already here and there, promising girls are being singled out of dancing groups for more important work. Time will tell whether the film ensemble is the incubator of stars.

One thing seems sure, however—the film chorus will never be the easy road into the movies that the bathing squad used to be. In the halcyon days, a director might take a fancy to the lunch-counter girl, and next day she would be in a bathing suit and facing the camera, actually in the movies with no experience whatever, and serving the purposes of decoration very nicely. And, if she should happen to make a few false moves, that was only a matter of retaking a scene or two, a trifling item in pre-Vitaphone days.

But the talkie director who would take a totally inexperienced girl, and thrust her in the chorus, would be plain crazy.

That is the reason why film chorus girls must be thoroughly experienced. They have studied dancing and singing, and many of them have been on the stage for several years. Like the old-time bathing girls, however, they are unknown to fame, and many of them are appearing in pictures for

The Chorine Comes to Stay

the first time. It spells opportunity to them, but an opportunity so hedged in with "ifs" that few can hope to triumph.

Never before in pictures, on the stage, or anywhere, have such formidable qualifications for success existed. A girl must photograph well, and many do not; her voice must record in a charming way, and very few do; she must have a good figure, must be able to dance, and must have acting ability. The girl who can measure up to all these qualifications will be indeed rare, and assured of a warm welcome. Many will be called, but few chosen.

Some companies, despairing of ever finding such a paragon of womanhood, are doubling singers with dancing girls. While the ensemble is dancing a hit number to a "dead" microphone, a group of choir singers behind the camera are producing the vocal music which is recorded. It is done in such unison that the illusion is perfect.

The possibilities for development along this line are awe-inspiring. One can imagine the synthetic siren that movie-makers of the future will be able to create—a Lorelei voice, the face and figure of a Venus, and the dancing grace of a Pavlova. It will

be indeed a rare man who will be able to resist this superwoman.

Where will the movie chorus girls be recruited? A casual survey of the musical films, such as "The Broadway Melody," "Rio Rita," "On With the Show," "The Movietone Follies," "The Hollywood Revue," and "Hit the Deck," shows that talent is drawn from various sources—from dancing classes, from stage shows, from picture-theater prologues, from specially trained persons registered with the Central Casting Bureau. Fox has put a group of girls appearing in a Los Angeles theater prologue under contract. They range in age from twelve to eighteen, which is an indication that in the film chorus youth must be served. Even the youngest of these has had experience.

The girl appearing in a revue number in a Los Angeles or Hollywood theater will undoubtedly stand a better chance of crashing the movie gate, than she would by besieging directly Central Casting Bureau and the studios.

But this is not the signal for a rush to Hollywood. Many persons with stage experience have already discovered, to their sorrow, that there are a hundred applicants for every job in the talkies.

Continued from page 83

a couple of bailiffs appear at the door with handcuffs.

It sounds simple and harmless enough, but there is an insidious danger in this sort of censor evasion. Unable to present adult themes in a serious and thoughtful manner, pro-

Are Censors Human?

ducers resort to undue emphasis on physical details to lift their entertainment out of the kindergarten class; and it is rather appalling to think that the taste of the oncoming generation is being deliberately beguiled away from strong, clean, and truthful

studies of life by subterfuges and allurements which present a false concept of it. Trickery and deceit breed evil in whatever medium they invade. Censorship defeats its purpose, because it attempts to dictate to the conscience of the individual.

Continued from page 112

Miss Martin is Answered.

In July PICTURE PLAY Miss Martin, of England, appealed to American fans to appreciate British films. I expect, by the time you read this, some of you will have seen the British film "Kitty," and if you appreciate this I'll eat my hat. It is being exhibited in America and Canada and just shows what England cannot do. The dialogue was recorded in America, and the recording is the only thing of note. You cannot argue with a Britisher about British films. He always flies to the well-known excuse—that America got ahead during the war. But that does not account for the poor sets they give us. We are bound down to a little corner of the set, and here all the action takes place. Two years ago the theaters would not show an English picture until they were forced to do so by the British Government. And even now the other half of the program has to be good to get a big audience.

"WARDOUR."

Camberwell,
London, England.

Calm Yourself, Betty.

How I hate to see a picture with Alice White! I've seen her in "Naughty Baby" and "Show Girl," but *enough is enough!* This time it is *too much!* She gives me a fearful pain. I feel furious every time I see a picture of hers.

I read in the article, "Buddy Looks At Love," that Mary Brian is one of his girls. I'm glad of that—they just suit each other. Oh, how glad I am that Alice White is not a girl of his!

I agree with Joyce Alliston about taking Alice White off the screen and awarding a leather medal, but I'd do more than give whoever did it a vote of thanks—I'd claim them my benefactor for life.

BETTY, OF TORONTO.

Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

A New Era Dawns.

Has no one noticed that, along with the great change in Hollywood, has come a change among the fans? They're growing more intelligent. Time was when a hero was a hero because his eyes were

dark and soulful, or his profile was inspiring. But no more.

The public demands that an actor be an actor; mere good looks can win no laurels to-day. On the other hand, many homely stars are winning acclaim, who would have never caused a flutter in the olden days—Eddie Dowling and Joe E. Brown are examples. Surely Jeanne Eagles would never win a beauty contest, yet I defy any one to equal her portrayal in "The Letter." The same is true of Ruth Chatterton.

They are not destined to become movie idols, because the day of movie idols is over. They will be admired sanely, conservatively and wisely. Their pictures will be patronized widely, for one can always be assured of a good performance when a trained, experienced star gives it, and we will see less and less of the "Wampas baby" variety, who traded on looks alone.

MILDRED.

Richmond, Virginia.

Easy Come, Easy Go

Continued from page 90

one. A real duchess requires only posing; an impoverished one requires acting. Winifred acted in "Adoration."

Julia Faye's place in the film firmament was secure as long as she was in the old Cecil DeMille roster. Julia was in all C. B.'s films, from his tinsel bathroom epics down to "The Ten Commandments" and "The King of Kings." Remember "Manslaughter," "Saturday Night," and "You Can't Fool Your Wife?" Julia did duty in them all. In the bathroom films she played vamps and in the latter-day religious films she played virgins. But when DeMille tore up the plumbing in his bathroom and disbanded his forces, Julia was sans job for the first time in her career. Out in the world, and nobody heard from her for several months. But Julia is now signed with Metro-Goldwyn, which is almost as secure as C. B., though, as you might say, room without bath.

And—don't be surprised—another absentee to return is bright, effervescent Mae Murray. Her vaudeville engagements over, the blond Mae is in Hollywood, scheduled to do a series of dialogue films for Tiffany-Stahl. The magazines have kept frigidly silent concerning the future

activities of this eccentric little actress, and it is many a moon since her name or photo has glittered on their pages. But silence can't keep Mae Murray in seclusion. And so she comes back again to pout and pose and perchance to act. We shall see.

And more will come, wagging their contracts behind them. Constance Bennett, who a few years ago was embarking on a promising career, and retired to marry the wealthy Philip Plant, was recently unmarried and has returned to the screen. There have been rumors of the return of Theda Bara. She has made one unsuccessful attempt. Personally we consider her too reminiscent of a period definitely past. But you never can tell.

And so a peculiar balance is kept up. As the old go out and the new come in, so too do the new go out and the old come in. And it is good to see them come back. After all, it is the old favorites, who have entertained us evening after evening, who count. We know their worth, and we'll cheer every one who is courageous enough to come back in front of the leggy young ladies, who kick and make faces as their contribution to the art of the screen.

The Stroller

Continued from page 59

found one of them. From that time on no one is accountable for your actions except yourself.

New York may be famous for its beautiful girls with apartments and limousines, but Hollywood will never be noted for the same cosmopolitan manner of living.

The reasons are far from the moral one. Expediency and comfort, rather, rule the day.

The trouble with Hollywood is that if a man smiles at a girl, or even takes her out to dinner, she expects him to put her in pictures.

It has been found by actual count that every girl in Hollywood is eager for a career, and some play for it cleverly, others not so cleverly. But in the end, every man they know, however slightly, is asked to give the little girl a shove up the ladder.

So, naturally, the big boys with the limousines shun the little girls with ambition, in an effort to avoid their asking for favors in the casting of pictures.

I know a couple of girls who came from New York to play this racket

for stardom, and couldn't get into Central Casting Bureau. They went back to New York, and at latest reports both had all the luxuries of a Long Island estate. Proving that New York is a guileless town, and that Hollywood, for all its meandering ladies, is not yet prepared for the Continental mode.

This is attributed also to the male and female old-maid gossips of Hollywood, who scatter news of this type with the ferocity of buckshot.

At the mention of reality—ah, ha!—what about interviews with stars!

A year or two ago we had a rush of seeming honesty, and John Gilbert told what he thought of his mother. Interviews to-day are yessing contests, with the star trying to get in all he can about his producer—provided he isn't trying to break his contract—and the writer remembering always that Christmas comes once a month.

Some day, when all the present constellations are dim, I'm going to collaborate with some writer on "Mirrors of Hollywood."

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JUDY THE TORCH	Arthur P. Hankins
WHITE WOLF'S LAW	Hal Ounning



75c

75c

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 61

with a cast including three important talkie discoveries, Marguerite Churchill, Dorothy Burgess, Kenneth MacKenna. Intrigue and adventure around a country estate, crooks, jewels, and lovers. Well-played support.

"The Time, the Place and the Girl"—Warner. All dialogue. An amusing, lively story from the pompadour age. Grant Withers makes debut in talkies, with honors, as victim of a stock fraud, but he blunders out. Every moment good for a laugh. Betty Compson, John Davidson, Gertrude Olmsted.

"Charming Sinners"—Paramount. All dialogue. A mild stage play denatured further for the screen, with much tea sipping and hand kissing. A constant wife catches up her husband and gives him a lecture and makes threats, all elegantly set forth by Ruth Chatterton, Clive Brook, and William Powell. Mary Nolan's first talkie appearance.

"Behind That Curtain"—Fox. All dialogue. Very good film, in spite of the mystery being revealed too soon. Lois Moran in audible debut. Story of a girl who marries an adventurer in London and discovers in India that he is a murderer. Capital performance by Warner Baxter. Gilbert Emery, Philip Strange do well, also.

"Broadway Babies"—First National. All dialogue. Backstage melodrama of the usual sort, with one redeeming sequence. Entertaining, with Alice White trying hard to act, and a good cast. Fred Kohler, as rum-running lover, magnificent. Charles Delaney, Sally Eilers, Marion Byron, Bodil Rosing.

"Mysterious Doctor Fu-Manchu, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Scotland Yard versus *Doctor Fu*, with plenty of Oriental trimmings, develops into a thrilling climax. The heroine is the ward of the Chinaman, and the gallant hero one of the latter's marked victims. Warner Oland, Neil Hamilton, O. P. Heggie, and Jean Arthur do well.

"Four Feathers, The"—Paramount. Silent. English soldier loses his nerve before Sudan war, but later goes to the jungles to redeem himself in the eyes of fiancée and friends. Authentic, thrilling sequences made in the wilds, around which picture is cleverly built. Fay Wray, Richard Arlen, Clive Brook, William Powell, Noah Beery, Philippe de Lacy.

"Black Watch, The"—Fox. All dialogue. Pictorially magnificent film about English soldier on the Afghan front, whose mission is to win love of girl leader of hill tribe. Stirring episodes, but falls short of its ambitions. Victor McLaglen, Myrna Loy, David Rollins, Mitchell Lewis, Roy d'Arcy.

"Cocoanuts, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. The Four Marx Brothers bring their capers and humor to the screen, without loss of fun or individuality. Slight musical comedy plot about a stolen necklace. Kay Francis, Cyril Ring, Oscar Shaw, and Mary Eaton.

"Broadway"—Universal. All dialogue. Big in point of sets, story reminiscent. Show girls, wise-cracking boys, bootleggers in evening clothes, with gun play and love-making, all finally meeting suitable rewards. Old stuff made

tolerable by embellishments. Thomas E. Jackson and Paul Porcasi of stage cast, Evelyn Brent, Glenn Tryon, Robert Ellis, Leslie Fenton, Arthur Housman, Merna Kennedy.

"Fox Movietone Follies of 1929"—Fox. All dialogue and song. Pageantry of colorful revue, with wisp of story, and all the ingredients of a stage show, except a certain cleverness. Many well-known faces, including Sue Carol, David Rollins, Stepin Fetchit, Sharon Lynn.

"Innocents of Paris"—Paramount. Dialogue and singing. Debut Maurice Chevalier, French stage star of unique personality due for merited success in another picture. Shoddy story of waif befriended by junkman and latter's rise to fame on stage. Astonishing performance by child, David Durand. Sylvia Beecher and Margaret Livingston.

"Bridge of San Luis Rey, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Part dialogue. Story of notable novel faithfully brought to screen, with reverence and pictorial beauty. Frustrated, unhappy lives of five characters end with collapse of ancient Peruvian bridge. Lily Damita, Raquel Torres, Duncan Rinaldo, Don Alvarado, Emily Fitzroy, Henry B. Walthall, and Ernest Torrence.

"Desert Song, The"—Warner. All dialogue and singing. First operetta to reach screen, with solos, duets, and choruses of stage representation. Silly story, but no fault of screen's telling of it, but whole thing too long, therefore tedious. John Boles, Carlotta King, Louise Fazenda, Myrna Loy, John Miljan, and Johnny Arthur.

"Not Quite Decent"—Fox. Part dialogue. Hard-boiled night-club queen discovers long-lost daughter as chorus girl listening to temptations of villain, so she exposes serpent to girl in great, big scene of simulated drunkenness and toughness. Theatric, unconvincing, but tolerably interesting. Louise Dresser, June Collyer, Paul Nicholson, and Allan Lane.

"Show Boat"—Universal. Part dialogue. Life aboard a river theater traced on a wide canvas. Stirring musical accompaniment, but well-known story does not gain in film version. Laura La Plante, Joseph Schildkraut, Emily Fitzroy, Alma Rubens good.

"His Captive Woman"—First National. Part dialogue. Dorothy Mackaill at her best, opposite Milton Sills. Silent episodes on charming island, where love blossoms. Murder trial with surprising sentence. Beautiful photography, excellent acting.

"Through Different Eyes"—Fox. All dialogue. Courtroom drama uniquely developed in three episodes, ending with happy reunion of man and wife. Mary Duncan, Warner Baxter, Edmund Lowe.

"Christina"—Fox. Silent. Quaint, pretty, though sirupy picture, with Janet Gaynor as Dutch girl, and Charles Morton her circus sweetheart. Troubled love, but certain to turn out right from the first. Rudolph Schildkraut, Lucy Dorraine.

"This Is Heaven"—United Artists. Part dialogue. Your old friend, the story of the waitress who falls in love with a chauffeur—and he's a millionaire! Vilma Banky shorn of pretty costumes. James Hall, Fritz Ridgeway, Lucien Littlefield, Richard Tucker.

"Lady of the Pavements"—United Artists. Old screen friends in new trappings, but familiar situations. A haughty countess, Jetta Goudal, spurned by her fiancé, counters by making him fall in love with a café girl, Lupe Velez, picked up and made a lady overnight. The affair gets out of hand, the girl flees, and the lover follows. William Boyd is the man. Lupe sings and sings.

"Noah's Ark"—Warner. A spectacle of more eye than ear interest, unsurpassed in its Deluge scene. Modern sequences culminating in a hopeless tangle in the World War, which fades to the biblical sequences, where the same characters appear. George O'Brien, Dolores Costello, Guinn Williams, Noah Beery.

"River, The"—Fox. Romantic, poetic and slow picture of siren's untiring effort to win an innocent country boy, who doesn't know what it's all about. Magnificent backgrounds of forest and stream and best acting of Charles Farrell's career. Mary Duncan unusual as persevering siren finally sublimated by love.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS

"Melody Lane"—Universal. Songs and dialogue. This feeble imitation of "The Singing Fool" is the vehicle for much crooning after the manner of a past age and an old-fashioned story. Eddie Leonard, Huntly Gordon, Josephine Dunn. A baby girl is the inspiration of the singing.

"Twin Beds"—First National. All dialogue. A moth-eaten farce in which an inebriated stranger wanders into the bride's bedroom and things have to

be explained before happiness sets in. Patsy Ruth Miller is charming as the bride. Jack Mulhall, Armand Kaliz, Gertrude Astor, Zasu Pitts.

"Thunder"—Metro-Goldwyn. Silent. The trials of a veteran engineer who suffers from a schedule complex are portrayed by Lon Chaney. The climax comes with hauling a relief train to flood sufferers over a submerged track. Too much detail. James Murray fine. Phyllis Haver and George Duryea.

"Wheel of Life, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Action revolves slowly, and by coincidence. Heavy efforts to dodge love in India, that hotbed of romance, until a stray bullet paves the way. Richard Dix a very un-English Englishman, and Esther Ralston does not gain by speech.

"Honky Tonk"—Warner. All dialogue. A red-hot mamma of the night clubs suffers, because of frustrated mother love, but her haughty daughter finally acknowledges her. Sophie Tucker's famous blues. Lila Lee, Audrey Ferris, George Duryea, Mahlon Hamilton.

"Drag"—First National. All dialogue. Richard Barthelmess at low ebb, in story about a country newspaper editor whose in-laws are a "drag" to his career, until he finally returns to the city and his first love. Alice Day, Lila Lee, Lucien Littlefield, and Tom Dugan.

"Father and Son"—Columbia. All dialogue. Artificial plot and dialogue, the sweet, sweet palship of father and son all but wrecked by fortune-hunting stepmother. A homemade phonograph record saves the day. Jack Holt, Micky McBan, Dorothy Revier, Wheeler Oakman.

"Idle Rich, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Story of conflict between young millionaire and his stenographer-wife's poor family, in realistic comedy. Poor recording and photography, but good acting. Bessie Love, Conrad Nagel, Leila Hyams, Robert Ober, James Neil, Edythe Chapman, Paul Kruger, Kenneth Gibson.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

And he's married. Yes, he speaks with quite an accent, of course. The songs in "Innocents of Paris" are "Louise," "Wait Till You see *Ma Chérie*," "On Top of the World Alone," and "It's a Habit of Mine." Maurice is a Paramount player. Laura La Plante works for Universal. Laura was born in St. Louis, November 1, 1904. She entered pictures in 1919. Laura is Mrs. William A. Sciter. Davey Lee was born January 5, 1925; Ronald Colman, February 9, 1891; Marion Davies, January 3, 1900; Eleanor Boardman, August 19, 1899; Nils Asther, January 17, 1902; Buddy Rogers, August 13, 1904. Clara Bow, Dorothy Sebastian, Arthur Lake were born in 1905; Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, Janet Gaynor in 1906; Alice White, Olive Borden in 1907.

CURIOUS.—To tell you what these fan clubs are for, you say? I'd like to know myself! They're for two reasons, I think—to make people write letters, and to make me work. Vilma Banky was born near Budapest, January 9, 1903. The character actress you mention is Eulalie Jensen. Myrna Loy was born in Helena,

Montana, but doesn't say when. Billie Dove—real name Lillian Bohny—is twenty-six. She has dark hair and hazel eyes; is five feet five and weighs 115. Irvin Willat is her first and present husband. To join her fan club write to Consuelo Romero, 138 South Townsend Street, Los Angeles, or to Eva Dial, 151 Goliad Street, San Antonio. A list of all Billie's pictures would require more space than I could spare. Francis X. Bushman, Jr., is twenty-seven; six feet two in height. His only film that I know of since "Four Sons" is "Marie the Killer," a Pathé dog picture. He is married to Beatrice Danti and they have a four-year-old daughter, Barbara.

FLIP.—You should go to work with the wheat cakes in the window of a white-front restaurant. *Nana*, in "Seventh Heaven," was played by Gladys Brockwell. Yes, Greta Garbo is to make a talkie, "Anna Christie," which calls for a Swedish accent. Lupe says she and Gary are really engaged. No, she has never been married before. Nils Asther's American films are "Topsy and Eva," "Sorrell and Son," "The Blue Danube," "Laugh,



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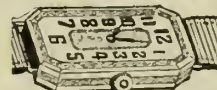
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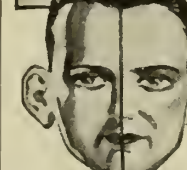


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Clown, Laugh," "Loves of an Actress," "Her Cardboard Lover," "Our Dancing Daughters," "Dream of Love," "Wild Orchids," and "The Single Standard." See P. K.

KATHERINE JERNIGAN.—The principals in "The Magic Garden" were Margaret Morris, Raymond Keane, Joyce Coad, Philippe de Lacy, William V. Mong, Hedda Hopper, Paulette Duval. Sue Carol has announced her engagement to Nick Stuart. Alice White's next film has not yet been titled. Alice was born July 25, 1907. Her weight is 105. Yes, Morton Downey sang in "Mother's Boy." Lois Moran was born in Pittsburgh, March 1, 1909. She weighs 110 pounds. Clara Bow's new film is "Pointed Heels." It was just some sort of studio politics which made Dorothy Sebastian lose the lead in "The Tempest."

NOSEY PARKER.—Nosey by choice, or was it born like that? Billie Burke is Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld; occasionally she comes out of retirement to star on the stage. Elsie Ferguson is also a stage star. I don't know whether they will ever remake "Forever" or "Smilin' Through." Nothing has been said of doing so. Lila Lee plays opposite Tom Meighan, in "The Argyle Case."

A REDHEAD.—I thought all the red-heads were in Hollywood! You'd think so, going about the studios. Marion Davies' supporting cast in "The Fair Coed" included John Mack Brown, Thelma Hill, Jane Winton. As to Jack Holt's double in "Submarine," try to get any company to admit a star has a double. You try. Yes, James Hill was the hero in "Señorita." Dix and Barthelmess are both thirty-four; Clara Bow is twenty-four.

RESPECTFULLY YOURS.—That's as far as you get with a signature. Pola Negri was divorced from her first husband, Count Dombrowski, before she came to America. I can't say whether he is still living. It looks just now as if Pola will not return to the American screen. I don't know of any autobiography of hers for sale, though she is writing a book about herself now.

FRANCES CARTER.—Such a nice letter, Frances! The leading lady in "From Headquarters" was Ethelyne Clair. John Boles did his own singing in "The Desert Song"—he was a musical comedy leading man before his screen career began. "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" was Mary Pickford's picture. "When Knighthood Was in Flower" was Marion Davies' first big success. I can't find *Colonel Brereton* mentioned in the cast of "Janice Meredith." In "Les Misérables" a French film, *Jean Valjean* was played by Gabriel Gabrio; *Cosette* by Sandra Milowanoff; *Marius* by M. Rozet. "A Tale of Two Cities" was filmed years ago, with William Farnum. No, Harrison Ford hasn't appeared on the screen since "Three Week-ends." There is a fan club for him right there in Detroit—Elizabeth Sumner, 2357 West Grand Boulevard. John Boles has no fan club as yet. John's next is "Rio Rita."

LUCILLE.—Thanks for the "big bouquet" for The Oracle. I'm putting it in water. James Ford is a First National player. Jean Arthur was born in Plattsburgh, New York—she doesn't say when. Her real name is Gladys Greene. She was a commercial model in New York before going into pictures. She applied for work at the Fox Eastern studio, was given a screen

test, and signed. Raymond Hackett is married to Myra Hampton of the stage, and they have a new son, born in June. Raymond is a recent recruit to the talkies from the New York stage. Olive Borden is from Virginia and began her screen career in short subjects.

BARBARA SIEFFIELD.—I'm sorry you don't have better luck getting your letters published in "What the Fans Think." The letters are quite impartially chosen, but of course we get many more than we have space to print. I'm sure I don't know what is Eleanor Garrison's magic charm for getting autographed photos and letters from the stars. Greta Nissen's real name is Greta Ruzt-Nissen. She was trained as a dancer and did such a charming dance in the stage version of "Beggar on Horseback," that she was engaged for the same rôle in the screen version. Hence her start in pictures. I never thought her screen appearance did her justice; perhaps that explains why she has never "clicked" with the fans. And talkies may make it even more difficult for her, since she has quite an accent. Her other important films were "Lucky Lady," "Lady of the Harem," "The Wanderer," "Blonde and Brunette," "Fazil," and "Hell's Angels."

H. P. M.—I suppose that means "hot afternoon." John Boles was born in Greenville, Texas, October 28, 1900. He attended the University of Texas and studied medicine. However, he changed his mind after graduation and went on the stage instead. He sang in musical comedies and was playing the lead in "Kitty's Kisses" when Gloria Swanson saw him and sent for him to play in "The Loves of Sunya." So began his screen career, and of course the introduction of singing pictures has put him on top of the world. He is six feet one, weighs 180, and has gray-blue eyes and brown hair. He's married and has a two-year-old daughter.

A RUDY FAN.—As to who's taking Valentino's place, I don't think any one could. But Rudy Vallée, of radio fame—soon to go into pictures—has been compared to Valentino, because he achieved the same sort of sensational, overnight popularity.

JANE W. REID.—You were a little late, weren't you, in learning of David Powell's death? He died of pneumonia, April 16, 1925. He was born in Scotland and played on the London stage before going on the screen. He appeared with Sir Herbert Tree, Ellen Terry, and Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. His films included, among others, "The Woman Under Oath," "Princess of New York," "Love's Boomerang," "Spanish Jade," "Her Gilded Cage," "The Siren Call," "Missing Millions," "Anna Ascends," "The Hero," "Outcast," "Glimpses of the Moon," and, as you say, "The Green Goddess." He was appearing in films for Paramount at the time of his death; that would be the only place I know of to write for his picture, *Major Crespin*, in "The Green Goddess," was played by Harry T. Morey.

BOBS.—Does that refer to your hair? Besides the films you mention, Leslie Fenton has played since "What Price Glory?" in "Going Crooked," "Gateway of the Moon," "First Kiss," "Girls Gone Wild," "Broadway," "The Man I Love," "Office Scandal," "A Dangerous Woman," "Paris Bound." I haven't the exact date of his stage appearance in "An American Tragedy," but it was during 1927. His marriage to Marie Astaire took place February 3, 1927, according to my records—but

you tell me in another letter they never did get married.

JEANNETTE MENDRO.—Sorry, this business of trading pictures through The Oracle is getting too involved to handle any longer. There's a Clive Brook club; headquarters with Ethel Arnold, 25 Syde Road, Heaton Bradford, Yorkshire, England. To join Our Club fans, write to Julia David, 62 West Dedham Street, Boston. There are several Greta Garbo clubs; for the one nearest you write to Elnora Rodenbaugh, Baird Avenue and Fourth Street, Barberton, Ohio.

HELENA RICKEY.—Well, I am answering as soon as possible, and I hope you weren't expecting any miracles. Buddy Rogers comes from Olathe, Kansas. He has brown eyes and black hair. And I don't even know his home address myself. Barry Norton was born in Buenos Aires, Argentine, and is also brunet.

HEARTY REYNOLDS.—So you'd like to shake hands? All right, shake hands, here comes Hearty. Consider your hand shaken. I think the reason Barry Norton gets less publicity than Gary Cooper, or Nils Asther, is that he is not so popular with the fans. It's fan interest that makes a star. Barry's next film is "The Command to Love." No, I don't like Nils Asther's love scenes better than Gilbert's, but naturally that is only personal opinion. Yes, Hearty, do write again.

A GISH FAN.—You have reason to be disturbed. Lillian has been off the screen much too long. She was scheduled to play in "The Miracle Woman," but nothing has been done about that, and I don't know whether the film will ever be made. Lillian is American, born in Springfield, Ohio, October 14, 1896. She went on the stage when she was six years old and began her screen career when she was sixteen. There seems to be no fan club in her honor.

N. L.—Ruth Etting is a stage singer primarily, who has made a few short subjects for movies. She was born in David City, Nebraska, about twenty-four years ago. Her family's name is Ettinger; she is of German descent. She is five feet three, weighs about 117, and is a blue-eyed blonde. She is married to Moe Snyder.

MISS JULIA HOIGHT.—I'm perfectly willing to stand corrected, but this time I think I shall sit down. According to my cast of "Boy of the Streets," starring Johnny Walker, *Patrick Gallagher* was played by Charles Delaney. It's quite possible that the part was cut out in the showing you saw. There has been so much changing about in the cast of "The Canary Murder Case," I don't know who's what by now. But I believe Jean Arthur is now to play the part Mary Brian was to have had.

MARIE DENNIS.—By all means write again. I always welcome fans who ask easy questions. Johnny Mack Brown hails from Alabama; he was a football star at the State University there when he was "discovered" and given a rôle in the "Fair Coed." He was born on September 1, 1904. I don't think he is married, and neither is Lane Chandler. Lane is twenty-seven. Outside of the Paramount studio, Hollywood, California, I know of no personal address for him.

L. B. M.—Outside of the recent Barthelmess story you mentioned, *Picture Play* has not published an interview with him lately enough for the back issue to be available. Sorry.

A POLA NEGRI FAN.—If you think it's too formal to address me as "Dear Sir," just call me "Skeezix"; you're among friends. Yes, Pola Negri made a film called "Good and Naughty," released in June, 1926. So far, no one knows whom she will work for in Europe. PICTURE PLAY has many pictures of her in the issue for October, 1928.

A BARRY NORTON FAN.—Well, then. Your favorite was born on June 16, 1905. His new film is "Nobody's Children."

ARLINE RIDER.—I'll put your Billie Dove fan club on record, and refer her fans to you. See MAREE BERRY.

A BOW FAN.—Does Clara Bow smoke cigarettes? I don't remember. But, anyhow, I wouldn't tell on a girl! Lucilla and Jola Mendez are sisters. I think that Maria Alba's name was changed from Maria Casajuana, because the latter was too hard to pronounce. Gilda Gray was born in Krakow, Poland, Maria Alba somewhere in South America, Greta Nissen in Norway. Do you specialize in foreign players?

Miss B. Foy.—So you wouldn't mind having my job? You're easily pleased, I must say! No one can say I don't have to work at it! William Desmond starred in "The Vanishing Rider," and, I think, played the title rôle, though the identity of the rider is not revealed in the cast. He is five feet eleven, weighs 170, and has black hair and blue eyes. Francis X. Bushman doesn't give his home address, but I am assured by stars themselves that just "Hollywood, California," reaches them. Sorry, but Harry Woods is not well enough known for me to have any information about him. If you saw him in an FBO film, try him at that studio.

ANNE GRAY.—More questions about Dick Arlen. That boy certainly ought to be starred, judging by his popularity, and I hope he is. Yes, I've met him, and there's no one in films I like better. He and Jobyna are a great pair. They gave a dinner party one night; the cook was ill, so Joby got the dinner herself. That's the kind of regular people they are. I don't think Dick plays the piano. The Richard Arlen Fan Club has headquarters with Frank W. Leach, 4 North State Street, Concord, New Hampshire.

RENEE WALLINGTON.—So I seem good-tempered and obliging, do I? Well, that's not hard, peeping out from the pages of a magazine. You should see me one of these cold mornings. No, indeed, Conrad Veidt has not gone back to Germany, but has just finished—at this writing—"Erik the Great." Conrad was born in Berlin, in 1894. He is tall, with very dark-blue eyes. Besides those you mention his films include, "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari," "Love Is Blind," "The Living Mask," "Ivan the Terrible," "The Flight in the Night," "Memoirs of Manoleseu," "The Hands of Orlac." Harry Crocker was born in San Francisco—he doesn't say when. He is six feet tall, weighs 175, and has dark hair and eyes. Back numbers of PICTURE PLAY—for the past two years—may be obtained by sending twenty-five cents for each issue with your request, to this office. Malcolm H. Oettinger has never interviewed Ramon Novarro for PICTURE PLAY.

INQUISITIVE.—I see you're interested in our tiny players. Little Jane La Verne was born in Redlands, California, in 1923—I don't know her birthday. She has brown hair and hazel eyes. She can be reached just now at the Universal studio. "Snookums" was born in August, 1924.

Reginald Denny is thirty-three, Billie Dove twenty-five. No, Billie Dove has no children. As to whether her husband is good looking, I wouldn't know about that. I've never met him.

G. DORAN.—I think Conrad Nagel is coming back in vogue, now that talking pictures are with us. He was born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16, 1897, and attended Highland Park College in Des Moines, where his father was dean of music. He has played in pictures about eight years, and before that was on the stage.

A MARY PHILBIN FAN.—You just sling questions about a mile a minute, don't you? Mary Philbin was born on July 14, 1904. She is five feet two and weighs 96. I don't know her exact age at the time she won the beauty contest, but I suppose she was about sixteen. Since she was still in high school at the time, she probably did not finish school, but went to work in pictures when her opportunity came. Yes, her engagement to Paul Kohner has been definitely announced. Ricardo Cortez is at the Tiffany-Stahl studio, Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, and so is Buster Collier. Cullen Landis free lances, but he can be reached at just Hollywood, California.

JOSIE BENNETT.—The last time I heard of Edith Storey—five or six years ago—she was living at Northport, Long Island, New York. That's all I know as to what has "become of her."

LILLIE.—You are interested in antiques, aren't you? I haven't the cast of "Daddy Long-legs"—that being very old—but I'm fairly certain Marshall Neilan was Mary Pickford's leading man. *The Prince of Ithaca* is not listed in the cast of "Helen of Troy."

EILENE HUFF.—"The Fourth Commandment" does seem a little silly for the title of a film based on the fifth. But any one who can explain why pictures are titled as they are, would be clairvoyant—which I'm not. Perhaps whoever named that picture for Universal got his commandments mixed.

GAIL MORTON.—If I didn't pardon curiosity—with the job I've got—what a sour life I'd lead! Lottie Pickford Forrest is Mary's sister, who married Allan Forrest. Her previous husband was George Rupp, and Mary—or, as you say, Gwen—Pickford Rupp is their daughter, therefore, Mary's niece. I should say that five feet three is about the average height for screen actresses, and the average weight about one hundred and ten. Dan Dowling was the boy you mention in "Lilae Time." I don't know the story of "Yellow Fingers," but, judging by the cast, I think May Foster, as *Toinette*, and Ralph Ince, as *Brute Shane*, must be the two you ask about. Nils Asther's name is pronounced Nills Aster; Meighan is Mee-an; Menjou is Mon-ju; Renée Adorée is Ray-nay Ad-ore-ray.

MICKEY FROM CHICAGO.—I can always bear up under a barrage of questions like yours. See PHYLLIS JEANNE LA RUE and FERN McDUGGLE. Dick Barthelmess has dark-brown hair and eyes. That's his real name. He is married to Jessica Haines Sargent.

Hotsy Totsy.—Aren't you too dangerous to have around? Audrey Ferris is five feet two; weight 103. Irene Rich won't tell her age. Alice Terry is thirty-one. You probably saw the interview with Nils Asther in last December's issue. See R. C. ZIMMERMAN and SHEILA.

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Volume XXXI

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Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Ormond G. Smith, President; George C. Smith, Vice President and Treasurer; George C. Smith, Jr., Vice President; Ormond V. Gould, Secretary. Copyright, 1929, by Street & Smith Corporation, New York. Copyright, 1929, by Street & Smith Corporation, Great Britain. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Canadian subscription, \$2.86. Foreign, \$3.22.

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STARS CAN'T BE ORDINARY PERSONS



THERE is something that sets a star apart from other people, for the aura of the actor is hard to throw off. Then, too, there are the actions of the stars to be considered. Often they are so unlike those of persons in ordinary walks of life, that no one but a genius, self-styled or otherwise, would indulge in them. Frequently they are inspired by ego rather than any conscious infraction of the rules of good taste. Be that as it may, in the November PICTURE PLAY our redoubtable contributor, William H. McKegg, will discuss the subject in his usual thorough fashion, and illustrate his contention that stars are not as you and I, with some startling examples of actions that speak louder than words. Don't miss this! It's too utterly amusing!



The Singing Teachers' Paradise



IT'S Hollywood just now! For virtually every player is seeking voice culture in an effort to improve his equipment for the talkies. Elza Schallert, who knows music and musicians as few among the picture colony do, has investigated the subject from every angle. In next month's PICTURE PLAY she will give the result of her survey and reveal some amazing instances of gullibility among the stars, as well as some examples of splendid work done by competent teachers. Her story will be profusely illustrated, so by all means make a note to read it before the edition is exhausted.



Skimming over the contents of the next number, we find an interview with David Rollins, his first in PICTURE PLAY, which will throw new light on the "typical American boy." And an introduction to Marguerite Churchill, the stage actress who made a hit in "The Valiant" and "Pleasure Crazy," is pleasantly accomplished. Margaret Reid brings to light new facts about William Powell, and Leila Hyams tells all about her early life, which wasn't at all like yours, my dears. Paul Page, Guinn Williams, and Fredric March are nominated for their first interviews and, all in all, next month's PICTURE PLAY will open new worlds to you. By all means take the trip!



Broadway has burst
Manhattan's bounda-
ries. The world's most
famous thoroughfare is
3,000 miles long now...
No longer must you
travel to New York
to see the greatest
stage attractions. Just—

**Step around
the corner..**



**..and you're
on Broadway!**

HERE ARE SOME OF THE
SIGHTS OF BROADWAY THAT
VITAPHONE HAS BROUGHT
"JUST AROUND THE CORNER—"



AL JOLSON—greatest
stage comedian. In his
latest singing hit,
"See It With Your Eyes."



"ON THE 10TH FLOOR"—
dazzling new musical,
dancing production in
100% NATURAL COLOR.



"THE DASHING GENT"—
youngest Broadway star.
Way ahead of his friends.
Planted firmly to success.



SOPHIE TUCKER—
Broadway has known her
for years—now you can
hear her in "Heck's Luck."

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registered trade-
mark of the Vita-
phone Corporation

Once Broadway brought
millions to New York . . . Now
Vitaphone is bringing Broadway
bodily to millions throughout the land.

Thousands of theatres show-
ing Vitaphone pictures form this new and
greater entertainment highway—run-
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ing the thrill of this magic main street
from Times Square to the Golden Gate.

For Vitaphone brings you
the living voices of headline stars who
were once Broadway's exclusive prop-
erty. And now COLOR, coupled with
Vitaphone, breaks the last barrier be-
tween you and Broadway at its best.

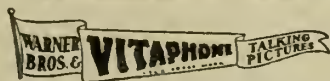
With the introduction of
FULL NATURAL COLOR, by the amazing
Technicolor process, Warner Bros. and First
National Vitaphone productions will give you

everything the stage can offer—its cyclonic
dancing choruses, the flaming color of its
glorified revues, its fabulous beauty ensem-
bles in all their glory of costumes and settings.

Come downtown tonight—to
the Vitaphone theatre nearest you. Get all
the thrills of a night on Broadway—at
motion picture prices . . . Make "going to a
Broadway show" an every-week event . . .

Look forward to a score of
celebrated musical comedy hits which
Warner Bros. and First National will film
this season exactly as they appeared behind
the footlights of famous New York theatres.

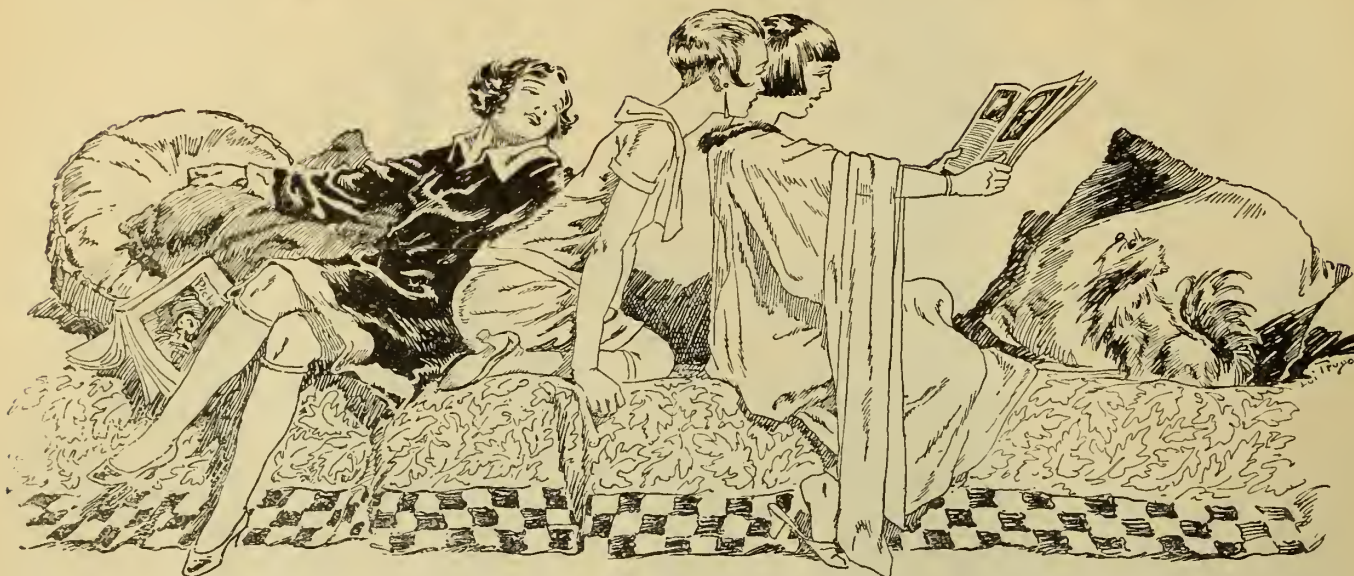
Only one thing to make
sure of:—The sign outside must say "VITA-
PHONE"! For Vitaphone is the first and
foremost of all talking screen devices. It is
your guarantee of perfect tone, perfect
reproduction—perfect entertainment!



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LOOK FOR THIS NAME WHEN YOU'RE LOOKING FOR TALKING PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT. YOU'LL FIND IT ONLY ON **WARNER BROS. and FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES**

What the Fans Think



What a Star's Secretary Thinks.

WHY are the players charging for their photos? Just because the average fan letter is not worth spending their own money on.

As a secretary to a young player for over a year, I have had the opportunity of reading some fifty thousand fan letters. And here is a composite of what ninety-nine per cent write:

"DEAR ———: Please send me your photo. I saw one in a movie magazine and you are very handsome. I think I saw your last picture, and you were very darling.

"A friend of mine received your picture—send me one like it—and autograph it to me in your own hand, not your secretary. We are having a contest to see who can get the most photos. I have forty and want yours for my collection.

"Can you get me in the movies?" (A personal description follows.)

"Write me a nice, long letter in your own hand. Not typewritten.

"Love and kisses,

"ANY FAN."

These letters are written on scratch paper, sometimes torn in many pieces. Half are in pencil, and one fourth of the words misspelled. Names of towns are chopped by abbreviations which would puzzle even a geographical expert. And strangely enough, fans sending dimes and quarters have a penchant for giving no address at all. Figure that out!

Once in a great while—probably one out of fifty—a letter that is *different*, arrives. Written on nice paper, in a clear, readable hand, and joy be, the address is there! This person receives a photo, money or no.

Then there is the fan who would like to be the player's friend. They write by fits and starts around twice a month, and feel injured when not replied to immediately. We appreciate these fans, but they demand a great deal from their favorite. It is physically impossible to act and answer four hundred letters a day personally, and visit all the towns, extending cordial invitations. Give the actor and actress a chance! Fan mail isn't what it's cracked up to be, after the first five hundred.

Next time you write mention work and not features,

stories and not photo collections, and perhaps the players will relent. At least the secretaries will!

Los Angeles, California.

ONE OF THEM.

Are Fan Letters a Nuisance?

Having read so many letters lately concerning photos from the stars, I thought perhaps some one would be interested in my collection. Very few of the players fail to answer in some way or other, and in many instances they are most generous. There was a time when practically all the Paramount and First National players sent out photos within a week of receiving a request. Lately they send out small cards stating that they will be pleased to send the desired photo on receipt of the money asked.

Enough has been said about this matter by others, and it is only repeating to say I, for one, think it is a great mistake. We do not write to them merely because there is nothing else to do, but because we really admire them, and want them to know what we think of their work. They seem to consider these notes a nuisance, and yet don't they gauge popularity by these so-called nuisances? Besides, we don't want our rooms all cluttered up with the pictures of those we do not care for. Even though our favorites fail to answer, somehow we can't dislike them for it.

I've certainly had my share of disappointment, but I've never given up hope and several times my patience has been rewarded. For example, Ramon Novarro and Joan Crawford. I had written them many, many times, but nothing ever came of it. Finally I decided I'd have one more try of it and wrote again. Ramon answered within two weeks, and sent *two* lovely photos. Joan answered within six weeks. I had written to Buster Collier about five times, but I guess I addressed him at the wrong studio. Well, after a while he also answered, and since then I've received two pictures and two letters from him.

MARY FRANCES COONEY.

1012 Throop Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

Why the "Take-off" Craze?

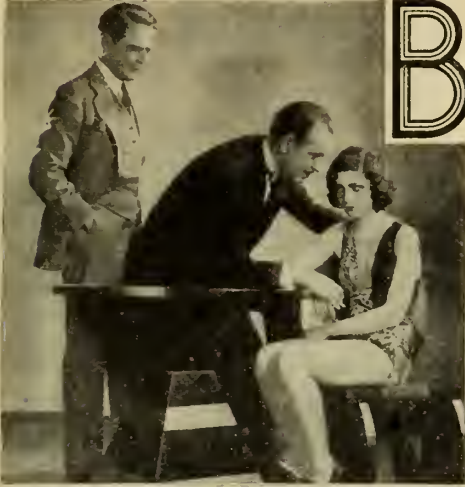
In two letters in a recent PICTURE PLAY, Clara Bow was censured for undress. Now why make Clara the goat when practically all Hollywood has gone crazy to take off?

[Continued on page 10]

ADVERTISING SECTION
(Presented by Carl Laemmle)

The last word in Motion Picture Entertainment comes from Universal!

The ONE and ONLY



BROADWAY

If ever there was DRAMATIC DYNAMITE this is it—with a glorious musical background. For two years the stage play stood out as the greatest of the era...and NOW all the thunderous drama, the graceful romance, the thrilling situations, the magnetic climaxes of this wonderful stage play have been transferred to the screen with the original play dialog. With Glenn Tryon—Evelyn Brent—Merna Kennedy—T. E. Jackson—Otis Harlan—Robert Ellis—Paul Porcasi—Leslie Fenton—Betty Francisco—Arthur Housman. A Paul Fejos Production.

Associate Producer, Carl Laemmle, Jr.

100% TALKING—SINGING—DANCING



College Love

RED-HOT youth aflame on the campus! A football game that will thrill you to the core! Moaning melodies put over by the University of California Glee Club! College chatter that will surprise you! Sorority parties, fraternity dances, roadhouse affairs that will amaze you. SEE and HEAR George Lewis, Dorothy Gulliver, Eddie Phillips, Churchill Ross, Hayden Stevenson and others of the original Collegians cast in the hottest film that ever sizzled on the screen. Directed by Nat Ross. THE FIRST 100% TALKING, SINGING COLLEGE PICTURE. Associate producer, Carl Laemmle, Jr.

100% TALKING and SINGING



SHOW BOAT

THE GREATEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD

Pictured with all the movement, beauty, thrills and grandeur of the colorful floating theatres on the Mississippi River. That is Edna Ferber's romance of the ages transferred to the screen. SEE and HEAR Laura La Plante, Joseph Schildkraut, Otis Harlan, Alma Rubens, Emily Fitzroy, Jane La Verne. Including the musical hits from the Florenz Ziegfeld stage production. Directed, silent and in movietone, by Harry Pollard.

UNIVERSAL'S TALKING AND SINGING TRIUMPH!

FORWARD MARCH with UNIVERSAL!

Universal Pictures Corporation

730 Fifth Ave., New York

Continued from page 8

Any movie magazine looks like an artist models' convention. It's all boloney, if they say it's for art's sake. It's for cheap publicity and sensationalism. It isn't doing one bit of good, either, but lowering Hollywood and placing the stars on the basis of common creatures.

Even the pictures themselves are not free from this state of undress. One witnesses a scene of this one in scanties, or that one stripping, and the next one losing her bathing suit. Oh, you bet! The competition is keen. Each one doing her best to take off as much as the law permits, and good taste, the public, and a sense of modesty can go to the winds.

You see a demure, innocent, little thing playing a pure, sweet heroine, and then you come across her picture in a magazine in a flimsy bit, with all the sophistication of the age in her eyes. I've watched them all. The giddy ones you know will do it; the sensible ones you were sure would not; the shy, chaste maidens you were sure would blush even to think of it. They all flop, sooner or later. Display! Hollywood has gone nudity wild. But, please, not Mary Brian or June Collyer. If they succumb, I just couldn't bear it.

DALMA DALE.

San Francisco, California.

Will Fans Stop Writing?

One wonders just what the fans think of this new ruling at the studios that photos of the stars must be paid for. Personally, I am not at all in favor of it. If a reasonable price were asked for the photos, I think no fan would refuse to pay; but the price for the pictures leaves one to think the studios have hit upon another way to make money. Many companies in the various fan publications advertise photographs of stars for twenty-five cents, and evidently make money. If these companies can make money, it stands to reason that the film companies will make more. Therefore, I wish to register my complaint as to the unjustness of their demands. Fans, what do you think of this matter? Speak up!

May I ask the stars a question? What do you expect to take the place of the photographs which you have been sending in reply to letters? Surely you are not conceited enough to think that the fans will continue to write letters which they know will be ignored. One of the greatest means by which the fan remains interested in the star is this letter writing. And yet it seems that producers have decided to put an end to it. Anyway, it will be interesting to watch the outcome of this affair.

LEONARD E. EURY.

Boone, North Carolina.

Fan Love Trampled.

I will admit that Dolores del Rio is beautiful in a dusky, throbbing way, and is, to a degree, a talented actress. The choice of stories and her private affairs have done, and are doing, a great deal of harm to her prestige.

A star's private life is, of course, her own—with one exception. She must be careful to safeguard the ideals of her fans. Otherwise it is finally oblivion for her.

Of course, there are those of us who still like her, but no longer love and admire her. We can't. She has broken and trampled the thing we idealized.

Box 382, Holton, Kansas. GUILA.

A Retort, a Prophecy, and a Complaint.

I'm taking this opportunity to contradict a statement made by Jack Westervelt

in his letter in July PICTURE PLAY. He remarked that Buddy Rogers is only a passing fancy. It's beyond me to figure out such a remark, unless it was caused by jealousy. I've admired Buddy since "My Best Girl," but after seeing and hearing him in "Close Harmony," I'm all for him. He plays five musical instruments with ease, and sings perfectly. And he's positively so natural and at ease, one simply lives through his pictures. He and Nancy Carroll are a perfect team and make Garbo and Gilbert look old and drab! I might add, also, that Mr. Rogers has sent me two lovely pictures of himself, autographed, free of charge. And in this day and age that seems a miracle. With all their thousands of dollars, most of the stars get big-hearted and send out a cute little card stating sizes of pictures and the cost! And we fans make them. Think of it!

In this same letter by Jack Westervelt, he also states that Norma Talmadge and Thomas Meighan will be with us for years. Well, I hope they're still alive; but I, for one, certainly will not stand in line to see any pictures of Norma's. I admire Tom Meighan, and always have, but I really think he is past the hero stage. And surely, Jack, you aren't blind. Didn't you notice how old Miss Talmadge looked in "The Woman Disputed"? In my opinion, in two years' time, or less, Norma will be out of pictures.

I agree with Verda Colleen Bunch that we are having too many Mexican actresses thrust upon us. I have never favored Dolores del Rio, but after her husband's tragic death I have no interest in her whatever. Dolores is one of the highest-paid stars. Why is it? She has no looks whatever, and her acting is just average. I can name dozens who outshine her, but receive less pay.

Another reason for downing the Mexican actresses. Look at Lupe Velez! We read continually about her madcap and kittenish ways. In my opinion, Lupe craves attention and publicity! She flaunts the man she's supposed to love. Lupe doesn't even know the meaning of love—except for herself. She shouts high and wide, "My Gary," "I love Gary," "Gary loves me," until it's beginning to dent Gary Cooper's own future. If only he would realize that! He seems so reserved and bashful, and has that "what's-it-all-about" look on his face, and you simply couldn't put him wise.

MAVIS DAVEN.

Vancouver, British Columbia.

Letters From Nils Himself!

Convinced that "What the Fans Think" is no battleground, by using it as such, I think we are abusing a privilege granted us. To abuse an actress or an actor is small, and I bow my head to my infraction, my only plea being an overenthusiastic desire to defend Nils Asther. I offer now my most sincere apology to Joan Crawford and to her loyal fans.

My second reason for writing is my letters of appreciation from Mr. Asther himself. His letters are just the kind one would expect him to write. Charming as he himself is, his letters are wholly appreciative, written only as one of his distinctive individuality would write. This idea comes to me—do fans judge Mr. Asther by the things they read, or the work he does? We should not be influenced by what other fans, or the papers, say.

Numerous fans have written me asking how to get Mr. Asther to answer their letters and send photographs. It would be well for the fan mentally to place him-

self in a star's position, and decide what he would do if he had to work as hard as the average star has to.

If you are truly loyal fans, interested in Mr. Asther's work, and not just making a collection of photographs and autographs, take his appreciation for granted, and do not expect him to spend his very few leisure hours writing letters. If you must have his photograph, write to his studio and, for the love of Mike, pay for it.

GRAYCE M. TETHIER.

13136 Indiana Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

Why Make Joan Over?

It makes me angry when I read about Joan Crawford having to make herself over in order to be acceptable at Pickfair. Who are they? Did they always have what they have now? They should be ashamed to act so toward Joan. She is as good as the people at Pickfair any day.

Is it just because she was on the stage? She had to earn her living, and it was honest work, wasn't it? She should be given all the more credit for making such rapid strides toward success and higher and better living.

And society in cinemaland is wondering why Doug, Jr., and Joan went to New York to get married. Can't they go where they like for this never-to-be-forgotten event? Maybe it is true that the Fairbankses have closed the door of their home to them, and if they have, it is nothing to be proud of.

Didn't Doug, Sr., marry the one he wanted? Now that his son picked his bride, I applaud his choice. Why doesn't he welcome her at his home?

MILDRED RICKL.

2507 South Clinton Avenue, Berwyn, Illinois.

Big Words and Boyish Pranks.

Listen, everybody! The greatest thing imaginable has happened, and I've got to tell you about it. I have at last received Lon Chaney's autograph—in spite of the fact that he is reluctant to send it out to his admirers! I had given up all hope of ever receiving his autograph, and the receipt of it came very close to giving me heart failure.

Now for the question. Why do publicity men persist in trying to make us believe that every one entering the movies represents the highest degree of intelligence? We know that some of our stars are not highly educated, yet in their confessions we find the publicity men putting words that we have to turn to a dictionary to understand. And, too, no matter what the star does, he is still the essence of all that is pure and noble.

If he acts silly and childish, they call it sportsmanship. Only a short time ago I read where one popular film player invited his interviewer to skip. From what the writer said, she wasn't exactly clever at skipping, but enjoyed tripping the full length of the hall with him. Here, where we are gifted with an asylum, such a person would be put under observation. But maybe I'm a crab.

BILL BATTY.

74 Mill Street, Middletown, Connecticut.

"Ladies" Are Still Preferred.

In July PICTURE PLAY there was an article about May McAvoy not getting good breaks—all the good rôles are given to other players, et cetera. Ann Sylvester, who wrote the article, says that "The Shopworn Angel" presented a rôle that would have made Miss McAvoy. I disagree with this statement, because May

Continued on page 12

RED LETTER EVENTS IN
NEW DAY SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT

RADIO PICTURES

RIO RITA PRESENT STREET GIRL

Florenz Ziegfeld's Most Glorious Musical Comedy, Now Glorified for the Screen

A Star-Sprayed Romance of Life and Love Beneath the Glitter of Broadway's Night Clubs



At last the screen does justice to the name of Ziegfeld . . . The master producer's greatest musical comedy success, staged on a scale that dwarfs all other screen musical attractions in beauty and magnificence... Exquisite color sequences, gorgeous girls, glittering costumes, Rio Rita's lilting melodies, and new, interpolated numbers, and the superb singing and playing of the title role by Bebe Daniels, make this production even greater than the original.



Betty Compson, as the cahoot violin girl, scores the greatest triumph of her career in "Street Girl."

The story of a Broadway Cinderella and a Prince, who was *not* her Prince Charming . . . Music that creeps into your heart and sets your feet tapping . . . Sentiment, comedy, action, drama form the background for a characterization of unusual appeal by Betty Compson, aided and abetted by a Radio beauty chorus, Gus Arnheim's Coconut Grove Band, John Harron, and a fast-cracking comedy trio, Jack Oakie, Ned Sparks and Joseph Cawthorn.

COMING RADIO PICTURES THAT FORECAST THE SCREEN OF TOMORROW

"HIT THE DECK"—A lavish Radio Pictures presentation of Vincent Youman's round-the-world nautical musical drama, with the popular songhits, "Sometimes I'm Happy," and "Hallelujah."



"HIGH RIVER"—A Herbert Brenon production from the play, "High River House." . . . A majestic story of conflicting wills and passions in the river-threatened levee country of the Mississippi.

Elaborate production plans await the arrival of Rudy Vallee in Hollywood where he will make "The Vagabond Lover" for Radio Pictures.

RKO DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION
Subsidiary of the Radio Corporation of America



Richard Dix, newest Radio star, who is now completing the first of his three starring vehicles for this organization.

"RADIO REVELS OF 1930"—An all-dancing, all-singing, all-star, all-novelty extravaganza. The first annual screen revue, to be presented yearly by Radio Pictures.

"THE VAGABOND LOVER"—Starring the inimitable Rudy Vallee and his "Connecticut Yankees" . . . A romantic musical comedy, with color, action, comedy and Rudy's "come hither" voice.

Continued from page 10

McAvoy could not and would not play the rôle of the heroine of that picture. The part was that of a sordid, depraved woman of the world, who would belong to any one for a price. That is not the kind of a rôle that would help a lady succeed, though it might have helped some other type.

With more pictures like "Sentimental Tommy," "The Enchanted Cottage," "Tarnish," "My Old Dutch," and "The Fire Brigade," her success is assured. The majority seem to prefer the vulgar type, such as Clara Bow, Alice White, and Nancy Carroll, but there are still a great many people who have a preference for ladies.

M. J. McK.

Providence, Rhode Island.

"Sweet Foolishness."

I heartily agree with M. June Jones about the rudeness of many letters, but otherwise I dinna! Her bland, impersonal attitude as regards special favorites proves that she is not a real fan. The majority of us fans are extremely warm-hearted and ardent; and the adoration we give to our favorites is often a very beautiful emotion. Unlike Miss Jones, many of us have watched the career of our special star from its beginning, and I am very sure that when our gods have passed from the limelight, our hearts will still remember them.

Certainly "let the stars enjoy their health and wealth while they may," and also let them have the pleasure of knowing that the lovable among them are able to inspire love that is loyal and sincere, even though it be "sweet foolishness"!

IRENE BORROWES.

Brighton, England.

To Mary Brian's Defense.

"Just Me's" comments in May PICTURE PLAY handing Mary Brian a box of razberries—which, I understand, is an American term of derision—have proved too much for my forbearance. "Just Me" states that Miss Brian cannot act. May I ask when she has seen her in a part which has given her any opportunities to show just what a fine little actress she really is? If such is the case, these pictures have never been released in Australia, as I make a point of seeing every picture Miss Brian appears in, and, believe me, my devotion has caused me to sit through some very boring ones.

In the three pictures she played opposite Richard Dix she had fairly decent parts, and I, for one, hope to have the pleasure of seeing these two acting together again in the near future. In fact, I consider a good deal of the success of these pictures was due to Miss Brian; as far as I am concerned, they were. She can't act? Why, she has just been forging steadily ahead all the time, getting better and better in each succeeding rôle, until to-day she is one of the most finished actresses on the screen, apart from being one of the sweetest and loveliest.

"Just Me" compares her, much to her detriment, with Nancy Carroll, Anita Page, Clara Bow, and Joan Crawford. I grant the first three can act, but don't forget they have always had good parts to make something of, with the exception of Clara, but then she is an exception to all rules. As for Miss Crawford, I beg to differ. "Our Dancing Daughters" is the only picture I have seen her in, and then she had a splendid part, good story, and capable cast. However, I am not in favor of running down stars who are not favorites of mine, as I realize they all have their admirers, and, speaking personally, some appeal to me a great deal more than

others. "Just Me" should not "martyr" herself by seeing Miss Brian's pictures.

Melbourne, Australia.

FAIR PLAY.

Broadwayites Not Welcome?

It may be true that the moving-picture public, since the advent of the talkies, is becoming more interested in dramatic values and Broadway revues, and less interested in the silent picture and in the types of beauty it has been accustomed to gaze upon. But, believe me, if that is true, I'd like to know why "The Awakening," for instance, played to packed houses.

This fan would prefer seeing a silent picture, such as the one above mentioned, with its two marvelous exponents of good looks, than any of the several recruits from Broadway in their talking versions of successful stage plays, and that goes for Jeanne Eagels, Ruth Chatterton, and all the rest!

Talking pictures are welcome, but the Broadway invasion of Hollywood is *not*, and I, for one, hate to think of the youngsters of the screen being chased off by the older, more experienced players of the stage.

I want to see youth and beauty, and our Hollywood players can furnish those qualities better than any one else—and dramatic ability, too. What more is necessary?

ELLEN W. WHITE.

5247 Florence Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The Sadie Thompson Accent.

I am sorry to hear that Emil Jannings has gone back to Germany, possibly never to return. The talkies are directly responsible for losing the best actor film-land ever had. Why chase Jannings away because he can't speak perfect, if any, English? We may never in our lifetime see another actor of Jannings' caliber. He always leaves me with the feeling that I've received my money's worth and something besides.

Jannings is not like most of our hand-some stars. He couldn't get by on his looks, and therefore he goes about his business and gives us the best acting of them all. It is almost unbelievable that he played both *Nero* and the old man in "The Last Laugh." I have never yet talked to a person who didn't think Emil Jannings great. As for most of the rest of the foreign stars, they need never come back, and I won't think they stayed long.

I would rather see Jannings in silent pictures than listen to Jeanne Eagels combining a *Sadie Thompson* accent with an exaggerated Oxford accent, or whatever they call it, as she seemed to do in "The Letter." I liked the picture, however, and I think Miss Eagels is a fine actress, but I don't like her when her accent runs amuck. However, the witness-box scene was a wow.

I have tried and tried to cultivate a taste for Greta Garbo and Clara Bow, and the result has been nil. If those two girls have sex appeal, I'll take hash. I know my sex appeal, too. Greta looks as if she's been warmed over, and seems to knock 'em dead with that hang-over look which I take to be anamia. I long ago tired of seeing John Gilbert slobber over Garbo through six reels. When Clara Bow opens her mouth, her face seems to go into an eclipse. And, very confidentially, I might add that Clara seems to me to be a bit beefy for a girl supposed to have "It" galore. Which all goes to prove that, after all, the rest of the world is wrong and I'm right, I suppose.

H. R. W.

Regina, Saskatchewan.

Those Undressed Poses.

My complaint covers those who highlight the public, those who overact their rôles through sheer belief in their own superiority, and last, but not least, that vast number of actresses who have photos published in the magazines, in which they appear as nearly nude as the limit of decency will permit. In portraying a degenerate rôle on the screen, we must allow a great deal for the story, but these same stories point out the fact that virtue and immodesty are not synonymous—quite the reverse—and when they pose in such a manner for photos, and expect us to believe they lead exemplary lives, they belittle our intelligence.

Naturally, their private lives should be of no concern to us; but, whether they believe it or not, the life they lead *does* show in their faces. This is regrettable, for it is this type of person who gets the most publicity, of the undesirable kind, and the casual reader receives the impression that all movie people are of the same caliber.

"NORSKE."

St. Louis, Missouri.

One Man's Meat—

It is a well-known fact that "one person's meat is another's poison," and, this being so, I think it a case of very bad taste to write about some of the film players as Irene Gandreau has done.

If Marceline Day's and Leila Hyams' types of beauty do not appeal to her, there is one thing for Miss Gandreau to do, namely, to avoid films in which either of these actresses is playing. Please do not think I am writing this letter because the actresses mentioned are particular favorites of mine, but just from an outraged sense of decency, and I think that anybody who writes in the same strain is taking too much for granted. Do these people think that the letters they write will in any way detract from the popularity these players enjoy? Simply because people pay money to see a film does not entitle them to tear the players to pieces.

Another thing I notice is the way various interviewers and fans criticize the stars' way of living. Each actor and actress has his or her own life to lead, and I think it very wrong to criticize their particular way of living. We fans are taking a lot for granted when we cause such a shower of publicity that players have to break up friendships, as witness the case of Buddy Rogers and Claire Windsor.

STELLA FREEMAN.

3 Marlow Flats, Calvert Avenue, E. 2, London, England.

Speaking of Voices—

I just can't sit back and let these talkies get the better of me. I like them, yes indeed, but I would like them much better if I knew definitely that the actor or actress were speaking or singing his own lines. I've been disappointed twice, and deceived. Once was in Alice White's "Show Girl," when I really thought she was singing. The other was in Richard Barthelmess' "Weary River." Both these pictures widely advertised that we would have a chance to see and hear our favorites, and it was on the strength of that that I went to see the shows, as I had not heard favorably of the stories.

And I am so disappointed again in two of the screen's best beloved, Mary Brian and Dolores Costello. I do not think Mary's enunciation is very clear. Her whole part of the picture was lost to me in "The Man I Love." Dolores Costello is so beautiful. She was wonderful in silent pictures, and one could enjoy her

work, but in talkies her voice, although registering well, seems affected and mechanical. She has no warmth of feeling, nor depth of emotion, in her speaking. She fails to carry the audience with her.

July PICTURE PLAY surely razed the stars for neglecting to send photos for quarters. That is bad business, but some of it, I am sure, is unintentional. But there is no excuse for neglecting people who send quarters to fan clubs. Quarters don't grow on trees, and fan clubs ought to be a little more careful about accepting quarters as fees, if they don't intend to keep up with the fan. I sent a quarter to the Joan Crawford Fan Club, in California, and never heard a word. Naturally, I distrust all fan clubs, and some of my ardent admiration for the star has dwindled, too. Can you blame me?

LORRAINE MASON.

112 North Sixth Street, Vineland, New Jersey.

Laurels for Two Scribes.

After reading so many nice letters in PICTURE PLAY, I have decided to write one. While others write praising their favorite players, I give my laurels to two of PICTURE PLAY's most interesting writers, Myrtle Gebhart and Helen Louise Walker. When I first found PICTURE PLAY the articles of Misses Gebhart and Walker appealed to me more than any others, so I wrote them at once in regard to their nice articles. I received replies with large, autographed photos. Waiting for the mail man is a joy if you are expecting letters from them. Since then I have received letters, photos, cards, et cetera, from them. Long may PICTURE PLAY have such very interesting writers and courteous ladies on its staff!

JESS HOAGLIN.

Pleasant Hill, Illinois.

Where Are the Gish Fans?

A few months ago in this magazine one of the readers contributed a letter to "What the Fans Think" concerning the lack of interest in Lillian Gish and her screen career.

What is the cause of this indifference? I am sure all the fans haven't gone completely mad with sex, jazz, and red-hot pictures. These modern-maidens pictures are lasting too long. They are full of bum gin, jazz, and sex, with not a leg to stand on.

It is true, as S. W. says, when we are offered an excellent picture like "The Wind," we pass it up for something with less sense and more hokum. Are our minds becoming moth-eaten, so that they cannot enjoy the excellent acting and direction of a picture with a thoroughly worth-while story?

Lillian Gish is the present day genius of the screen, but her followers are few, because she doesn't appeal to the light-minded. She stands for more than just a movie actress. She is an artist that cannot be compared with the present-day so-called actresses of the screen. They are beneath her as the average quickie is to the superspecial of a big company.

I wish the fans would state their reasons for the general indifference to Lillian at the present time.

SAM J. BLOCK.

316 Rutland Road, Brooklyn, New York.

Thanks, Gladys, Thanks.

PICTURE PLAY is the only magazine in the world which devotes so much space to the fans, which is the best part of the magazine to me, except, perhaps, an inter-

Continued on page 96



ARTISTS EARN MORE



WHY not train your ability along art lines, if you like to draw? Art is a vital part of today's business. Successful magazine and newspaper artists are making fine incomes. Advertisers and publishers are paying large sums annually to those who are trained in Modern Art.

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WHAT IS THE BEST TALKING MELODRAMA YOU'VE EVER SEEN



Whatever it is, it will be only *second* best, after you've seen "DARK STREETS"!

Double the thrills when Jack Mulhall talks for two in the **FIRST DUAL TALKING ROLE** ever screened—a history-making development you'll want to be among the first to see.

And a story that hits and slashes at every known emotion, when fate pits brother against brother—with a tempting woman between!

You'll wonder what *you* would do if you were Pat McGlone, a square cop if there ever was one, and had to "get" your twin brother for murder...

Or what you'd do if you were Danny McGlone, gangster, when the "mob" marks your own brother for death!

"DARK STREETS" throws new light on the possibilities of Talking Pictures. See it for its exciting novelty, or for its engrossing drama—or both. But by all means, **SEE IT!**

With Jack Mulhall.
A Frank Lloyd
Production. Screen
Version by Bradley
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**A FIRST
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*It's New!
It's Different!
It's All-Talking!*



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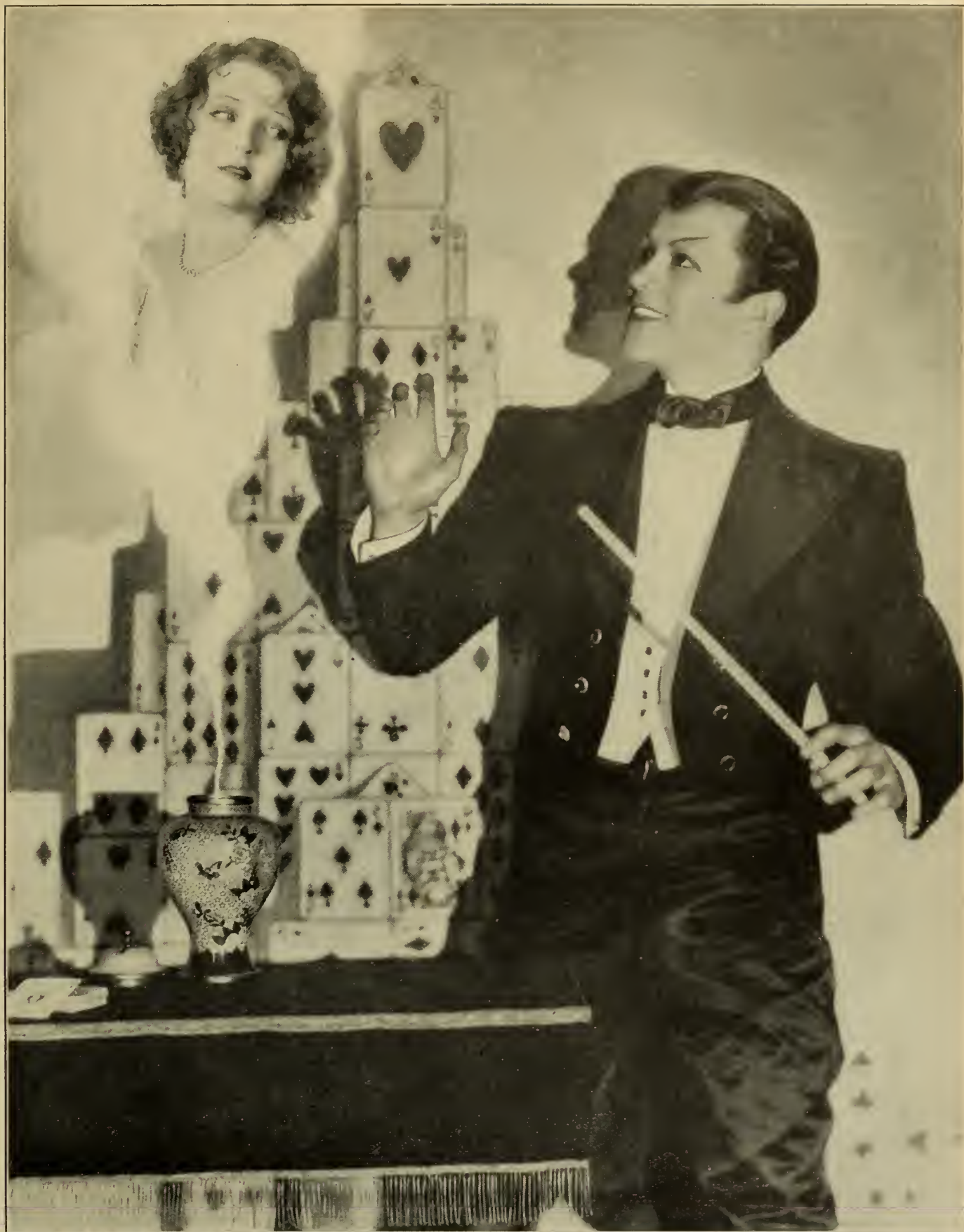


Photo by Eugene Robert Richeo

Again Nancy Carroll and Charles Rogers are paired off in "Illusion" as principals in a vaudeville act, and here Buddy conjures the image of Nancy out of the smoke from a jar of incense. Will wonders never cease? But of course there's more to the picture than that. Buddy is taken up by society, for one thing, and his love is spurned by an heiress when she discovers that he is an actor. But aren't there millions of fans who love Buddy because he is one?



Photo by Bull

Evelyn Brent's former husband established her box-office value in a series of minor pictures before she became a big-league star.

GET your man! That's the keystone of success in the movies! The one method in Hollywood that never fails to help hoist the dazzling blonde or brunette to the heights of film fame!

Of course, one must not take this *too* literally. Surely you don't expect refined young ladies to go galloping round the town astride horses *à la* mounted police. No, their method is a less athletic one. No firearms are used. The only fire used in the campaign of capture comes from a pair of blazing eyes—at least, I believe eyes are the chief weapons.

Facing such devastating odds, the man slowly submits, and from then on realizes that his true love must reap the rewards she deserves. He sets out and works and works for her advancement on the screen.

Now, I feel that these men get a bad deal in most cases. Of course the married ones—if they are still joined in holy wedlock—are happy with their charming wives. Marriage is reward enough.

But some of them ought to get a little credit. At the same time, girls, you can learn how success comes to a good girl who keeps her eyes open.

There are several ways of winning advancement on the screen. Why go into details about them? Rather would I point out the sweeter side of the business—indicating the rich rewards that come to the little girl who "acts refined" and uses her brains.

Nevertheless, here are the various ways which will insure a start in the movies.

Get Your

This is the success slogan of Hollywood Police. It is a motto that every ambitious heart if she would rival the notables have profited by the faith and efforts

By William

1. If you are well known on the stage you will stand a good chance in the talkies.

2. The newspapers are wonderful backing for all young girls. Have you a brother, father, uncle, or even a friend—an interested one—on a newspaper? If so, you will receive a warm welcome from the studios. Also the chance of a job. Of course the brother, father, uncle, or friend is expected to play you up in his paper, naming the picture you appear in, and—of more importance—the studio with which you are connected. Quite a few nice girls in Hollywood have been "made" by the local press.

3. Relationship with writers, directors, or any executive at a studio will help gain at least a partial start for you.

4. Girls with determined mothers have occasionally won a good break, but maternal parents are frequently a stumbling block because they're always in the way. When Mr. Golinski invites daughter to lunch mother is in a dilemma. If she refuses to let her daughter accept, Mr. Golinski's feelings are hurt to such an extent that daughter's progress is endangered. The daughter usually accepts the invitation—but mother is along, praising Mr. Golinski's kind interest in her little girl. Mothers are a nuisance.

The last method, which is so vague that I will not describe it, but which is reputed to be commonly used in Hollywood, is possibly overrated. They say a girl can get ahead if she uses her imagination and does not discourage the desires of Mr. Golinski and his brethren for her company.

I know one girl, a nice young thing, who was put under contract by a studio over a year ago. The gen-

Anita Page was brought to Hollywood by Harry Thaw's venture in films.

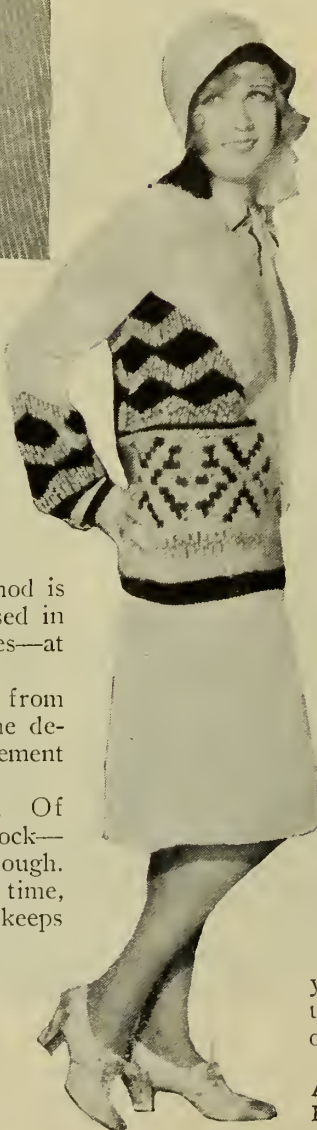


Photo by Bull

Man!

as well as the Northwest Mounted aspirant for film fame should learn by mentioned in this article, all of whom of men who gave them their start.

H. McKegg

eral manager was charming to her. "Just come to me for anything you want," he assured her. The casting director also offered his services. "You'll get the first good rôle that comes along," he promised.

The girl had come to Hollywood from the East with her mother, two brothers, and a sister. Her salary was one hundred dollars a week. Weeks passed, but no rôles appeared. When she went to the casting director he made himself as gushing as Mr. Golinski. In fact, he didn't use any tact at all in gushing. The girl decided to complain to the kind-hearted general manager who had offered his aid in any difficulty. But she could not see him, though her attempts were many.

Silence followed. After six months the girl was dismissed, without ever having played a single rôle. A couple of days before her contract expired she accidentally came face to face with the general manager. "Well," he declared, "so here's the only stuck-up girl in Hollywood!"

Now that wasn't a nice thing to say. It was an exaggeration on his part. You know that. All the same, the girl was informed that she would have had leads had she not been so upstage.

Yet let us contemplate the brighter side of film life—with its happy ending of honor and fame and sometimes marriage.

Anita Page is one of the best bets among last year's "discoveries." Yet she must ever be thankful to Harry Thaw for his interest in her. Mr. Thaw placed Anita and another girl in a couple of films in New York, which, I believe, were never released. Coming to Hollywood, he introduced his "finds" to the colony. The other girl

Esther Ralston was wasted on the desert air until **George Webb** fell in love with her.



Photo by Ritchie



Photo by Fryer

Billie Dove remained in beautiful obscurity until she married **Irvin Willat**, an influential director.

disappeared from view. Anita remained with her mother and younger brother and was placed under contract by Metro-Goldwyn. But we must remember—would she have got there without Mr. Thaw's kindly discovery in the first place?

Billie Dove has been in pictures for ten years. Billie came from the "Follies" with large eyes and a shapely figure. Her beauty flashed from the screen, but her acting left much to be desired. Billie lived quietly with her mother and brother. She scorned all the obvious methods of advancement. Thus when Irvin Willat, the director, saw her he became her slave. Mr. Willat decided that Miss Dove should be among the stars. From program pictures at the Fox studio—before Winfield Sheehan arrived to make it one of the leaders—Billie went to Paramount, where Mr. Willat was a director. When he went from there to First National Billie went, too, and became a star. To-day Miss Dove owes her success—as she will, I feel sure, admit—to her husband's devotion.

Laura La Plante will also do likewise in tribute to her husband, William Seiter. Laura played in one and two-reel comedies at the small studios long enough, and eventually at Universal. Other pictures came her way, but few fans knew her. When Laura flashed her dental smile and dazzling eyes on Mr. Seiter she captured him as surely as any Mountie ever caught and held his man. Mr. Seiter saw capabilities in Laura and she got the breaks. Her position as a Universal star received impetus from her husband's zeal in her cause.

Lina Basquette was dancing merrily in the "Follies" when the late Sam Warner noticed her. Mr. Warner was helpless under her disturbing glances and gave in. His newly found joy did not



Photo by Freulich

The turning point in Laura La Plante's career came when she met William Seiter, the director.

last long, however, for he died soon after their marriage. But Lina bravely worked on, regardless of her husband's death, in Adolphe Menjou's "Serenade." Personal feelings and emotions must be submerged at times by the ambitious. Soon after that Lina was engaged for the heroine of "The Godless Girl." And after that she married Peverell Marley, Cecil DeMille's chief camera man.

George Webb was snared by love as soon as he laid eyes on the blond Esther Ralston. Esther worked in pictures, but never got anywhere. Year after year saw her no nearer the position her beauty deserved. But George changed all that. Working for Paramount, he saw to it that Esther was noticed. And noticed she was. A rôle in "Peter Pan" was given to her and from then on Esther's climb to fame and stardom was assured. But let us not forget George's first aid. He is her manager as well as her husband.



Nor let us skip over the substantial stepping-stone placed by John Barrymore in the faltering path of lovely Dolores Costello. Dolores and her sister, Helene, and their mother came to Hollywood and got nothing but stray extra work. One day while casting was going on for "The Sea Beast," John saw Dolores and felt himself caught in a whirlpool of emotions inspired by his admiration of her exquisite beauty.

Although a leading lady had already been chosen and placed under contract—Priscilla Bonner, to be exact—she was dismissed. But Mr. Barrymore was decent. He ordered the exact amount of money paid her she would have received had she appeared in his picture. But what is money compared to success?

Nobody gave the dismissed leading lady a thought, for Dolores was gorgeous opposite the great John. He, too, was enchained by Miss Costello's charm and beauty and, as every one knows, as soon as divorce proceedings freed Mr. Barrymore of his second wife, Dolores became his third.

Evelyn Brent had tough luck before she earned her present position. Gaining no foothold in America, she went to Europe. A few pictures were made in England. Then she was engaged for "The Spanish Jade," a Paramount picture filmed in Spain. It was a break for Evelyn, but not a very big one and it got her nowhere.

Coming to Hollywood, she met Bernie Fineman, at that time general manager of what was then the F. B. O. studio. Mr. Fineman married Evelyn and

placed her in a series of crook pictures which gave the Brent her box-office value. When Bernie went to Paramount, Evelyn was signed too and had a better chance to reveal her talents. To-day she is one of the foremost actresses on the screen. She is divorced from Bernie and is now married to Harry Edwards, but she does not begrudge Bernie a bit of grateful praise. How could she?

Oh, we can snigger at marriage and the love of a devoted husband for his charming wife, but these shining examples prove my contention that the wise and fortunate little girl gets her best breaks when she gets her man and holds him in marriage.

And there is no more absorbing business for a husband who knows the ins and outs of Hollywood, than to further the career of his wife. Her success is a tribute to his sagacity, and skill as a politician.

John Barrymore placed a firm stepping-stone in the faltering path of Dolores Costello.

Threefold Joy

So say these parents of blessings
in triplicate.



Fred Niblo, the director, above, with Loris—who resembles her mother, Enid Bennett—Peter, and Judith Beryl.

Agnes Christine Johnston, the scenarist, below, nearly bowled over by Mitchell, Ruth, and Frank.



Howard Bretherton, the director, above, has unusual names in his family—Barbara Ann, David Legree, and Prudence Roma.



H. B. Warner, left, and Joan, Harry, Jr., and Lorraine.

Pat and Mrs. O'Malley, below, and their famous colleens, Sheila, Eileen, and Mary Kathleen.





From the moment Patsy Ruth Miller played in Nazimova's "Camille," the movie gates opened to her.

DOTING parents who are raising their offspring for stardom in the movies might do well to tear a page or two from the diary of Patsy Ruth Miller's dad.

There they would discover, at first glance, that the life of a screen actor or actress is not all jade bathtubs, Rolls-Royces and broiled canary tongues, served with the compliments of the producers.

And before reading much further, Papa and Mamma Hopeful probably would decide that little Agnes is better suited for a career as the crossroads dressmaker, despite the fact that her curls are duplicates of those that once adorned the head of Mary Pickford. Or that Harold, aged ten, and developing a closer resemblance to Charlie Chaplin each passing day, faces broader opportunity as a clerk in the home-town bank.

The savants tell us that experience is the greatest of all teachers, and Patsy Ruth Miller's father has been through the mill, insofar as things Hollywood are concerned. Therefore, it might be well to listen to his advice when he says, "Don't come to Hollywood determined to lay siege to studio gates, unless you have:

"Camera features and personality, plus plenty of courage.

"A natural inclination for things theatrical.

"Not less than \$25,000 that you are willing to gamble against your future."

And Dad Miller knows whereof he speaks. He invested more than \$20,000 in Patsy Ruth during the two years before she got a toe hold in the films and was earning enough to pay her own way.

Dawn of the year 1920 found Oscar Miller firmly entrenched as a prosperous and popular citizen of St. Louis, Missouri.

His broom handle and wood novelty manufacturing concern was making him wealthy,

What Her Father

When Oscar Miller undertook the job of he went about it as a business man with the record of his expen

By Bob

which was quite a change from the meager salary he had earned as a newspaper man a decade before. He was prominent in politics and a leader in St. Louis civic affairs.

His home life was ideal. Five servants relieved Mrs. Miller of the burden of maintaining the house, so that she might devote her time and attention to her children, Patsy Ruth, then attending Mary Institute for Girls, and Winston, who was enrolled in a private school for boys.

But Oscar Miller had worked hard for success, and now that it had come to him, he felt he was entitled to a vacation. Father, mother, and the two youngsters went into family council, and the vote for southern California as their choice of playgrounds was unanimous.

Dad wanted to play golf over the famous courses where international matches had been staged.

Mrs. Miller welcomed the idea of sunshine and warmth at the height of a St. Louis winter.

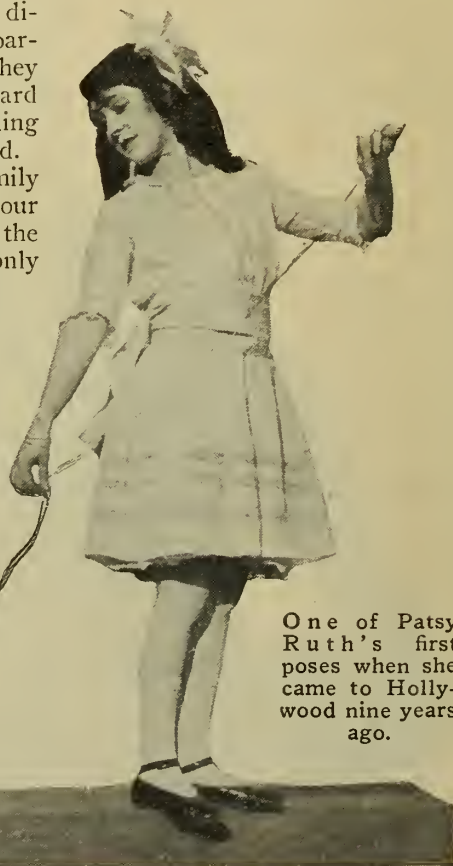
Winston looked forward to swimming in the salty Pacific.

Patsy Ruth, too, had her reasons, but she kept them to herself. All of which should convince one that she is a brainy girl. Had she revealed what was uppermost in her mind, dad and mother would have changed the votes in favor of Florida.

For be it known Patsy Ruth Miller had secret ambitions for the movies —ambitions she divulged to her parents only after they were settled aboard the train speeding toward Hollywood.

The Miller family didn't exactly pour cold water on the dreams of their only daughter. On the other hand, it could not be said in truth that they encouraged her.

However, they did negotiate ways and means of



One of Patsy Ruth's first poses when she came to Hollywood nine years ago.

Paid for Stardom

building a career for his daughter, Patsy Ruth, something to sell. Now, for the first time, ditures is made public.

Moak

inspecting the studios when they reached the film center, for they themselves were somewhat interested in how, where, and why motion pictures were made. Like so many of their neighbors, they had been semiweekly patrons of the celluloid palaces in the Missouri metropolis.

The old Metro studio was the first to be visited. There some one—he may have been a prop boy, for all Mr. Miller knows—volunteered the information that Patsy Ruth was an ideal type for the silver sheet.

That settled the matter in the mind of that young lady. However, her parents still refused to release their enthusiasm.

But a similar remark was forthcoming in the old Goldwyn studio and, later, for a third time word reached them while they watched the cameras grind on the Paramount lot.

Finally it reached the point where the major portion of the days and evenings of the Miller family were spent in discussion of the possibilities. Dad was firm. They would return to St. Louis at the end of their vacation and forget this nonsense. Mrs. Miller, however, was weakening under the pleas of her children. One dip in the ocean had convinced young Winston that California was next door to heaven.

With the ballots standing three to one, Oscar Miller, business man, conceded defeat.

He returned to St. Louis, sold his manufacturing interests, his home, his automobiles, and returned to California.

Four weeks from the date of their first having set foot in Los Angeles the Miller family was established in a manor in Beverly Hills.

Then Dad Miller got down to the task of taking Patsy Ruth, a mere kid with long, black curls,



This fair maid is Patsy Ruth at seventeen months. Isn't she cute?

Patsy Ruth's father spent more than \$20,000 on her career before she began to pay her own way.



over the hurdles that pointed to the realization of her dreams. Remember that Oscar Miller was a business man. He went about his new job in a businesslike manner. In other words, he used his head.

The matter of selling Patsy Ruth was not entirely unlike selling broom handles and wooden novelties. The latter had been accomplished by making the acquaintance of heads of concerns that purchased such things. Just so in the new field. He met film executives. He entertained them.

Knowing well that any article is more readily salable if wrapped in an attractive package, he had Mrs. Miller triple their daughter's already ample wardrobe.

He spent money to publicize Patsy Ruth and to exploit her otherwise, just as he had done with the broom handles. He had screen tests made.

He spent his working days interviewing studio bosses, from presidents down to assistant directors.

Patsy Ruth played her first extra rôle in a picture two months after her father had assumed her management. She

Continued on page 112



Photo by Louise

Eddie Nugent says that he will have played his favorite rôle when he is cast as an offstage voice, because parts are not made smaller.

A SAFFRON sky overshoot with puffy, little clouds, reflecting the tints of the setting sun, long rays of which streamed through the windows of the M.-G.-M. publicity offices. Five or ten miles away the waves of the Pacific slapped lazily against the tempting sands of Santa Monica Beach. Across from me sat Eddie Nugent, his feet largely crossed upon the solid pine desk of the head of the publicity department.

At least, he *had* been there a few seconds before, because I had been talking to him. As the typewriter clicked at the rate of a word a minute, I was rudely interrupted by him.

"Hey!" he said, looking impudently over my shoulder at what I had written, "that stuff's out. What do you think I am, a literary cream-puff or something?"

"What's the matter with that?" I demanded. "I think it's a very lovely introduction to an interview."

"Yeah? Well, it ain't!"

"Aren't," I protested.

"Well, it aren't then. I'm not one to argue over prepositions, but that bilge ain't going to press except over my dead body. See?"

"Look here, you can't talk to me like that. Do you know who I am?"

Nutty, But

Even the seriousness of his first interview irrepressible urge to be the gag man he Nor, for that matter, can it

By Samuel

"Why? Have you forgotten who you are?"

"Write the story yourself," I muttered sulkily. "And, say! Do I get fed to-night, or not?"

He glared at me in silence during the half hour ride to his home—address furnished on request—and presently we faced each other across the dinner table.

"I was born early in life," he began.

"You don't have to tell me—the results speak for themselves."

"—Of poor but honest parents, who are still poor but honest, although the old man works nights sometimes."

"Whaddaya mean, 'still poor'? Ain't you good to your parents?"

"Amn't," he corrected, and continued. "They were stage people for twelve generations back on both sides—or maybe it's thirteen. I'm unlucky enough for that. I was raised in a Pullman, so to speak, and got my education, if any, here, there, and everywhere. Part of this education was a job as chorus singer at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. And what's more," he continued as we lingered over the coffee, "I made more as a chorus singer than I'm making to-day. Once I played the part of an angel in 'Parsifal.' That was the first time I ever went on location."

"Location?"

"Yes, I was located up in the flies. But there was something incongruous about my being associated with the heavenly bodies and either they or the prop man rebelled, because one night they pulled the wrong wire and I fell like Lucifer.

"When I was finally educated I went to work as an office boy. But every time I got a chance I'd go back on the stage until I was broke, and then I'd go back to work again."

"Sort of chicken-one-day-feathers-the-next kind of existence, eh?"

"Yeah. Horse feathers. Well, presently I landed in Hollywood. They all do."

"Who do?" I asked.

"Hoodoo is right," said Eddie. "That thirteen again. I got in at five thirteen on the thirteenth of August. The next day instead of becoming an actor, what do you 'spose happened?"

"I'll bite—what happened?"

"I went to work as a doorman at Grauman's Million Dollar Theater directing people from the box office to the door of the theater. Personally, I think my talent was wasted on *that* job, but there have been differences of opinion on the subject. Eventually, my ability was rewarded and I was promoted to the prologue. Ramon Novarro—Samaniegos he was then—was also on the bill and we shared the same dressing room.

"After a time I saw all my friends—Nick Stuart, Ramon, Charlie Farrell, and George O'Brien beginning to

Nice

cannot quell Eddie Nugent's was before he became an actor. quench his charm.

Richard Mook

achieve recognition—note the purity of my English, please—and I broke the news to Mr. Grauman that somehow his prologues would have to struggle along without me. He didn't seem upset over the catastrophe, but we'll let that pass.

"For some unknown reason, the success I had attained in the prologue hadn't impressed people the way it had me and, to my surprise, I didn't find casting directors and agents besieging me the morning after I left the theater. They didn't come the following morning, either, and after a time I got tired of going hungry, so I started designing clay baskets. Say, what're you grinning at?"

"Presently Fox realized that a brilliant gag man was being wasted, and I started to work again. At least I was put on the pay roll. In quick succession followed prop man, double, and then I was put on the swing gang at the M.-G.-M. studio.

"The swing gang is a gang that is swung from one set to another to dress it. All the prop men and assistant prop men who are not working on a production are put on this swing gang, as it cuts down the number of porters needed round a studio. As a new film goes into production a prop man and his assistant are taken off the



As Mr. Mook and Mr. Nugent lingered over their coffee in the actor's sumptuous home, a caller paused to say, "Always the leading man, Eddie—don't forget yourself."

gang, and as another film is finished those who worked on that film are put into the swing gang."

"Ah. Then you were an assistant prop man at that time?"

"I was *not*. Assistant prop man would have been a big step forward. Listen closely and I'll try to make clear to you just what my position was. Do you want to know what's considered the lowest form of animal life around a studio?"

"No, I don't."

"All right, then, I'll tell you. It's an assistant prop man. And I wasn't even one of those, if you know what I mean. However, you know the old saying about not being able to hide your light under a bushel."

"Bottle?"

"Bushel. After a time——"

"How long a time?"

"Oh, a certain time. I was promoted to assistant prop man and later to prop man. We were working on 'Mixed

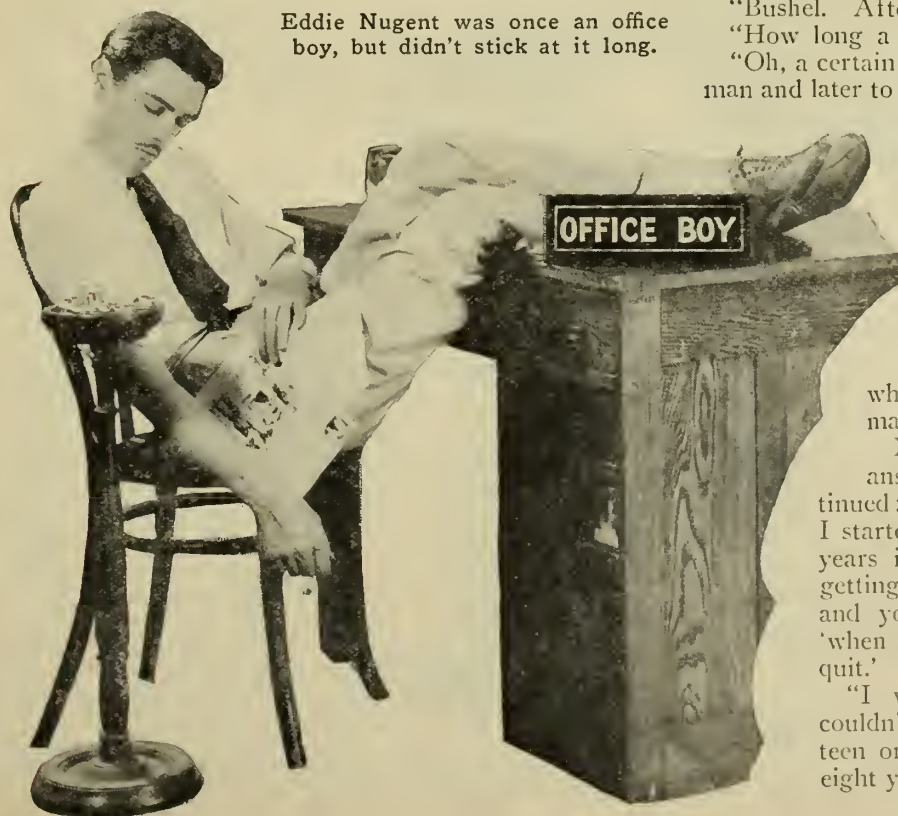
Marriages' on location and I hurt my back very badly. I was laid up for quite a while. Couldn't stand up straight and had to crawl around on my hands and knees. By the time you've done that for a week it begins to get old, especially if you're alone in a hotel room in a strange town, and maybe only one of the boys a day comes up to see you, because who in hell cares anything about a prop man?"

Never having been a prop man I couldn't answer, so, after a disgusted look, he continued: "I had plenty of time for reflection, so I started working at it. 'Here I've been eight years in this damned game and where am I getting, if at all?' The answer was 'Nowhere and you're getting there fast.' 'So,' sez I, 'when we get back to the studio I'm gonna quit.'"

"I was walking with a cane, because I couldn't stand up by myself, and at five thirteen on the afternoon of August thirteenth—eight years to the minute after I landed in Hol-

Continued on page 111

Eddie Nugent was once an office boy, but didn't stick at it long.



Hysteria Hits Hollywood

An epidemic of shivers followed the advent of the talkies, just as every real or imaginary crisis in the past has inspired a chorus of nervous moans.

By Helen Louise Walker

Illustrated by Lui Trugo



HOLLYWOOD is in a state of confusion. Yes, yes, yes! It is, indeed! People are scuttling and scurrying here and there—not going anywhere, to be sure, but just scuttling to relieve tense nerves. Folks are losing jobs, signing contracts, rushing from studio to studio, like so many frightened ants.

All this, as you may have guessed, is on account of talking pictures.

Everybody shivers. Actors of the silent screen shiver for fear their voices won't take, and actors from the stage shudder for fear their faces won't ditto. Directors wake up in the night, seeing horrid visions of yawning microphones, and title writers wander about, plaintively demanding to know what is going to become of them.

Nobody is exempt. Companies merge and remerge—with the consequence that some of the biggest executives tremble just as violently for their half-million-a-year jobs as do the gag men for two-reel, silent comedies.

Rumors scatter across the lots to reappear that night at Henry's, grown to incredible proportions.

Each and every member of the colony earnestly believes that the individual volcano upon which he, personally, is resting at the moment is the most disastrous one of all.

And boy! Do they really moan? Hollywood has the most accomplished moaners in all the world!

Well, all I can say is, they ought to be good. They have been moaning just like this for years and years. And as for the confusion which is receiving so much attention in the public prints everywhere, Hollywood has been in some such state or other as far back as the very oldest citizen, whom it would be unkind to name, can remember.

They take things so seriously.

To begin with fairly recent events, there was the time when Hollywood became so thoroughly and uncompromisingly pure. That was when the Arbuckle scandal and the Taylor murder got into the papers, with tragic

results to the players who were so unfortunate as to have their names mentioned in connection with them.

Actors discovered that, while the moral American public likes to imagine that its idols go in for a little simple sinning in private, it will not tolerate their getting into the newspapers in such a light. Women's clubs, purity leagues, and so on, who until then had been dismissed as a lot of busybodies who didn't matter, were discovered to possess dire powers in the way of banning pictures and ruining players' value at the box office.

Whereupon Hollywood abruptly doffed its pose of bohemianism, and press agents scurried to the newspapers with the disappointing information that motion-picture actors were the most sedate people in the world, my dear!

Every actor bought a book, and had his picture taken with it, sitting by his fireplace, smoking a pipe—a pipe is such a cozy adjunct, somehow—with a large, woolly dog sleeping at his feet, thereby proving, presumably, not only that he knew how to read, but also that he loved animals.

The stars went in for family groups, and every periodical in the country was flooded with pictures of papa and mamma star and the kiddies spending a quiet Sunday at home, or picnicking on the beach, and just oozing domesticity.

Astonished mothers of famous young women were hustled belatedly out of their concealment, to be dressed in dignified black satin, with just a touch of lace at the throat, and to appear with their daughters at every première. Actresses who had been "on their own" since they joined the chorus at the age of fifteen, suddenly became shrinking, sheltered darlings who couldn't stir without a chaperon.

And these same young women were photographed in bungalow aprons, scrambling eggs and cutting roses, until there was a distinct flurry in the egg and the rose markets.

It was an economical era for actors, at that, because no one would think of daring to offer a reporter a drink.



Directors are having nightmares in which yawning mikes float around their heads.

The hysteria of that period was just dying down, when the big shut-down occurred. Hollywood speaks of it in much the same tone that an orange grower employs in mentioning the big frost.

That *was* a time! No one knew just what it was all about, but the moaners opined that this was, indeed, the end. Pictures were finished. They had been merely a fad, and the public had had its fill of them. And in proof of their wailing, nearly all the big studios closed, or else just barely marked time for some months. People who were under contract were paid whether they worked or not, but contracts were not being renewed and free lance and salaried people suffered.

Actors, whose lives consist of ups and downs, are skittish folk at best. They are not informed, nor would the majority of them comprehend the workings of the business end of the industry upon which their careers and livelihood depend. They live constantly in fear of the worst, and it looked to most of them at that time as if it had happened.

The players who had come to pictures from the stage polished up their old tricks, and prepared to go back there and begin again. Those who had grown up in the movies discussed various ways of committing suicide.

At last, however, the storm subsided, studios resumed production, and we were ready for the next flurry.

There were minor upsets just here, which kept the moaners in practice. Threats, for instance, to move the studios elsewhere agitated all the boys and girls who had invested in California real estate, as well as the ones who liked their all-year-round outdoor exercise, while the ranks of those who lived and worked in the East were terribly torn by the actual removal of several New York units to California.

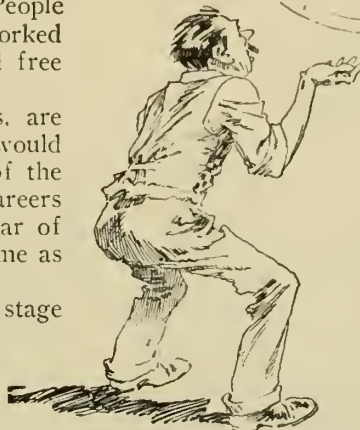
Contract players in the East announced loudly that they would not come—and then came, muttering and snarling that they would not stay. Now, after three years or so, the Eastern studios are reopening, and there is just as much grumbling among those people who are asked to journey to New York for a picture or two.

Then came loud demands from producers and casting directors for new faces. "The old, established stars are nearly finished," they announced to a mildly astonished world. "Some of those who grew up with the business are nearly forty. We must have young players to replace them. New talent! Where can we find new talent?"

Whereupon the various studios signed hundreds of delighted youngsters for stock companies and, having no use in the world for so many, kept them around the lots, idle on small salaries, until many a talented young spirit was completely crushed.

Paramount inaugurated its famous school at this period, and also employed a mysterious gentleman who confided to me that his job was the entertaining one of "star picker."

This, it seemed, entailed his going to see lots of obscure pictures and looking at tests of hundreds of unknown players in a frantic search for faces and personalities which might be substituted for those of famous actors at a quarter of the expense.



When depressions come, players who used to be on the stage begin practicing their old tricks.

And the moaners sobbed and sobbed. This time they accused the powers of a deep-laid plot to cut down the huge salaries of stars—to grind the actors down by enforced competition with unknowns. Probably they were quite right. But it didn't work. And the next thing we knew the foreign influx was upon us.

American companies had developed a flourishing foreign market and European companies, attempting hastily to enter into competition, were developing players of their own. Their difficulty was that as fast as they developed them, American producers lured them away with promises of fabulous salaries, and the opportunity of reaching a public which was greater by millions than that commanded by their home industries.

So the Negrises and the Janningses and the Asthers and the Varconis flocked to Hollywood, where they were greeted with scant cordiality by the local talent. And a great wailing and gnashing of teeth ensued.

Home-town boys and girls yammered that they were being shoved out of their jobs by a lot of foreigners, who were here only to grab what money they could,

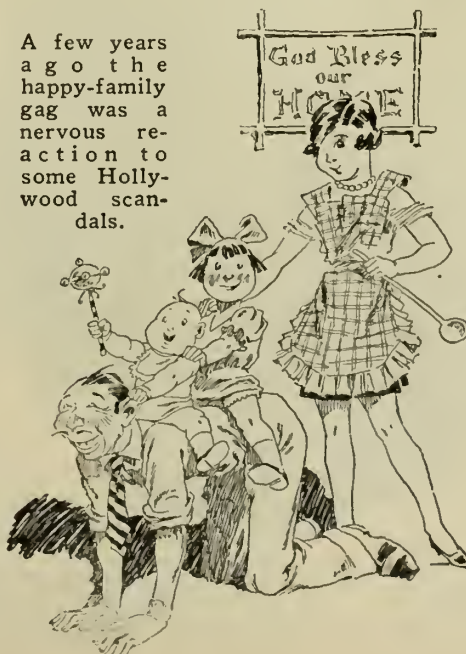
and scamper back to Europe with it. They pointed out that large fortunes would be thus taken out of the country, and yelped as loudly as any chamber of commerce for patrons of home industry and talent.

The aliens, wounded to the quick by these accusations, replied, with hurt dignity, that it wasn't the money they were after *at all!* Perish the thought of such iniquity as an actor trying to get himself some cash! It was *art* that they were serving by coming here, they maintained, bringing to their own defense the indubitable facts that there were larger opportunities for them in this country, as well as better equipment for making good pictures, more money spent on exploitation, and so on.

In fact, they appeared to consider Hollywood the true artist's Mecca, which was somewhat bewildering to the home folks who had never considered it anything of the sort. Some of the foreigners even

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A few years ago the happy-family gag was a nervous reaction to some Hollywood scandals.



Over the

By The Bystander



Photo by Duncan

Dorothy Gulliver has at last graduated from "The Collegians."

SOME one ought to get out a weekly book of etiquette to guide me in what *not* to say to actors," Fanny remarked in a still, small voice that showed that she had recently been crushed.

"It used to be quite *au fait* to remark, 'What are you working in at present?' secure in the knowledge that you would hear a long monologue, but now——" Fanny groaned.

I knew that she would confide in me eventually, more to unburden her mind than to save me from making the same mistake. But at the moment she was gazing at Thomas Meighan, who had just come into the Algonquin. He was looking much more gay and youthful than he did in the days when one picture followed closely on the heels of another.

"Well, it's like this," Fanny finally revived enough to speak. "The Actors' Equity has practically every one so terrified that they don't know whether to admit that they are

working or not. Every one is suspected of favoring Equity—and why not? If you ask a player if he is working, likely as not you will follow it up with an embarrassing question about whether Equity approved the contract or not. So people just glare at you with a none-of-your-business air, or else act gay and carefree, as though work was the last thing to enter their minds.

"Richard Dix is one of the staunch supporters of Equity. I've heard that is one of the reasons why he hesitated before he signed with RKO. Another reason is that Richard is slightly past the juvenile, romantic age, and yet he has all sorts of big ideas about the kind of pictures he wants to make, and the salary he ought to get.

"Of all the girls in pictures, Ann Harding has taken the bravest stand. She has a perfectly good contract with Pathé, signed before the Equity manifesto, but she has gone on record as saying that she will do whatever Equity asks of her. And any one who knows Ann is sure that she would gladly forgo a big salary, or getting on the right side of producers, for the sake of a principle."

"Maybe she doesn't like pictures, anyway," I suggested, always one to look for a tattered lining on the back of every rosy cloud.

Fanny glared at me.

"She *loves* them," she declared, "and what is more to the point, the camera and the microphone look on her as a gift from heaven. I'm all set to get seriously annoyed when her first picture comes out, and a lot of people remark that she didn't go into pictures until they became vocal. She could have gone into pictures any time she chose. Four or five years ago, when she was making her first hit on the stage, Mrs. Valentino made a test of her for Rudy. He thought she was one of the most exquisite and sensitive actresses he had ever seen. He wanted her to work with him, but a good play came along about that time, and she decided she would rather stick to the stage. Then First National wanted her. And now that she has started making pictures, I for one, will break down and weep if Equity allows her to make the grand gesture and walk out when it really isn't necessary.

"Ben Lyon is another do-or-die Equity supporter, and that is brave on his part as he is a free lance. But Ben can always go back to the stage. In fact, I've heard



Ina Claire will honeymoon in London.

Teacups

Fanny the Fan hands a bouquet to the queen of the Eastern studios, and sees Broadway dusting out its dressing rooms for the prodigals' return.

that he intends doing so. He is slated to try out a play in Greenwich, Connecticut."

I was so startled I couldn't even find breath to ask, "And why not in Podunk?" But Fanny gathered what I was thinking.

"You shouldn't show your ignorance like that. It really isn't at all like joining a picture company in Muncie, Indiana, or learning to write scenarios at a school in Keokuk. Broadway moved up to Greenwich, Connecticut, for the summer, and now Broadway managers are there for try-outs. The few first-rate actors who haven't heard the call of Hollywood have been appearing there, and as a sort of return courtesy Hollywood has already yielded Cullen Landis to them. Later on Doris Kenyon and Irene Rich are to appear in plays there.

"You really see more of a Broadway audience there than you do on Broadway itself, these days or nights. I've seen Elsie Ferguson, to say nothing of Claudette Colbert, Florence Nash, and Jeanne Eagels."

But why say nothing further of Claudette Colbert? It seems to me that some one ought to scream in the ears of Goldwyn, Lasky, Thalberg, *et al*, that she belongs in talking pictures. But Fanny never gives me time to say anything.

"I saw Greta Nissen at the Greenwich Theater one night, and I wish that some one would explain to me what has come over her. She seems to be in a state of indecision over her type. The top half is definitely old-fashioned vampire, with ear rings, heavily shaded eyes, and bulging figure. And from the waist down she is as decidedly flapper as a John Held drawing. Very brief skirt, socks, and bare legs. I just can't understand it."

"Maybe she was in a hurry, or thought she was going to a fire," I volunteered.

"Well, if there was any confirmation of a

Joan Bennett is setting a breakneck pace for her sister, Constance.



Photo by Carsey

Doris Kenyon expects to try out a stage play at Greenwich, Connecticut.

rumor that Greta hurried for anything, it would be such good news to picture producers that they might give her another chance," Fanny announced vehemently. "She was always one of those girls who needed two or three hours to straighten her hat and powder her nose after the camera man announced that he was ready."

"Wonder what's happened to all the other girls who have disappeared from pictures?" I wondered aloud.

"Well, there haven't been so many," Fanny retorted with her habitual vehemence. "You act as though a plague had carried off thousands. If you watch pictures closely, you will notice that the girls who were good in silent films are getting along in the talkies

quite nicely, thank you.

"Maybe you haven't noticed it, but Patsy Ruth Miller is in two Broadway theaters this week, and that's better than she used to do in the silent days. And Colleen Moore expects to sign a new contract with First National. And Clara Bow is still packing them in, even though the title of her latest picture has all the makings of a dirty dig. 'Dangerous Curves'—just what Clara has to worry about.

"I can't understand why Dorothy Gish went to England to make pictures. Or why Louise Brooks is exiled to Germany."

Fanny realizes, of course, just as every one else

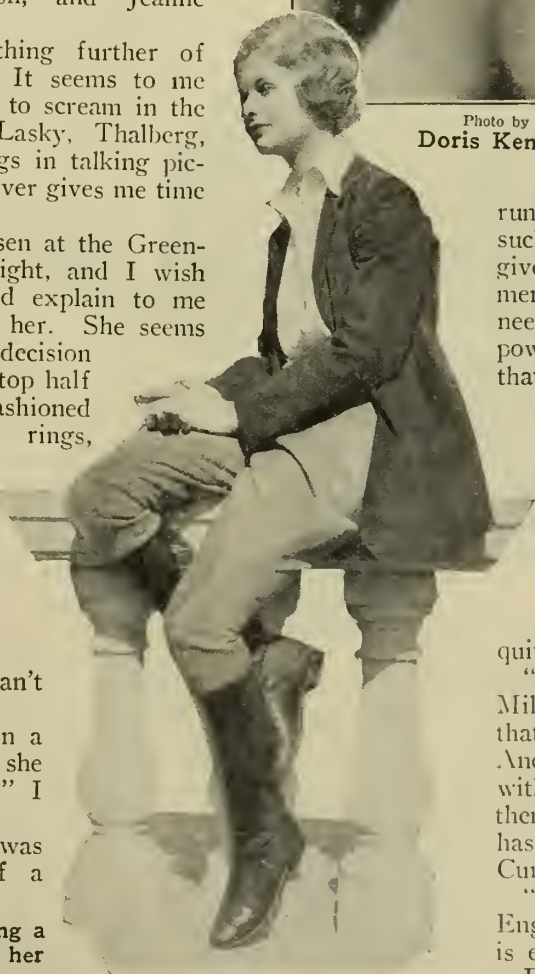




Photo by Louise

Marceline Day has joined Warner Brothers for "The Show of Shows."

does, that players always go where the bids for their services are highest, even if the chances are ten to one that the pictures they appear in will be terrible.

"More old-timers are breaking into the news every day," Fanny announced cheerfully. "Beverly Bayne is to do a stage play called 'Escapade' on Broadway soon. Don't know just what sort of escapade it will be, but you can draw your own conclusions from the fact that she has been studying tap dancing for weeks.

"Poor old Lillian Walker, who used to be famous in early Vitagraph days, came out of obscurity the other week to confide to a judge that she was all but starving. Her husband was just full of ideas about common interests and bank accounts when she was making a lot and he practically nothing. But now that financial positions are reversed, it took a court to get him to give her two hundred and fifty dollars a month."

"You can't expect me to remember her without displaying a few gray hairs, or an early history of the movies. And I don't intend to do it."

"Well, then," Fanny urged, "maybe you will at least be big enough to admit that you can remember Dolores Cassinelli."

I slid one hand under the table while I hastily counted one, two, three, four years, then nodded assent.

"Well, believe it or not, she is making a picture called

'Collegiate.' But it is for a small, independent company, so we may never hear more of it. She has been touring in concert and singing over the radio for the last few years. Maybe she will stage a real comeback in pictures, now that singing voices are important."

"There isn't any need for singers in pictures," I protested. "To hear the press agents tell it, every girl in Hollywood has a voice of operatic quality. They insist that one and all would have landed on the concert stage, if producers hadn't put them under contract soon after their cradle days."

"Well," Fanny rose to the occasion. "Several of them are good enough to be making phonograph records."

"Yeah," I granted, "and who is to keep their doubles from singing the records for them?"

Fanny hadn't thought of that, but a lot of us skeptics will. And at that I am not as skeptical as some people. I really believe that Dolores del Rio sang the songs in 'Evangeline,' but in her personal appearances with the picture in Pittsburgh, she just murmured a few words from the stage and bowed off. And a lot of patrons crabbed about it. Maybe they haven't heard that a voice that will all but burst a microphone cannot be heard in a theater.

"Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver sailed for Europe the other day," Fanny remarked idly, as she craned her neck to get a glimpse of Clive Brook. "Adolphe insisted that he was a man out of a job, but no one takes him very seriously, because his last picture was so good that Paramount is sure to want him back in the fold again. And I hear that Georges Carpentier is headed for Hollywood and films. Wouldn't it be a grand idea if

some company made a picture, a very modern three boulevardiers sort of thing, and used Chevalier, Carpentier, and Menjou in it? Of course, it would be expensive, but when the Warners are using about a million dollars' worth of talent in 'The Show of Shows,' some other company might as well make a costly gesture.

"Marceline Day is one of the many in 'The Show of Shows,' but that is not what has made her a topic of general conversation lately. She was rumored engaged to Joe Benjamin, Marian Nixon's ex-husband, and that wouldn't have been news, except that three or four other girls thought they were engaged to the gay, young ex-prize fighter, too. I admired Marceline's dignity when she didn't send indignant wires to the New York tabloids denying that she ever had been engaged to him. She just sat back quietly and said nothing."

A dignified policy, perhaps, but one that doesn't provide much amusement for the innocent bystanders.

"Californians are doing a lot of fast talking," Fanny babbled on, "trying to convince visiting celebrities that they are having most unusual weather. It has been so hot out there that every one simply wilts under the studio lights. Poor Marilyn Miller has suffered intensely, but they say she looks anything but wilted. She is watching the calendar with deep interest, counting



Photo by Phylle

If she survives the heat of Hollywood, Marilyn Miller will open in a Broadway play.

the days until she gets back to New York in a new play on Broadway.

"A lot of New York theaters are having their star dressing rooms dusted out, hoping for the prodigals' return. Ronald Colman will appear in a play on Broadway. At present it bears the somewhat cumbersome title 'The Villain Is the Hero After All,' which, it seems to me, tells the whole story. If Joan Bennett wanted to come back to Broadway, she could have practically anything she wanted. But I have a hunch that she will stay in Hollywood, and be one of the outstanding successes of the year. Already she has hit a pace that her sister Constance will have to hustle to keep up with.

"I don't see how Hollywood can find room for all the people who have gone out there. Little Claire Luce, who has conquered New York and Paris and London in musical comedy and drama, has gone out, and won't be really happy until she is queen of the movies, too. The producers will have to work fast, though, as she is scheduled to open in a play on Broadway soon.

"Ziegfeld closed 'Whoopee' for a few weeks, and the company made a sudden dash for the trains, announcing that California was the perfect place to spend a vacation. Those who come back will be the ones who found the studio gates closed. I've an idea that Gladys Glad will stay. She is an exquisitely beautiful girl and, furthermore, she married a newspaper columnist just before she went out there. Husbands who know everybody, and are in a position to make their wives famous, are not exactly a drawback to girls' careers."

Ina Claire is the only person I know who could put up a convincing argument against that. She was once married to a newspaper man, who caused her little but grief and humiliation. He reviewed a play of hers—a great success, by the way—something like this. "When Miss Claire and I were married, she gave her occupation as an actress. She did nothing on the stage last night to support that contention."

I reminded Fanny of that catastrophe, but couldn't get her into an argument. It just reminded her of something else.

"Ina Claire and John Gilbert are sailing for London," she stated, "and a lot of girls in Hollywood will be much happier if she is recalled by the studio before she gets to Paris. One more Rue de la Paix creation in her wardrobe is a little more than the jealous beauties could be expected to stand."

Claire Luce, after many stage conquests, will try films.



Photo by Louise

Broadway says "I told you so" of Josephine Dunn's success.

"Lucky for them that Gertrude Lawrence stays in New York."

And for once Fanny agreed with me. In fact, I have yet to find any one who doesn't get dizzy in digging up their best adjectives to describe Gertrude Lawrence. She has been making "The Gay Lady" at the Paramount studio on Long Island, and the company is one of those happy-family affairs where every one thinks the star is simply swell. While the company worked at night she took the whole troupe to see "Show Girl" in the afternoon, crowded them all into her apartment for luncheon, and herded them to the theater quite like a young teacher with a lot of high-spirited pupils. She is one of those terribly interested and tireless persons, who is always ready to rehearse a song with the orchestra, or stand in for the camera man to get his focus. She simply hasn't any nerves.

"The studio crew appreciate her all the more, because of their recent hectic experiences trying to get Jeanne Eagels to work. There is a girl who had them trembling with fear when she spoke. Odds were usually about five to one that something would displease her and she would threaten to walk out during the day. The worst of it is that after getting spoiled by a genial disposition like Gertrude Lawrence's, they have to get used to Jeanne Eagels again. She is going back to remake 'Jealousy,' with a new leading man. Of course she was great in the

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Photo by Lenore



Here Bebe Daniels is seen as *Rio Rita*, with John Boles as the hero of what promises to be a great hit.

The Luck of the Spanish

When Bebe Daniels was chosen to star in "Rio Rita" on the screen, Hollywood said that it was just another example of the good fortune that has been hers all her life. But a close look at Bebe's character discloses the real reason for her success.

By Helen Starr Henifin

AN exotic, lissome señorita going into escrow. Perhaps in a backless bathing suit disclosing golden sun-tan.

Or in a riotously flowered, fringed shawl, with a high Spanish comb. But no cigarettes. For Bebe Daniels is not courting a husky larynx. One of the greatest rôles among the year's plums has come her way—the title rôle in the screen version of "Rio Rita."

Brook trout or goldfish in the patio pool. Common as alley cats, those goldfish. It will be brook trout, even if a fresh, mountain stream must be made to run through a section of a seaside house. Could she possibly win the fencing championship of America at the Olympic games in Los Angeles in 1932? Those French verbs!

Yes, as she picks out the exact shade of blue tile she wants for her steps—that would be a pretty shrewd trade

—her ranch acres for a corner on a thriving business boulevard. How to get into a loop and out of a spin, so she can qualify for her first pilot license. Other stars coming Sunday to swim. Supper to be planned. Black lace on that yellow georgette.

It may be typical of other Spanish beauties to loll and laze and vamp, but Bebe Daniels' mind is constantly at work, her diversity of interests most surely acting as a balance wheel to the responsibilities of stardom.

I wondered if Bebe Daniels had had any sleepless nights over the arrival of stage players for the talkies. Or felt any bitterness. She has had the glory of stardom so long. But she made one of the most graceful comments I have ever heard from a Hollywood star.

"Why, if the stage had suddenly gone pantomime, and

the producers of plays told their stars they couldn't use them any more, the actors would surely have risen to the occasion. In just the same manner, the picture stars rose to the occasion when they were required to speak."

That was charitable of Bebe. A cool thought, kindly and fair. She has an inherent respect for artistic competence, whether of the footlights or screen. And I sensed a sly slap at nervous producers who have silent stars under contract.

"Why so panicky?" she might ask, if she didn't know that too-frank speech is suicide in the show business. For I am sure that Mary Pickford, Bessie Love, Betty Compson, Norma Talmadge, Norma Shearer, Bebe Daniels, and others have had some mischievous offstage giggles among themselves at a public that dared them to talk out loud, and at producers who were afraid to trust them above a whisper.

However, the sudden popularity of talking pictures must have been somewhat upsetting to Bebe Daniels. She had not taken a voice test before she signed with RKO. That was only six months ago, but even then all producers did not take the talkies seriously. Bebe had an enormous following, they figured. She was valuable in either silent or noisy pictures.

And Bebe's new contract grants what she has wanted for years. She will no longer have to leap over tables and chairs, or play in jazz plots created on the lot as they go along. Now she will be the star she has always hoped and wished to be.

There have been crises before. The influx of Mexican beauties—Lupe Velez, Dolores del Rio, Raquel Torres, Mona Rico, and others. But Bebe Daniels was the original Spanish señorita of Hollywood, and she took this near-Spanish invasion with proud dignity. Her grandfather was for years an American consul at Buenos Aires. Though born of a Scotch father and a Spanish mother, she retains the Latin strain in appearance, for her hair is silky and blue-black, her eyes black, large, and heavily lashed, and her skin that rich olive so envied this season by fashionables who wish they were naturally tanned.

"I hope I'd be cast for *Rio Rita*, and so I studied one of the solos with my singing teacher," Bebe told me, as we

Bebe is at home in Spanish costumes, for she is of Castilian descent.



Miss Daniels has forsaken comedy for good, and will now portray dignity and romance.



lunched and gazed out over the blue Pacific. "I learned it awfully well for the test. I knew it backward and forward.

"Then I went to the studio to sing my piece. They sounded the gong for silence. And it surely was silent! The awful stillness just got me. I'd never been used to that before. My throat muscles became stiff. I was so frightened and nervous I couldn't sing a note of the song I had practiced so long!

"The pianist sensed my stage fright, and so he picked up two new pieces and asked me to follow his accompaniment. Somehow I felt more at ease singing the new numbers than the one I had learned. I had to concentrate and think about the notes, and some of my fear left me.

"The next day when I went into the test room with a director and the supervisors, I tied eight knots in my handkerchief. I dreaded so to hear the sound of my voice. That was a terrific ordeal. But the others said they liked the test, and asked me to learn the other 'Rio Rita' solos, and take another test in three weeks. In that time I had a chance to gather myself for a supreme effort. They shipped my second test to New York, and the Eastern officials of the RKO said they liked it, so I was given the rôle."



For both Miss Daniels and John Boles "Rio Rita" is a great break.

Victor Barravalle, who conducted the stage productions of "Rio Rita," "Show Boat," and "Three Cheers" in New York, was brought to Hollywood to direct the music of "Rio Rita" and other musical shows RKO will produce. Harry Tierney, who wrote the music for "Rio Rita," is writing a new number for Bebe to sing at the end of the picturized "Rio Rita." In all she will sing three solos, as well as several numbers with John Boles.

If Bebe Daniels had never won another contract after she left Paramount, or if she had not made good in her first voice tests, she could have fallen back on other strong defenses, because Bebe is a clever woman. She has followed that line of action which is always successful—to avoid carrying all your goods in one basket; to avoid investing all one's emotions in any single individual or object, or talents in one line, for to do that is to invite hurt and disillusionment.

At the age of sixteen she designed and made such pretty clothes for herself that a manufacturer offered her a job to design dresses. She still designs many of her frocks and all her shoes. There is one line of creative work that she has always been able to turn to if pictures failed.

When thrifty Harold Lloyd, on thirty dollars a week, was managing to



Ben Lyon, her fiancé, shows Bebe how to open a parachute.

buy his first auto and nice-looking clothes, as well as boxes of candy for Bebe, the American señorita was then casting a shrewd eye on California real estate. Even in her early twenties she seemed to realize that solid investments hold power, give one a strong background that supplies courage to follow the more artistic but financially hazardous interests. And Bebe early learned the uncertainties of the show business.

She can appraise lots in Los Angeles with the expertness of bankers who have spent their lives in that sport. She knows when new boulevards will be laid out, the amount of assessments, and how a mortgage or a trust deed, an option or a lease, should read to be within the law. I should hate to see some sharp real-estate salesman try to sell her a lemon.

She owns three magnificent beach houses, a large ranch, business corners, subdivision acreage, and residence lots. All this knowledge and property, which she has picked up by keeping her business eyes open, could easily provide her with another vocation if she needed one. She is enthusiastic over the future of Los Angeles, and if you feel that way about a town, it's easy to attract others to buy there.

"And I have a passion for building," she told me, as she took me through one charming room after another in the beach house she has just completed. She had just rented it to Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg for some months to come. "I must always be building something," she says. Which again reveals the Daniels psychology—to keep busy with side lines, and keep the creative talents at work, for they are not only a balance, an outlet, but they add a piquancy and freshness on the return to the principal job.

So another profession is open to her in planning and building houses.

"I couldn't bring the ocean up to the third floor," she laughed, as we stepped out on a charming veranda flanked by bright flowers overlooking the sea. "So I brought some sandy beach up here. Just beyond the canopy of the porch, a flat roof had been covered with sand, the sky its cover. And Bebe's swimming guests can rest up there, far from the tramping Sunday throngs. She is nothing if not original.

Then there are the play rooms—a tile-and-cement, waterproof room leading from the beach, with a ship of unusual design its only decoration. Guests dripping in bathing suits that also spill seaweed, can clamber on stools at a counter and have hot dogs and coffee. Which, also, is an adroit way of keeping sea-soaked company off sump-

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What's In a Name?

A whole lot, say these stars. For they discarded their own patronymics for mother's maiden name as a stepping-stone to fame.



Paul Page, left, is really Paul Hicks, but his mother's name of Page was too alliterately irresistible to pass up.

June Collyer, right, was born Dorothea Heermance, her mother's family name being Collyer.



Don Alvarado, below, is English and Spanish, Paige being his father's name and Alvarado his mother's. Though he wants to change back, we think that Alvarado suits him better.



Jeanne de la Fante is better known as Renée Adorée, above, and she says it was her mother's name. Be that as it may, it is easy to adore Renée.

Leatrice Joy, center, was born Zeidler among the japonicas of New Orleans, but assumed her mother's name early in her career.



Sue Carol, left, was christened Evelyn Lederer and, to complete this sextet, we'll say her mother's name was Carol.

Nils—As He Is

In this shrewd and discriminating catalogue of Mr. Asther's tastes and habits you will find the man himself clearly reflected.

By Margaret Reid

HANDSOMER by far than a man has any right to be, his rather bad temper is reassuring proof that he is mortal. Otherwise one might suspect the viking gods of more progeny than they accounted for. To these expert eyes, Nils Asther is the best-looking arrangement ever to emerge from a projection machine, or from Hollywood, or from Sweden—nay, from anywhere. Your pardon while I swoon. He really *is* that handsome.

With the Asther physiognomy you are already familiar. The adjuncts of personality are in nice proportion. The ensemble is at once the delight and despair of Hollywood ladies, since Nils is susceptible but not accessible; liking and admiring Hollywood pulchritude, but seldom inviting it out. The Coconut Grove, the Biltmore, Montmartre, the gala premières are all distinctly Astherless. *Femmes* who just must see him have to be satisfied with accidental glimpses of a battered roadster crawling along the Boulevard at fifty miles an hour.

Nils Asther is taking out his naturalization papers, because he feels that in America he has found his country. He has become imbued with the sense of speed, constant activity, and swift progress here. When he returned to Europe recently for a vacation, the prevailing attitude of "What was good enough for father is good enough for us" irked him. But although he loves the consciousness of activity around him, he does not like to be a part of it. He is happiest when in close touch with teeming civilization, but is himself solitary.

He lives alone in a charming little house on top of the Vine Street hill. The interior of the house is redolent of his individual taste. A connoisseur of antiques, he has furnished his home with exceptional Spanish and Chinese pieces, which are the fruit of lengthy explorations into lesser-known parts of Los Angeles.

To this house come only a few intimate friends. It is not, as are many Hollywood homes, a clubhouse for high-spirited sycophants. Its doors are closed to those merry lads and dames who canvass the town of a Sunday, cocktail bent. Nils loathes big soirées, loathes makers of whoopee; cannot be dragged to parties, liking best to entertain in peace those few friends whose humor, tastes, and intelligences do not offend. So of course the mul-

titude of uninvited call him high-hat. He is not, however. Only discriminating.

More than people he likes dogs. He had an Australian sheep dog, shaggy, awkwardly frolicsome, who accompanied him everywhere. A few months ago Clumsy was the victim of a speeding truck. For weeks afterward Nils was grief-stricken. "My best friend, he have died." A sympathetic fan sent him an Alaskan puppy as successor. Nils was deeply touched and the puppy is now lord of the Asther home.

One of his friends is a Swedish girl who trains lions and tigers at the Selig zoo. Nils likes to go there and roam among the animals. The girl is training and taming a leopard cub which Nils intends to take home and kennel in the back garden.

He likes solitude and his idea of a rousing, good vacation is to take his car and, alone, drive up into the mountain forests and there camp. He likes to ride, and owns a magnificent Arabian. He can often be found cruising along the coast in a sailboat, with himself as skipper, mate, and crew. To keep fit—and his obvious fitness is particularly apparent among the pale, languid young men about the studios—he has a training camp in his back yard where the birds, if they wish, can perch on the hedge and observe Swedish gymnastics at their best.

His one car is a roadster, not new any more, and bearing on its haggard sides the emblems of many impacts and rainstorms. But its capacity for speed is dear to Nils' heart, and he drives as if it were a fire engine and a hundred homes were at stake. He never employs a chauffeur, probably because no one short of De Palma could drive fast enough for him. Distance is without meaning, and he has been known to drop in casually for breakfast with a friend who lives a hundred miles up the coast.

Naturally morose and moody, he is nevertheless a delightful host and companion. He is careful not to inflict his moods on others, and his occasional tempers are allowed to disturb only himself. Hypersensitive, he is easily wounded by a slight or unkindness and, by virtue of this, never wittingly inflicts a hurt himself. Not a happy person, he is, however, fairly content if allowed to live as he wishes, which is quietly and alone and free of the social demands of Hollywood. Social politics in the film colony amuse him from afar and annoy him on close contact, so he keeps to himself. There is, though, no

Continued on page 104



Nils Asther likes few things better than to visit the zoo and fraternize with its inmates.



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

NILS ASTHER has been married and divorced, is taking out his naturalization papers for American citizenship, and when sought for his love-life confessions fled in horror. These are high lights in Margaret Reid's uniquely interesting compilation of facts about him opposite.



A GAINST strongest competition of a whole brigade of "typical American boys," David Rollins has contrived to make himself known as one of the leaders, and if you heard him in "The Black Watch" you know that his voice is just another of his assets.



Photo by Apeda

OF all the stage players who have rallied to the cause of speech on the screen, there is no more perfect exemplar of eloquence than Raymond Hackett, whose voice can sway the sternest jury, galvanize the weariest critic, and save the most anxious heroine.



YOU don't know the half of it, dearie—not till you hear the thrilling wonder of John Barrymore's voice, which at last is to be Vitaphoned to the fans in "General Crack," a picture entirely in dialogue and color, too.



Photo by Fred R. Archer

HOW little Marian Nixon has come out ! She used to be an organdie heroine, with a stripling waiting for her in the last reel, but here she blossoms forth as *Maria Luisa*, in "General Crack," a great lady to be won only after impassioned siege.



EVERY cloud has a silver lining. Which is just another way of saying that Leatrice Joy, after creating a sensation in vaudeville and a void in Hollywood, has been coaxed back to the screen, where her charm will further be proved by her winsome voice in "A Most Immoral Lady."

DOLORES DEL RIO reveals herself in her home to receive the applause of her fans for "Evangeline," near the piano where she practices songs for her next picture in which she will also speak for the first time, and which every one hopes will be another "Resurrection."



Photo by Russell Ball



Photo by Irving Childnoff

EVER since a child I *lof* to steal—but I always give things back," said Lupe Velez to Malcolm H. Oettinger, whose story opposite reports a visit to the much-discussed Mexican girl in the excitement of her invasion of Broadway.

Just a Little Madcap

An inquiry into one of the more or less overnight sensations of 1929.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

THE big talkie and sound men are exploiting Lupe Velez as another one of those pronoun girls, putting her up in the same tins as Alice White and Clara Bow, with a Mexican label to add a dash of chili, which is always good for the box office.

Lupe is one of nature's children, playful, boisterous and as natural as a gullible fellow would be led to suspect.

When Lupe came to New York, advance word had it that the big town was in for a treat, so to speak. Here was everything from the Flame of Hollywood to the original Mexican jumping bean. This was the little girl who tore up Santa Monica Boulevard by the roots, addressed DeMille without saying "Please, sir," and danced on tables as opportunity presented. She was alleged to be a lovable vixen, a madcap ingénue, a composite of Dolores del Rio, Olive Borden, Jetta Goudal, and Louise Fazenda.

Lupe, the ballyhoo intimated, had captured the hearts of many in very much the manner that Grant once took Richmond. The western world was at her little feet. It was all very moving. So, with a not unprecedented blast of trumpets, the tabasco baby wheeled into Broadway and Forty-second Street. And Broadway managed to keep its head. There were no riots, no panics, and no more traffic jams than usual.

It was not altogether difficult to find her at the Rialto Theater, where she was making personal appearances at such odd moments as she was not trying on new frocks, fêting the press, watching photographers' birdies and radioing sweet nothings to her *pooblic*.

She popped into the room and registered the madcap stuff without wasting time.

"I steal things!" she announced. "I lof to steal things."

That settled, she proceeded to point out on the table several incandescent bulbs "stolen" from the backstage lighting a floor below.

"Ever since a child, I lof to steal," Lupe told me. "But I always give things back." This was a reassuring touch.

She wore a simple, flowered dress, shoes with heels a shade higher than the Singer Building, and no stockings whatsoever.

It was difficult to commune with the Mexican flash, because she was busily trying on shoes which had been brought from a near-by Broadway shop. A patient salesman sat by and told her how well each shoe looked on the Velez foot.

"What the 'ell!" exclaimed Lupe. "You try to choke me?" A shoe was tossed to the ceiling with a lusty kick. "That's too damn tight! Aha, that's betaire. That's the *bébé*!"

So it went; pink shoes, brown boots, yellow and mauve. There were pert handbags to match.



Photo by Irving Chidnoff

Off the screen Lupe Velez is a vital young savage chafing under the restraint of impending stardom, irked by custom and precedent.

"Griffith—ah, Lupe lof him. He great director. Yas, he was a fine man. Lupe lof him. Happy to work for him? Yas. Trouble with Goudal? Who have trouble? Lupe nevaire have trouble with any one. Unless she want to. Lupe nevaire give trouble. No fight. But when she fight—look out!"

On the screen *la Velez* is a chesty soubrette with eyes heavily accented, and an early Biograph touch to her histrionics. Offscreen the girl is a vital young savage chafing under the restraint of impending stardom, irked by custom and precedent.

The little girl doesn't act. She simply permits the cameras to deploy her flamboyant personality to the screen. She suffers the photographer to transpose her madcap charms to the films. Although she can hardly be accused of taking herself seriously, it is pertinent to guess that she is gradually transforming herself into the sort of person her press agents paint her. This is never a happy metamorphosis, inasmuch as it is rarely achieved without overacting.

Her New York sojourn had been one of continuous travail; personal appearances, interviews, state luncheons and similar ordeals had rendered her life as private as a dance at the Hotel Astor. The goldfish was a sequestered creature in comparison. Even between stage stints was she not harassed by boot venders? I felt sorry for her.

Without warning Miss Velez seized a photograph from its place of honor on her dressing table, and showered it with exclamatory kisses. "Ah-h-h," she sighed

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There's Point

But some of the gifted who play at precious



Kathryn Crawford, left, takes no risk at all as she aims for the bull's-eye, while Merna Kennedy and Barbara Kent look on breathlessly, and even phlegmatic Scotty is interested in the result.

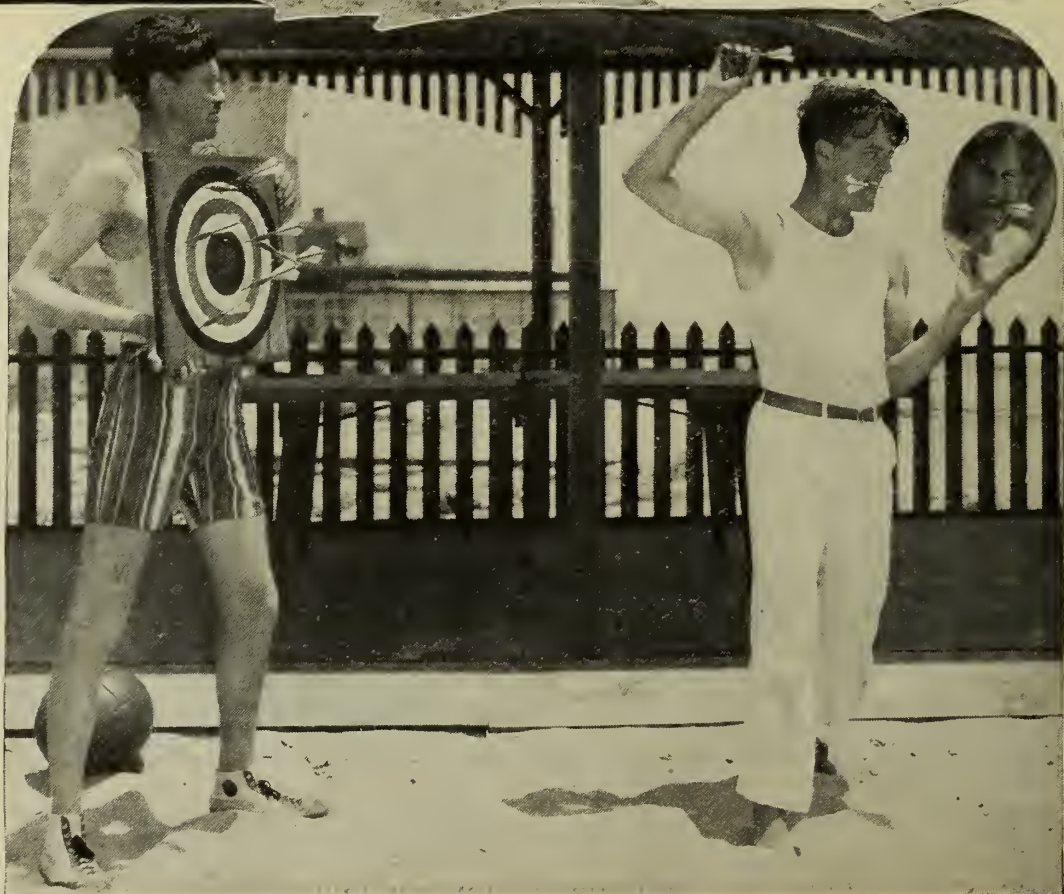
Clara, the one and only Bow, below, dares an invisible guest to equal her own record with the darts, and her smile will probably lure him to defeat.



The beach Apollo, right, is Joel McCrea, whose smile indicates that he is skeptical of Josephine Dunn's aim.



Just a bit more daring than the rest, Neil Hamilton, right, uses a mirror as an extra hazard in his game of darts.



to This!

darts appear to be risking their faces.

As if being a star were not exciting enough, Joan Crawford, right, submits herself to Rod La Rocque's knife-throwing pastime, but Jack Conway, the director, isn't worried over Joan's fate.



Anita Page, left, is being initiated by Dorothy Sebastian in the subtleties of darts as an accomplishment that every young lady should have at her finger tips, if she wishes to mingle with the Hollywood cognoscenti.



Raymond Hatton, above, says "I told you so" to Mrs. Hatton, who is too grateful for words that she remains unseathed after her husband has demonstrated the sureness of his aim.



Bebe Daniels, left, admires Gertrude Ederle's skill as a swimmer, but is just a little fearful of Trudy's proficiency in another sport.



Helen Chandler, formerly of the Theater Guild, plays opposite George O'Brien, in "Salute."

WHAT with the upheaval caused by talking pictures, and other distracting things, it is hard to keep track of everything. Especially newcomers to the studios. No sooner is one lot introduced to the fans than a second group crops up. Believe me, a scribe of cinematic history needs his stylus and papyrus before him all the time.

One newcomer who causes my thoughts to return to duty is Kay Francis, under contract to Paramount.

You don't know Kay? Well, you ought to, and will. She is enveloped in an aura of New York, Paris, and London. I thought that as soon as I saw her. Indeed, it turned out that she had lived in all three places—the first being her home.

Dressed in black, with a tight-fitting affair of jet on her head, her pale-olive features and deep-brown eyes stood out with amazing vividness.

Yes, you are right—it should have been a flaming-red curtain behind her, instead of the publicity office. To match her somber ensemble, Kay held a tiny, black pup under one arm. The little thing had teeth "like needles," Kay warned. "But they can't be that sharp," I argued. Not liking a mere interviewer to think he knew more than his mistress, the pup bit one of my fingers to prove that Kay was right.

Thus the interview began.

Though born in Oklahoma City, Kay Francis spent scarcely any time there. Her parents took her to California. At Santa Barbara she no sooner began to realize that she had been born, than she went to Los Angeles, then to Denver, then to New York—all within four years.

"My mother was on the stage," Kay related, settling down in a red-leather chair. "Of course I wanted to act also. So there you are. I was lucky enough to get a chance, and here I am in Hollywood."

That sounded interesting, if brief. But whence came the aura of Paris? When asked if she had never done anything else before going on the stage, Kay said, "Well, I married."



Jimmy Aldine began picture work in "Down to the Sea in Ships."

An Army

Thus countless newcomers advance upon the citadel of place for himself among the elect of the fans.

By William

The marriage no longer exists, but—as Kay points out was an experience. "Before that I studied at a secretarial school. We do funny things, don't we? Ow!" Here the pup, trying to attract attention to himself, had proved even to his mistress that her allusion to teeth like needles had been correct. Kay gave him a couple of light taps on the head. Pretending to be stunned, the dog lay inert on her lap and soon went to sleep.

Of course secretarial work was thrown to the winds when Kay married and went to Europe for a honeymoon. Soon the marriage went the way of the stenographic course, and Kay embarked on a stage career. She played in the modern version of "Hamlet." A season was spent in stock. "Crime" and "Elmer the Great" were her last Broadway appearances.

"I always had been fascinated by pictures," Miss Francis averred, "but I never thought I'd get in them. Once I had a test at Paramount's Long Island studio. They made me wear a wig of blond curls. The result was awful. Imagine blond curls on this!" Kay pulled off her jet cap and revealed a raven bob, *à la* Joan of Arc, with a hint of a wave.

When a test for "Gentlemen of the Press" was to be made, another blond wig was offered Kay. She stood out against wearing it, but got a rôle nevertheless.

She would like to be a sort of Katharine Cornell of the talkies. Many say Kay resembles her. "I

Regis Toomey's work in "Alibi" won him a Paramount contract.



with Banners

the cinema, each courageously determined to make a Twelve of them are here cited for honorable mention.

H. McKegg

only hope I'll become as good on the screen as Miss Cornell is on the stage," Kay wishes.

I ask you, boys and girls, is there any reason why she shouldn't, so long as Kay possesses her New York, Paris, and London personality, and never dons blond curls?

To offer a contrast to Kay I introduce Rex Bell.

Rex really belongs, as he insistently stressed during our interview, to the fresh, open spaces. He's a pleasing, candid fellow. Says what he believes to be true—even to an interviewer! Why, he reprimanded me, in almost a fatherly way, for once writing what he considered not true about Olive Borden. Olive and her mother, Rex said, had been very gracious to him when he was only an extra. What had I to say about that? Yes, what indeed?

Much riding outdoors has given Mr. Bell a fresh, healthy appearance. There is nothing soft about him. He got his break with Fox when a player called Rex King was let out of the *ménage*. George Beldan—as the present Rex was christened—was then working in Buck Jones and Tom Mix pictures. Photographically, he strongly resembled the dethroned King.

"They wanted me to take the full name of Rex King, but I didn't think it the right thing to do." I agreed. The Latin and English for King, side by side,

Rex Bell insists on being natural.



Stanley Smith will first be seen in "The Sophomore."



Kay Francis won her spurs in two pictures, then was given a contract for many more.

might get on a chap's nerves. So Rex Bell was chosen.

He was born in Chicago. "But when I was twelve, I was brought to Los Angeles," Rex explained, "and I went to Hollywood High School." Modestly he admitted that he had been good at athletics. Then he went to the University of Iowa. Just when he finished college his father died. Rex took up various building contracts his father had on hand and completed the jobs.

"I sold building materials. Selling to the studios got me caught by the movies, and I wanted to act."

Act Rex did—but not gloriously. He doubled in Westerns, for he is an expert rider. And when Rex King was let out, Rex Bell was taken to the studio's heart. But since Westerns have died a natural death, Rex is now playing leads in all kinds of pictures. Perhaps you saw him as a very snappy jazz fellow in "Joy Street."

"I don't know why they made me play a wild, jazz rôle," Rex almost wailed. "It's good, but I'm not like that in real life. Now I like to be alone, away from jazz and night life. They don't appeal to me. Oh, I like a little dancing, but not as much as this screen character does."

"It's a chance to prove your versatility," I encouraged.

"Yes, that's so. It gives me a chance to be different. But I'd like to do something like Charles Ray used to do."

I tried to console Mr. Bell the best I could. Yet he seemed cut up about the chance of his being mistaken for a wild youth.

"See, I like to be *natural*. Look, I haven't even dressed up to see you. I haven't even shaved. Why, I——"

Rex went on stressing how natural and unassuming he really was, until his emphatic insistence about it almost made me doubt him! Could it be that he did step out and call on friends around midnight, with a fair companion, as many Hollywood bloods do? In the face of what Rex told me I couldn't imagine it.

Whether a recluse, or a stepper-out, Rex is doing good work. They say he reaps honors in "Joy Street." This proves, surely, that when necessity demands it, he can assume a jazzlike personality. Keep your eye on him. He's great!



David Newell's stage career began in the little theaters and ended with Ethel Barrymore.

While etching portraits of young men who crave solitude and peace, I must mention Allan Lane. He comes from the stage, having appeared in plays and musical comedies. Allan gave me a story that might be headed "From Newsboy to Movietone Player."

Though born in Mishawaka, Indiana, Allan—who until recently was known as Harry Albers—moved to South Bend, where his newspaper-selling career commenced. Financial reverses in his family had caused him to take the step. Dauntlessly Allan pushed South Bend journals in front of every passer-by. He went to high school, then to Notre Dame University. He became an ace at football. But what was such glory compared to a job on the stage in "If I Were King"? It was produced in South Bend and Allan made his theatrical debut. How, he didn't tell me. Later, he appeared in "Young Woodley," "The Patsy," and "Hit the Deck."

"When I first came to Hollywood no one seemed interested in me," Allan explained, without any surprise in his tone. "I tried for the movies, had several tests taken, but got nothing. When I appeared recently in 'Hit the Deck,' an agent saw me and, as the talkies are after stage-trained players, tried to sell me to the casting directors."

A bit in "Dream of Love" cropped up. Then came a call from Fox. Mr. Lane was wanted merely for atmosphere, but had the nerve to request two hundred and fifty dollars a week for the privilege! Ruth Collier, his manager, nearly swooned when she heard of this decision, but smoothed matters out. Allan got the work, and so well did he do it that Fox signed him. There you are. Allan Lane is another star-to-be in the Fox atelier.

But about his quest for seclusion. Earnestly he said, "I like to get in my car and drive for miles and miles—alone. I know only a few picture people. Dolores del Rio, Mary Brian, Buddy Rogers, and David Rollins. Miss Del Rio is a wonderful person. She has been more than kind to me."

Yet in spite of this attractive array of movie acquaintances, Allan prefers to be alone. Indeed it would not have surprised me had he burst forth with "One Alone," or Liszt's "Dream of Love."

But see Allan Lane, in "Not Quite Decent," with Louise Dresser. He plays a romantic lead and—well, see it for yourself.

He lives with his mother and still sports a weird-looking ring she gave him for luck when he was in high school. It's a magic ring in bringing luck to its wearer, but

seems to have no power in driving away his craving for loneliness.

Don't forget "Not Quite Decent."

For that matter, don't forget Helen Chandler. You who live in New York have undoubtedly seen her on Broadway, for she has played on the stage since she was nine. Helen is blond. She has eyes of some strange, light color I can't remember. Green, or blue, or gray, or hazel. Whatever the color, her eyes are curiously attractive. They have a slant which gives *la* Chandler a Slavic touch, although she was born in Charleston, South Carolina. She is not exactly pretty, but there is a magnetic quality in her personality that draws attention to her.

I saw Helen first one afternoon when I was paying a periodic visit to Janet Gaynor. A friend said suddenly, "Why, Janet, isn't that little girl, Helen Chandler, the one you liked so well in 'The Music Master'?" Helen it was.

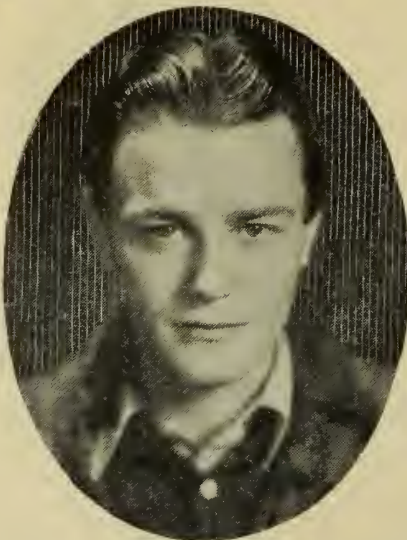
The Chandler possesses brains. A few years ago she wrote short poems about Mary Pickford, John Gilbert, Mae Murray, and Gloria Swanson, and sold them to a fan magazine. Her verses to Greta Garbo appeared in "What the Fans Think."

"I still wish to become a writer," Miss Chandler hurriedly explained, for she was due at the studio dressmaker's in a short while, and was to leave next morning for New York to appear with George O'Brien, in "Salute."

"The Music Master," "The Joy Girl," and "Mother's Boy,"

were the films Helen played in the East. No sooner had she been sent to Hollywood, than she was ordered back to New York to make her Movietone debut there. I believe you'll like her. I do.

Marilyn Morgan still attends high school.



Lew Ayres was "discovered" performing in the Montmartre orchestra.



One young newcomer you are sure to notice is Stanley Smith, under contract to Pathé. Stan is no stranger to Hollywood. He and his mother have lived here for years. And he went to a Hollywood high school. He told me voluntarily that he was twenty-three.

Now I believe in keeping my secret service files up-to-date, where picture people are concerned. Information about my victims rivals that of notorious, war-time spies. By looking into Stanley Smith's *dossier*, I find this item anent a school performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pirates of Penzance," in 1921.

"Carol Wines, with her high, clear soprano, was charming as *Mabel*, while Stanley Smith's excellent tenor was most effective in the part of her lover, *Frederick*—"

His success as a singer gave him his first real job with Lenore Ulric, in "Kiki." They wanted a juvenile who could play the piano and sing. Stan could do both. His next rôle was as the nerve-shattered, young officer in "What Price Glory." He toured in this play from San Francisco to Canada, then to the East. "I tried for the screen part, when Fox was making the picture, but Leslie Fenton got it," Mr. Smith related. Two years of stock, at Omaha and at Houston, Texas, afforded Stan varied experience. During that time he played in more than one hundred productions.

Without worrying any more about films, Mr. Smith signed a contract to play in San Francisco in "The Royal Family," starring Charlotte Walker. Pathé grabbed him and placed him in "The Sophomore."

"Of course, you don't go about much, do you?" I inquired, having now come to expect the solitude complex in all young players.

"I should say I do! I go out too much. I have so many friends, both professionals and non-professionals, that I have little time to see them all."

Mr. Smith, you see, lacks pose, which is a good thing to lack.

Dixie Lee, a Tennessee girl, was "discovered" in musical comedy.

Allan Lane craves seclusion, solitude—and fame.



Phillips Holmes is the son of Taylor Holmes, the actor.



He was, he explained, reading "Henry VIII." He liked reading history. I didn't believe him, but agreed that the Tudor period was perhaps the most interesting in English history.

Stan hopes to get over with the fans. He will if I'm not mistaken.

Many have seen Taylor Holmes on the screen—but oftener on the stage. His son, Phillips Holmes, will now be seen and heard in pictures. In fact, he has been signed by Paramount. If you saw "Varsity," with Charles Rogers, you also saw

Phil. He was likewise in "The Wild Party," with Clara Bow.

He was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan. He has never seen the place since. His parents happened to be going through Grand Rapids with a theatrical company, so Phil stopped there overnight, as it were, just to be born. Then the journey recommenced.

Of all the juveniles one meets, Phil Holmes seems to possess the least atmosphere of the stage or screen. He went to several schools in different parts of the country. Then came school in England. A year was spent in a college in Grenoble, in southern France. Back to Los Angeles. Then in England again, and Cambridge.

After his first work with Paramount, Phil made a good showing on the stage in Los Angeles, with Nance O'Neil, in "The Silver Cord."

That's all there is to say about Phil Holmes so far. But you can see him in "The Studio Murder Mystery," if you wish to form your own opinion of him.

It was very hot when we met, and though we sought what shade there was on the Paramount lot, it did not do much good. And a young girl kept skipping out of a near-by building every few minutes, waving to Phil and making all sorts of signs, Indian fashion.

"All right, Doris. I'll be there soon," Phil called out. He might have been saying a lot of interesting things to me, but I could not keep my eyes away from the building, wondering when Doris would make another *pas seul*. Which Doris was it? I wondered. She looked like Doris Hill.

[Continued on page 100]



Bessie, Unlimited

Miss Love exhibits her indifference to the years by being any age she fancies, as a glance at this page proves.

Bessie, left, as the perfect ingénue we all love so well.

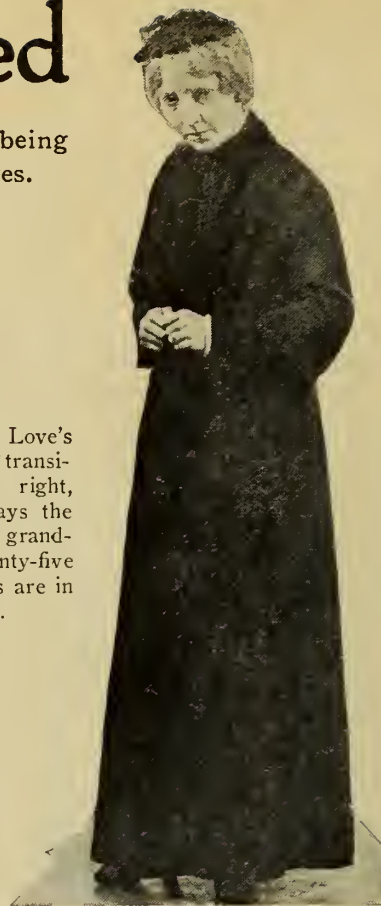
Perhaps Miss Love's most surprising transition is seen, right, where she essays the appearance of a grandmother of seventy-five whose thoughts are in the past.

She shows, above, her idea of the flapper grandmother ready for any bit of whoopee that comes her way which doesn't require the removal of her pearl dog collar, because that would betray her tell-tale neck.

Miss Love, left, as the woman of fifty, disillusioned because her husband gives her luxuries as a substitute for the affection he bestows elsewhere.

Right, she is just a little girl making a bow at her seventh birthday party. Aren't these actresses marvelous, my dear?

Bessie Love, right, as a young matron of thirty-five, with her social position to consider, as well as her husband's success in the bank.



Peter Pan's Rebellion

Betty Bronson's personality has been overshadowed by the glamour of her first success, but she has now revolted and is striking out anew as an individual.

By Myrtle Gebhart

SUDDEN success is a tricky gift. It may turn around and swat you!

Many wonder at the swift descent which often follows a meteoric beginning. Mismanagement has darkened many new stars with astonishing quickness. Maintaining a position judiciously is more difficult than attaining it, Betty Bronson, among others, has realized.

Since *Peter Pan* faded into the woods, Betty's career has been an eloquent example of mismanagement—and multiplicity of management. Such overwhelming success, with the glamour of *Peter* enfolding her, might have turned a more mature head. That the Betty one reached only through a cactus coating of managers has remained unspoiled and gently sweet, indicates humility.

She has left home and taken an apartment, to be shared by a friend, Helen Chandler, formerly of the Theater Guild. This self-assertive step was prompted not by arrogant rebellion so much as by the urge for change, and for a definite stand as an individual. It is to be an experiment. Oddly, relatives agree that she may try her own wings.

That her first interview alone was an ordeal, I saw immediately—in nervous hands rolling her handkerchief into knots, fluttering hands, eyes growing worried to the point of lurking tears.

Always before there had been present, guiding the conversation, even answering for her, a relative, press agent, studio executive, or one of the assemblage who managed her.

Her customary tremulousness was accentuated; there was strain back of her birdlike gestures. Freedom of expression is natural only to a mature player, frequently questioned. She felt that she must be alert. Analyzing and voicing the uncertain gropings of a troublous time were difficult. The interview was important, in its psychological effect. If she carried it off well, she would have proved that she *could* talk. It would bolster her assurance. And some of her ideas being yet undefined, crystalizing them into speech was no easy task. So we laughed a



Photo by Duncan

Photo by Elmer Fryer

Casting aside her many managers, Miss Bronson, in her first interview on her own, tells of her mistakes and hopes.

lot, and ordered ornate pastries, and of trivialities we made nonsense. So she relaxed, it became less an ordeal, and thoughts formed into conclusions.

The girl who climbs slowly is fortunate. She has no established high standard, the equaling of which in every picture is impossible; no glamour of a peculiar type to submerge her own merits; she meets her problems gradually, instead of having them thrust at her suddenly in perplexing array. Mistakes are better made in comparative obscurity than in the spotlight.

"Sudden success in an important picture is a handicap, in certain ways," Betty said, first. "You go to see Lillian Gish, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, as So-and-so; you like them as personalities. But when a girl is widely introduced in a rôle peculiarly suited to her, always afterward she is stamped as that character. You never read, 'Betty Bronson, as *Peter Pan*.' It was 'And now *Peter Pan* is miscast as such-and-such a type.' I just never could shed *Peter*.

Betty's ambition is to play wistful girls in worldly settings.

"I loved *Peter*. I am a lot of *Peter* myself. But I am at least a little dif-



ferent. It isn't fair. They look for *Peter*, not for me. I am grateful to *Peter*. But he's like a poor relation—he hangs around so!"

Though she has lost a bit of *Peter's* buoyant faith, that breathless quality of him still hovers about her, trails its gentle spell from soft, gray-blue eyes with a lot of wonder in them, despite a new discontent. It quivers from tiny, trembling fingers, shines in a sudden glow that brightens her face. Of course, a glamour of legendary quality will always surround Betty; *Peter* will be peering around corners. For, inherently, she shares his elfin, illusive charm.

Such an asset becomes a handicap. Outstanding traits, largely responsible for sudden success, are too dominant. Roles that express rare individualities are few. Thus a girl who conforms to the average stands a greater chance of prolonging stardom or featured position.

Betty and *Peter* were almost twin identities. Mary Brian was chosen to play *Wendy*. A fine distinction, but an important one. She herself was a person. Betty wasn't. Betty was only a startled breath—*Peter*, a dream, a sprite from the woods.

Wendy, being quite human, could be forgotten. Mary emerged as an actress who could play many girls. *Peter*, being unreal, couldn't be relegated to the past as an example of clever acting. Dreams and thoughts and ideals and intangibilities are far more impressive than actualities.

That is why, when a young girl's discovery is largely dependent upon one peculiarly individual trait, she should be quivering with apprehension, instead of sailing so blithely on the clouds.

The morning after, it appears that vast numbers of people consider it their duty to manage her. Relatives, concerned with her best interests, but inexperienced in picture activities, assume positions of importance; studio executives' ideas conflict. One advocates cultivating personages in movie circles, to be seen about socially and in public; another, to live in seclusion that an atmosphere of mystery might surround her; still others suggest an ostentatious mode of life, or giving up old friends.

She is bewildered. Being accustomed to obedience, she naturally defers to relatives; studio executives must be wise, and know best; so she becomes a pawn, when squabbles arise between personal managers and the film company. In her perplexity, friends' advice is accepted eagerly. One insists she is worth more money, and should demand it, to conform to her new status, to inspire respect. The rumor seeps out that she is becoming tem-

peramental and ungrateful. And how terrible that she drives her old flivver! She acquires a motor and chauffeur. Ah, extravagant! Work, and the advantages of new associations, severing old friendships. She wins the undeserved stigma of snobbishness.

"No untrained girl is qualified to manage her career. But no member of the family, unless previously connected with the business, has that ability, either," Betty admits. "She should engage a manager familiar with all the situations which may arise, but she is doubly fortunate if she can find one who has her personal interests at heart, and isn't merely bent on making use of her financially. We learn through mistakes. But others can always profit by our experiences."

If Betty could wake up to-morrow morning to greet the dawn of *Peter's* birth into the film world, granted that she possessed the knowledge so painfully learned, she would follow a different course. Not to be buffeted about by everybody with an opinion; not to accept scads of advice; not to ignore, quiescently, poor stories, unsympathetic direction. To demand suitable vehicles, to conform her private life, to an extent, to her career's claims, yet without smothering or changing her inherent tastes.

"I would be more assertive. You must be, in Hollywood, where personalities are so carefully shaped and made definite that only a very positive one is noticed.

"I have kept too much in the background. I thought studio executives knew best, and left work things to them; that older people's judgment was right about personal matters." She speaks in this way, never mentioning a name that might cause a hurt, never parading a grudge.

"I was so wishy-washy and indecisive, through being told what to do, that I wondered if I ever *had* an opinion of my own. I never dared to suggest a story, or a rôle I felt capable of playing. Now, I see that I should have spoken of them, or given my ideas of improving a characterization.

"Otherwise, I would not act any differently on the set. To be aloof wins an actress a high-hat reputation; chumminess causes her to be called common or insincere. Being yourself is best. I try to be nice to every one, but I am slow to become intimate, and I can't help that."

She has found sacrifice of interests outside the profession essential.

"Friends in school, or just living at home, were dear to me. I used to refuse invitations from picture people that I might be with them. And Hollywood called me high-hat! Then I found that they were draining me and giving me little in return, not only for my work but for my personal

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As the first step in asserting herself, Miss Bronson left home and took an apartment.
Photo by Duncan



A Passionate Pilgrim

James Murray's quest for life has led him into many jobs and is responsible for a career that has reached the heights—and sounded the depths.

By Samuel Richard Mook

I NCONGRUOUS as the simile may sound in speaking of a great actor—and “great” is not too large a term to describe James Murray—he reminds me of nothing so much as an eager puppy, who sticks his nose trustingly into every strange hand that passes, in the hope that somehow, somewhere, he will find one that will give him a pat instead of a shove.

And Jim Murray turns his face to life with equal trust. Just around the corner is that pleasurable experience which won't leave a bad taste in his mouth—something enjoyable that won't boomerang on him.

In speaking of one of his numerous disagreements with the studio, some one once said, “But Jimmie likes to go places and see things.”

A person skimming the surface might find grounds for writing that. One who took the trouble to analyze him would find it inherently false. Just going places for the sake of going would not interest him enough to cause him even to put on his hat.

I always think of him as having started on a quest for an indefinable something—a quest almost without a beginning or an end; a quest for something which he himself could never put into words.

Whether he meant it, who shall say?
Or whether he drifted down this way
On the endless river of chance and change,
Burdened with strange,
Unknown longings that have no names,
But burn us all in their hidden flames,
Who shall say?

This stanza, slightly paraphrased, might have been written of Jim Murray, it is so descriptive of him.

In attempting to describe himself, he said, “I've just got an uneasy disposition, I guess.”

“Uneasy?”

“Yes.”

“Or restless?”

“No, ‘uneasy’ is the only word that describes it. ‘Restless’ would mean that I always wanted either to be going somewhere, or doing something other than what I am. That isn't it; that isn't what I feel. I love acting. It's the only thing that has ever satisfied me, but there are times when even that isn't enough—times when

Jim Murray says he is cursed with an “uneasy” disposition.



Photo by Louise

After his success in “The Crowd” James Murray was pulled down by parasitic back-slappers.

nothing seems quite enough. Those are the times I am motivated by things outside myself and utterly beyond my control. That poem you quoted—there's another stanza of it.

“To live or not we are no more free
Than a ripple to rise and leave the sea.
We are ever and always slaves of these,
Of the suns that scorch and the winds that
freeze.
These chance things master us ever.
Compel
To the heights of heaven, the depths of
hell!”

“I don't know if I can make you understand exactly what I mean. I seem to go so long, and then something seethes inside me like a chemical retort and, like that poem, there are things in me that I simply can't control. You can run from it, but your thoughts and those damned dev-



ils run just as fast. You can fight them just so long, and then all at once it seems as though fate were closing in on you from every side, forcing you into ambush—and you've got to give up, or go crazy.

"They talk about my temperament, but it isn't that. I wish it were. If it were only that I could fight it, but this damned disposition I've been cursed with——"

"Murray, just exactly what happened to you after 'The Crowd'?"

When you ask him a question like that he looks at you with an expression of dumb suffering in his eyes, and a smile on his lips that cuts through you like a knife, but he goes on like a soldier and answers you.

"I don't know exactly. I suppose I went Hollywood."

Somehow his answer didn't ring true. If you talk to him for five minutes, you can't conceive of his doing anything quite so trite as that. I asked a friend of his.

"No, he didn't go Hollywood. The truth of the matter is this. Jimmie could never be bothered with the élite. He won't sit still and listen to their small talk, and he has no patience with their affectations. The result was that before he made 'The Coward,' his associates were what might have been described as 'roughnecks.' I don't know that he particularly enjoyed their company, but at least life with them was never monotonous.

"After he made the hit, he was so determined that no one should have a chance to say he *had* gone Hollywood, that he persisted in hanging out with the same crowd. The moment it became known that a member of it had done something worth while, the crowd swelled. There were always newcomers ready to attach themselves to some one who could foot the bills, and who

was fool enough to do it—the usual bunch of parasitic back-slappers while he was riding the crest. And it was they who pulled him down. There was always some one to buy the first drink. You know the old story, 'Come on, Jim, one little drink can't hurt you, can it?' They damn near wrecked him. Then, for a few months, when things were not going well, the mob of sycophants

dwindled almost to nothing. That was the hardest blow Jimmie had to face, I think.

"Aw, what's the use of going on with this? He's getting along fine now, and my hat's off to him for fighting back again the way he has."

When Jim Murray finished high school he went to work in an insurance office. In his own words "that job lasted quick." Other jobs followed; one as a brakeman on a Baltimore & Ohio train, but that was no better than the others. He started going the rounds of the studios in New York looking for extra work.

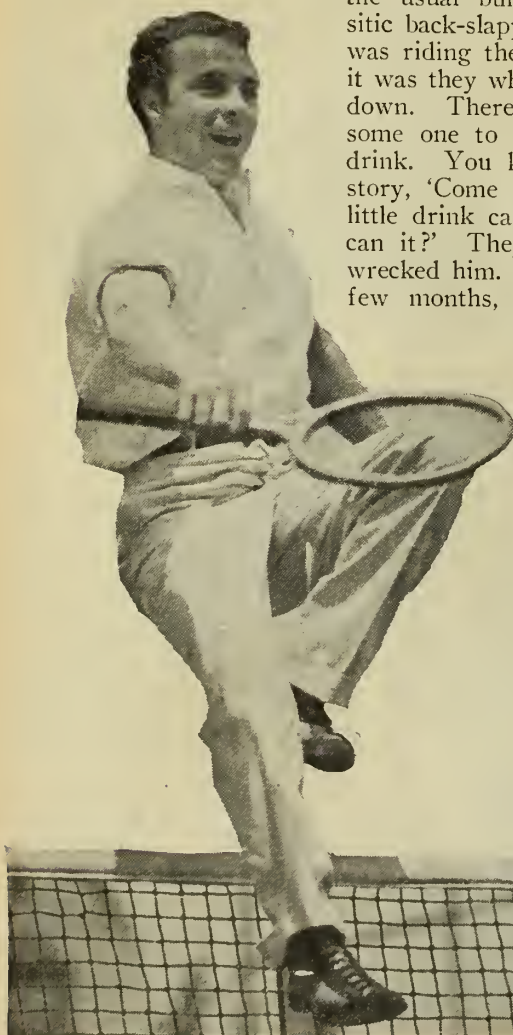
He bummed his way to Boston and met Glenn Tryon, whom he had known in New York, who was there as assistant director on the Nick Carter two-reel stories, and Glenn gave him work. The enterprise blew up, and he bummed his way back to New York and two or three months of doing nothing. Always the quest for that unknown something that spelled peace. Finally a job as doorman at the Capitol Theater, which grew irksome after about three weeks, and he bummed his way out to Hollywood. He stayed there about six months, and nothing happened, so he bummed his way East again to New York. A job at the Piccadilly Theater—superintendent. After a time, with several steps between, he became house manager, his best job up to that time, but that was not enough to stifle the unrest inside him. He bummed his way back to Hollywood. Various and sundry were the jobs that occupied him there.

One memorable afternoon he was leaving the M.-G.-M. lot after a day's work as extra, when King Vidor saw him and sent a boy after him to tell him to report for a test next day for "The Crowd," but Jimmie didn't know that. He had already had a call from another studio for the next day, and told the boy he couldn't report. The message was relayed to Mr. Vidor, who told him to come the following day. However, the following day he was still working, and the studio lot was not graced with his presence. After about a week they traced him and told him that if he would condescend to come out and take the test, they would pay him for the day's work. The test occupied two days, the first working by himself, and the second with Eleanor Boardman. Knees shaking from nervousness, he finally got through it somehow, and the rest is screen history.

During the filming of "The Crowd," he went to New York to work on it, traveling at the studio's expense.

"Can you imagine the thrill I got out of riding first class

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Mr. Murray's restlessness is expended in a grand romp with Flash.



Good Sports

These canine players will join their fellow stars any time in a little nonsense between scenes.

Jiggs, below, knocks off a few minutes from work to seek relaxation with his pipe and mug.



Time to go to work, King, below, reminds Neil Hamilton, after a rest during "The Mysterious Doctor Fu Manchu."



"Give me a light, old man," says the pup to his pal, Johnny Hines, above.

Getting ready for a hop in the air, Baron, center, is quite nonchalant as Buddy Rogers helps with the cap and goggles.



The ace of dog stars, Rin-Tin-Tin, below, has his giddy moments and here seems to have just stepped out of a whoopee club.

The Stroller



Pungent comment on by-products of Hollywood life.

By Neville Reay

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

FOR many seasons the so-called intelligentsia of Hollywood—a little clique of four or five self-appointed souls—have quoted producers and supervisors as making infinitely stupid remarks.

All the bon mots have been attributed without foundation to gag men—the reason being that the few intelligentsia, afraid of work, are envious of the gag-man job, which consists simply of being present on the set and having a memory not too decrepit to remember what audiences laughed at in pictures viewed by chance, during a hangover, at some neighborhood house.

On a browseful evening I saw a jabbering half-wit walking down the Boulevard. He drew my attention, because he was talking to himself and laughing a little louder than any one else. Thinking he was a pie-eyed piper, I followed, and soon he turned into a studio.

At last I was seeing a fabled producer in the flesh. But he approached a comedy set, and a moment later was heard to mutter to the director, "This is a great spot for a hundred and eight. Have her back over the footstool and fall down. I just saw it at the Iris Theater and everybody laughed."

Old England had its famed taverns which, during the eighteenth century, became the clubs of the literati, and Hollywood has Henry's restaurant. But Henry's, I am sure, will never make a dent in the literary history of America.

I'll do a little Boswelling on Henry's. Starting at about 11 p. m., and until about 1 a. m., this is the gathering place of many of those who—shall I say make pictures?—want to be seen.

If it is after an opening, they flock there to be sure that if any one missed seeing them at the theater, there will still be a chance to discuss the picture. After a preview, whether the picture be bad or worse—did you see "The Squall"?—the director and cast con-

gregate to accept the yessing of the assistant directors, film editors, and extras.

"You were great. You stole that picture, kid. Great script. Lousy script, but you saved it with your directorial touches. Did you see me right behind the star in that close-up in reel three? Bet I'll be 'discovered.' That gag was mine. Saved the picture from being a flop."

Nonentities strut and pose with assumed, pompous profundity. Tourists—they are always present, like California ants, which stars even find in their bathrooms—gasp with admiration at the majesty of prop boys.

I was leaving for my vacation; which means that I was at the choo-choo station about to entrain, as we call it.

Several press agents of my acquaintance were on hand carrying flowers. A band, outside was playing "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." There was much trumpet blowing and even more drum banging.

"What," I inquired, "is the cause of this?"

The press agents blushed. That is, all but the serious-minded one did. The last spoke up evenly, "We are meeting Henrietta Blah, the critic on the *New York Chronicle*."

Soon the train pulled in and stopped. There was a rushing of studio officials as some one cried, "Here she is!" Cameras clicked, the crowd cheered loudly and shook hands with a portly, middle-aged woman, who must have been born in Iowa City. She was escorted away.

Having met New York critics at railroad stations under stress of financial need, and in the capacity of a down-trodden press agent, I know whereof I speak. If I can find another kindred soul, the next \$30-a-week-and-tips critic is going to be greeted with a machine gun camouflaged in a camera—and thus many producers will be spared the trouble of trying to buy good reviews with lavish entertainment. So far, I have met but

Tourists seeking the low-down on Hollywood naughtiness usually miss it by just a few walls and window shades.



one critic with perception enough to accept with quizzical eyebrow this flamboyant buffoonery.

Every yesman in Hollywood has a teleological significance.

So far as I have read—and I frankly confess that I read very few of my Hollywood contemporaries, unless their quills have been dipped in flowing lava—I have yet to read anything in defense of yesmen.

Yessing is an art, the nearest thing to an art that Hollywood has developed. Successful affirmers make hundreds and sometimes thousands of dollars a week.

Every motion-picture executive, from producer to director, needs a good one, for few heads possess either the strength or ability to make up their minds. Underlings feed them ideas one day; the next day they sell them the idea that the idea was not theirs; and the next day the executive is all steamed up over the idea. Then the yesman steps in and clinches the situation, while the executive swells with importance.

One trouble with Hollywood is that no director knows whether he really has a good picture when he is finished. He seeks mental stimulation in the praise of projection-room operators.

Once a director asked me what I thought of his picture. I told him, and every time we meet now, he tilts his nose and quickens his pace like an Equity actor dodging a process server.

Automobiles, more elaborate than a DeMille bathtub, have popped out recently, driven by green, yellow, and purple-liveried pilots.

Obsequious twins compose the crew of the Gloria Swanson buggy—one for the tiring job of steering, the other for the manual labor of opening the heavy door, and aiding the great to alight. I don't remember, but if she hasn't, she should have a coach dog in a box on top.

One car, with headlights, fog light, spread-beam light, two gigantic, running-board lamps, a couple of spotlights and other equipment carries a big generator under the hood. This belongs to a producer who uses it to light sets on location. The rest of the car looks like a wartime transport, even to the color scheme. Then, of course, there are Fords so dolled up that they look like a portable display for an accessory firm, carrying even upper and lower berths—a great Hollywood convenience.

It may be a bit late, but historically speaking, the origin of the phrase "banana oil" has been found.

Film editors use banana oil to glue scenes together. Hence, the phrase "That's a lot of banana oil" possesses double significance.

I got this far without mentioning talking pictures, for which I claim a world's record.

But now comes an item:

Extras hate to work, and even worse, they hate to think. They



The Stroller suggests a drastic remedy for the noisy welcomes New York critics have come to expect from Hollywood.

would rather say "cease" than "stop." It isn't such an energetic word.

Now come the Walla-walla boys. The latest development in a fine art, Walla-walla in this case not being the home of apples.

A director kept listening to rushes of a murmuring crowd. To his sensitive ears it sounded terrific.

He tried again and this time caught about half the extras, who should have been saying something, wagging their jaws and crying, "Walla, walla, walla, walla, walla," through the entire scene.

The boys were sent back home to pick apples, and the director recruited six former train announcers to call out all the stops between Los Angeles and Chicago.

Hollywood is becoming an upper Broadway, full of apartment hotels.

These apartment houses have strange tenants. A weary newspaperman plays "The Chisholm Trail" on his phonograph. A featured player calls his bootlegger, and a minute later the bootlegger leaves his room across the hall and delivers. A director is entertaining a girl in another. Four scenario writers are listening to two publicists dissertate on bad scenarios, as they sip watered Scotch over a poker table. A famous star rushes from an apartment following a telephone tip-off, and his wife just misses him. Five people have passed out in another. A girl is explaining over the phone that she has a headache, and can't go out with the assistant casting-director. Three men are slugging each other, because one told the others they used the wrong make-up. A little girl all alone is crying, because no studio will register her. She is writing home for some money, expecting luck to change any day.

And in another a family of tourists are reading PICTURE PLAY. Says the mother, "Hollywood isn't as wicked as it's painted. Why, it's just like Sauk Center. So quiet. And I came here to see Hollywood sin."

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Tourists, like California ants, pop from under cover in the least expected places, to gaze at the gifted gals.



Have Foreigners

Some of the greatest names from across the seas microphone, and those that remain may follow. But wood attempting to denature their accents. This their

By Myrtle

Only one country failed to send a star. The actor is the sole article sold in America not labeled "Made in Czecho-Slovakia."

In the battle for survival, Mexico wins the war, and didn't even have a seat at the league! England is a close second. Spain has no erasures. Germans are conspicuous failures. What contrasts and food for thought—success for the most primitive and most reserved, while the favorites among Continental talent fail. European studios have imprinted artistic aids of a technical nature, but their Thespians have left few shadows.

Why? Competition, fan resentment, inadaptability. Phases, as the Latin, passed.

Attributing the blame to the talkies is a shield. A deficient accent is retained, while acquired but flawless English goes home, dejected. One beauty's assurance is shaken; another is tactful, applies herself to voice-lifting, adapts herself, and signs contracts.

They say that Veidt, De Putti, and Varconi gave the mike the carache, but I wonder. Before the shadows spoke, there were Lars Hanson, Maria Corda, Vera Voronino, Arlette Marchal, Joan "Dimples" Lido, and others.

Let's rally the movie league, and award justified decorations, and mention in citations those whose courage has merited medals of American praise. The remnants who must retreat with tattered flags, suppose we send them home on a sympathetic sigh, before we consign them to that foreign legion of films.

Maurice Chevalier.

Fedelia Armida.

Emil Jannings.

Marietta Millner.

Donald Reed.

A FEW years ago diplomats representing many countries met. Pompous phrases, a bit vague, appeared in the newspaper accounts. The world's most brilliant minds cogitated.

I often wondered what it was all about, didn't you?

Now I believe I know. Triumph of the simple brain! They were selecting mademoiselles and señoritas to send to Hollywood! That must have been it.

Maybe now they feel that the meeting was not wholly a success.

Boats have brought their cargo of beauty and talent—and were re-laden with it. In charity, contracts to work in Hollywood should provide free passage home.

What have the foreign nations added to our screen? Sophistication was packed in the Lubitsch and Negri suit cases; vivid personalities, a freer emotional expression, culture, and poise were smuggled in, duty free. Our movie grew from a gingham gal into a chic débutante under their stimulating impulse. They planted the seeds, at least, of subtlety, symbolism, and irony. They lifted comedy from slapstick to the farce of situation. They took the sheen of too-fresh polish off our elegance, mellowing it until it resembled the habitude of heritage.

There have been nationality eras, each embroidering our screen with its individuality—German hordes, Russian storms, Swedish moods, Mexican fireworks, English conservatism, sprinkled with French and Austrian frivolities.

a Chance Now?

have returned to their native lands, defeated by the a horde of their brothers and sisters are in Holly-comprehensive article gives their names and cites problems.

Gebhart

The Union Jack waves briskly! Step up, Britons, and salute your colors. Roll call! Eight have succeeded—Ronald Colman, Clive Brook, H. B. Warner, Reginald Denny, John Loder, Walter Byron, Victor McLaglen, and Dorothy Mackaill.

Reg's decided accent registers disconcertingly American! Dorothy is the exception to the rule that British women's voices are too high-pitched; hers is crisp, yet low. Though Byron isn't publicly audible—"Queen Kelly" is suffering from laryngitis—echoes indicate expert articulation. Vic, you had a sweatin' job, by Jove, ditchin' the bloomin' British tones for the dialect grumbling of an American sergeant in "The Cock-eyed World."

Fay Compton, of London's stage, spoke beautifully in Menjou's "Fashions in Love." Influence did not pave the way for Flora Bramley, though the stage has received her with better manners. Beatrice Lillie failed here. Percy Marmont returned to England.

There are no recent Irish or Scottish lads, excepting the great John McCormack, to shear the brogue, or slice the bur. Old-timers with thick tongues are repolishing the blarney, and broadening boot-leg Scotch into the real stuff.

*"Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé."*

Morning glory for some, clouds obscuring its sunlight from others. Four rally to the Tricolor; four are missing.

Paul Lukas.

Yola d'Avril.

Victor Varconi.

Nils Asther.

Lia Tora.

"Parlez-vous Anglais, Maurice Chevalier?"

"Attagirl! And how!"

The favorite of Paris acquainted himself with our traits and, to a degree, our language, through glad-handing celebrated American visitors.

"Où est Renée Adorée?"

"Je suis ici!" her answer bubbles.

But she pretty nearly wasn't here, in the asthmatic screen's first delirium. She recites her ABC's dutifully, and softens the roll of her r's.

Lily Damita is our chanson. On her personal-appearance tour, she claims to have added to her repertoire a "Boston bean" accent and a cactus bur. So Lily is lilting

along. Sprightly Yola d'Avril is now free-lancing. Though they antedated the speakeasies, Charles de Roche, Andrée Lafayette (*Trilby*), Arlette Marchal, and Paulette Duval found America unsympathetic.

"Skool!"

Sweden's score, two up, one question-marked, two out. Greta Garbo's first outloud, "Anna Christie," is fogged with her native accent. Her popularity justifies M.-G.-M.'s gamble, even perhaps later stardom in dumbies. Enchanting Greta Nissen is routined with an obscure stock company, to acquire English dexterity. Nils Asther is being de-accented. I hope not too much; a Continental flavor would be an *apéritif* to his adroit and suave performances.

Lars Hanson and Mona Martenson, better known abroad than Garbo, did not click. That was prior to the accent age.

"Sprechen sie Deutsch?"

Alas, Emil Jannings did—but little English. He tried. The stellar syllables simply defied translation. The Swedish accent is least easily shed. German ranking second in adhesiveness. Is his art not great enough for us to accept his pantomimic articulation? Studios, however, do not favor one silent movie in a blanket schedule of all-dialogue pictures.

Have Foreigners a Chance Now?

Apparent fragility often camouflages steel. Camilla Horn, who reminds me of shaded pink candles, was told to go home. Instead, she signed for a jabber film in German!

Michael Bohnen, Metropolitan baritone, will be valuable to Warners as a linguist; his idea that the bombastic opera should be given intimacy on the screen is refreshing. Fritz Feld, *The Piper*, of "The Miracle," after a while of acting, saw more money in the technical side of pictures. Dita Parlo and Lil Dagovar of Ufa arrived on the bandwagons and scarcely had time to change their hats; they were marked "Return to sender."

Intermission, while we imagine we are singing the Hungarian national anthem. Vilma Banky sang a bar or two over the phone, which proved of no practical aid.

Two white marks, one black, two blurred.

Vilma is most studious, having had as instructors the noted Nance O'Neil and Jane Manners. The elusive *f* has been located. One regrets the passing of her quaint accent and twisting of words. Paul Lukas finds his accent a slight detriment, but not a handicap. Yet despite his splendid performance as *Lord Nelson*, Victor Varconi has gone home, feeling that the microphone would refuse him. Lucien Prival and Paul Vincenti have attained small rôles.

I couldn't even say "Howdy-do" in Vienna. But neither could Eva von Berne in Hollywood. Pathos marked her leave-taking. Marietta Millner did not click prior to the talkies, and her recent death, through dieting, was a shock. Irene Palasty, a Fox importation, sings in several languages, and should be useful in operettas, and from a stage term in America of two years comes Zita Johann to M.-G.-M. Two adieux, two welcomes yet to be tested. Viennese women are attractive, entertaining and clever. There should be more.

"Buenos días! Como está usted, Señorita Lupe?"

"Estoy muy bien."

"No se vaya usted!"

"Believe me, I won't go away!" shouts Lupe.

Ten peppers brushed over the border make the chili consonants fly. Seven have inflamed the electrics, one is still unknown, and three are moderately successful. Juan Sedillo, American-born, makes his début in "The Girl from Havana."

Dolores del Rio's soprano ornamented "Evangeline," Gilbert Roland's slight accent is said not to disturb "New York

Raquel
Torres.

Of the Germans, one is new and untried, five were dismissed, two are fighting courageously, and one does well in another branch of picture work.

Conrad Veidt, with his peculiar, quivering tenacity, is licked. Eyes and face, mirroring each nuance of thought, spoke for him and when he left, regretfully, to work in German films again, his English was not bad. He is no jazz boy for the Broadway lights, this electric conduit of vibrant, then somber, moods.

Lya de Putti flashed a brilliant flame with meteoric brevity. Miscasting abetted in her failure here. I have been told that she was deliberately "broken" by jealous enemies who broadcast false stories; considering the source of information and the circumstances, I am inclined to believe it. Long hours she would kneel in church, sobbing out her prayers and bafflement. Her English was excellent. Her vibrance, a little wilted, is scintillating for a London producer. Some day she will win her due as a dramatic actress.

Though her explosion on her first attempt was small, Lena Malena, returning in the midst of the upheaval, was given several rôles, although her accent was as cracked as ever. This fräulein bounced back, as if she hadn't understood she had been put out. The box office must be addressed in conciliatory tones, however, so Lena is learning to whisper cajolery into the little tin ear.

Barry
Norton.

Greta
Garbo.

Jean
Hersholt.

Vera Voronina.

Walter Byron.

Nights." Raquel Torres has tones that match her personality, gentle and shy, and a bit pathetic. Only Ramon Novarro, whose position is assured, and Armida, sing "Cielito Lindo" with lilt and spirit and loveliness. Armida, a protégée of Gus Edwards, is a small tamale with the face of a Mexican doll, and wrappings of mimicry, naïveté, and mischief. This Mexican minx is a Lupe muffled by a soft pedal.

Fox brought in a raft of Mexicans. Some have disappeared, unless they are relabeled. Delia Magana, a stage star in her country, and Lupita Tovar, discovered in a school entertainment, are being retained.

Donald Reed is free-lancing. Mona Rico's beautiful hands won rôles with Barrymore and others. Gloria de Cota was a glorified extra girl during the tenure of a Pathé contract.

The trumpets blare forth the "Himno de Riego." I speak very little Spanish, but let's get together, señores, on this matter.

Tony Moreno is an old-timer, but worthy of mention here, because he has staged an emphatic comeback in the talkies. Don Alvarado, christened José Paige, of English and Spanish ancestry, thinks he chose the wrong name to wear, and seeks a new one. His voice is all right, but his label too foreign. Barcelona's emissary is Maria Alba, beauty-contest winner, whose Fox contract is not being renewed. José Crespo is a promising newcomer, seen and heard in "Joy Street."

Spain must have left the league to see a bullfight!

Few hands snap up in the Fascisti salute. Where are the blackshirts—the Italians expected to follow Rudy? Was his popularity, then, just a Latin phase? Or was it Rudy? I think we know the answer to that.

Lola Salvi, Italy's beauty queen, faces an uncertain free-lance field. Josephine Borio

Lupe Velez.

Ivan Lebedeff.

Delia Magana

H. B. Warner.

Lupita Tovar.

plays small rôles. Robert St. Angelo, a husky bambino, looked promising at the Pathé studio, but where is he now? André Mattoni was imported by Universal three years ago, and got only a close-up or two. Rosa Rudami, whose ideas were a trifle wild, married and retired. Credit Italy with honest effort, anyhow.

"Heil dir, dem Liebenden."

Maybe it's quite all right; but I'd rather some one would rally them to Bodil's pancake party and sing, "Hail, hail, the gang's all here!" Only, there isn't any gang—just Bodil Rosing and Jean Hersholt, whose accents have taken all hurdles without a spill, and a young Dane, Peter Diege, who is slowly climbing. Not including in this reception our sturdy old-timer, Karl Dane, whose screen health is far from failing.

Russia has given us restaurants and Baclanova. We bear the one that we may keep the second. One rapid and secure success, three failures, and on four reports are negligible.

Poland is Russia's cousin, yes? Pola with her alabaster—I mean white—face, Pola with her prestige, arrived. Pola plus a prince, but minus her prestige, left. Poor Pola! Mediocre stories and overacting in personal matters clubbed her.

Maria Corda was unfortunately introduced; she may yet exclaim. Vera Voronina, charmingly vivacious, went to Paris. No one seems to know why she failed. Thais Valdemar got publicity, but made no progress. Aristocratic, high-spirited Natalie Barache was imported, clipped to Natli Barr, and cast once. She disappeared, later returning to New York as one of eight international beauties modeling clothes. I believe. A real princess of the snowy steppes, Natalie Golitzin, protégée of Elinor Glyn, plays small rôles.

Lithuania? Ivan Lebedeff has had both major and minor rôles. Two Greeks have sought fame. Pathé did not exercise an option on Rita Carita's services, but Paul Ralli is mentioned encouragingly.

Fay Compton.

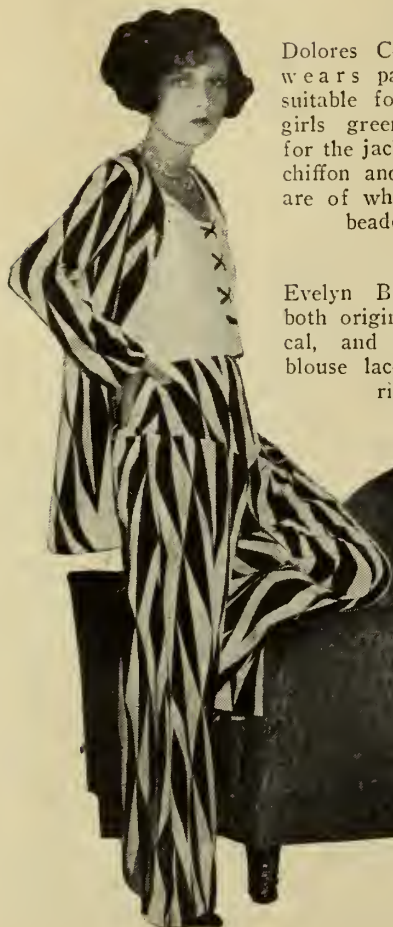
[Continued on page 113]

For No

At least it is only fair to assume that the stars do

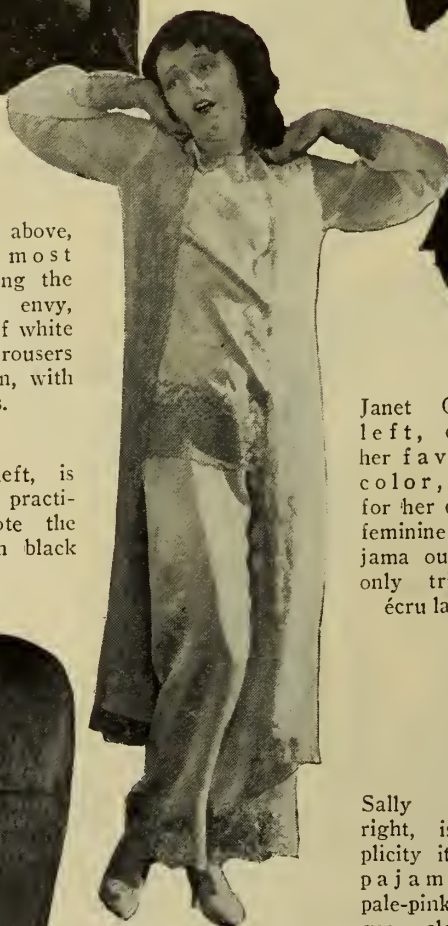


You won't find Clara Bow, left, going in for Spartan simplicity in her intimate attire, for her suit is of black chiffon and velvet, with touches of yellow satin, and her come-hither smile is a touch all Clara's own.



Dolores Costello, above, wears pajamas most suitable for making the girls green with envy, for the jacket is of white chiffon and the trousers are of white satin, with beaded cuffs.

Evelyn Brent, left, is both original and practical, and do note the blouse laced with black ribbons.



Janet Gaynor, left, chooses her favorite color, peach, for her daintily feminine pajama outfit, its only trimming écreu lace.



Sally Phipps, right, is simplicity itself in pajamas of pale-pink pongee, sleeveless and untrimmed.

Man's Land

not don pajamas to receive their boy friends in.



Florence Eldridge, right, who, by the way, is Mrs. Fredric March, wears a tailored lounging outfit of black transparent velvet, with blouse of white satin. No furbelows for her, either!

Carol Lombard, below, lolls elaborately in brown moiré, with blouse of beige crape—rather stuffy, *n'est-ce pas?*



Little lady Lois, otherwise Miss Moran, above, is nothing if not original in her choice of bizarre and lavish attire, from her plumed slippers all the way up.



Alice White, right, offers her idea of "As You Like It."



Brief and to the point is the boudoir garb of Mary Astor, above, since she began to play sophisticated rôles.

BLACK eyes, broken noses, dethroned teeth, and cauliflower ears will yet be the insignia of great bravery, or the evidence of just a plain lack of fighting prowess, during this the most turbulent year that the movies have ever endured.

Wars and rumors of wars are as nothing in contrast to the jousts, tourneys, mêlées, and near-fisticuffs that are going on in filmdom during the current tumultuous summer.

Half of Hollywood is not speaking to the other half—not an unusual state, perhaps, but certainly aggravated by present circumstances. Catcalls, boos, and hisses are audible evidence of antipathies and enmities that have widely developed in the much-disturbed colony.

What has happened is that Equity, the actors' union, has attempted to call a sort of strike in the studios, and has encountered violent opposition from the producers. What is more, there has been a division of opinion on the advisability of the move within the players' own organization. It has paved the way for a three-way battle.

The several camps have been taking pot-shots at each other from under cover, and have also resorted to verbal combat. As yet no fatalities have occurred, but there are probably more wounded feelings than at any time in the history of pictureland.

Sacrificial Hero.

To date, Conrad Nagel has emerged with the most scars and the heaviest heart. Indeed, he seems to have been made the goat of the whole clash. He was berated in public meeting on one occasion, and giped on others. Generally he seems to have been the receiver of the crown of razberries.

A year or two ago Nagel was the hero as a fighter for the rights of the player. This was during the ten-per-cent-cut period, when the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences essayed to smooth the arguments between Thespian and studio executive. Nagel was the white-headed boy of the industry then, but to-day he is labeled with such pleasant-sounding epithets as "traitor" and "betrayer," and the group he generals, which was opposed to some of the principles of Equity, was referred to as "renaglers," parodying the word "renegade."

So go always fame, fortune, celebrity and applause, even in the intimate circle of the colony. A dictator to-day, in front of the firing squad to-morrow—such indeed has been the fate of Conrad. One thing he can console himself with, however, is that through it all he has remained a heroic figure in the eyes of a small but loyal minority. He has the ability to hold the admiration of those who know him well, and few, if any others, have been so fortunate.

Hollywood

Unreeling the news and gossip of the bright personalities of the picture world.

Two Feminine Warriors.

Louise Dresser and Marie Dressler were two other stormy petrels in the hectic sessions. Louise took up the cudgels for the undisturbed peace and calm of Hollywood, and waxed more than metaphoric in doing so.

She very pertinently remarked that conditions that prevailed on the stage, where Equity won a big fight some years ago, were not the same as conditions in the films, and that consequently the organization was really hornin' in where it wasn't needed.

One of the most quoted of her statements follows: "Right to right and this is not right. It is *not* right! This thing has been a bomb-shell. People of standing are paralyzed. No one knows what it is all about. I'm thoroughly indignant. My friends are indignant—they can't figure it out. We all ask—who started it? Why now? Is it because two or three dozen more actors from the stage are in Hollywood? That doesn't make any difference."

Which leaves us doubting as to whether Louise didn't miss her calling by not entering the world of breathless oratory. Certainly she is mistress of it.

The Snub Courteous.

In a fracas that she had with some Equity members, Miss Dressler was inclined to be much less rhetorical. She had been talking to a group of mixed radicals

and conservatives. There was a considerable disturbance originating from Equity sympathizers. Finally one actress tossed off a rather impudent and personal question to Miss Dressler. It looked like fireworks.

But Marie didn't lose her composure. She drew herself up haughtily, fixed the questioner with a steely glance. "You expect me to answer that?" she queried superbly. "Humph, pardon me, I don't even know who you are. So *why* should I talk to you?"

The decision of the referees favored Miss Dressler.

Substance of Conflict.

The manifestations of the Equity war have taken the form of a sort of tie-up in talent. Members of the organization are not permitted to accept rôles at the



With all his increasing fame, Richard Arlen still does his own housework, so to speak. Here he is in the midst of a big day with the pruning shears.

High Lights

By
Edwin and Elza Schallert

studios until the imbroglio is over. The leading companies have naturally undergone difficulties in casting pictures. In one instance no less than thirteen players were called up and asked to play a certain rôle, but each in turn refused. This naturally occasioned a delay in the production.

Equity wants to establish a special form of contract for players, and a working week of approximately forty-eight hours. Chiefly they want recognition as an organization. In their contract they also have some stipulations about the lending of players. They have signified their willingness to arbitrate certain severer portions of the contract, but the producers have refused to consider this procedure.

Meanwhile a large number of players who are not members of the organization are working, while, of course, the contract actors who receive the higher salaries are not affected.

Britons Endow Denny.

Notwithstanding the many, many changes that are taking place in the studios, success, big success, still appears to shine upon the favorite stars of the B. T.—“before talkie”—period.

Reginald Denny is a good example. He left Universal, but has signed with a British company to make four pictures a year, for which he will receive the trifling sum of \$150,000 a picture. That makes a neat \$10,000 a week and more for Reginald. An attractive feature of his contract is that he may make some pictures abroad.

With “Bubbles” Steiffel, whom he married about a year ago, Denny has been spending a belated honeymoon in Honolulu. The couple never had a chance to make a trip immediately after the wedding, because Denny was kept so busy working.

Bebe Sings to Victory.

Bebe Daniels looks both glorious and glorified these days. She has entered enthusiastically into the business of making the musical show “Rio Rita,” and Bebe will do her own singing. RKO, with whom she is now associated, chants her praises, and predict that she has a big future in talking pictures.

It is only a few months ago that Paramount, who allowed several old players to go, permitted Bebe's contract to lapse. Maybe it wasn't such good judgment.

Adolphe Menjou and Florence Vidor are others no longer with this organization. Menjou, expressing great wonder as to why he had not been retained for audible films in America, recently set forth for Paris. His first talkie, “Fashions in Love,” revealed him to be a very polished microphone conversationalist.

Of the major stars that they had last year, Paramount retains but three. These are Clara Bow, George Bancroft, and Buddy Rogers. The others, like Ruth Chatterton, Gary Cooper, and Richard Arlen, have been newly elevated to first-line positions, while still others, like Maurice Chevalier, Dennis King, and Moran and Mack, have been brought from the stage recently.

Paramount isn't the only company that has made many changes. Studios generally have been in a state of upheaval. Recent figures show that fully half their personnel has been altered from a year ago, and most of them have greatly increased the number of people under contract.

It's no joke about the talkie revolution.

High Cost of Melody.

Financial ventures of movie magnates never cease to be both spectacular and puzzling. A beneficiary of one of their most recent heavy investments was Paul Whiteman, the jazz band leader.

Whiteman was signed by Universal, receiving, it is said, a flat sum of \$50,000 in advance, and a salary of \$8,000 a week, in addition, for eight weeks. His band was paid something over \$4,000 a week during the period—still in addition.

The situation acquired complexities when several weeks went by without any story being found suitable to his talents or desires. During this period Whiteman managed to provide pleasure with his music at the studio, which may have been construed as ameliorating the weight of the expense to some extent.

A Long-distance Première.

Fox provided the biggest recent social event. They took a huge host of stars to the opening of a new \$5,000,000 theater in San Francisco. Some of them were nearly mobbed, because the northern city is not so accustomed to large premières as Los Angeles. But there was enough applause connected with the affair to satisfy nearly everybody. Besides, there was plenty of sociability, as the whole crowd traveled up the Coast on a special train. The party included Warner Baxter, Lois Moran, Janet Gaynor, George O'Brien, Victor McLaglen, Charles Farrell, Buster Keaton, Reginald Denny,

Lois Wilson, Anita Page, Lily Damita, Renée Adorée, Norma Shearer, William Haines, Alice White, Olga Baclanova, Edmund Lowe, Wallace Beery, Nils Asther, to mention about a third of the number.

The only untoward event was when one of the masters of ceremonies, evidently not familiar with all the names, introduced Lupe

It takes real broadmindedness for a star to enjoy a caricature of herself, so you don't find Irene Bordoni frowning at this one.



Velez as "Lupe Velay," making her French instead of Spanish, and Renée Adorée as "Rena Adorie," and Nils Asther as "Niles Asher."

"Anyway," remarked Johnny Mack Brown, after the proceedings were over, "they got *my* name right."

May Sedately Wedded.

A church wedding always creates a big stir in movie-land, and May McAvoy's fully lived up to prophecies of its uniqueness when she was married to Maurice J. Cleary, an investment broker. The ceremony took place in the Church of the Good Shepherd, in Beverly Hills. About two years ago Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque were married there.

Picture folk in numbers turned out for the marriage, and for the reception that followed at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. Crowds of sight-seers were roped off from the entrance of the church, and waited throughout the service to cheer and applaud the bridal party.

May was attended by Louis Wilson as maid of honor, and by Mildred Davis, Gertrude Olmsted, Helen Ferguson, and Edith and Irene Mayer, the daughters of Louis B. Mayer, the film producer. The wedding was in the late afternoon, and very quiet in character.

Billie Goes A-cycling.

Studio publicity departments often give us our most diverting moments. Here is a piece of copy sent to us not long ago. It pertains to Billie Dove and is in the nature of a biography. We find the following extract interesting:

"Known as the most beautiful woman on the screen, Billie Dove will not discuss beauty. But under the combined pressure of several interviewers she has revealed her plan of exercises, and care of the face and body. She sleeps eight hours a day. Never lets pleasure interfere with this rule. Sleeps in the open air. Takes sun baths in the privacy of her sun porch, and is almost a fanatic about the medicinal value of sunshine. Her biggest meal is breakfast. Usually has a vegetable lunch. Her lightest meal is dinner. She takes stretching exercises morning and night. Ditto cold shower. The most beneficial thing, she says, is bicycling." And here is the real kick to the story. "She does it nightly—in bed. Lying on her back, with legs in the air, she just pedals rapidly. Billie also exercises her eyes before the mirror."

Ah, Love! Ah, Love!

Here is another that may appeal to you if you have a satirical mind. It is attributed to Norma Talmadge. It exhales strange Victorian sentiment in this age of flapperistic philosophy.

"No amount of dialogue can express the sweet, sincere, and invariably speechless emotion we call love. In the old, pretalkie days we interpreted it by means of expressive eyes, a gesture of the hands, and perhaps twenty to thirty feet of film just looking at each other. It was these delicate love scenes, so near to real life, that tended to popularize motion pictures."

Some truth to it, at that!

Eatons Are Refreshing.

A most remarkable family are the Eatons! Really a group to write home about. You might also call them

an assemblage, a company, or an organization, since there are seven of them—children, we mean. There are nine, including mother and father, but neither of the parents is in the profession.

Mary Eaton is the star. She is playing in pictures for Paramount, and is engaged to Millard Webb, the director.

Doris Eaton danced in "Street Girl," the RKO film, and Charlie was seen in "The Ghost Talks."

Then there are Pearl, who is supervising dances for RKO; Evelyn, who is married, and has two children; and two other brothers—one still going to college, and the other married and living in the East. That seems to account for them all.

One of the most delightful evenings that we have ever spent in Hollywood was at their home, and the high light was when Mary and Marilyn Miller staged a dance competition to broken rhythms. "Very broken," Mary called them.

Assures Its Tastiness.

We always suspected that somebody, sooner or later, would make the slip, and so we weren't surprised, but amused, when at a neighborhood theater it was announced not long ago that Mary Pickford was appearing there in "Croquette."

Rather Inarticulate.

Deduce from this what you will, but it has been made known that in her picture "Footlights and Fools," Colleen Moore will sing a song called "Pilly Pom Pom Plee."

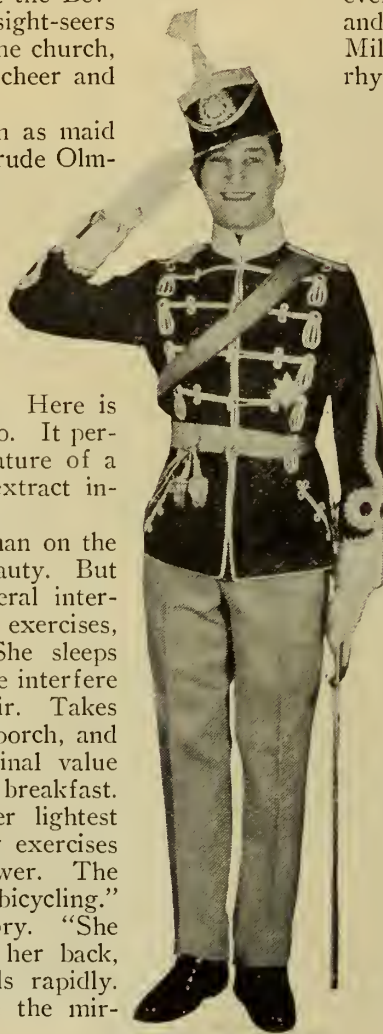
Sandals Too Resonant.

Add to items of attire unsuitable for use on sound stages—Deauville sandals. They squeak. And the squeaking records. Ann Harding was the Sherlock Holmes who discovered this during the filming of "Her Private Affairs." An extra was wearing the sandals, but nobody at first ascribed the "interference" to them. They thought it was ground noise. After several takes had been made, and were found N. G., because of the sharpness of the sound, Miss Harding, who was working in the scene, decided the sandals must be the cause. Now, she says, if she ever quits acting, she's going to apply for a job as a sound expert.

Marriage With Embellishments.

Stepin Fetchit, gay and clever colored adventurer of the films, had the proud but rather troublesome distinction of marrying and being sued for \$100,000 breach of promise almost simultaneously. Stepin was married to Dorothy Stevenson, a seventeen-year-old high-school girl. The lady who alleged the broken heart was also seventeen. Her name is Yvonne Butler. She declared that Stepin, whose real name is Lincoln Theodore Perry, plighted his troth to her last October, and that she was to become his wife in November. Stepin, she said, postponed the wedding.

The marriage of Fetchit to Miss Stevenson took place at a church in the negro district of Los Angeles, and was a real event. Somebody facetiously posted a sign on the back of the actor's automobile reading, "I ain't going to sin no more," which caused considerable hilar-



Maurice Chevalier shows what to expect of him in "The Love Parade."

ity among the bystanders, and made even Stepin himself laugh.

Western Ways Live On.

Noah Beery's long career in melodramas has not been for naught. He proved this with Spartan vigor in defending a piece of his property from invasion by aqueduct builders. Noah took the law into his own hands, b'gosh, and posted an army on the *terrain*, to oppose all inroads, but as it happened, there weren't any.

The army consisted of four cow-punchers, and they, as well as Beery, had their pictures taken and printed in the newspapers, aiming and cocking their rifles ready to do battle. The names of Beery's cohorts added even more color to the event. They were Bob Edwards, Bob Warren, "Curley" Riviere, and Al Slaughter. The last seems to us notably menacing.

The reason for Beery's objection to the aqueduct was that he didn't consider the price stipulated as payment for the right-of-way high enough. He resorted therefore to the good old Western method of preventing infringement.

Will and Irene Reunited.

The reunion of Will Rogers and Irene Rich, in "They Had to See Paris," takes one back fully ten years in the movies. At that time Miss Rich was regularly Rogers' leading woman, and appeared with him in "Jubilo," one of his most interesting efforts of that period.

Irene has since been up to the heights of stardom. A few years ago she was one of the screen's big favorites. To-day she is hesitant as to whether she will continue in pictures, or divide time between the stage and vaudeville. Maybe—who knows—the renewal of her association with Rogers is the beginning of a new phase of her success.

Art Takes Its Toll.

Charlie Chaplin is for art at all costs, even at midnight, and despite cold water.

He and Henry Clive, the artist, who, it seems, was a little less arty than Chaplin, came to the parting of the ways simply on this account. They were tremendously good friends before that.

Chaplin was making scenes for "Bright Lights," in which he was supposed to flounder around in the studio pool, and Clive was called upon to do some floundering with him. Clive decided that because of the temperature of the water in the deep hours of night, his health wouldn't permit it. Then Charlie delivered an ultimatum, and Clive decreed that the challenge was wholly uninviting.

There is one actor happier as a result of the little difference. His name is Harry Myers.

Ruth Hobbles Valorously.

Henceforward Ruth Roland will dive through the waves, rather than jump over them. She has made that a rule, because of a recent catastrophe.



May McAvoy and Maurice J. Cleary face the sweet music of cheering onlookers as they leave the scene of their wedding.

Ruth broke a toe, and had to hobble around on crutches for about a month. It was all because she didn't want to get her hair wet while bathing. She did the wave jumping, instead of tunneling, to avoid this, and the result was that she came down too hard on a sharp rock. The broken toe was a consequence.

Also, because of the injury, Ruth fell in the water, her hair was nicely doused, and the new marcel she was trying to protect rendered unrecognizable.

She managed exceptionally well on crutches, for we saw her at the theater several times, and at May McAvoy's wedding. And she was very willing to be photographed by the news camera men, at the marital function, even though crippled.

Charlie Murray Resumes.

Charlie Murray stepped out of pictures, and stepped into vaudeville nearly a year ago, but the films have won him back again. He is doing a two-reeler for Christie.

Murray for a time was a topnotcher in feature productions. He played for First National. Difficulties in obtaining proper stories for him were said to have interfered with his progress. [Continued on page 92]



Alice Joyce insists on the real thing in sun tan.

Sand Sport

Idly lolling on the beach is no longer popular—the stars prefer games of skill.



Lo Rayne Duval, above, left, and Dorothy Gulliver are not starlets to waste their time looking for a ship on the horizon, for they much prefer to while away the day with sand billiards, which requires oodles of skill, they say.



Dorothy Sebastian, above, who has hit the bull's-eye on the screen often enough, tries it at the beach in a game called "dart the dart."



Likewise Barbara Kent, above, left, and Kathryn Crawford set up the ping-pong net and indulge in a strenuous game, while Merna Kennedy keeps the score.

Anita Page, right, takes her parlor golf set to the beach on those rare days when she is not working, and there she plays away like a contented kiddie.





A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE

"She Goes to War"—United Artists. Incidental sound. War picture with unusual story and magnificent acting, in which a girl dons her drunken fiancé's uniform and goes to battle, and is awakened to real life. Alma Rubens and Eleanor Boardman give fine performances, and the talents of Edmund Burns are brought out. John Holland, Al St. John, Yola d'Avril, Glen Walters, Eulalie Jensen.

"Studio Murder Mystery, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Film studio crime unraveled by gag man and police, with suspense, many laughs, and after suspicion points to five persons, a satisfactory solution is hit upon. Neil Hamilton in leading rôle gives engaging performance, Fredric March the murdered actor. Florence Eldridge's talking début. Warner Oland, Doris Hill, Lane Chandler, Eugene Pallette, Chester Conklin.

"Where East Is East"—Metro-Goldwyn. Silent. Troubles of a jungle animal hunter, who seeks happiness for his untamed daughter. Lon Chaney as you would expect him, Lupe Velez, and Estelle Taylor in a brilliant rôle. Lloyd Hughes also at his best. Splendid atmosphere and a picture to see.

"Man I Love, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Striking film of prize fighter's drifting and his come-back in the nick of time. Richard Arlen's pleasing talkie début as the fighter who is captivated by Baclanova, but in the end knows heart is with his wife, Mary Brian. Swiftly presented, engrossing. Leslie Fenton effective.

"On With the Show"—Warner. All dialogue, singing, dancing, and entirely in color besides. Gayety and beauty of musical comedy, with young love of an usher and coat-room girl, with other issues galore. Entire cast does well. Betty Compson, Louise Fazenda, Sally O'Neil, Joe E. Brown, William Bakewell, Arthur Lake, Wheeler Oakman, Sam Hardy, Ethel Waters.

"Bulldog Drummond"—United Artists. All dialogue. A melodramatic thriller, with sophisticated viewpoint which makes fun of what viewpoints. Story of bored ex-war hero, who advertises for adventure and gets it. Ronald Colman vitalized and remade by speech, giving memorable performance, ably seconded by Joan Bennett, Lilyan Tashman, and Montagu Love.

"Madame X"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Old-time melodrama of mother love superbly vivified by fresh dialogue, modern direction, and superb acting, with Ruth Chatterton and Raymond Hackett as mother and son reaching heights of tear-wringing emotion in famous courtroom scene, where wretched woman charged with murder is defended by son taught to believe her dead. Lewis Stone, Eugenie Besserer, Mitchell Lewis, Holmes Herbert, and Ulrich Haupt.

"Valiant, The"—Fox. All dialogue. Grimly uncompromising picture notable for introduction to screen of Paul Muni, whose place among leaders now is unchallenged. Story of murderer's efforts to convince sister that her brother is not himself, but a soldier who died a hero. Marguerite Churchill also fine, and John Mack Brown does well.

"Pagan, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Singing. Treat for Ramon Novarro's fans and justification of all they've read of his singing voice, which is delightful, exceptional. Story of young South Sea Islander's love for half-caste girl. Dorothy Janis, Renée Adorée, and Donald Crisp.

"Close Harmony"—Paramount. All dialogue. Lively, up-to-date medley of backstage life, shrewd, clever, entertaining, with best performance Charles Rogers has given in talkies, and another by Nancy Carroll. Jack Oakie, "Skeets" Gallagher, and Harry Green.

"Trial of Mary Dugan, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Courtroom drama glorified in baffling mystery murder of a chorus girl's lover. Norma Shearer excellent in talkie début, as accused girl. Raymond Hackett, a newcomer, Lewis Stone, H. B. Warner, Lilyan Tashman give fine support.

"Coquette"—United Artists. All dialogue. The "new" Mary Pickford, in fancy frocks and bob, essays a flirt whose actions create drama in a small-town Southern family. John Mack Brown, John St. Polis, Matt Moore.

"Rainbow Man, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. An irresistible picture, with finely balanced sentiment and fun, with Eddie Dowling, the stage star, and his young partner, Frankie Darro, in minstrel-show settings. They find Marian Nixon and love and trouble. Dowling is a knock-out.

"Divine Lady, The"—First National. Silent. A series of exquisite paintings animated with poetic feeling and a little drama. Lovely presentation of "Lady Hamilton" by Corinne Griffith and finely modulated "Lord Nelson" by Victor Varconi. H. B. Warner, Ian Keith, Montagu Love, Dorothy Cumming, Marie Dressler.

"Alibi"—United Artists. All dialogue. Crook picture, played and directed with distinction. A cop's daughter sympathizes with underworld, marries a crook, but is soon disillusioned in a thrilling climax. Chester Morris, Eleanor Griffith, Pat O'Malley, Regis Toomey supply high lights in action and talk.

"Wild Orchids"—Metro-Goldwyn. Silent. Greta Garbo in her best rôle, rather slow, but impelled by adult emotions. Java beautifully pictured. Nils Asther and Lewis Stone. Triangular love situation, a wife's admirer punished.

"Letter, The"—Paramount. Entertaining eloquence and dramatic situa-

tions make this a milestone in all-dialogue films, and bring to the screen the gifted Jeanne Eagels. A civilized picture showing the wrecked lives of an English couple in Singapore. Stage cast devoid of cuties includes O. P. Heggie, Reginald Owen, and Herbert Marshall.

"Iron Mask, The"—United Artists. A picturesque tapestry, sequel to "The Three Musketeers," superbly exploiting Douglas Fairbanks. Story from Dumas revolves around the throne of seventeenth-century France. Marguerite de la Motte, Dorothy Revier, William Bakewell, and Ulrich Haupt.

"Broadway Melody, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. An extraordinarily entertaining musical-comedy picture, human in its appealing story of stage life, with dialogue, song and spectacle. Concerning two sisters with ambitions to make Broadway, and a song-and-dance artist from their home town, and their careers and loves. Bessie Love, Anita Page, and Charles King top-notch.

"Doctor's Secret, The"—Paramount. Talkie version of a stage play with Ruth Chatterton achieving distinction in her talking-celluloid début. Old-fashioned story of bridge-building lover and frustrated elopement with dramatic situations. Excellent support by H. B. Warner, Robert Edeson, John Loder, Ethel Wales, Nanci Price.

"In Old Arizona"—Fox. An all-dialogue picture, most of it occurring in the open, it is in a class by itself—superlative. Story of a calico "Carmen," her passing love for a Portuguese cattle thief, and her betrayal of him to an American soldier. Gripping, picturesque, amusing, tragic; superb performances by Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe, with interesting support from Dorothy Burgess, a newcomer.

"Shopworn Angel, The"—Paramount. Simple story of ingenuous soldier in love with sophisticated chorus girl who gradually responds to his idealistic worship, but hasn't courage to tell him truth about herself. Acted with rare feeling, delicacy and intelligence by Gary Cooper, Nancy Carroll, and Paul Lukas, with complete absence of the maudlin. Mr. Cooper heard for first time in talking sequence. He's there!

FOR SECOND CHOICE

"Four Feathers, The"—Paramount. Silent. English soldier loses his nerve before Sudan war, but later goes to the jungles to redeem himself in the eyes of fiancée and friends. Authentic, thrilling sequences made in the wilds, around which picture is cleverly built. Fay Wray, Richard Arlen, Clive Brook, William Powell, Noah Beery, Philippe de Laey.

"Black Watch, The"—Fox. All dialogue. Pictorially magnificent film about English soldier on the Afghan

[Continued on page 115]

WHILE George Bancroft stays on the screen the underworld will remain glamorous, fascinating, ironic and, from a safe distance, amusing. Granting that it is romanticized and sentimentalized, the movie underworld of which Mr. Bancroft is king is a vastly entertaining realm. And now that it has become articulate it is even more interesting, if not more real. Which is to say that the triumph of "Underworld" and "The Dragnet" is repeated in "Thunderbolt," with additional interest coming from the fact that it is entirely in dialogue.

Again Mr. Bancroft plays his familiar character, that of a master gunman, police baiter and underworld chieftain, this time called "Thunderbolt" Jim Lang. Forsaken by his girl, "Ritzzy," he traces her to the apartment of Bob Morgan and his mother, where she is living until she and Bob can marry. Thunderbolt's plan to kill Bob miscarries through the affectionate interference of his dog, and Thunderbolt at last is captured by the police. All this is conventional enough, though more than ordinarily tense and thrilling. But it is while Thunderbolt is in jail that the picture takes on new and unexpected interest.

Exaggerated the antics of the neurotic warden may be, and exaggerated too the conduct of the prisoners, with their quartet and their wise-cracks tossed through the bars. But at this late day in the annals of the movie underworld novelty must be introduced. At any rate, this sequence paves the way for the finest acting Mr. Bancroft has ever given us, at the end of the picture. With the aid of confederates on the outside he has had Bob framed for murder, and plans to kill Bob as he himself walks by his cell to the death chamber. But at the last moment he changes his mind and saunters to the electric chair, followed as far as the door by his dog. Of course Bob is cleared.

Enjoyment of the picture must include the revelation by Fay Wray of unsuspected talent. As Ritzzy, the gangster's swell moll, Miss Wray is wholly unbelievable. And this, if you please, from the heroine of "The First Kiss" one short year ago! Richard Arlen, as Bob, also scores in his second audible rôle—scores so heavily, in fact, that the superlatives that one summons to describe his performance all at once seem trivial. Needless to say that such dependables as Eugenie Besserer, Tully Marshall, Fred Kohler, Robert Elliott, and E. H. Calvert are in keeping with the others.

Miss Gaynor, Mr. Farrell, and Mr. Borzage Again.

A touching idyl called "Lucky Star" brings Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell together again, not forgetting that all-important member of the trio who made "Seventh Heaven," the director, Frank Borzage. Between them they have wrought a poetic fairy tale which

Screen

The Norbert Lusk

pretends to deal with grim realities, but which remains forever in the land of make-believe. Not that it is unconvincing, for it is entirely believable while you remain in its spell. But Mr. Borzage's talent lies as much in creating a curious, almost undefinable atmosphere of remoteness as in directing his players. In this instance we see murky byways of a country that cannot be identified. While the characters have Anglo-Saxon names, one never feels that they are on English or American soil, but are existing in that nameless land of

Mr. Borzage's own mind, where good is exalted to the heavens and evil is baser than anywhere else. And where, also, the most terrific conflict of these forces is ended by an expedient found in the simplest story-book for littlest folk. Here, in particular, evil is routed and goodness triumphs when the crippled hero regains the use of his body and gives the brawny villain a trouncing that a prize fighter might well be proud of. To make the defeat of badness more complete, he is joined from out



Fay Wray comes through with a surprising performance in "Thunderbolt," with George Bancroft.

of nowhere by a group of nameless bravos, who needlessly add their blows to his own in rendering the villain *hors de combat*. Thus hero and heroine are free to stand on the railroad track and face a happier day, while the train bears away their Nemesis.

All this begins when the heroine, Mary, a wretchedly unhappy product of a squatter farm, meets the hopelessly crippled ex-soldier Timothy Osborn, who lifts her out of her despondency and "makes her clean inside and out." Then the girl meets a former buddy of Timothy, who wears a uniform he has no right to, and whose pretensions stir the cupidity of Mary's mother. The woman promises the pseudo-soldier that Mary shall be his, and to make sure that she shall be ready for him the girl is locked in her room. When the mother drives her cart by the cripple's home on her way to the station to deliver Mary to her unwanted admirer, the boy clutches the cart and is dragged over the snow until his grip relaxes and he falls into a drift. But he negotiates the journey somehow—probably with the help of the fairy godmother Mr. Borzage keeps in the prop room for his

in Review

Though stage players continue to invade the talkies, an old-timer jubilantly records some successful adventures in speech among favorites of the silent era.

lovers in distress—and there he is at the station, miraculously restored to virility at the moment *Mary* needs him most.

But this is no laughing matter, in spite of my seeming to think so. The picture is beautiful, poignant, and uplifting. Much of it is in dialogue, and while Miss Gaynor at first sounds like a talking doll and Mr. Farrell the masculine equivalent of one, the force and beauty of their acting in time creeps into their voices until they perfectly fit the adolescent characters they portray. Guinn Williams, who is Mr. Farrell's pal in real life, does everything to make him unhappy in this glimpse of mimic life, and does it exceedingly well. Hedwig Reicher, from the stage, enacts *Mary's* mean mother. To me she is the witch right out of "Hansel and Gretel." That, I think, is highest praise.

The Heart of a Housekeeper.

The cast of "Pleasure Crazy" is more important than the picture. It consists of Marguerite Churchill, whose beautiful performance is one of the reasons why "The Valiant" was a success: Dorothy Burgess, who was the Mexican siren in "In Old Arizona"; and Kenneth MacKenna, one of the really-leading leading men of the New York theater, whose talkie debut is made in the new picture, though he is not forgotten in the silent "Clothes Make the Pirate," with Leon Errol, some years ago.

These are three of the happiest "finds" of the speaking screen, and because of their individual ability the chance to see them together must not be passed by. Miss Churchill's grace, sincerity, and feminine appeal are precious assets in her general equipment, her voice is another, and her hands, quite the loveliest of any on the screen, are again evident. They would be, wouldn't they, unless she had lost them since "The Valiant"? But that is neither here nor there! This time Miss Burgess is no dusky specialist in perfidy, but a blond wife who is more civilized, though quite as wicked, as she who betrayed *The Cisco Kid*, and the actress is just as effective. Mr. MacKenna is quite unlike our standardized movie heroes, whose flashing teeth and piercing

eyes supply the expression which comes from Mr. MacKenna's voice. Yet his voice is devoid of any tone that flashes or pierces. Instead it plays with the thought he makes audible, and he seems to be thinking before he speaks, so that the spectator first follows his mind and then his lines.

This is not unusual among stage players, but how often have you noticed it among those who speak on the screen? His rôle is *Captain Anthony Dean*, who leases a beautiful place in the country from *Colonel Farquhar*, a crook, who leaves behind his confederate, *Nora Westby*, as housekeeper. But *Nora* falls in love with *Captain Dean* and refuses to betray the hiding place of his wife's jewels to *Colonel Farquhar*. When *Captain Dean* discovers his wife's liaison with *Nigel Blain* he goes to San Francisco to institute divorce proceedings. With the return of the crooks to force *Nora* to turn over the jewels, issues become so complicated and melodramatic action so rapid that it is impossible to recount subsequent events.

At any rate, you must know that *Nora* saves *Captain Dean* from poisoning, and when she is unmasked by *Colonel Farquhar* as a crook, it makes no difference at all. It's all a wild scramble of melodrama, but it is well played and one's interest is held until the action runs away with itself. Then all one can do is to relax and see how fast things happen. Douglas Gilmore, Campbell Gullan, Henry Kolker, Rex Bell, and Charlotte Merriam are others in the cast who do well.



Betty Compson, Grant Withers, and John Davidson contribute expert aid to the success of "The Time, the Place, and the Girl."

A Trifle Light As Air.

A thoroughly entertaining picture is "The Time, the Place and the Girl." Without any pre-

tensions at all, it surprises by a liveliness of story, excellence of acting and constant movement to such an extent that there isn't a dull moment. Really, I don't know how all this comes about. It is a minor miracle. For the story is taken from an ancient musical comedy which held the stage when pompadours, picture hats and willow plumes were the mode, and it's not remarkable for originality even when played as well as it is. But the fact remains that a more amusing picture hasn't been seen in a long time.

Perhaps it's because of the absence of music, which would certainly "date" the piece if it were heard. Instead it is played entirely in dialogue of the wise-cracking kind and—well, I enjoyed it. For one thing, Grant Withers makes his talking debut and emerges with flying colors. It is always gratifying when a player, whose training has come entirely from the screen, delivers a fine performance by means of speech. This Mr. Withers assuredly does as *Jim Crauc*, the conceited football player who becomes a bond salesman and easy prey for a scheme his boss has for selling trick stock to the



"Fashions in Love."



"Charming Sinners."



"Behind That Curtain."



"Broadway Babies."

women who flock around *Jim*. How he blunders out of this trap as easily as he falls into it, is one of the reasons why the picture never drags. Every moment yields a chuckle or a laugh, and Mr. Withers' is by no means the only outstanding performance. There is Betty Compson's. As the shrewd wife of *Jim's* boss, with a desire to annex *Jim* for her own, she is vastly amusing, and while the rôle is an obvious one, the actress gives it amazing subtlety. Also there is John Davidson, as Miss Compson's husband and Mr. Withers' employer, whose voice is distinctive and whose drollery is civilized.

Gertrude Olmsted, James Kirkwood, Bert Roach, and three charming matrons comprise the remainder of the cast. The matrons, by the way, are Vivien Oakland, who is Mrs. John T. Murray; Gretchen Hartman, who is Mrs. Alan Hale; and Irene Haisman, the former Mrs. Reginald Denny. I don't blame Mr. Withers for being flattered by their interest in him.

Miss Bow At Her Best.

Among Clara Bow's best pictures is her latest, "Dangerous Curves." It is her second venture into speech and her second serious rôle since she achieved stardom. The other, you remember, was "Ladies of the Mob." If you liked Clara wistful and earnest in that—and I did—you will like her even better as a circus girl in the new one. For she is, to put it mildly, just about the most delightful trick that ever slipped into a pair of tights. More than that, she shows herself quite as capable of pathos as she is of pertness, and she uses her voice far more effectively than in "The Wild Party." Altogether I see no reason why any one could go wrong in giving the palm to Clara for a fine performance in a rattling good picture. Nor do I know of any one able to wrest Clara's particular palm from her. She's the only one of her kind, bless 'er!

As *Pat Delaney*, an unimportant member of the troupe, she adores from afar *Larry Lee*, the star wire walker, who has eyes for no one but *Zara*, his partner. Meanwhile *Zara* is deceiving him in an affair with another performer. From this familiar tangle come mildly unexpected developments, including a big sacrifice on the part of *Pat* which opens *Larry's* eyes to her true worth. It's trite in print, I know, but really it is poignantly set forth on the screen and Clara shines in every incident, her eager, breathless voice adding greatly to the pathos of her devotion and her determination to rehabilitate *Larry* after his accident, to say nothing of saving him from the toils of *Zara*. Believe me, Clara has the strongest possible support in Richard Arlen, as *Larry*, whose performance as the conceited wire walker is quite as fine as his prize fighter in "The Man I Love." It places him among the top-notch screen players to gain instead of lose by speech. Then there is the intriguing Kay Francis, as *Zara*, and David Newell, another newcomer, as *Tony*, *Larry's* rival. The circus atmosphere has speed and glamour only equalled by "The Four Devils. You really mustn't miss this one, children.

Adolphe Menjou Speaks.

One of Adolphe Menjou's most engaging pictures is his first talkie, "Fashions in Love." It happens also to be his last for Paramount. And that is too bad. For he contributes a rare performance with the aid of speech quite as good, it seems to me, as any actor of the speaking stage could deliver. Better, really, for Mr. Menjou's wide experience on the screen gives him an edge over any actor trained on the stage. So you who like Mr. Menjou will see him at his best, and you who have perhaps been lukewarm will find much to raise the temperature of your regard for him.

"Fashions in Love" is based on a play popular years ago, called "The Concert." It might be said to be the forerunner of all the sophisticated, Continental comedies which Mr. Menjou has made peculiarly his own. But it is played with such intelligence, deftness, and charm that it seems as new as any story of a philandering husband could be. The husband in this case is *Paul de Remy*, a virtuoso of the piano, whose patient, understanding wife sees him safely through innumerable affairs with adoring ladies, and applies hair dye to his musicianly locks with the loving care of a bride on her honeymoon—or a particularly competent valet. She is

especially efficient in terminating *Paul's* romantic interlude with *Delphine Martin* and bringing him to his senses. He runs off to the country with *Delphine*, fondly believing that his wife doesn't suspect. But she and *Delphine's* easy-going husband pretend that they are in love with each other, whereupon the two runaways get on each other's nerves and return to their original mates. All this is played with verve and sparkle and civilized humor.

Mr. Menjou's voice is a perfect expression of his personality. His French accent is that of a Frenchman speaking English, not the foreign accent of an American. Fay Compton, who is really important in the London theater, is the wife. Her performance is cool perfection, her speech a lesson to all who have the temerity to speak in public without training. Miriam Seegar, another newcomer, manages artfully to make the silly wife a charming person, and John Miljan, his villainy cast aside, is thoroughly agreeable as her husband.

Home Life of a Genius.

Dignified, beautiful, "Wonder of Women" is quietly thrilling too, but its values are for the thoughtful picturegoer, not the casual dropper-in. Its scenes of German life are meticulous in detail and exquisite in feeling. So much so that one feels that if there were no story at all it would be a pleasure to look at such backgrounds. But there is a story and a tender and moving one, too, dealing with a philandering composer who marries a quiet, domestic wife. Irrked by the routine of a home, and chafing under his wife's gentle efforts to mold him to the pattern of a family man, he steals off to Berlin to renew his association with a prima donna. There his wife finds him, but her sympathetic understanding is such that she conceals her heartbreak. When she dies he is awakened to the realization that his wife and the humdrum virtues she represented have really been his inspiration. For the music he composes in the quiet home—hating it so much that he suffers it to be published only under an assumed name—turns out to be his finest, and is acclaimed on all sides as the work of a genius.

Too much cannot be said of the acting which makes the picture memorable. Lewis Stone gives a marvelous portrayal of *Stephen Tromholt*, the composer, and Peggy Wood, from the stage, is ideal as the wife. The latter part of the picture in dialogue reveals the great strides made by Leila Hyams, as the prima donna, since she was heard in "Alias Jimmie Valentine."

Lemon or Cream?

There are times when actors doing society stuff are just a bit more exasperating than actors being tough and underworldly. It isn't that either phase is exactly unconvincing, but there comes a time when one wishes—at least I do—that something would happen to jolt them into dropping pretense and being themselves. Now, I don't imply that Ruth Chatterton, Clive Brook, and William Powell are any less well bred in real life than they are in "Charming Sinners." But they are somewhat tiresome, with incessant cigarette lighting, tea sipping, hand kissing and "my dear"-ing. Over all is the languor not so much of drawing-room technique as a rather malarial story. Ethel Barrymore performed it on the stage as "The Constant Wife" and even her delicate art didn't wholly disguise its feebleness. But censorship has robbed it of its original climax and necessitated an equivocation. Instead of the constant wife's closing her eyes to her husband's infidelity until she announced her intention to go on a vacation with a former suitor, in the picture she only pretends to do so and ends with a moral lecture.

Preceding this thunderbolt we see the elegant home life of *Robert* and *Kathryn Miles*, he a drawing-room doctor, she his graceful, correct wife, fully aware of his liaison with *Anne-Marie Whitley*, her friend. It is when *Anne-Marie's* hoodwinked husband suddenly finds himself possessed of evidence of his wife's philandering, that *Kathryn* saves the situation for everybody by claiming her husband's cigarette case—gold, of course, and monogrammed—as her own. It is then that *Kathryn* decides to teach her husband a lesson by playing the well-known game of tit for tat.

All these maneuvers are elegantly set forth. In fact, if they'd

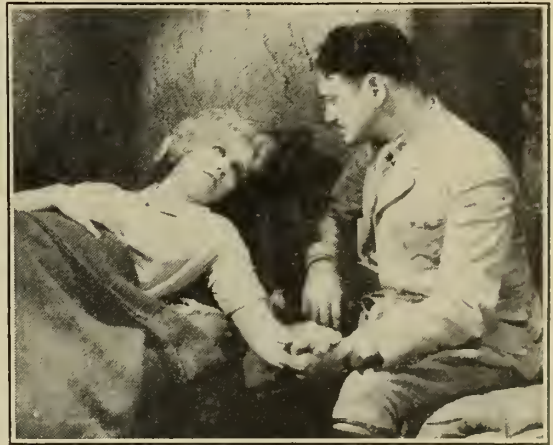
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"Thunder."



"Pleasure Crazy."



"The Wheel of Life."



"Dangerous Curves."

It's Love He Wants

Ivan Lebedeff, widely experienced in Continental sophistication, thinks that a foreigner is doomed to tragedy if he seeks true love in Hollywood. Read his story and decide if you agree with him.

By Helen Louise Walker

I HAVE experienced glory, and I know that it is cheap. I have had power, even unto life and death over my fellow beings, and I know that there is too much pain in it for any human being to bear. I have had wealth, and its loss has taught me how trivial it is in comparison to the things which make up human reality."

Thus Ivan Lebedeff, born a Russian aristocrat under the czar's régime, erstwhile Russian officer, decorated many times for gallantry, one-time dictator of Odessa, food administrator, financier, writer, philosopher, sophisticate—now an actor.

Even in Hollywood, the last stand of adventurers, where a colorful past is the rule rather than the exception, Ivan Lebedeff is a romantic figure. Handsome, dark, suave, his heel-clicking entrance into a room causes a distinct flutter among the ladies and a slight stiffening of masculine spines. And as he proceeds on his round of hand-kissing, whispers may be heard, sibilantly following him, "Who is that man?" "Oh, don't you know? That's Lebedeff. They say he is a real count—"

It is just this knack of kissing hands so convincingly, of embellishing dinner tables, of lending an aura of Continental sophistication to a gathering, that has kept Lebedeff in a position of local prominence through a succession of the unluckiest professional breaks imaginable.

He has the ability to make people like him and to register vividly upon their consciousness. Sophisticated people—people who count—have cultivated him and deftly exploited him socially through a period of professional obscurity.

After two years with Ufa in Germany, Lebedeff came to America about three years ago, to be discovered by D. W. Griffith, who pronounced him "one of the most powerful men I have ever seen on the screen."

Griffith, it is said, fought hard to obtain the leading rôle in "The Sorrows of Satan" for his protégé, but the producers of that picture felt that an unknown player in the title rôle would reduce the box-office value. So, after the manner of picture-makers, a compromise was effected which created a second part, almost equal to that of *Satan* himself, for Ivan. As was to be expected, this did not work out so well, and Ivan's seventeen weeks' work on the picture was cut to almost nothing in the final version.

He was under personal contract to Griffith during a long period of inactivity while

that director broke with Paramount and dickered for new connections. When Griffith signed with United Artists, one of the stipulations of his contract was that he should not have any players under personal contract.

Released, Lebedeff dickered too, and ended by going to DeMille—a short time before that producer-director gave up his studio and released his contract players.

Followed a series of near-clicks—important rôles which he nearly got, pictures which were shelved, interest taken in him by important persons who slipped from importance at the crucial moment. He was signed, or almost signed, for a dozen things which did not materialize. Again and again success was almost in his grasp—and dissolved as he tried to tighten his hold upon it.

Gradually there came to be a more or less steady and unspectacular demand for him in character rôles of the romantic-heavy type.

Then came talking pictures and recession for most of the accented foreign players. But not for the Russian anomaly who is Lebedeff. His voice reproduces well, and his trace of accent exactly suits his exotic, foreign personality. The demand for him is growing in leaps and bounds and, as I write, he has signed a contract with RKO.

And why not? Foreign players were capitalized in silent pictures because they were "different." A trace of accent in the talking medium only emphasizes that same valuable "difference."

Lebedeff is one of Hollywood's most colorful personalities. His English, though it betrays his foreign birth, is fluent and he talks brilliantly. Harrowing experiences during the war have left their mark upon him, and when he speaks of them there is a look in his eyes of a man who has seen humanity at its lowest, as well as at its noblest. One gathers that a glimpse of the depths leaves scars that a look at the heights will not heal.

A connoisseur of living, he gives you to understand that pictures for him are no last resort of an impoverished nobleman. He is here because he likes it. He avers that he has been offered commercial positions, which would be far more lucrative than he imagines pictures will ever be for him.

"But why should I force myself to sit at a desk and be bored for any money?" he shrugs.

Fatuous though this may sound in print, it is convincing when Lebedeff tells it to you, gazing at the smoke of his cigarette through half-closed eyes.

"I do not want much money," he says. "I was born to money, and I know that when you have too much, it is worse for you—for your

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Glory, power, wealth—Ivan Lebedeff has had them all and now considers them dross.

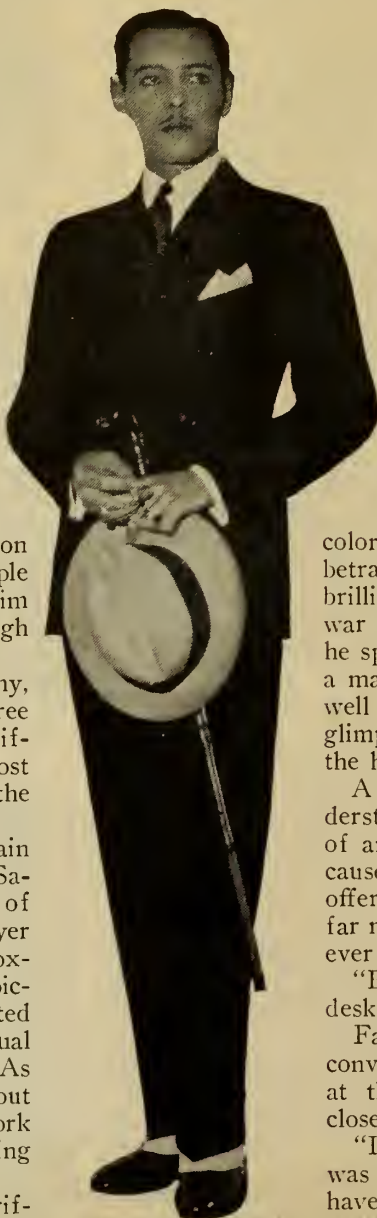


Photo by Autrey



Ivan Lebedeff has been "discovered" more frequently than any player, but a malign influence has prevented his playing the big rôles intended for him. In Helen Louise Walker's story opposite you will learn his extraordinary history as well as his latest break.

Hectic

That describes the melodramatic existence of a young couple in "Fast Life."

Chester Morris, left, is one of Loretta Young's several suitors from whom she has concealed knowledge of her marriage to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.



Again Loretta Young, left, conceals the truth from Chester Morris.

In the oval, right, Miss Young visits Mr. Fairbanks in prison, where he awaits execution for the supposed murder of his friend.

Ray Hallor, below, invades the bedroom of Mr. Fairbanks and Miss Young.



Those Pearls

This time they are seen in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," and Norma Shearer is almost found guilty of stealing them because she is associated with crooks.



At top of page are Basil Rathbone, Norma Shearer, Maude Turner Gordon, Herbert Bunston, Cyril Chadwick, Madeline Seymour, and Moon Carroll, in the exciting scene of *Mrs. Cheyney's* return of the pearls she plotted to steal.

Miss Shearer, in oval, left, as *Mrs. Cheyney*, has a rôle quite as effective as *Mary Dugan*.

Miss Shearer, above, mingles in society as the tool of a band of crooks, but when her big chance comes to make a tremendous "haul" she weakens and prefers to be honest instead.

Mrs. Cheyney, left, is seen with Basil Rathbone, as *Lord Arthur Dilling*, whom she marries.



Richard Arlen, as *Steve*, at top of page, in an atmospheric shot.

Walter Huston, outer left, as the villain, *Trampas*.

Gary Cooper, below, as *The Virginian*; Mary Brian, as *Molly Wood*; and Mr. Huston, as *Trampas*.

Molly Wood, below, right, pleads with *The Virginian* not to fight.



Glory of

The glamour of elementary days gone by will never lessen powerful as "*The Virginian*" Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen.





the West

civilization as it existed in as long as there is a story as to tell, and such favorites as and Mary Brian to play in it.

Gary Cooper, at top of page.

Richard Arlen, right, as *Steve*, his first cowboy rôle.

Walter Huston, left, as *Trampas*, fires at *The Virginian*.

The Virginian, below, right, grimly recognizes *Steve* as his rival for *Mary*.





Ian Keith, left, as *Stephen Ghent*, and Dorothy Mackaill, as *Ruth Jordan*, stand united in the shadow of the canyon after deciding that nothing shall come between them.

Mr. Keith, below, as the picturesque hero who wins *Ruth* against her will.

Conflict

That's what happens when a man of the West meets a girl of the East in "The Great Divide."



Myrna Loy, left, as *Manuella*, loves *Stephen* in vain when *Ruth* appears on the scene, but she keeps the plot simmering nevertheless.

Miss Mackaill, outer left, as the Eastern girl on her first trip to the West.



The Mad Varicks

Ethel Barrymore made them famous in "Déclassée," and now Billie Dove will continue their indiscretions in the version called "Her Private Life."



Billie Dove, above, as *Lady Helen Haden*, finds herself penniless after her divorce.

She is seen again, center oval, with Walter Pidgeon, as *Ned Thayer*, and, right, in the security of her home before the scandal which causes the divorce.



Lady Helen, at top of page, believes that *Ned Thayer* has cheated at cards and so leaves him, she thinks, forever. But half an eye will tell you they will meet again.

Miss Dove, above, in one of the many smart costumes without which no film of hers would be complete.



Hymn of Motherhood

These striking scenes from "Lummox" give to the discerning a hint of what promises to be an enormously popular picture.

Winifred Westover, below, as *Bertha*, the Swedish servant whose nickname is the film's title.



Ben Lyon, as *Rollo Farley*, at top of page, comes suddenly into the room of *Bertha*, his mother's servant.



Bertha, left, decides to leave the *Farley* household rather than disgrace *Rollo*.



Bertha, right, befriends Dorothy Janis, as *Chita*.

Must a Star "Go Hollywood"?

No!—a thousand times no! It is possible for a player to think sanely and live modestly, to reduce expenses to a minimum and to provide for the future, and this article introduces some who do both, untouched by that unfortunate condition known as "going Hollywood."

By Myrtle Gebhart

IS it necessary to "go Hollywood"?

That expression has been flung about by some helter-skelter players, used as a crutch against which to lean their own weaknesses. When an actor is declared bankrupt, a startling list of debts facing scant assets, he usually gives a highly embroidered account of how stardom forced him to "go Hollywood," couched in a tone of personal grievance. Sensational newspapers have spread the thought that all get into that peculiar, unbalanced attitude which is described as "going Hollywood."

True, wealth, adulation, and the odd perspective which it is difficult not to acquire along with movie success, result in some distorted viewpoints. Spotlighted film-town cannot but be flamboyant; the public's constant reminders exaggerate the stars' importance. The manners and modes of more stabilized and routinized places must give way to the elasticity of a business which is partly an art, extremely chaotic and deals so largely with human emotions instead of with inanimate things like lumber or bonds. Circumstances render strict conventions impossible.

Nevertheless, "going Hollywood" is merely a synonym for "going haywire." That a star need not lose personal dignity, and all sense of proportion, is proved by many who do maintain equilibrium. The ones who go cuckoo probably would, anyhow.

One girl who wailed her woes—blaming them, vaguely, on the movies that had showered her with largesse—cannot get a shampoo at the hairdresser's, without sending out for a bottle of gin. Another claimed that she must spend over twenty thousand dollars a year

For her four-room apartment Mary Brian pays one hundred and fifty dollars a month.



Jeanette Loff saves twenty-five per cent of her salary, the same proportion being expended on living expenses.



on clothes, and one thousand a month on entertaining. Whom? And why? It wrecked her once-promising career, but others progress while overlooking this "necessity."

Usually the American rather than the foreign star imagines she must live in grand style. The want, even starvation, in their homelands has given the European a great respect for money, an awe of a sum which many of our people regard as mere change.

The stars are growing steadier each season. The present unsettled conditions and the lowering of salaries are factors responsible for a more sensible attitude. The majority must keep up ménages of relatives, too, and it is often a player's relative who, though contributing nothing to it, involves the family name in trouble.

Joan Crawford went Hollywood, with pyrotechnic display. After bitter hours, she realized her mistake and learned through love the genuineness of simple joys, and is happy for the first time in her life.

Though a coterie of top-notchers consider a costly scale of living essential, or an added interest to their public, and



One of Richard Arlen's economies consisted of laying the tiles in the patio of his home.

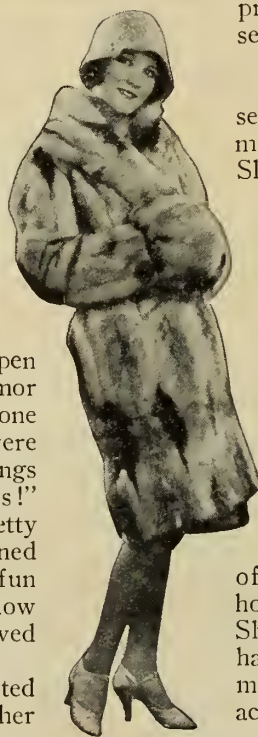
though some others prefer an ostentatious mode of life, the majority of established stars as well as those just polishing their gleams, are conservative. Thrift and economy, in proportion to their salaries and positions, are becoming more and more evident in many budgets.

The Fairbankses, Colleen Moore, Gloria Swanson, Marion Davies, Chaplin, and Harold Lloyd believe it necessary to keep up expensive mansions. Others deem social obligations inescapable. A while back the James Cruzes held open house on Sundays. Crowds would drop in. Rumor placed the cost of a week-end entertainment at one thousand dollars. Last Christmas their "cards" were sheets, newspaper size, depicting in clever drawings the abuse of their hospitality. "Guests have rights!" one exclaimed, as the visitors, whose names Betty Compson was asking, criticized the food and ruined the furniture and gardens. Whether meant in fun or as rebuke, no one knew definitely; however, now one hesitates to go to the Cruzes' without engraved invitations.

Marion Davies is no miser. Though she has salted away sizable sums and has a fortune in jewels, her living expenses must be enormous. Her parties are expensively magnificent. The Talmadges live in seeming extravagance in hotel suites, when Norma is not maintaining a home, though she herself has more simple tastes.

The Edmund Lowes entertain frequently at their home in Beverly Hills, where prices of commodities are double. Both like sophisticated social affairs and are generous in sharing their worldly goods; few couples

A seamstress, at four dollars a day, makes most of Mrs. Robert Armstrong's dresses, but her husband is obliged to spend more on his clothes.



enjoy life more, so they probably feel recompensed.

Nor is it only the star who loves the spotlight; too many executives and directors fail to foresee the inevitable studio shake-ups. The John Fords, however, spend money wisely; their life is happy, yet balanced. During the entire eight years of their marriage they have lived on one week's salary per month, banking the other three. With prosperity they began to accumulate lovely things, adapting expenses to the weekly check. Social life is a pastime, not an aim. Mary Ford has been called the most beautiful woman in Hollywood. I prefer to pay her a higher honor by saying that she is the most sensible.

The Robert Armstrongs' lives are normal, which means busy and pleasant. They do not scrimp; they have what they feel they can afford.

"Splurgers don't get ahead, even professionally," Mrs. Armstrong said frankly. "The spectacular attracts only momentarily. The producers have faith in the actor with common sense. If he isn't a good business man——"

"He should marry one," Bob chuckled.

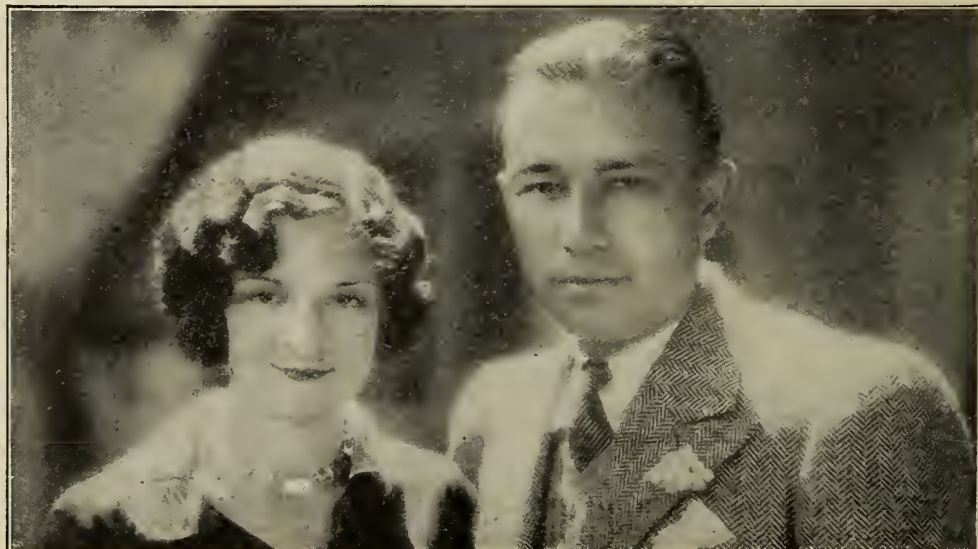
They have two cars and two servants. A seamstress, at four dollars a day, each season makes most of Mrs. Armstrong's dresses. She buys only special frocks for fifty dollars, or less. His tailoring is expensive, but necessary to his work. They entertain informally, but have never given a large party.

One fourth of Bob's earnings goes into life insurance. Another portion is invested in stocks and bonds.

Mary Philbin saves more than half her salary, but it costs her \$20,000 a year to live.

Substantial increases in salary did not alter their manner of living. Their home cost around twenty-five thousand dollars. The living-room curtains are made

of linen, and there isn't an Oriental rug in the house. They have been married three years. She banks and supervises all expenditures. She has one fur coat, but no jewels. The luxuries may come later, they say, when they have achieved financial independence.



The Ken Maynards, married five years, contend that it is cheaper to rent than to own a home, with assessments and taxes. Their apartment needs but one maid. His only luxury is his airplane. They overlook one rule regarded assiduously by most stars—they have never attended a picture première! Yet, because of his successful Westerns, Universal has signed him to film six a year for five years.

Glenn Tryon probably spends far less than the average business man making an equal amount, and invests more.

"Why spread it on thick?" he shrugs. "We have a six-room house; we are comfortable and happy. We keep two cars, a very small one and a larger one, and have a colored couple to look after us. Our entire budget, including household expenses, cars' upkeep and clothes, runs from three hundred and fifty to four hundred dollars a month."

You couldn't expect a star to do any better than that!

Florence Vidor and Norma Shearer, chateaux of beautiful homes, live extremely well but in exquisite taste. Irene Rich, as the wife of a millionaire, could afford a far more ostentatious mode of life than the relatively modest one she prefers. The Clive Brooks, Ernest Torrences, Monte Blues, Conrad Nagels, Warner Baxters, and William Boyds live about as do the Armstrongs. They enjoy their rather conservative, but in no way miserly lives, entertain informally and save money. They are the average, sensible folks who find success possible by *not* "going Hollywood."

Between them and the very extravagant couples one may place Esther Ralston and Corinne Griffith. Both have lovely homes, exquisitely and expensively furnished. Neither goes in much for social life, yet both have many attendants, large wardrobes, and surroundings of tasteful luxury.

One of Lila Lee's extravagances is the care of her hair.

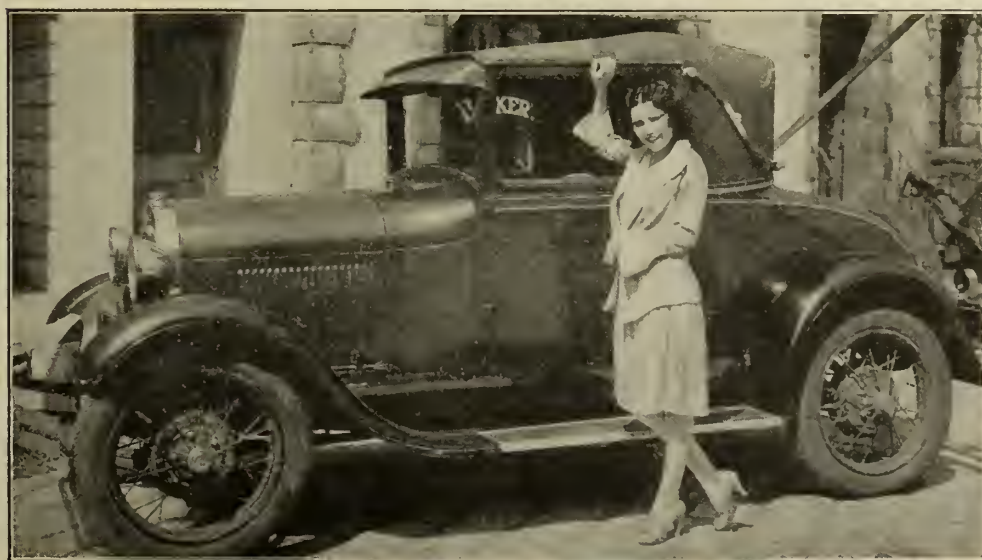


Russell Gleason, above, right, tied up most of his salary for three years in insurance policies, with the approval of his parents.



The Rod La Rocques must belong in the ultra class. They keep a butler. Otherwise they live with reasonable economy—due to Vilma's upbringing on lessons of thrift. Billie Dove's home is more modest than her social life, clothes, and general impression in public would indicate. Tom Mix goes in for white limousines and a voluminous and startling wardrobe; he offers these, frankly, as publicity gestures. The Milton Sillses live well but conservatively, as does Louise Fazenda. Ronald Colman's life is that of an English gentleman on a comfortable income. Home, radio, books, and tennis engross him.

The Richard Arlens saved for their home at Toluca Lake, and economized on parties and clothes to furnish it. Sue Carol lives on a scale a bit above what is customary for the ingénues. She maintains a home, which means servants, chauffeur, car, and a secretary. Marian Nixon and a number of others live more modestly, their main extravagance being pretty frocks. Cornelius Keefe, Charlie Farrell and other single men either have rooms at the Athletic Club, or share apartments with pals. Their expenses, aside from essential wardrobes, are those attached to escorting girls to dinner and the theater. It costs them about as much as it does any



Raquel Torres pays but seventy-five dollars a month for her apartment, which includes telephone, laundry, heat, and light.



Glenn Tryon probably spends far less than the average business man making as much, and invests more.

successful young business man with no family obligations.

Since her engagement to Paul Kohner, Mary Philbin goes about more. Though her expenses amount to a larger sum than I had imagined, she puts away over half her salary. It costs her twenty thousand dollars a year to live befitting her position on the star ladder. This includes the partial support of relatives. She admits that a lot goes for things she could well do without, if she were not an actress, but inasmuch as she is permitted them, and is still able to save so much, she enjoys them.

Clothes nick her bank balance six thousand a year. This includes furs, especially the stellar ermine for premières. Her fan mail averages four thousand a year; part of it is her secretary's salary of two hundred a month. Her chauffeur is paid one hundred and fifty. They are essential. But her car is three years old. Home, living and miscellaneous expenses amount to ten thousand annually.

Apartment hotels in Hollywood are

Charles Rogers' expenditure of sixteen dollars a week for room and board is Hollywood's classic example of economy.

attractive and fairly reasonable. Many players who formerly kept up homes found the overhead too great, or unnecessary, and are now comfortable in smaller quarters, with less responsibility. For four rooms furnished and cared for Mary Brian pays one hundred and fifty dollars a month. Her sedan, a less expensive model, is a year old. She has neither chauffeur nor personal maid. She patronizes the Hollywood shops for special frocks, but ordinarily has a neighborhood dressmaker fashion her personal wardrobe. Screen clothes for women are furnished by the studio. She never has more than three evening frocks at a time. Her only jewelry of much cost is a diamond wrist watch. Music is her pet extravagance. If not held in check, she would squander any amount on radios and concerts. Her few parties are usually restaurant luncheons.

Charles Rogers lives with a fraternity brother and his family, paying sixteen dollars a week for room and board, garage and a kennel for his dog. His roadster is expensive and his clothes are well tailored and plentiful. When his mother comes from Kansas to visit, he rents an apartment; this year he is taking her to Honolulu. But a fellow can spend money on his best girl, can't he?

Russell Gleason is another spendthrift player. The day after signing with Pathé, he blew in almost his whole salary for three years. He tied it up in an insurance policy.

Edward Everett Horton says that he hasn't had time to "go Hollywood." His extravagances, besides his theater—which is his love, his pride, you might even call it his adopted child—are ranches, dogs, and antique furniture. Combining theatrical producing and acting with movie work as he is, he seldom has time to visit his ranch, but visions a quiet, old age there. In his handsome old home, its mellow charm enhanced by his collection of antiques, he is taken care of by a Chinaman, who is paid one hundred and fifty dollars a month, and a house boy at seventy-five. Informal dinners and Sunday breakfasts constitute his entertainment. His clothes pass muster, but are not models for the sheiks to copy. He keeps two Fords, which he drives himself.

When I remarked to Eddie Quillan that soon he might "go Hollywood" and dissipate his salary in riotous extravagance, he grinned and reminded me, "I'm just one generation removed from Glasgow." Any one who thinks Eddie's earnings may be wasted has not met the estimable elder Quillan. With eleven in the family, it has always been all for one and one for all. The father invests with canny acumen, and recently

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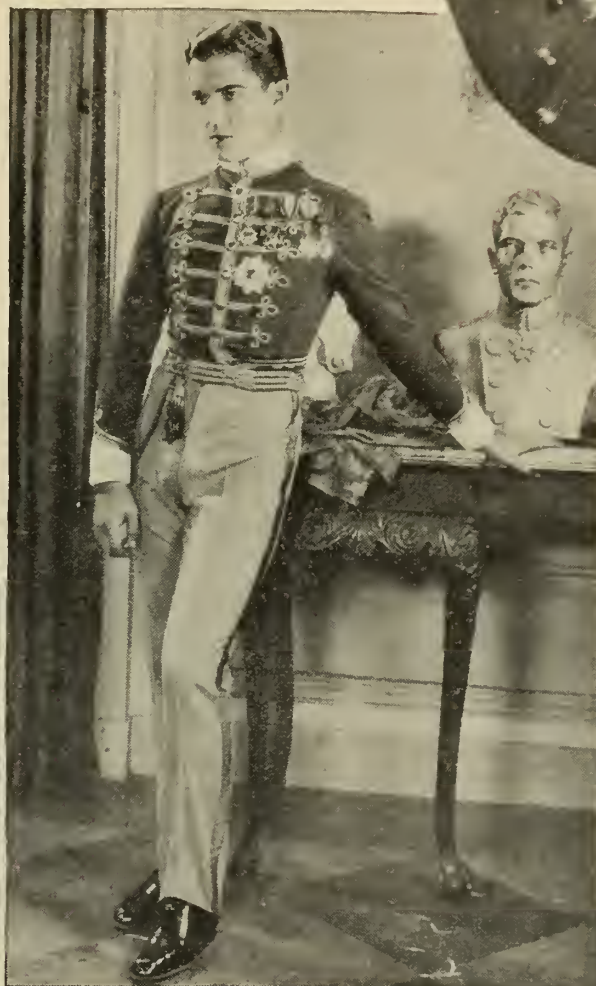


High Pressure

That's what they say happens to feminine hearts when a man in uniform is seen. Then Ramon Novarro has much to answer for, as these reminders of past rôles testify.



The uniform of a German principality, above, was Mr. Novarro's means of accelerating heartbeats in "Old Heidelberg."



Mr. Novarro, above, in "Forbidden Hours," wore the uniform of a princeling in a mythical kingdom and set the hero worshipers agog.

In "The Midshipman," upper left, he wore the uniform of Annapolis with striking effect and increased the popularity of the navy among feminine fans.

Rupert of Hentzau, left, the first rôle that marked Mr. Novarro for a distinguished career, required a striking uniform.

He is seen, right, as he appeared in "The Flying Fleet," lending glamour to the uniform of the naval airplane service.



The "Mike" Confesses All

Having upset things in general and indulged in shamefully temperamental behavior, the new boss of the set comes clean and tells all, adding some choice chatter picked up between scenes.

By Caroline Bell

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

PEOPLE have been talking *at* me long enough. I have listened respectfully, though my drums were burst by stentorian tones, or rasped by the ingénues' chirps. Not only my ear, but my art has been insulted. Yet so courteous am I that I have never answered, or complained.

Now I must speak my piece. I have become more important than the stars. I am entitled to temperament. I am the only celebrity in the industry without a press agent, yet I am much publicized. I am mysterious.

In my own oral *début* I will relate, instead of the usual list of grievances and ambitions, incidents I have provoked, chuckling quietly the while, and will tattle a bit of the comedy which my presence on the sets has caused. While I have upset things considerably, I have infused humor into the movies, which were taking themselves far too seriously.

The former "big noise," the director, now may not even grunt. He who used to hear only that affirmative word has become *my* yes-man.

Like all stars, I get my family into the movies. Trained on the "Broadway" night-club sequences were thirty-eight relatives, all named "Mike." Between us, we caught all that was said.

Already I receive fan mail, and appreciate constructive criticism. I am smaller than any star, resembling a half cylinder a foot long and four inches wide. But being a magician, I can assume various shapes. I have been hidden in telephones, lighting fixtures, chair arms and teapots, and camouflaged as bric-a-brac. Never was I treated with such lack of courtesy as an actor displayed during a scene for "The Bellamy Trial." When his voice gradually faded, investigation was started. They had concealed me in an ash-tray stand, and the man was flipping his cigarette ashes into my inner tube.

I am valuable as well as artistic. I cost as much as a motor car.

The talkies, avers Tom Mix, are the first silent movies. The director is shorn of his verbal rights. Incandescents replace the hissing Kleigs. The electricians' inelegant language is reduced to frenzied signaling. And no longer can Wallace Beery and Lionel Barrymore enjoy their forty winks on the set. Hollywood was startled to see Lionel awake, except when actually engaged in acting. But I am no respecter of persons. I caught his snore.

Temperamental tantrums are out of fashion. Stars cultivate

pleasant manners. None is too sure of his position, owing to my sway. Besides, his oral outburst might be recorded and introduced as evidence. If only I had been trained on the sets when Jetta Goudal worked for Cecil DeMille, how much more lively would have been the court drama over salary and contract, to which Jetta contributed her most dramatic performance.

Sign on Los Angeles theater, "'The Last Warning!' Talking picture!"

Another insult!

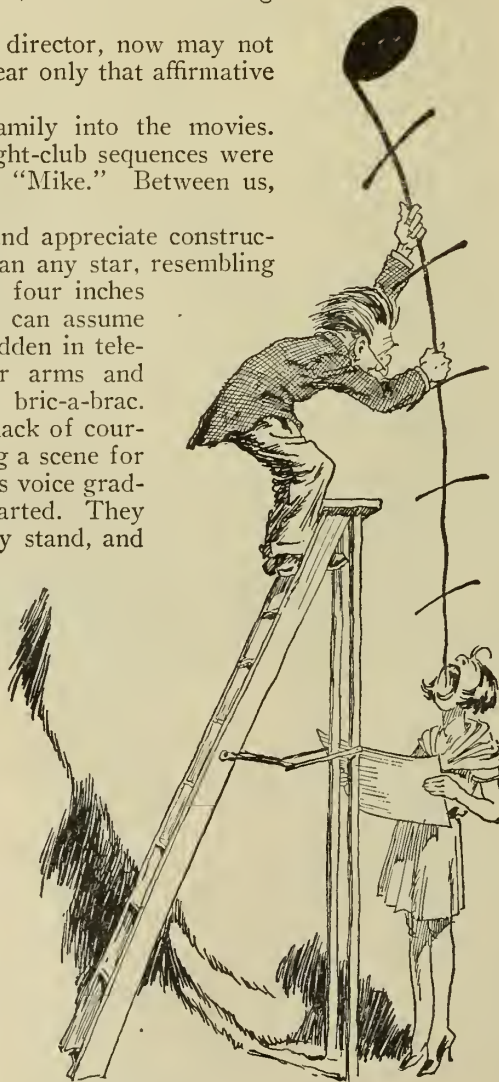
They say that the electricity in Alice White's hair disorganized me. Maybe. And that the new Paramount sound stage burned down when it heard that Clara Bow would be the first to use it, and that her initial remark for "The Wild Party" would be "Whoopee!"

All actors so fortunate as to be working now are night owls. Daytime noises penetrate the supposedly sound-proof stages, despite their felt padding, and even the wires carry a quiver. There is one good result, however. The Paramount studio no longer resembles Red Russia. An executive ordered that fifty men be placed about the lot, to hoist red flags at a signal announcing the commencement of a sound scene. Every one, enroute anywhere, must pause and await the guards' permission to proceed. A sigh a couple of blocks away was allowed, but a cough was a crime. Perhaps an executive chanced to be ambling toward the commissary, or a conference, and had to halt with one foot in the air for fifteen minutes; at any rate, the men and flags disappeared, and "loud" scenes have night schedules. For weeks wives do not see their actor-husbands. "The Microphone Widows" are forming a club.

"I hope your voice squeaks!" is Hollywood's latest expression of disdain. Alas, many do—the "sizzlers." A booming tone is a "bloop" and one that wavers is a "corduroy."

Beginners always shout at me. It is tough on my delicate eardrums. At first only husky tones vibrated at the proper pitch, and the coloratures went contralto. Now that improvements enable me to catch a soprano chirp, voice-lifting is Hollywood's latest occupation. And vocal culture is taken in daily doses, lessons and lozenges alternating. Consonant calisthenics rend the air, as stars soliloquize, in mumbled rehearsals.

Anita Page, Jane Winton, Laura La Plante, and other girls are practicing



Voice-lifting became a painful necessity in movie circles with the coming of the microphone, which reserved for itself all rights to be capricious in matters of accent and vowels.

their commencement recitations. Who will be valet-dictorian? Laura was the first star to have her voice insured. Rather, Universal took out a policy for a large amount against its injury or loss as a result of illness.

Chipped accents prove not to be handicaps. For European rôles they add charm and enhance characterization. Jesse Lasky has ordered Baclanova, Maurice Chevalier, and others whose voices bear a foreign label, to stop English lessons.

I am inspirational, a splendid influence. Have I not acted as a tonic upon numerous careers? Testimonials as to my restorative powers will be gratefully given by Bessie Love, Lois Wilson, Betty Compson, Conrad Nagel, Lewis Stone, Bessie Barriscale, Warner Baxter, Gladys Brockwell and others whose careers were becoming worn and patched.

I make drab little movies into novel Cinderellas—even though Robert Armstrong did term them "goat-gland movies," when called to the studio to add his verbal recitation to his shadow in previously made silent pictures.

Oscar, Paramount's dark-cloud bootblack, recently given a contract to emote, glares at me. He claims that I have him jinxed, whereas he exhausts my patience. He must make a dozen false starts, before he can get underway verbally, due to a stutter. They say that the sound effects in "Wings" were achieved by having Oscar say "tattoo."

Why do people lisp at me? It aggrieves me. I am no longer in my infancy. My ire was so ruffled that I was not polite, not long ago. Doctor Paul Fejos, directing a super-jewel-classic-special, had spent weeks rehearsing and drilling the actors in correct enunciation. I began to feel that my rights were being observed. But when they projected the first rushes, all were horrified to hear, in exclamatory tones high above the principals' voices, "Giff me thom acthun! I vant acthun! Are you athleep?" The voice was Doctor Fejos'.

Late for his evening call, Pat O'Malley approached the studio. Traffic was being diverted for three blocks.

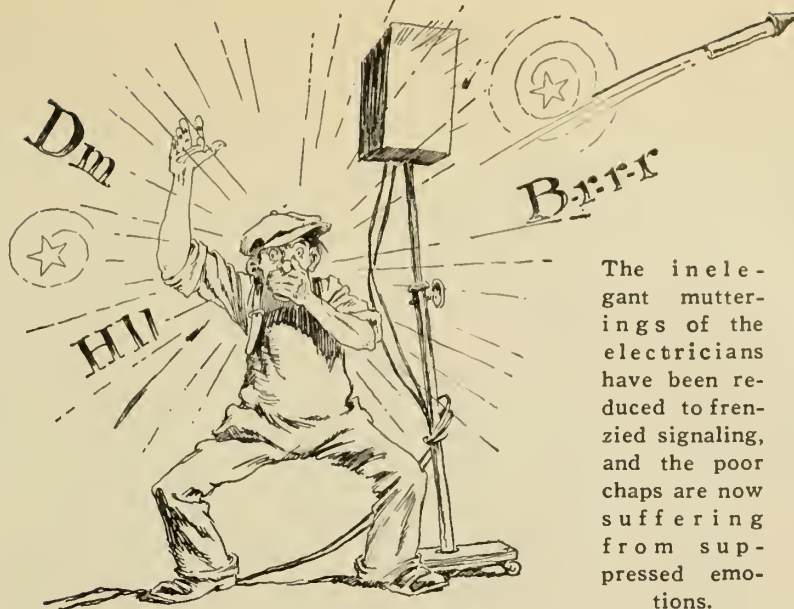
"I'm working in 'The Man I Love,'" he told the cop who stopped him.

"Yeah?" replied that worthy. "Well, we wouldn't let Douglas Fairbanks by, so you're out of luck."

Pat had to park his car, phone the studio and wait until a messenger brought the law a pass, that the actor might proceed to work.

No picture is complete without its theme song. The tuneful airs of "The Broadway Melody" inspired a number of musical comedies, minstrel, and stage-life singies. Even the silent films depending on pictorial charm, have tinkling sequences. Did not the "Loch Lomond" number add to the sentiment of "The Divine Lady"?

Harry Gribbon added a bit of unexpected comedy business. When some one guffawed, accusing glares sought the offender. The mixer stuck his head out of his glass booth and yelled, "Who laughed?" Mack Sennett had to confess to being the culprit.



The inelegant mutterings of the electricians have been reduced to frenzied signaling, and the poor chaps are now suffering from suppressed emotions.

To which, naturally, there was no sequel.

Likewise one studio executive issued strict orders against admission to sound sets—and himself did the unforgivable by sneezing the company out of several hundred dollars.

An actor's wife was being shown a sound set a moment before work was to start. The apparatus had been turned on. The mixer was exhibiting his tone-controlling

machinery by which he hears and regulates sound, while the husband spoke to an actress on the set.

"The mikes look like gas pipes," remarked the wife.

For which discourtesy I wafted to her ears her husband's sweet comments to the ingénue down below on the stage. The scene that occurred when he went home will never reach his public.

"You're so old-fashioned!" said a starlet to her father, who was protesting with paternal futility against late hours. "You talk like a subtitle. You are as archaic as a mum movie!"

Nor am I so young as people think. Jack Mulhall is making phonograph records of his talking scenes for First National to complete a collection that includes records of the original Edison talking pictures, made fifteen years ago. Jack, then a newcomer in films, was chosen for his diction to act and speak for those primitive talkies, and recorded some on ordinary phonograph disks for souvenirs.

They twitted John Mack Brown about his Alabama accent. But it got him the rôle with Mary Pickford, in "Coquette."

After a preview that wins public enthusiasm, the star is ordered to report at the studio next day to make a trailer, taking six bows.

A lost chord caused worry on the "Close Harmony" set. Just a fraction of melody, a blare from Charles

Trained sneezes that wreck neither the mike nor hygienic ideals, yet retain a suggestion of vigor, constitute one branch of the new art in Hollywood.



Rogers' trombone, went A. W. O. L. The tiny strip of film was necessary. So they had to "resound" it. Another flurry was occasioned by the misplacement of a consonant or two uttered by Ruth Chatterton. The star's face never ornaments the cutting-room floor. And a stellar syllable is of equal value.

While directing "Madame X," Lionel Barrymore shocked his actors into emoting. He had a small medical battery installed under the carpet, and transmitted mild shocks as silent signals to his actors.

Cecil DeMille asked for a peppy song for "Dynamite," and suggested "Dixie." For once his yes-men could not agree.

"Sorry, sir, but we don't own the rights; it can't be recorded."

"Put on 'The Star Spangled Banner,'" the producer ordered dryly, "and wire the president."

Rin-Tin-Tin, Pete, and other canines have made their débuts in the "barkies." Now I suppose my ears will be assailed by the chirpies of the chicks, the neighies of the nags, and the cats' meows.

I am peculiar. After scenarists had feverishly typed stories starring a stuttering heroine, to have ready for Marion Davies, she found that her voice registers perfectly. And Raymond Griffith, who speaks only in a whisper, develops resonance through my mechanism. His fans will hear him clearly, though his friends can't!

Eddie Nugent cogitates and murmurs, "She can't forget her dialogue, because she has her lines in her face." Now, whom did he mean?

With the censors articulating that there shall be no slang or impolite grammar on the eloquent screen, James Gleason wonders about the dialogue of war pictures and fight films. Consider, please, "Is Zat So?" How sweet it will be, with "Shucks!" and "Now, do tell!" replacing its profane patter.

"The voice with a smile" is in demand. Executives go about with their ears worn at right angles, intent for lyric voices. The dulcet tones of the telephone operator offer possibilities. When they find a face that matches the

voice, some switchboard queen may become a star. I'm democratic and quite good-natured, but my pal, the camera, is more exacting, as stage recruits are discovering.

Now that the electrical companies controlling sound devices have so much say-so, in time their initials may replace the honored names of film companies.

The casting director's life is no longer tranquil. An Omaha aspirant sent a voice test—a record of a home recitation. The telephone relays dogs' barks, a donkey's bray, bears' bassos, the asthmatic antics of a camel, the yap of seals. A fearfully eager girl dashed into a director's office, held against his ear a trained mosquito, and insisted that its buzz would elevate the oral movies!

The comedians may register a kick. Personally, I wouldn't blame them. Learning to speak is difficult enough for the silent actor, but acquiring linguistic latitude adds another worry. Louise Fazenda had to master a cockney dialect.

Arthur Caesar, Hollywood wit, claims that he mentioned Achilles in dialogue and was instructed to erase, as it required too much footage. Talkage, he should say.

George Jessel refused to consider a block of Warner Brothers stock for the rôle in "The Jazz Singer," in lieu of the salary the company was then unable to pay. Al Jolson, though, had vision. He took a chance, the stock selling at twenty skyrocketed to one hundred and twenty-five, because of my success, and he cleaned up.

"Silence!" said the sign on the sound stage. Mary Brian, appearing clad in a spangly frock, was told to replace that "out loud" dress with a costume that would be seen and not heard.

Actors should be more cautious. I often catch *ad lib* remarks when actual shooting is not taking place, and they forget to disconnect me.

The director had left the set. Ben Bard orated on his stupidity, and how *he* would direct the scene. This speech I carried to the director, in conference with the mixer. The extras were dismissed, and Ben was advised that he might remain all night and do his own close-ups as he wished—provided all were completed by the following morning.

Dorothy Mackaill was waiting outside a projection room to see and hear rushes of "Children of the Ritz."

Through the open door came a girl's voice, speaking a line from a film play.

"That's a fine voice," she remarked. "Who is she? Not one of our players?"

"The film they're running is 'His Captive Woman,' and the voice is yours," Director John Francis Dillon answered.

I was very glad when they made "In Old Arizona." I had been a hothouse plant, tenderly nurtured under glass and longed for a journey to the wilds. That picture gave me my first night out.

Snow and the melody of meadow larks are incongruities. The birds in the meadows across from a set covered with white flakes added inappropriate sounds to the "storm." Snipers were sent to shoot down the warblers, and were arrested, which served them right.

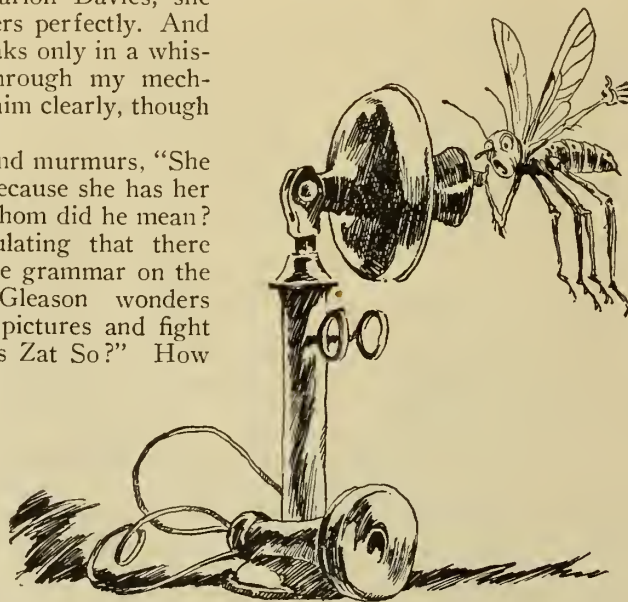
Sounds indiscernible to the ear affect my delicate mechanism.

All artistic geniuses are sensitive. So when a door is closed it sounds as though a dam were blown up. Now, instead, a man claps his hands gently. Clive Brook slapped his leg, and it had the reverberation of a Gatling. I may do away with the traditional clinch, as a kiss smacks unromantically.

Now a special "slap machine" outside camera lines produces the noises of blows, but no substitute kiss has been evolved. Mike-trained sneezers constitute a new profession, however. Technique in sneezing with the proper graduation of sound is taught by George Davis, between times a cutter at the M.-G.-M. studio. It cost the Ronald Colman company \$1,750 to shoot a pistol. One of my drums was blasted. Thereafter pistols were fired seventy-five feet away.

The actual recording of a horse's hoofs sounding like Big Berthas in action, Pathé found a man with a facility for beating his fists in rhythmic tattoo against a board, thus obtaining the effect of galloping equines. The "drum-stick" does not refer to a part of a chicken's

Continued on page 116



When even a mosquito's buzz registers like a racing motor, no wonder there's much silent awe in the presence of the new king of filmdom.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

HOLLYWOOD

REVUE



Marion DAVIES



John GILBERT



Norma SHEARER



William HAINES



Joan CRAWFORD



Buster KEATON



Conrad NAGEL



Gwen LEE



Jack BENNY



DANE and ARTHUR



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Bessie LOVE and Charles KING



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Jack Benny
Gus Edwards
Dane and Arthur
Laurel and Hardy
Ukele Ike
Anita Page
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and Company
The Rounders

Dances & Ensembles by Sammy Lee
Directed by Charles F. Riesner
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
Singing-Talking-Dancing Picture



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Love Story Magazine

15c per copy

Every week

Crumbs of Love

All the affection not claimed by boy friends of stars goes to their dollies, who are dumbly happy to receive left over hugs and kisses.



Raquel Torres, above, takes her Indian doll on her lap with the promise of a thrilling bedtime story about squaws and papooses.



Bessie Love, above, finds no trouble in bestowing love on the doll which wears a replica of her own costume in "The Broadway Melody."



Corinne Griffith, left, receives with proper dignity a miniature Lady Hamilton eager to appear in "The Divine Lady."

Dorothy Sebastian, below, naturally chooses more sophisticated entertainment for her doll, because it is a mincing miss from Paris, all furbelows and gewgaws.



Gwen Lee, below, who just won't grow up, admits that the favorite of her doll family is this Little Red Riding Hood.



Josephine Dunn, above, confides to a visiting Scottish lassie that the studio is not just one happy family, but is more like a royal court of long ago.



Hollywood High Lights

Then recently at the Fox Theater opening in San Francisco he appeared to be such a popular idol, judged by applause, that Christie signed him.

A Problem Romantic.

Do they mean it when they say they're engaged?

Hollywood folk asked this old, familiar question on hearing the news that Clara Bow and Harry Richman would wed. For some reason or other, the colony didn't want to concede the fact that the "It" girl would take the fatal step. But by this time she probably has, and so it's all settled.

Anyway, the engagement of Clara was a great surprise. It was so definite—"We'll be married in five weeks"—and she made the announcement from a sick bed. Richman wasn't even present at the time, though there are those that say that one of his records was being played on the phonograph while Clara was divulging the information.

The reports of Clara's romance have by this time been flashed round the world, and everybody now knows who Richman is, even though they might never have heard of him before. In New York, of course, he has a big reputation. He is interested in four night clubs there, and also stars in stage revues like the "Scandals." He is making his first talking picture, "The Song of Broadway." He and Clara met in New York. He entertained her while she was there, and they grew to like each other. Their enamoration reached a crescendo when he came to the Coast, and even the film colony threw its momentary skepticism to the winds when they saw the huge square-cut diamond that Richman gave Clara to bind their vows.

Clara has been a sensationally successful star, but in his own field Richman has been financially, at least, even more fortunate. It is said that his income is five or six times larger than hers. Incidentally, he is a thoroughly amusing chap, with ability to sing and smart-crack that compares somewhat with Al Jolson's. He has been the life of the circle in which he moves in the studios, and has also provided great joy at several public entertainments.

Funny thing, there was a rumor going the rounds that he was engaged to Lily Damita, just before his being affianced to Clara. Now, Watson, what do you make of that?

Gladys Brockwell's Death.

The deepest tragedy of the year! Only thus can the death of Gladys Brockwell be described. Still but little over thirty years, and enjoying

new good luck in her career, she met with a bitter and agonizing catastrophe in the automobile accident that brought about her passing.

No one can conceive the pain she endured from her injuries for nearly a week in the hospital, after she had been pinned beneath the overturned and wrecked machine, which had plunged over a seventy-five-foot embankment from the State highway to Santa Barbara. She was unable to speak, owing to two jaw fractures and facial paralysis, which were only the smallest part of her sufferings. The manner in which her body was crushed and torn would be impossible to recount. Tragic, too, was the circumstance that she was at the time of her death looking forward to being married.

Miss Brockwell was a favorite star with Fox about twelve years ago. She had entered pictures when she was very young. She gained a reputation as an emotional actress, and was second in prominence to Theda Bara for a long while on the Fox program.

Less was known about Gladys apart from her work, than almost anybody on the screen. She lived with her mother, who was only fifteen years older than herself. The two were singularly devoted, because of the comparatively small difference in their ages. Her mother's sorrow may be conjectured. She all but collapsed, owing to the strain of the days following the accident itself, but she is of a sturdy and brave type.

Miss Brockwell was in the first full-length talking picture, "Lights of New York," and her performance was rated the best by a majority of those who saw it. She enacted the first noteworthy emotional scene on the screen, with dialogue. The last film in which she played was "The Drake Case," finished just about three weeks before her death.

Bessie Averts "Fatal Three."

Bessie Love had her career almost snapped short by an automobile accident, and for a time it was thought that she might be disfigured. Removal of the bandages from her face finally dispelled this unhappy possibility. Bessie's misfortune had the threat of being fatal, since the car in which she was riding was hit by a truck. Had it resulted thus tragically, the "fatal three" would have prevailed again, for Dustin Farnum passed away during the month, due to illness. Maybe, therefore, her avoidance of death-dealing mishap has broken the spell.

Dustin Farnum was perhaps not as well known as his brother William in pictures, but he created a number

of successful rôles. He was also one of the early adventurers to Hollywood, coming with the Lasky company, when they established their studio in the old barn. Farnum was fifty-three years of age. He married Winifred Kingston five years ago.

June Weddings Belated.

June was not a banner month for marriage, but July and August have made up for the deficiency. It seems as if everybody is willing to try wedding once, or trying again these days. Mostly trying again.

There is, for instance, Anita Stewart, divorced from Rudolph Cameron, and marrying George Converse. She had Lucille Lee Stewart, her sister, for bridesmaid, and determined her wedding day by numerology. That's adding security!

Again there is Marian Nixon, legally separated from the prize-fighter Joe Benjamin, and wedding Edward Hillman, Jr., a Chicago business man; Harry Langdon and Mrs. Helen Walton, his second marriage; Priscilla Dean, who had to remarry her second husband, because his divorce wasn't final; Lottie Pickford—her third venture—and Barbara Luddy.

What's hopeful is that divorces are fewer, all of a sudden.

It's Hackett, Jr.

Raymond Hackett's youngster is a boy, and he's to be called Raymond, Jr. That's the first child born in filmland in months, though Johnny Mack Brown and Raymond Griffith are expectant fathers.

Madge Resumes Again.

The ice is broken again for Madge Bellamy. She is back in pictures. Universal is featuring her in a film called "To-night at Twelve," and as it's a mystery thriller Madge has been practicing for the screaming sequences.

Madge hasn't appeared in pictures for the eight or ten months since she left Fox, after a disagreement. She had attained her biggest peak as an actress in "Mother Knows Best," but even that didn't seem to matter.

In the cast of "To-night at Twelve" the name of Vera Reynolds also appears. She has been very infrequently seen lately. George Lewis and Robert Ellis are the male leads.

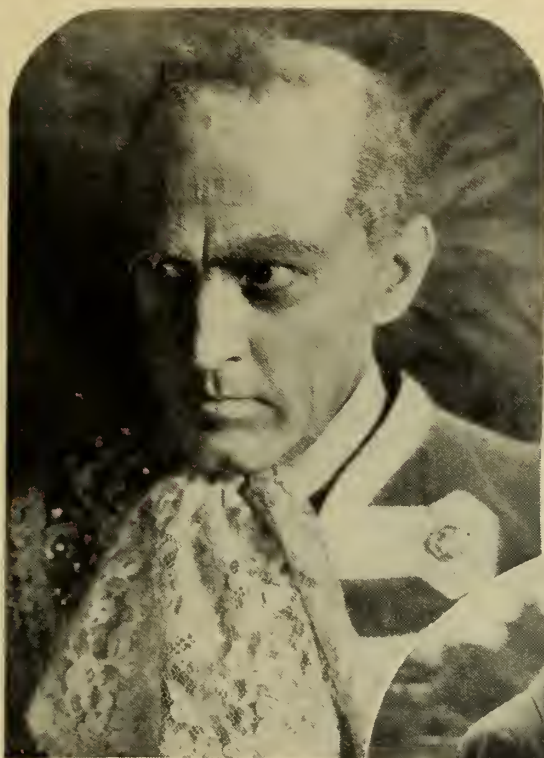
We've With Us—

Jascha Heifetz and Florence Vidor are in Hollywood for the summer. They prefer the sea breezes here to those on the Riviera, though they could easily have their choice in the matter. Florence talks a little of re-

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Silver Threads

They wend their way through golden locks and raven, that the stars may play at being older than their years.



John Barrymore, left, in the prologue of "General Crack," is the father of his own resplendent son in the later episodes.



Douglas Fairbanks, above, as *d'Artagnan* twenty years after in "The Iron Mask."

Lon Chaney, below, as "Grumpy" Anderson, the engineer, in "Thunder."



Joseph Schildkraut, above, meets Laura La Plante, in "Show Boat," after many years.



Lovely Dolores del Rio, below, as she appears in the final sequence of "Evangeline."

The Screen in Review

been not so nice, but more vigorous, the picture would be more interesting. But it's all talk, with scarcely any movement at all. Miss Chatterton is fluently clever, of course, and Mr. Brook is jaunty and even playful, while Mr. Powell is perfect as the conventional suitor. Mary Nolan, as *Aunt-Marie*, her first talking rôle, is extraordinarily effective and as beautiful when she speaks as when she is silent.

Troubles of an Engineer.

Still steadfastly refusing to speak on the screen, Lon Chaney appears in "Thunder," a silent curiosity. Perhaps the title is a concession to sound; it is meaningless otherwise. The same cannot be said of Mr. Chaney's rôle of "Grumpy" Anderson, a locomotive engineer, for it is an eloquent characterization in every detail. True, there are just about a hundred too many details, but each one is a perfect tribute to the artistry of the actor, though collectively they make the character tedious and unsympathetic and the picture undramatic. It is built around a climactic stunt rather than qualifying as a carefully knit story. The stunt is effective and unusual—the spectacle of a train rushing over a partly submerged track to the relief of Mississippi flood sufferers.

As the locomotive cuts through water up to its middle, one is conscious that he has never seen it before, but it evokes no emotional thrills even though the homeless and hungry are to be relieved. It is just a mechanical expedient, in spite of Mr. Chaney's emoting in the engineer's cab. For *Grumpy Anderson*, having spent his life there, is a victim of the schedule complex. At the opening of the picture his engine is twenty-nine minutes late and the tracks are piled with snowdrifts. But he makes up the minutes, driving the fireman, his son, to exhaustion. Another son meets his death through *Grumpy's* insistence on schedule, and his living son is alienated. Between these scenes are episodes of the home life of the family.

It is rather dreary, if you ask me, though the fine acting of Mr. Chaney gives the picture dignity. For that matter, the acting of the entire cast is far above the characters as they apparently existed on paper. Phyllis Haver, in her last appearance on the screen unless she changes her mind, is excellent as the actress-sweetheart of *Tummy Anderson*, played by James Murray who, in my opinion, is among the best of the younger leading men, and whose skill has enormously increased since "The Crowd." George Duryea, as the other son, like-

wise impresses as being possessed of pronounced talent, which one hopes will not be overlooked in the mêlée of newcomers in Hollywood.

Here, There and Everywhere.

The trouble with "Behind That Curtain" is, that there isn't enough behind it to make a first-class picture. That is, the mystery is revealed to the spectator early in the film, and the remainder is given to fastening the crime on the guilty man. This criticism disposed of, it requires no effort to cite the points in which the film is very good indeed. One of them is the acting of every member of the cast, with especial emphasis on Lois Moran in her audible début, Warner Baxter for another capital performance, and Gilbert Emery for what he brings of poise and expertness from the Broadway stage. Philip Strange, too, does well. The story concerns a girl, *Eve Maunering*, who marries an adventurer in London and discovers in India that he is a murderer. An old friend is *John Beetham*, an explorer, who rescues her from her husband and takes her into the desert in an airplane. They are followed by *Sir Frederic Bruce*, of Scotland Yard, whose efforts to fasten the murder upon *Eve's* husband continue until all the characters are presently seen in San Francisco, where, with the death of *Eve's* husband, she is free to marry the explorer.

Moments of admirable acting occur in this far-flung narrative from time to time, but they do not succeed in causing the spectator to forget that the dialogue is artificial, nor that the picture lacks spontaneity, and is, instead, plainly a manufactured product in which chance has no place at all.

A Slow Journey.

"The Wheel of Life" doesn't spin; it revolves slowly, heavily, and coincidence has the leading rôle, though Richard Dix is the star. As a British army officer he encounters on London Bridge a lady who is about to commit suicide. He persuades her to come to his apartment to collect herself, and when he goes out to get the makings of a little supper, including pork and beans—a commodity as difficult to procure in London as *charlotte russe* in the desert—*milady* has disappeared. Oddly enough, she reappears in India where Mr. Dix discovers her as the wife of his colonel. The rest of it heavily picturizes the "struggle" of these two against the great love they feel is theirs, and from which Mr. Dix tries nobly to escape by begging to be transferred to another regiment. But it seems he is doomed to provide pork and beans

for the lady somehow, somewhere, some time. For in the course of his rescue of her from rebellious tribesmen, her husband obligingly meets death from a stray bullet.

No, it isn't a good picture and Mr. Dix is too vigorously a Minnesotan ever to suggest an Englishman. With proper sadness is recorded the fact that Esther Ralston's speech is that of a valedictorian addressing the graduating class.

A Show Girl's Gethsemane.

At least give the little girl credit for trying hard to act. And give her producers credit for surrounding her with an excellent cast and an entertaining, if not novel, story. I refer to Alice White and "Broadway Babies." The picture, a backstage melodrama, is reminiscent of half a dozen others, including "The Broadway Melody," but it has one sequence more thrilling than in any of its prototypes. It occurs when Fred Kohler, as a big-hearted rum runner, turns the tables on the New York racketeers who set out to fleece him. It is as gripping an episode of its kind as I have ever seen. Mr. Kohler, you see, has fallen honestly in love with *Delight Foster*, the show girl played by Miss White who, in a fit of pique, has thrown over the young stage manager with whom she is in love. She suffers Mr. Kohler to make love to her with a breaking heart, but a girl has to hold to her pride, doesn't she? And if the fellow she loves encourages the advances of the leading lady, then why shouldn't she marry a man who can put her name in electric lights? The question is not mine; it is the argument of "Broadway Babies." At any rate, she goes through the marriage bravely, but on their way from the ceremony Mr. Kohler is shot by his enemies and gallantly meets death. Not, however, before he has turned over his bankroll and *Delight* to the man she loves.

Machine-made though this is in print, it is entertaining on the screen. Miss White, in her first talking picture, does very well, her singing voice being surprisingly good. After all, one doesn't expect a show girl to speak like Ruth Chatterton. Besides Mr. Kohler, who is magnificent, there are Charles DeJaney, Sally Eilers, Marion Byron, Tom Dugan, Louis Natheaux, and Bodil Rosing.

Incense and Trap Doors.

Sliding panels, poisoned arrows, Chinese embroideries and all the appurtenances of Oriental diablerie are present in "The Mysterious Doctor Fu-Manchu." If you like this sort

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One For All

And all for one—this expresses the sentiment of these fraternalists.



William Boyd, Alan Hale, and Robert Armstrong, above, as marines stationed in China in "The Leatherneck," are bound together by memory of their experiences in Russia.

The immortal quartet of "The Iron Mask," below—Gino Corrado, Leon Bary, Douglas Fairbanks, and Stanley J. Sanford.

Claude Allister, above, left, with Charles McNaughton and Robert Montgomery, in "Three Live Ghosts," would willingly give his life for his companions.



Michael Romanoff, Gary Cooper, and Louis Wolheim, below, in "Wolf Song," exemplify the brotherhood of the forest.



George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, below, in "All At Sea," share the danger of being blown to smithereens.



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view with Ramon Novarro, Anita Page, David Rollins, Sue Carol, or other favorites of mine.

PICTURE PLAY does not have any old articles written by an editor which no one likes to read—at least, I don't think many people care to read an editorial. But PICTURE PLAY does have so many very interesting articles written by Myrtle Gebhart and William H. McKegg!

GLADYS MAY HOM.

San Diego, California.

This, That, and Those in One.

Chalk up another big score for Paramount and the talkies! In Maurice Chevalier, Paramount has introduced to American audiences one of the world's greatest entertainers—and I mean greatest.

This young Frenchman is about the best exponent I have yet seen of Madam Glyn's famous little monosyllable. He is a singer, a dancer, a mimic, an actor, a good-looking young man, and a great personality rolled into one. His pantomiming is priceless.

It is hard to say just where his appeal lies. Certain it is that he fairly radiates magnetism. His personality is irresistible, and his delightful accent only accentuates his charm. No one could resist that flashing smile of his—it makes one happy just to be able to watch him and share his moods as the story proceeds.

Regardless of what other foreign stars the talkies may bring us, it is a safe prediction that none will outrank Monsieur Chevalier. His importation is one of the greatest breaks the movies ever had. I, for one, can hardly wait to see him again.

ALICE SIMPSON.

1625 Forty-sixth Avenue, S. W., Seattle, Washington.

That Mustache Complex.

What is the matter with the good-looking men of the screen? Do they think their audiences like them better with a mustache? Several of the best actors now have let their mustaches grow out, and for what reason I can't tell; for it surely doesn't make them look any better. I do not like the young men with mustaches, but think it is all right for men like Lewis Stone and others near his age. I liked Ramon Novarro, in "Ben-Hur," because he is a fine specimen of young man and is good looking, but since he has grown a mustache, I simply don't like him. There are several others, including Conrad Nagel, Gilbert Roland, and John Gilbert, who now let them grow; but I like men like Charles Rogers, who can act and is still clean shaved, and I hope he will never let any one persuade him to grow a mustache.

If any other fans are with me on this subject, let us try to persuade our favorites to shave—and not forget the upper lip.

WILLIAM L. SLATTON.

206 O'Shaughnessy Avenue, Huntsville, Alabama.

The Call of the Wild.

It makes me wonder when a woman star believes that the pinnacle of her art is depicting a woman of questionable morals. Just what is the attraction in that quarter? Is it their opinion that so-called virtuous women lead uninteresting lives, and that promiscuity must be interesting? Rubbish! Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge tried it and were afraid to hop over the dividing line, in "The Dove" and more recently in "Coquette."

Now we have little Lois Moran, the sweetest girl in the world, in my opinion, and Mary Astor palpitating to run wild, and smoking during interviews to prove it! The ability to smoke well is not the

badge of a bad woman. It has been the habit of refined and cultured women for years.

Personally, I believe that an actress and her producer should not discriminate between playing and selecting the rôles of good or bad women. It is all in the game, and a fair proportion of either does no harm. But there is no reason why the event should be a time of general rejoicing.

MARCIA PARRISH.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

Holly, How Dare You!

Holly, why knock the stars all the time, and why be so horrid about it? Oh, I know you do say some nice things, but the nasty things far overreach the good ones.

Your criticism of Gary Cooper was utterly ridiculous, and what you said about Dolores Costello was worse. Why do you pick on the favorites? Do you think they are receiving too much applause? How dare you say that Dolores Costello is dumb? Who gave you the right to say such a thing—and can you back up your statement? So she *thinks* her voice is perfect? She doesn't have to think at all. *She knows it is.* As for the advertisements, I'm sure I read them as Dolores Costello and George O'Brien. That is correct. You know, it is still courteous to put the actress' name before the actor's when both are stars. If you saw "Show People," with Marion Davies and William Haines, you saw the same thing.

BETTY S. JOHNSON.

22 North Paxon Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Fanny, the Fan, Look Out!

A nice big brickbat is in each hand. Want to know who for? Well, one's for that insufferable cat, Fanny, the Fan. Her silly chatter is incredible nonsense. And how she boosts her favorites, and slams the others! She certainly can slam, and pretty unfairly, too.

I've another brickbat for that other unfair person, Holly of Hollywood. Her letter in the July number certainly made me mad. I love Dolores Costello—she is the most beautiful and feminine girl on the screen. I like her voice. It is the natural voice of a sweet, cultured girl. She's Warner Brothers' feminine gem.

Here's another brickbat for that googe-eyed flapper, Alice White. She's positively disgusting. Her cheapness makes me ill.

CAMILLA B.

Montreal, Quebec, Canada.

Give Eddie a Chance.

I think Eddie Nugent is exceptionally good looking, and an exceedingly good actor in the small rôles he has been given; therefore, I should like to know why Eddie has not had a bigger chance on the screen.

Eddie, with his cute pranks and actions, goes over on the screen far better than William Haines, I think. Yes I have hardly ever seen him in a large rôle, nor have I seen many pictures or articles about him in the magazines. I know, by all means, he is no lover like John Gilbert, Ronald Colman, or the sheik, Nils Asther; but I do think he ought to have a fair chance, and I know the rest of his admirers agree with us that we do want to see him more often in more important rôles.

H. W.

981 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Even the Children—

Are children allowed to send their opinions of stars to "What the Fans Think"? I am only eleven years old, but I should

like Nils Asther to know how much I admire him.

I have seen most of his pictures, and, though perhaps no judge of acting ability, I can truly say that I find him wonderful in all his interpretations. As for good looks, I believe him to be Hollywood's most handsome actor, besides being very aristocratic looking.

I hope he will not go back to his own country, as all his American fans would miss him dreadfully. Here the public idolize him. I hope we shall continue to see him in such pictures as "Dream of Love."

MAGDA VAZQUEZ RELLO.

El Bohio Country Club Park, Marianao, Havana, Cuba.

The Cultivated Voice—Out!

Sometimes I wish I'd wake up and discover that the talkies were just a bad dream, that there wasn't such a thing, and that I could once more go to a theater and relax, not come away with my nerves on edge from some of the startling things I had heard. But this, worse luck, will never happen, and I suppose I'll have to live through it like the rest of the fans.

But if there does have to be such a thing as a talking picture, why can't the producers at least let our old favorites alone, and not ignore them for the more talented and better-voiced stage people? I, for one, don't like the cultivated voice, with its broad vowels. I believe if a player has a voice that matches his or her personality that is all that is necessary. Clara Bow is a very good example of this. I wasn't a bit disappointed in her voice; it simply went with her type. And we want youth and beauty on the screen, not stiff, sophisticated players in boring, melodramatic pictures.

Before I stop I want to tell the fans who collect photographs of the stars not to send money for their pictures. It's easier to take the disappointment of not receiving the pictures, than it is of not getting the photos and one's money back besides. I have one hundred and seventy-five pictures and didn't pay a cent for any of them. FRANCES MARIAN BARTER.

1410 Howard Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Dawn of a New Day.

Fans are becoming more intelligent. With the advent of talking pictures, great changes are coming, and will come more profoundly among the fans, as well as the industry itself. I believe all the silly banter will stop, and the fans will forget prejudice and look for the entertainment value of the players. All changes cost somebody something, and, naturally, some of our old favorites will have to go back to ordinary walks of life—and make way for those who can excel.

We should welcome the intelligent performances of Ruth Chatterton, who leads the list, and not pine over the loss of those who must go. Our duty has been paid to them. Forget the dead—our loyalty is to the living.

Fans who care for entertainment will replace silly fans, who were more concerned with private affairs of the stars.

When we can see more Ruth Chattertons, Jeanne Eagleses, and fewer Alice Whites, the movies will definitely have taken a step forward.

Stars who really can act will serve to educate the shop girls, the clerks, and the audiences of picture houses, who have heretofore had nothing to improve their tastes in acting and dramatic art.

The new field is wonderful, and I am glad that we can now painlessly get rid of the silly blondes who are nothing but directors' puppets.

LOUIS MCGEEHEE.

304 Park Avenue, La Grange, Georgia.

Their Reflected Glory

The stars have their own likenesses in their homes to keep them company lest they forget themselves.



A prized possession of Mary Philbin, left, is the sketch of her executed by Willy Pogany, a famous artist.

Esther Ralston, right, stands upon the fender the better to admire a painting of herself snuggling in the arms of her husband, George Webb.



Lupe Velez, left, has not yet reached the stage of success where a painting of herself is the *sine qua non* of fame, so she is modestly content with a big photograph handsomely framed.



Camilla Horn, below, basks under a huge portrait of herself as *Marguerite*, in "Faust," brought from Germany.



Hobart Bosworth, left, admiring the legendary hero of Scotland, William Wallace, finds a likeness of himself as that character a welcome addition to his art treasures.



They Pant for Pants

That's really the only reason these beautiful damsels don bifurcated attire.



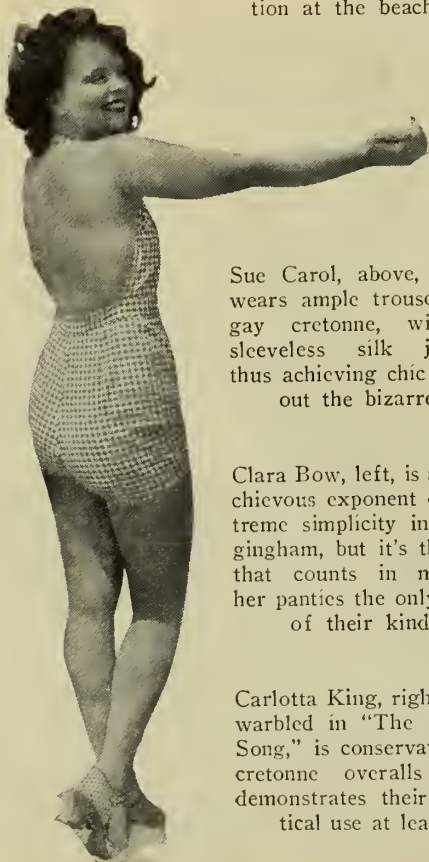
Carol Lombard, above, calls them overalls, they're made of printed challis and are worn over a white blouse—just the thing, says she, for attracting attention at the beach.



Sue Carol, above, right, wears ample trousers of gay cretonne, with a sleeveless silk jersey, thus achieving chic without the bizarre.



Bessie Love, right, sought a Spanish inspiration for her beach costume of cretonne, with this result.



Clara Bow, left, is a mischievous exponent of extreme simplicity in mere gingham, but it's the cut that counts in making her panties the only ones of their kind.

Carlotta King, right, who warbled in "The Desert Song," is conservative in cretonne overalls and demonstrates their practical use at least.



The Failing Light

The simulation of blindness is sought by the stars for some of their most notable acting.



Robert Castle, left, the young Viennese actor, as the blind soldier-sweetheart of Marion Davies, in "Marianne."



With sightless eyes Charles Farrell, above, tries to read the face of Janet Gaynor—a reminder of the immortal Chico and Diane, in "Seventh Heaven."

Mary Philbin, below, as *Dea*, the blind heroine of "The Man Who Laughs," one of her loveliest portrayals.



Charlie Chaplin, above, contemplates a nosegay in the hand of Virginia Cherrill, as a blind flower girl in "City Lights."



It's a far cry from the elegant *Bulldog Drummond* of to-day to Ronald Colman, right, as the blind ex-soldier in "The Dark Angel," but we venture to say that he is not forgotten by any one who saw him in the failing light.



An Army with Banners

"What was that? Oh, good-by, Mr. Holmes!"

Among the many pictures I am asking you to see, add the Fox "Movietone Follies." Why? Well, because it has Sue Carol in it, and David Rollins, and Dixie Lee.

"I never gave pictures a thought," Miss Lee let slip between her very red lips, with most impressive results. "I was more surprised than any one when I was placed under contract."

It all began thus. Born in Harri-man, Tennessee, Dixie's parents moved to Chicago where she went to high school. A singing contest was held and Dixie displayed her vocal talents. That was in May of last year. In October she went to Pittsburgh to join the road company of "Good News." The child evidently did well, for she was sent on to play a rôle in the New York production. She sang and danced the "Varsity Drag" and made a hit. Then Fox sought better voices, both singing and speaking, and brought Dixie to Hollywood.

Sue Carol introduced me to Dixie Lee one day at the studio. Dixie was very quiet, but pleasant, and though blond and good looking, seemed unaware of the fact. An exception, no?

An exception also is Regis Toomey. Paramount holds him by a bond, signed and sealed, whereby Mr. Toomey will make pictures in that studio for the next five years, unless things don't go as smoothly as they are going right now.

You saw "Alibi," I hope. Mr. Toomey was in it and did excellently. I hope, too, that you saw Richard Dix's "The Wheel of Life." Mr. Toomey again did well in that.

It is interesting to hear him talk, though you'd never take him for an actor.

In Pittsburgh, where he was born, he started acting. After three years of stock there, he went to New York and understudied Dennis King, in "Rose-Marie."

For two seasons in London he played the juvenile lead in "Little Nellie Kelly." It had to be an American boy. Due to certain red tape, there is difficulty about a foreigner going to another country for work, unless he is first placed under contract.

"Anyway, the English were jolly decent to me. They arranged things so that I got the part. The chap engaged for the rôle was only too happy to give it up, for he could not talk Americanese."

Mr. Toomey also played in London with James Gleason and Ernest Truex. Back in the States he went on the road with "Twinkle, Twinkle"

and "Hit the Deck." The latter piece seems to have placed more newcomers in pictures than anything else. Playing it in Los Angeles, Mr. Toomey was caught by the talkies—not, I might add, against his wishes.

Recently he played in "Illusion." Go as often as you like—he won't mind.

David Newell would go on the stage. Amateurs at the University of Missouri made up his mind for him. At Kansas City, his home, he tried for a part in "The Deluge," then given at the Community Theater. David was assigned a bit. But the lead in "Mary the Third" was later offered him, so he must have been good. All this, mind you, while he was still in college.

In 1924 David worked his way with his brother to Europe. Nothing seemed to have come from this escapade, except that both returned to New York none the richer, though possibly wiser.

The theater was not to be put off any longer. Mr. Newell got in touch with Stuart Walker's stock company in Cincinnati. It was in Mr. Walker's estimable group of serious thinkers that Kay Francis gained experience.

His first big chance came when Ethel Barrymore chose him for her leading man in "The Kingdom of God." The producers, however, seeing the play at an out-of-town try-out, persuaded the kind-hearted star that an older actor would be better for the rôle young Mr. Newell was playing.

To encourage his son, David's father suggested talking pictures as something not to be overlooked. Father's advice was followed and Newell *films*, eventually got work in "The Hole in the Wall."

You'll like this chap. He is tall, dark, et cetera, everything a screen actor should be. Our brief meeting was diplomatically ended by Jean Arthur. Publicity pictures were to be taken of these two, and at such a time an interviewer should be on his way. But I imagine I've said enough about Mr. Newell.

I'd rather start talking about Marilyn Morgan. She has been placed in Pathé's junior stock company, along with Stanley Smith, Jeanette Loff, Russell Gleason, Jimmy Aldine, and Lew Ayres. Frank Reicher, a stage and screen director, is in charge of the juniors. He trains his pupils in both mediums.

Marilyn became a player for Pathé in an unexpected manner. She still goes to Hollywood High School, so you can guess that she is merely a child. Her sister, Jeanne Morgan, is in pictures, and Marilyn thought that was wonderful enough.

"I'd always dreamed of how great it would be to play in pictures," the young girl remarked, "but seeing how very difficult it is to break in, I never troubled about trying."

A friend of the family, knowing William Sistrom, general manager of Pathé, spoke to him about Marilyn. A test was offered her and evidently she showed promise, for Miss Morgan was put to work in Eddie Quillan's "The Sophomore."

Marilyn was born on the Island of Trinidad, and with her two brothers and Jeanne, spent a romantic childhood, though not without risks. Snakes abounded about the estate and paid incessant calls in the grounds. Marilyn spent plenty of time avoiding coral snakes. The coral snake, Marilyn informed me, is one of the deadliest of its family.

To the United States came Marilyn, then called Violet. Two years ago she, her mother and brothers arrived in Hollywood, for sister Jeanne was doing well in the movies. Now it looks as if Marilyn is to do better.

"My friends at school cut out pictures and clippings of me—as many as have appeared so far—to show me. It makes me feel really great! And I'm not pretending when I say that."

Marilyn is very young and good looking. She possesses a keen mind and does not talk like a flapperette. By the way, she speaks French as fluently as English.

Jimmy Aldine deserves a medal from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences because, having been in pictures for seven years, and gone through tough times, he is as smiling and enthusiastic as if he were the newest newcomer.

In "Down to the Sea in Ships" Jimmy was given a small rôle, with Clara Bow. He was working aboard a whaler at the time and Elmer Clifton, the director, signed him for the picture. He was a mere kid in those days.

"Now what I should have done after that was to come directly out here," Mr. Aldine stated jovially, as if telling a joke. "I had good notices and an interview—yours makes the second. But I was given bad advice. Being green in the movies, I knew nothing about them."

Jimmy eventually did some two-reel comedies for H. C. Burr, when Johnny Hines began to produce features. After they were made, it seemed a good plan to trek out to Hollywood.

Mr. Aldine wrote to his coworker, Clara Bow, and asked for advice. Clara's advice was to the point. "There are dozens of young chaps

Watch Out!

A warning is sounded to wild creatures of the forest, for here come stars a-hunting.



John Barrymore, above, in "Eternal Love," is too unhappy over his lost love to be much of a menace to the chamois as it leaps from crag to crag in the Alps, but the animal he holds is sufficient warning to those still at large.

Though Guinn Williams, right, is a trapper in "Burning Daylight," you feel that he wouldn't slay a mosquito if it didn't attack him first.



Roland Drew, left, as *Gabriel*, in "Evangeline," looks intently at the far shore as if searching for game, but his mind is really fixed on Dolores del Rio as the beauteous maid of Acadia.



Well, well, if here aren't two old friends again—Louis Wolheim and Gary Cooper, above, in "Wolf Song," deliberating on how to track a chipmunk to its lair.

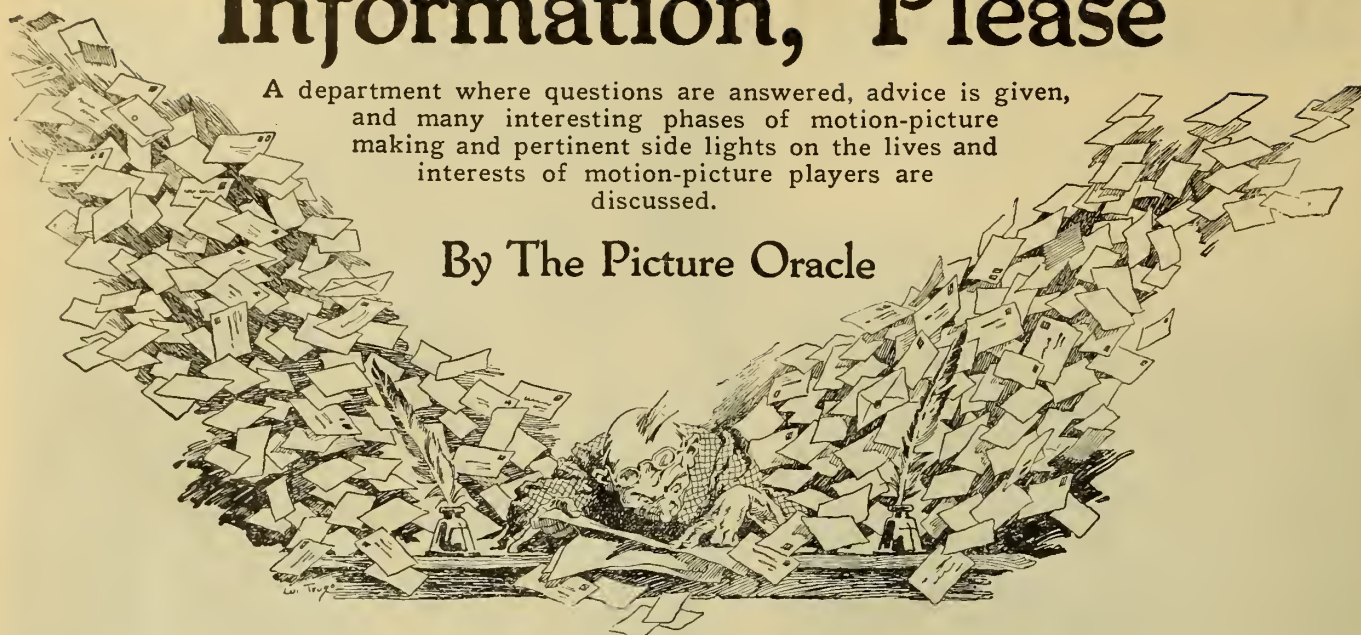
Lon Chaney, below, in "Where East Is East," hunts jungle beasts for an American circus.



Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle



RITE MILLER.—So you'd feel very complimented at getting a snapshot of me? Come, come, a picture of me would be an insult to anybody. And probably I'd be arrested for sending it through the mails. No, I don't mind being corrected—I know I'm not very bright—and if there are to be colored scenes in "The Mysterious Island," let me be the first to admit that will be just dandy. But it's not my fault if I gave the wrong answer. I called up Metro-Goldwyn and said, "Will there be colored scenes in 'The Mysterious Island?'" and they said "No." And then they go and change their minds! Pauline Garon is still in and about the studios. She recently worked for Warner in "The Gamblers" and "Headlines."

JUSTIE.—Hey, hey, have a heart! You want me to name all the pictures Ramon Novarro has played in! Why, Justie, am I supposed to spend the rest of my life muttering names of films? Let's compromise on 1928 and 1929 and we have, "Across to Singapore," "A Certain Young Man," "Forbidden Hours," "The Flying Fleet," and "The Pagan." No title has been announced for his next picture. No, Ramon is not singing in grand opera just now, but his new contract allows him six months out of each year for appearances in opera in Europe. If you want a photo of him, write him at the Metro-Goldwyn studio. PICTURE PLAY cannot send out photos of stars; we have only enough for our own use in the magazine.

BERNICE WADDELL.—The very idea! Telling me to get busy and answer a few questions! I've just been a busybody for years, so that all my friends run when they see me coming. Eddie Quillan works at the Pathé studio in Culver City, and it looks as though the boy will make good. Yes, indeed, Nick Stuart is going to talk—if he weren't he'd be pretty worried. He and Sue Carol are busy on a picture to be called "Why Leave Home?" a talkie version of "Cradle Snatchers." I never met Nick, so I don't know about his accent, but probably it's all right, or they'd keep him quiet. Nick did not play in Fox "Movietone Follies." That picture is a singing and dancing revue, similar to all the stage revues we've been seeing for years—like the Ziegfeld's "Follies" and George White's "Scandals."

MABEL WOLTER.—"Don't lose any sleep," you caution me. But your warning came too late. If all the sleep I've lost were laid end to end it would—well, it would be impossible, wouldn't it? I never heard of sleep laid end to end. I think almost all the big studios take care of their stars' mail. Pauline Starke has no film contract just now, but if you write her just Hollywood, California, your letter would probably reach her. The postman doubtless knows where she lives by now. Claudette Colbert is a featured player on the stage, recruited for the screen to play in "The Hole in the Wall"; I don't know whether her film career will continue. But you might write her at the Paramount Studio, Astoria, Long Island, and perhaps they will forward the letter.

WORCESTER.—Sorry, Worcester, I am unable to tell you anything about Frank Albertson, except that he is with Fox, and his next picture will be "Salute."

LONA CARLSON.—"Lon Chaney Is Going to Get You If You Don't Watch Out"! Some girls might not mind that; Lon is a very nice person. As to whether there is a song by that name; you will hear it in "The Hollywood Revue." No, it isn't a theme song; it's a special number. Lon's next film is "The Bugle Sounds." Wallace Beery and Ernest Torrence are the only supporting players announced. Lon Chaney undoubtedly means it when he refuses to talk in pictures, but of course he may eventually have to talk or leave the screen. George Bancroft was born September 30, 1882. He's a blue-eyed brunet. Wallace Beery gives his birth date only as April 1st. He has brown hair and eyes.

A GAMMA.—Yes, thanks, I'm all straightened out now about Buddy Rogers' fraternity. Carroll Nye was born in Canton, Ohio, October 4, 1901. That's his real name. No, Carroll did not attend Princeton. He grew up in Covina, California, where his father is postmaster, and went to high school there and then to the University of California. I don't know whether William Courtenay of the stage has ever appeared on the screen, or not. Certainly not in recent years, but perhaps he may have done so a long time ago—longer ago than my records go back.

SIMPLE SIMON.—Well, when you meet the pie man, steal a cherry one for me! As to what I look like—well, I don't look as bad as I'm pictured on the answer page. Joyce Compton doesn't give her age. Sally Blane is eighteen. Carlotta King is Mrs. Sidney King Russell; her husband is a poet. Carlotta doesn't tell when she was born. John Boles was the hero in "The Desert Song." Bessie Love is thirty-one. Yes, May McAvoy is better when she doesn't talk on the screen—but a film star these days must talk to hold her job.

BOLED OVER.—So you expect some time to see those piles of letters covering me up completely? Maybe that's a good idea; would save money on clothes. You want "the life of John Boles"? Well, you are bloodthirsty! John was born in Greenville, Texas, October 28, 1900. He attended the University of Texas and studied for a medical career. But he changed his mind and went on the stage, where he appeared in light opera for five years. No, he was not in "Rosalie"; his film career had already begun by that time. When he was given his first screen rôle in "The Loves of Sunya," he was playing the singing lead in a musical comedy called "Kitty's Kisses." As to "any information about Gary Cooper not already gleaned from this magazine," that's a tough one. It seems to me the subject of Gary Cooper has been handled quite thoroughly. Did you know he was once a newspaper cartoonist in Los Angeles? And what is there you don't know about Richard Dix? Born in St. Paul, July 18, 1895. One sister, Virginia, who is Mrs. Jack Compton. Richard attended Northwestern University of Minnesota. His father wanted him to be a surgeon, as was his older brother Archie, but the work did not appeal to Richard, so, against his dad's wishes, he went on the stage. And eventually, like most stage actors, he landed in pictures—in 1921. Of course you know his real name is Ernest Carleton Brimmer. Sorry, I don't know just which picture of Bebe Daniels you refer to.

E. R. H.—So Buddy Rogers is a member of Phi Kappa Psi? Thanks for the information; I'll remember that the next time any one asks about his fraternity.

Continued on page 119

A New Kind of Make-Up

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RENEE ADOREE



Hollywood, Calif.—Max Factor showing Irene Rich how to correctly use the eyebrow pencil.

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COMPLEXION	COLOR EYES	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair	COLOR LASHES	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR HAIR	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow		Answer in
Olive		spaces with check mark

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condescension in this attitude, but only recognition that their way is not his, so why mingle the two to every one's discomfort?

He loves California as a place to live and would like some day to build a house farther down the coast, and make it his permanent home, doing a picture or a play when he felt like it, wandering off to foreign lands when the impulse occurred. He hopes to persuade his mother to come and live with him. He glows boyishly when describing her—beautiful, brilliant, a paragon among women.

He cannot be prevailed upon to "dress up," except for the occasional opera. His wardrobe is principally composed of rough tweeds and old sweaters. It is doubtful if he has bought a new suit since coming to Hollywood two years ago. His attire is always impeccably pressed, but usually old and frankly comfortable.

When he dines out, it is in some obscure little restaurant in Los Angeles, where he will not be recognized and stared at. To be the cynosure of pointing fingers makes him miserable, and he pulls his cap over his eyes and sinks into his collar in a vain attempt at disguise. When he drove to Riverside recently, and stopped in a restaurant for lunch, the other patrons made such a commotion when he entered that Nils turned and rushed out, bought some apples and

chocolate bars and lunched on them during the return drive.

His knowledge of antiques is extensive. He once had a shop in Stockholm and would like some time to open one in Los Angeles. His particular passion is anything of the Renaissance period.

He is a fluent linguist, but his English still retains a strong accent which is delightful. He laughs embarrassedly when his verbs and tenses get hopelessly confused.

He detests being called a "great lover," thinking the term vulgar and silly. Handsome heroes bore him. He wants to do character work and is always trying to persuade studio executives to let him wear beards and Chaney make-ups. He shies from any suggestion that he be starred. He would rather do a small rôle under the direction of Herbert Brenon than star under any other director. Brenon directed "Sorrell and Son," Asther's first American success, which he considers his best picture since coming here.

He has sincere respect for his profession, and keen pleasure in it. Having known it at its finest in Europe, the theater itself is his primary interest. An actor since sixteen, a product of the Royal Theater in Stockholm, and guest star of the famous art theaters of France, Germany, and Russia, he was one of the most

sought-after players in Europe. Mauritz Stiller, whose memory he reveres, obtained him for a picture. In Sweden and for Ufa in Germany, Nils was alternating between the screen and stage, when Joseph Schenck signed him on contract.

When he arrived, lonely and bewildered, it was principally to see the country, since he was sure that he would be shipped back at the first option. Metro-Goldwyn bought his United Artists contract, and recently signed him for five more years, but even this, and his enormous fan mail which inundates a whole office, cannot entirely convince him that he has got over. He speaks of things he will do when the studio lets him go.

Married once, and divorced, he has been reported engaged several times since coming to Hollywood, occasionally to ladies he has never met. Approached by reporters for his love-life confessions, he fled in horror. He refuses to meet the requirements of a matinée idol, and maudlin adulation leaves him puzzled.

Men like him for "a good guy," and women get disturbing crushes on him. Being innately conservative, he will never have Hollywood popularity, which is fortunate, since such a catastrophe would probably scare him out of the country. And then where would we be? In Sweden, of course, silly!

The Stroller

Continued from page 57

Reginald Denny's new picture takes place in an insane asylum—but he didn't have to send to the asylum for the supporting cast. He found them walking the streets of Hollywood.

Societies of the deaf are rising to protest against talking pictures. Subtitles are gone, and they no longer can enjoy pictures, they declare.

No one else can, either—except for a few surprises now and then.

But if they are enjoyable—and it is conceivable that they are to many, despite the failing of Hollywood's eye, ear, nose, and throat specialists—think of the blessing to the blind, who can now hear dialogue and have the excruciating pleasure of trying to guess who is speaking.

Some producer is going to make a lot of money when he starts a new trend in pictures.

Now that everybody knows more about the underworld than any gangster—and more about backstage life than any actor—it's about time somebody did something about it.

Ninety per cent of us tote rods, hardware, gats, et cetera, and we all talk about upstage and buffaloes and tap dancing and what not.

I suggest a cycle of street-car motorman pictures. Then in case of economic depression we can all drive trolleys, instead of resorting to highway robbery and amateur nights.

The new city administration has raided several night clubs, and forced the chorus girls to put on costumes.

In fact, the thing has gone so far that sun-tan backs on bathing suits were definitely banned by the authorities about the middle of the summer, with the result that press agents were hard pressed to obtain bathing pictures of their stars.

Most bathing pictures this season were taken in the mountains miles from the salt spray, and the background was painted in. Surrounded by outposts doing sentry duty, I saw a scenic artist painting a back drop in a secluded canyon, while camera man and publicist awaited eagerly for the sun.

It was a big he-man Western set, with Ken Maynard and his horse, Tarzan, doing the honors.

Also the story was about a horse race. There was argument on the set as to what to call the picture. Maynard insisted that "The Dark Horse" was the best title.

The star was forced to explain that a dark horse is an unexpected winner in any kind of race.

"Say," said the supervisor—there was one of them on this set—"You can't call this picture 'The Dark Horse.' Take a look for yourself. Tarzan is white."

There is something gratifying in the recent auction of Richard Dix's home.

According to a spy I sent to cover that affair, few fans were there buying towels that had touched the dear flesh.

Somebody got some pie tins for a nickel, and a breakfast set brought a dollar thirty-eight.

As one prosaic individual remarked, "Star dust is just as dirty as any other dust."

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 94

of thing you will find it well done in the dialogue picturization of Sax Rohmer's novel. But if you are skeptical and a bit reluctant to believe all you see on the screen, this exhibition of Scotland Yard versus *Doctor Fu* will strike you as rather juvenile. However, it builds up to an exciting climax, so that one leaves the theater with the memory of at least one thrill.

Doctor Fu, because of a wrong done him by the English during the Boxer rebellion, sets about to exterminate the foreign devils one by one. His machinations bring him to England, where *Sir John Petrie* and his son, *Jack*, are marked for his next victims. *Sir John* is done away with at the moment *Nayland Smith*, of Scotland Yard, comes to warn him. From then it becomes a battle of wits between the Chinaman and the detective, in which *Jack* takes a leading part, because he has fallen in love with the white girl who is *Doctor Fu's* ward. Of course it terminates in the death of *Doctor Fu*, the end of his hypnotic spell over the girl, and the beginning of a quieter life for her with *Jack*. All the players, who include Warner Oland, Neil Hamilton, O. P. Heggie, and Jean Arthur, do well.

Not So Hot.

Giving the talkies credit for bringing to the screen new and interesting personalities, we must also razz them for forcing on us antique plays that might better have remained in moth balls, with grandma's Paisley shawl and baby's first shoes. "Twin Beds" is a case in point.

Enormously successful as a snappy farce in the year when the "Merry Widow" hat and a feather boa were the *dernier cri*, it won't do to-day except in far-flung places where people are just starving to see a movie. You see, the idea of an inebriated stranger wandering into the honeymoon flat, and snuggling in the bridegroom's bed, isn't the deliciously naughty thing it used to be. It's just one of those incidents that belong in a play given by the amateur dramatic society of Sauk Center.

There's a lot more to it than that—too much, in fact—beginning with the first meeting of the young couple. It ends when the wife of the inebriate drags him upstairs, and the bride is cleared of the suspicion of harboring an intimate stranger.

Patsy Ruth Miller is handsome and charming as the bride and can wise-

Continued on page 114

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Hysteria Hits Hollywood

Continued from page 25

took out citizenship papers by way of soothing the situation. But that didn't have much effect upon the feelings of a leading man who had just learned that his option would not be taken up, because Señor Lopeniosos had been signed.

It wasn't very long, however, before all the sniffs and dirty looks exchanged by the participants in this crisis were forgotten, and the aliens joined their laments wholeheartedly with those of their adopted countrymen. That, my dears, was the year of the second shut-down, which included the added indignity of the attempted ten-per-cent salary cut.

The din of that period topped anything, I believe, that has ever been heard in the old village.

It was said that the thing was caused by the epidemic of epics through which we had just passed. After the success of "The Covered Wagon," "The Iron Horse," and "The Big Parade," studios went in with fulsome wholeheartedness for "big" pictures. Ensued "Ben-Hur," "Old Ironsides," "What Price Glory?" "Rough Riders," "Wings" and last, but not least, as really impressive flops go—"The Trail of '98." Not that all these pictures were flops—"Wings," in particular, enjoyed notable and well-deserved success—but the turnover was so slow that studios found themselves suffering from acute cramps in the exchequer.

Moreover, having been surfeited with two-million-dollar specials, and what with the radio and so on, the blasé public declined to take much active interest in the general run of program pictures which are the backbone of the industry.

Things were, as usual, in a bad way. But this was an even worse way than usual. In fact, it was said, shouted, gasped, and whimpered in anguished tones—also as usual—that this was at last the end—that long-looked-for extremity. This was it. Pictures were all washed up and done for. Their makers could now go back to making buttonholes, selling furs, concocting magic cures for rheumatism, or whatever else had occupied them before they invaded the silent drama.

Not only did the studios try to decrease overhead by cutting salaries, but they imported odd individuals known as efficiency experts. These surprising gentlemen snoop around lots, sneaking up on sets and writing objectionable memos to the effect that six extras on the company pay

roll stood idle through an entire morning while close-ups were shot of the leads in the picture. Just professional tattle-tales. You can imagine how popular they were!

It was one of these gentlemen who was reported to have approached a writer on one lot with the challenge, "You're paid for writing, aren't you? All right—let's see you write something!"

Just here the moans and wails became organized and focused. There were meetings, gatherings and debates for the purpose of high-class moaning. Equity pulled itself together, girded up its loins and, with Conrad Nagel as its most prominent and elegant mouthpiece, voiced its woes and its demands in public.

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences came into being, a society formed for the purpose of promoting good will between actors who were having their salaries cut and producers who were cutting 'em. Quaint notion!

At least that episode proved that if the moaners would get together and wail with a purpose, they might accomplish something. The ten-per-cent cut was frustrated. But the business rolled gently over on its side and lay gasping for some months, studios shut down, and practically all production suspended.

Then Warners released "The Jazz Singer."

With that first all-talking picture came the beginning of the biggest upset in picture history—and the greatest stimulus pictures could have received.

Production hums and the day is saved for the time being, so far as the industry is concerned. But the moaners moan on. Picture people are the most pessimistic beings in the world. Their shivering is chronic.

They never admit complete happiness. There is always a cloud on the horizon. Even a successful player looks upon the termination of his contract as a disaster, even though he may have thousands in the bank.

Having watched these upsets and listened to the viewers-with-alarm for some time, I have reached the conclusion that if Hollywood ever ceases to moan—if it ever settles down to a sense of smug security—if it ever ceases to consider every change and development in the light of a cataclysm—then, indeed, will there be reason for worry. Pictures will be in a sad way.

But I do not believe such a thing will ever happen.

The Luck of the Spanish

Continued from page 32

tuous rose Persian rugs in the draw-room above.

But the large play room on the second floor was indeed designed for relaxation. There are huge, low couches and easy-to-reach bookshelves. There are musical instruments here, and a wide sweep of floor for dancing.

Norma Talmadge's carpenters were banging away on her new beach house on one side of Bebe's, and the flowers in the patio courtyard of Constance Talmadge's new honeymoon house beckon to the blossoms on Bebe's verandas on the other.

Bebe's house is seventeenth-century Italian. The furnishings are rich. There are chests and desks, four-poster bedsteads and other hand-carved and interesting pieces of old wood. The fixtures are of iron, as are the gates at the wide doorways. There are chapellike windows, fine paintings by Italian and Spanish artists, and an unusual collection of ancient daggers and swords.

The bathrooms are nothing short of gorgeous. One is of yellow-and-black marble, its walls flanked by leaded mirrors. Another is of gray marble, and the guest bathrooms are lined in colorful tiles. There are luxurious suites for guests, as well as for Bebe's mother and grandmother, who live with her. As if in defiance of such comfortable splendor, the populace on Sundays stretch their tent ropes from Bebe's fence, throw watermelon rinds on her veranda, and stand about stubbornly defying some one to throw them out.

"It seems as if I am giving up everything for the talkies," confided Bebe. "I used to go swimming every day. Now I have only time once a week. I have had to give up my beach house, because it is too far from the studio. I am giving up my guitar, piano, French and Spanish lessons. Instead I take singing lessons each day, and I am studying voice with Nance O'Neill.

"Except for the feats that required an acrobat, I never had a double for the athletic stunts I did in comedies. In one picture I fenced with ten experts, and no one was hurt, but in 'Señorita,' when they had me fence with a three-hundred-pound discus-throwing champion from Paris, I almost lost my eyes.

"Even with experiences like that, I preferred to do my own fencing and athletic stunts, so now I want to do my own talking and singing.

"But you know I have fenced for many years. And I did want to keep

up my practice, for no American has ever won a place in the Olympic fencing contests." She had to give up flying, too, although she is only a student pilot.

"Which is the lowest form of flying life," comments Bebe. "This consists of taking your friends up if they have nerve enough to go. I don't do any stunts. I fly slowly and am careful on the turns, but I did want to keep on so I could get my first pilot license."

Ben Lyon, Bebe's fiancé, has gone far beyond her in the air. He "soloed" after his first week's work in "Hell's Angels," and he has passed his examinations for a limited commercial pilot. Now he is taking a course in navigation, so he can win his license as a transport pilot, quite the highest form of cloud life.

Bebe giggles over the insurance companies who wouldn't allow her a policy, because of the stunts she did in pictures. And two years ago they even deprived her of accident insurance, and laughed at her lately when she told them she did not have to stumble about any more in pictures, but that she was a good risk as a languorous, clinging vine.

Bebe is even giving up matrimony for a time. When she and Ben do step off they will have a small, unostentatious wedding.

"When it's the real thing, you feel like that," says Bebe, eyes glowing. "We understand each other, Ben and I. Neither of us has been married, but we've seen plenty of marital troubles of others. We want this to last. And because we are sane about our romance and level-headed, and not jealous or suspicious of each other, I think it will."

She is going about matrimony with the same cool, sane sense that has characterized her business decisions. She is one of the few big stars who has never married. She has met her obligations—the care of her mother and grandmother and sundry aunts and cousins, and put fame and fortune behind her before indulging in family life of her own.

And so they call her new break "the luck of the Spanish." But luck is the wrong word.

"Are stars dumb?" still ask doubting Iowa tourists.

If they could follow the complexities of a day with Bebe Daniels, they might find out that it usually takes years of wise planning and clever management to win wealth and fame, the two rewards that lazy people dub "luck."



Anita Page, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Star.



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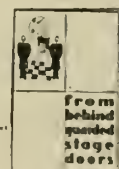
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Over the Teacups

Continued from page 29

earlier version, but he was not, and rather than release a lame picture, Paramount will film most of it over again."

"I wonder just what they consider a lame picture?"

"Now don't bring up 'Innocents of Paris,'" Fanny cautioned me. "I am in no mood to dwell on things like that."

And as long as she just would be cheerful, I asked if she were going to the opening of "Melody Lane," knowing, of course, that she would be, since Josephine Dunn is in it.

"You know," Fanny began, "now that Josie Dunn has made a big success, with little help or encouragement from any one, you can find people all up and down Broadway who say 'I told you so.' To hear them tell it, they personally guided her out of the chorus, into the Paramount school, and then advised her to free lance. And when Dorothy Gulliver makes a big hit in 'The Forward Pass' a few months from now, I suppose the same people will say they knew she had it in her all the time. She has graduated from 'The Collegians' at last, you know, and also from Universal. She is just starting out as a free lance."

"Yes," I granted, "but there are so many of them there is hardly luck enough to go around. And then

there is old Mamma Equity all ready to pounce on a girl who hasn't a contract. This just isn't the time for any one to start or finish a contract."

"Have you ever known any time that wasn't a bad time for actors and producers and exhibitors?" Fanny asked belligerently. "That's the chief charm of the picture business. It always seems to be on the verge of a great upheaval. Now, just as the companies have hit their stride making sound pictures, some exhibitor in the Middle West has noticed that all dialogue pictures are pretty much alike. There are stories about trials, prize rings, backstage, the underworld, and mystery thrillers."

"And what are the producers going to do about it? Aren't we to have any more dynamic, young lawyers rushing into the courtroom to save the heroine in the last reel?"

"No," Fanny announced gravely, "but we and the squawking exhibitor will probably wish we had, because for the next few months the producers are concentrating on making Mississippi-gambler and up-in-the-air stories. And we will be so tired of dashing, romantic gamblers with a chivalric strain, that we will wish for the good, old days in a nice, formal courtroom."

And I am almost afraid that Fanny is right.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 92

turning to the screen this fall. Rumors to the contrary, which occasionally circulate notwithstanding, she seems exceptionally happy in her married life.

The Marquise Departs.

Gloria Swanson meanwhile is sojourning in Europe. She simply had to join the Marquis de la Falaise, et cetera, in Paris. They haven't seen each other for months since "Hank"—that's easier—has been very busy abroad.

Gloria had another reason for going to Europe. The world premiere of her first all-talking, and also singing, feature, "The Trespasser," is to be held in London. "Queen Kelly," which she made under the direction of Erich von Stroheim, remains on the shelf. It may, however, be released some time later. Probably in two evenings!

Studies in Bronze.

The passion for "high yaller" sun

tan goes on as ferociously as ever each summer in Hollywood, and the one about to end is no exception. The beauteous stars are no longer content with one or two coats of tan. The ambition of each is to be just a shade blacker than the other.

Hollywood's most representative daughters of bronze are Joan Crawford and Lilyan Tashman. The decorative Lilyan is particularly stunning in her deep-ochre pigment, when contrasting it with a backless evening gown of pale-jade satin. Incidentally, the Tashman is wearing her hair parted in the middle, waved closely to the head, and with the ends lying in meticulous little ringlets flat against her neck. She resembles nothing so closely as the classic heads which adorned ancient Roman coins.

Joan Crawford is Lilyan's duskiest competitor, but has the edge on her in this respect—she owns a crop of little brown freckles.

Ruth Chatterton induced a craning

of necks when she appeared at the Ethel Barrymore première of "The Kingdom of God" clad in a beautifully even layer of tan, strikingly set off by a most chic backless gown of black.

Poor, Hungry Mortals.

All formal greetings of "How are you?" are gradually being reduced to mathematical terms in the colony these days of fasting.

No one inquires about one's health any more. One only growls, "What day are you on?" All this is because of the eighteen-day diet.

The answer varies from a meek, almost inaudible "Fifth," to a pantomimic exhibition, of abject resolution when the victim feebly holds up both hands to indicate that the tenth day has passed.

By the time the eighteenth day has arrived—the end of the fast of grapefruit, hard-boiled eggs and tomatoes—the dieter is either resting in peace, or appears by proxy.

There are a few players who truly and honestly have gone on the rigid diet and not only survived, but felt benefited by it. They have lost pounds and pounds and swear by stacks of Melba toast that they feel invigorated and completely rejuvenated.

Of course, we have only heard their testimonials anywhere from the eighth day out to the end of the line. But we have not spoken to any one a month after the diet, so we are not prepared to recommend it as good or bad.

We have always been slightly skeptical about the veracity of dieters, because they often imagine they are on a diet when they really aren't. We have discovered numerous prevaricators among the so-called eighteen-day brigade. One very sweet young lady, for instance, must have become confused in her numbers, or something, because at noon of the third day she was eating the dinner and breakfast of the ninth. And on the fourth day she combined the dinners of the eighth and the sixteenth days for lunch, because it probably hastened things along.

So with people behaving like that, how can one tell whether the diet is beneficial or injurious, or even whether it is actually practiced?

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Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration, forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately excess weight will have been removed in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

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Peter Pan's Rebellion

Continued from page 52

growth. When you become involved in pictures, you are of them. It's a separate world. Art and literature are close to it, and absorbing. It is hard to detach yourself and get back into the channels of thought outside. Old associations no longer satisfy.

"A girl in school or society would come to dinner. My work held glamour for her; her interests were routine. I used my energy in entertaining her, but I got nothing to stimulate me.

"I want so"—her still-childish lips trembled—"to acquire poise, to find what is best for me to do, and then to act with courage. Your character should have first consideration." Some one must have been talking self-culture to Betty! However, she has an innate appreciation of the right things in the arts, so such advice should not be regretted! "Your work, second. The combination of public and private life, third.

"To be true to yourself, that is what *should* be. I have thought that if I did the things which would help me to grow and learn, *that* would express itself in my work and make it finer, and that that alone counted. Lately, I have wondered if we are judged by our work solely. Discounting the fact that a success is usually followed by routine pictures, does work mean so much? Publicity makes a player's private life important."

I chanced to be at the Paramount studio when the announcement of *Peter's* choice was made. So I received Betty's first autographed picture and was the first to interview a breathless, flurried *Peter*. From that instant, Betty, the child who had trudged about the studios, playing bits

for some time, ceased to be. She became *Peter Pan*.

Error was made in her initial publicity. Some recognition should have been made of her struggles to get started. The choice of an unknown for the important rôle was made to appear merely a fortunate circumstance.

There followed overdoses of *Peter Pan* publicity; they established *Peter* so firmly that they precluded the possibility of finding Betty. And in later pictures Betty put his spirit into every rôle, thereby limiting herself.

Her ambition is to play wistful girls—girls with dreams—in a worldly atmosphere. Every big city has them, a soft undertone to the flappers' jazz. The semisophisticated cigarette girl of "The Singing Fool" was her first attempt in a new genre. In "Sonny Boy" she gave Edward Everett Horton a crack in the eye! "Companionate Marriage" and her work as a reporter in "The Bellamy Trial" won approval.

Only twenty-one, already having experienced the joys and disappointments of fame, her youth's richest years are ahead. They may yet mold of her undisputed talent, of her experience, of her determination, another and more solid success. Nor has she learned to wear well the mantle of stardom—not even now that she has lost it, except for its afterglow. The recognition of the fans crowded outside Montmartre embarrassed her.

They love her, many of them. Public affection is not so fickle; a few good pictures reinstate a favorite. While newcomers may profit by the mistakes made in mismanaging Betty, I believe that she herself will reap from them the greatest harvest.

TO GLADYS BROCKWELL

Good night, O Life, good night but not farewell!

The gallant heart that fought advancing death

Would never flinch before the final spell . . .

Death came and went, and sipped the living breath.

Fair Hollywood will bow and mourn the flight

Of her loved face across the silver screen;

A cheery voice fades out, and overnight

The raindrops gently soothe the fallen queen.

Perhaps the Great Producer beyond the bar

Desired a cast and summoned her at eve

To play the title rôle, hereafter far

From Hollywood, the land of make-believe.

Good night, O Life, good night but not farewell;

The sleep's forgetting heals all earthly pain

When life's short reel is done and cheering swells,

And night links one new star in heaven's chain!

MAURICE V. BOCHICCHIO.

Nutty, But Nice

Continued from page 23

lywood, because I am a stickler for detail—I gave the motion-picture industry a figurative good-by kiss—or maybe it was a thumb of the nose—and started out the gate.

"Believe it or not, an office boy came running after me as I went out and told me that Harry Rapf wanted to see me next morning. I asked what it was all about and he said he thought it was something about a gag job on a new picture. I had had so many things slip away that I thought I would take no chances on this, so didn't wait until the next morning but went back that afternoon. By the time I crawled up the steps to his office he wasn't there, so I told them it didn't make any difference, anyhow, because I was leaving the studio.

"When I got home there was a phone message to report on the job next morning as gag man, and I've never been in Mr. Rapf's office yet. I've gagged for every star and director on the lot, I think.

"Finally they took a test of me, and what I went through to get that test only God and I know—and probably nobody else cares. Anyhow, after the test I got a rôle in 'Our Dancing Daughters.'

Visitors had arrived and one of the guests stuck his head in the door. "Always the leading man, Eddie. Don't forget yourself."

"Always," said Mr. Nugent quite unperturbed, and to me, "Well, what next?"

"It's just this: the editor told me to write a humorous article about you and said you were witty and gay and other things. Well, you're just

about as witty and humorous as a funeral."

"I may be the 'other things' he mentioned, but I'm not humorous and that settles that."

"It doesn't settle it at all. Either you'll wise crack for the ladies and gents, or I'll ask teacher to send Malcolm H. Oettinger or William H. McKegg to interview you, and how'll you like that?"

"I won't play," Eddie screamed in rage.

"Oh, yes, you'll play, and like it," I yelled.

As the last plate crashed against the wall—yes, we were still in the dining room—the cops arrived.

"At least," I continued through the bars of my room and bath at the police station, "tell me what's your favorite rôle."

"If all your stories had to be confined to a hundred words, do you suppose there'd be any favorite among them? I think I will have played my favorite part when I impersonate an 'offstage voice,' because then I'll know they can't make 'em any smaller and still have me in the picture."

"Getting smart again, eh?" I remarked, throwing the bath at him, "but we'll let that pass if you'll tell me the funniest thing that's ever happened to you."

"Being signed up as an actor," he replied as they turned the fire hose on us, and added as the bottoms of my trousers began to reach for my neck, "and save that loud suit when it's finished shrinking—we can use it in a talkie short."

"And what," I ask you, my public, "can you do with a guy like that?"

THE MOVIE IDOL

With folded hands, on bended knee, I pray;
And methinks I see you smile;
Methinks I know what you would say;
But let me worship just a while.

You would tell me that my idol is but clay;
So plain to see, you say, by all but me.
And you would smile and sneer and mock me while I pray,
Because its cloven hoof I fail to see.

That it will crack and crumble, this, my all,
And you would spare me such unending pain.
Well, it shall find me kneeling—crush me in its fall,
And the shattered bits I'll never mend again.

Is it folly? Do I ask too great a boon—
That my idol be the perfection I see as I pray?
Will time give me vision, make me see so soon?
Then leave me. Let me worship just to-day.

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What Her Father Paid for Stardom

Continued from page 21

went on furnishing atmosphere, until Dad Miller won the great Nazimova over to the idea of giving the child a chance.

Patsy Ruth played *Nichette* in Nazimova's "Camille." It was an opportunity such as had been given few players of her limited experience.

From that moment on, the doors were open wide to Oscar Miller and his daughter. Other producers and directors decided she must have ability, otherwise Nazimova would not have intrusted her with the rôle.

Patsy Ruth Miller's toes were dug in. She was ready for the race.

During her first six months on the screen, her earnings as an extra and bit player totaled less than \$600. And during that same period, her mother had purchased for her, among other things, a single evening gown that had cost \$750.

It was then that Samuel Goldwyn signed Patsy Ruth at a salary of \$4,000 a year, increasing it to \$5,000 for her second twelve-month period. Even that, however, fell far short of what the Millers were expending to "put their daughter over."

Dad Miller, erstwhile St. Louis manufacturer, continued to handle Patsy Ruth as he had his wooden novelty business. He kept a set of books on her income and disbursements.

Not long ago I sat with Patsy Ruth and her father in the latter's study in their Beverly Hills home, going over ledgers and annual statements. There I gleaned some interesting facts and figures on the cost of producing a star.

Patsy Ruth has earned \$500,000 through her screen work over a period of nine years. One of her most profitable was 1928, when the public heard little of her, because she was starring in quickies for independent producers.

Forty-five per cent of that half-million dollars, or \$205,000, has been reinvested in Patsy Ruth's career, that she might maintain her big income.

Fifty thousand dollars of that sum was paid to her booking agent as his ten per cent commission on all her earnings.

More than \$60,000 has gone into clothes.

Answering her fan mail has cost her on an average of more than \$6,000 a year.

Publicity cost her \$5,000 annually. She contributes a similar amount to charities.

Income taxes run high.

During her nine years in Hollywood she has lent and lost more than \$60,000 on hard-luck stories and promises to pay.

"The world hears of those who come to Hollywood and reach fame and fortune overnight," Dad Miller told me, "but few know of the thousands and thousands who come here and fail, because they lack money with which to carry on. Cash, I believe, is more essential in obtaining a foothold in the films than looks and ability.

"Not one cent of our original investment of more than \$20,000 in Patsy Ruth's career was spent in any but legitimate channels. I have heard it charged that persons have bribed casting-office employees, and others with influence on the lots, but there was none of that in our case. I was determined that Patsy Ruth must not go on in pictures, unless she had ability.

"One of the things we could not have bought for Patsy was the opportunity given her by Nazimova."

Mr. Miller pointed out that he places a star's maintenance costs at a very conservative estimate when he names forty-five per cent as the figure.

"Another cost that Patsy Ruth has been spared is that of a manager. Had I not been financially able to give up my own business and devote my thought and energy to her, she would have had to spend another \$5,000 or so a year for some one to handle her affairs for her. The agent who draws ten per cent of the player's salary limits his efforts to obtaining contracts for her.

"The average young woman can get along on one fourth the clothes required by one in pictures, for an actress of prominence cannot repeat on her gowns and wraps and hats. Each party she attends means an increase in wardrobe expense.

"And the majority of items I have mentioned as being part of the cost of upkeep are not deductible when it comes time to pay income taxes. That makes it hard on the stars."

Patsy Ruth Miller's father has read of parents who raised their child to be a movie star, expecting in later years to sit back in a life of ease and luxury on the earnings of the son or daughter. "They're taking a pretty big risk," he will tell you in all seriousness. He reminds one that the successes on the screen are few; the failures many.

"And," he adds, "the cost of production runs high!"

Have Foreigners a Chance Now?

Continued from page 61

Argentina is frugal, numerically, but wouldn't you rather have just Barry Norton and Paul Ellis than a score of lesser lights from the Pampas?

The beautiful Brazilian, Lia Tora, a noted dancer of Rio Janeiro, has Fox leads.

Joseph Schildkraut is dashed with four nationality condiments. His years here, and his father's, have dimmed their accents. Nor can I classify Jetta Goudal, whose keen imagination has fabricated the enigma of her origin; probably she is the whole league.

The only Oriental, Sojin, a cultured scholar, mastered English in six months.

Those foreigners who can enunciate the mike test. "Theophilus Thistle, skillful thistle sifter, sifts thistles skillfully," pass with a hundred-percent mark. But where are they? This tongue twister spells Waterloo for many American stage players. Could they acquire fluency, and if they possess other essential attributes, Europeans would excel, their voices being low and husky. The mike streaks out a coloratura into a squeak.

Laura Hope Crews and other instructors in diction have many in training for correct articulation. How much should a chipped accent be polished? Paramount ordered several to stop English lessons; sometimes an accent is added charm.

Pronunciation causes much worry. Should speech match characterization? Ostensibly, yes, as on the stage. But will our wider American movie audience, largely unaccustomed to the theater, understand? Britons, for instance, accent different syllables of English words. And we ourselves have no national accent—our Southern drawl is bounded by our brisk, New England speech, and our Western burring has its own individuality.

Vocal doubling is possible, and has been used for singing, but not often for dialogue, as it requires considerable time. Would it be worth the effort to double in dialogue for a foreigner? Lip movement would not coincide. Synchronizers do not think this a minor matter. In the theater, vowels are stressed; for the mike, consonants. And *s*, *t*, and *f*, are the toughest for the foreigner to enunciate.

The mike offers so many problems. Mechanical difficulties even in expert diction, the degree of vocal characterization acceptable to American audiences, censorship, changing of cast

Continued on page 117

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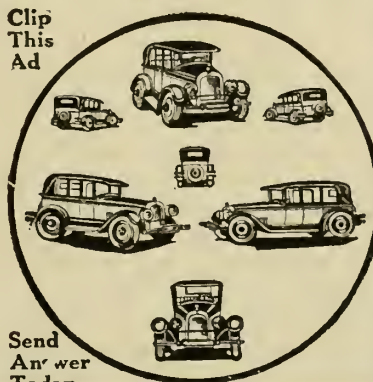
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Continued from page 100

out here looking for work, who have done far more than you have, so think twice about it," she replied.

Nevertheless, Jimmy came.

"I adopted some parents," he told me, "and they adopted me. My own mother died when I was only a few years old, so I only know my adopted mother. She's the only person I care for since my adopted dad died."

So grateful were Jimmy's adopted parents for the happiness he had given them, that they sent him out to Hollywood and paid his expenses until he found work.

A visit to Clara Bow again stirred her doubts. "Listen, Jimmy," Clara remarked, "your ears stick out too much. Wear something over them at night, or use adhesive tape to keep them back. Now your nose is too thick. Keep a clothes pin on it while you sleep."

Jimmy thought Clara was joking, but she wasn't. Disregarding these aids to beauty, Jimmy got extra work. He worked hard and finally was noticed by Pathé and signed.

Did you see him in "The Leatherneck"? His death, where he was shot with Paul Weigel, was the best scene in a rather dull picture. Better still was he as the office boy in "The Office Scandal." You will see him in "The Sophomore" and many others later on.

I found Lew Ayres to be very quiet, probably, as he pointed out, because being a newcomer he had nothing to say. He gave the impression

that he was just waking out of a dream and couldn't forget it.

Lew was born in Minneapolis, but has lived most of his young life in San Diego, California. At school he played in the orchestra and soon could perform on several instruments. During vacation he put his talents to financial benefit. It was while playing at the Montmartre that he was noticed by Ivan Kahn, promoter of several "finds." Mr. Kahn took Lew to various executives and finally "sold" him to Pathé.

Mr. Ayres roused himself sufficiently to tell me he was once at a tea at the Roosevelt Hotel and danced with a pretty, young lady who encouraged his screen aspirations. Not until afterward did he discover she was Lily Damita.

This confession seemed the most Mr. Ayres could recall, or cared to recall. He reverted to his impassive silence. Lew Ayres is a terrifically sensitive chap—I mean sensitive in an artistic sense. When I allude to his almost sonnambulistic manner I may be doing him an injustice, but I don't think so. Once or twice he almost flared into a dynamic explosion, but quickly quenched the impulse. Maybe he was nervous.

I came away with the feeling of not knowing a thing about Lew Ayres, but with curiosity aroused by what he suggested.

If he gets a good rôle he will give the fans something to talk about and remember, so keep your eye on him.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 105

crack with the best of them who, in this instance, is Jack Mulhall. Armand Kaliz is the intruder, Gertrude Astor his wife, and Zasu Pitts is a languid servant. Entirely in dialogue, the picture has a theme song, too.

Soft and Low.

A superannuated blackface singer named Eddie Leonard is the star of "Melody Lane." As a curiosity the film occupies a place all by itself, though it really should be in a museum instead of a theater—in the corridor devoted to imitations of "The Singing Fool." A feeble attempt at originality is the substitution of a baby girl named *Wonderful* instead of a male offspring called *Sonny Boy*. But *Wonderful* serves the same purpose by giving her father the cue to sing when nobody wants him to. He and *Wonderful's* mother—her

name, if you can bear it, is *Beautiful*—have broken up their vaudeville act, because mamma aspires to bigger and better things. Quickly they come her way on the dramatic stage, where Huntly Gordon, as *Rinaldi*, guides her destiny. Just for a flip of coincidence, her husband—the father of *Wonderful*—pokes around wistfully as a porter or something lowly in the same temple of art. Reconciliation of mamma and papa comes about, with a bad break for the manager who was willing to take a chance and let mamma act in public. She probably could have, because she is played by Josephine Dunn, who would have been more appropriately cast as Mr. Leonard's daughter. His songs illustrate the public taste of long ago, and his sedate stepping is also a reminder of the time when jazz was unheard of.

It's Love He Wants

Continued from page 74

leisure and peace of mind—than when you have not enough. I want enough to be able to surround myself with comfort and beauty—to live exquisitely. It does not take very much—if you know how."

Lebedeff, one gathers, knows how.

"Glory, fame? They are empty. I was once used as a sort of—what you say?—publicity, when I came home on leave from the war. They had a procession and celebration—Russian Lindbergh stuff! I was the hero of the hour. After a few hours I was very bored with it. It meant nothing. And the behavior of the women—ugh! It was very depressing!"

"Power I do not want. Once, for three days, I held a city in Russia. The only way I could hold it was to keep the inhabitants from circulating and concentrating. I was forced to execute people—boys I knew. No, I do not want power.

"Love I want. I wish to find a woman with whom I can fall in love truly and sincerely. Love is the only truly unselfish emotion in the world. For a long time I thought that I had lost my capacity for love. But now I begin to think that it is possible for me again.

"Only—I cannot find the woman!

"A foreigner here is almost certainly doomed to tragedy in his love affairs. American women, physically, are the most attractive in the world

to a Continental. Vigorous, slim, straight, splendid, living outdoor lives, they are superb! Their frank directness charms us.

"It is their vigor, I think, which fascinates us most. Europeans, with their old, jaded civilization, are tired. You have sprung from pioneers so recently—a strong race which has struggled with nature and been close to the elements so lately—you have a force and magnetism which we never see abroad.

"But spiritually American women do not satisfy us. They are too shrewd, too hard. They do not know, have not learned the subtleties of existence. They do not understand us. They lure us and then disappoint us cruelly!

"I, too, shall suffer tragedy, I suppose."

Ivan Lebedeff, I think, is lonely. Lonely for companions who speak his language. People are curious about him and interested in him, but close acquaintance with his European sophistication often shocks and repels the sensibilities of Americans. He is a trifle too jaded, a little shopworn.

Just what this spurt of interest in him on the screen portends, I am not prepared to say. He is certainly a capable actor, and talking pictures are definitely augmenting the opportunities for sophisticated types. It seems an auspicious moment for Lebedeff. But only time will tell.

A Passionate Pilgrim

Continued from page 54

on the Golden State Limited, when all the train riding I had previously done had been when I bummed my way?"

Since "The Crowd" he has made, "In Old Kentucky," "Rose-Marie," with Joan Crawford, "The Big City," with Lon Chaney, "Little Wildcat" for Warners, and finally "The Shakedown" for Universal, in which he crashed through with one of the most amazing performances yet recorded in the talkies. That was followed by "Thunder," again with Lon Chaney.

In his entire list of characterizations there is almost none that does not stand out as excellent acting, although the opportunities afforded him by his rôles have not always been of the same caliber as those in "The Crowd" and "The Shakedown."

"That's about all, as far as my history goes." He picked up a copy of a magazine and turned to a para-

graph about himself—"as an artist he is without a peer, and at heart he is a hobo."

"That part about the 'artist' hands me a laugh and," he added, "I guess if the writer had said 'at heart he is a bum,' he would have been nearer the truth."

That's his opinion of himself. My own is that at heart he is one of the few gentlemen I have ever met.

I imagine Jim Murray has battles ahead of him yet—battles to fight with himself and his conscience.

Whether he masters those devils of which he spoke, or whether they get him; whether he falls by the way-side, or goes marching to film glory, I know that at the end fate will find him fighting to the last gasp, and fighting like a man, still with that bewildered look in his eyes and that smile on his lips which cuts like a knife at your heart.



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Must a Star "Go Hollywood"?

Continued from page 86

bought for Eddie a new house for a sum six thousand dollars less than it was priced. Once a month there is a conference, and if Eddie has been indulging in any financial outbursts he is called on the carpet.

Since acquiring a Pathé contract, Jeanette Loff has saved twenty-five per cent of her salary. Twenty per cent has gone into wardrobe. Living expenses take one quarter. She has been furnishing her apartment bit by bit, buying unpainted things of modernistic design and painting them herself, and has frequented sales of draperies and linens. Her car is expensive; she believes that a better motor requires less repairs.

Lila Lee's tastes are simple. She keeps one maid, drives her own car, and gives teas in her apartment, or luncheons at Montmartre. Clothes and the care of her hair are her extravagances.

Anita Page boasts of her economy. Part of her salary goes into the family bank, as "board." "It costs a lot to keep my hair nice, as I must have appointments after business hours and pay an overtime rate, with large tips." She is still so naïve that the truth tumbles right out. "I pose in fashion pictures and sometimes receive the hats and dresses. One factory sends me cute wash dresses, which I wear to and from the studio."

The gentle Raquel Torres has found people quite kind. Her landlady advises her in ways to reduce expenses. She and her sister occupy a single apartment, with telephone, laundry, heat, and light for seventy-five dollars a month. They go marketing and do their own cooking, ex-

cept when some event calls for a spree—dining out. They call themselves "sensible business girls." The studio furnished her a Ford and she looked the neighborhood over for a garage at cheap rental. Having learned to sew in the convent, as most well-trained Mexican girls do, she makes most of her own dresses. Later, when she becomes known and is invited to parties, she realizes that she must spend more for clothes, but now she is concentrating upon saving.

Camilla Horn confesses to being thrifty, adding that in her native country the frauleins are taught the value of money through its scarcity. Europeans are frugal. The blond Camilla planks away half her salary immediately; part of the rest is sent to Germany for her family. She lived quite simply, before she returned to Europe, in a beach house leased from a publicity woman.

Bessie Love, during her heyday, had bought an expensive car and lived "starishly." Various conditions affected her stellar place. They said she was through. Bessie differed. Work was indefinite, but such money as she made was "invested" in singing and dancing lessons. A smaller home, a repainted car and other economies enabled her to complete her stage training. The talkies, via "The Broadway Melody"—brought back a new Bessie, one who had never thought as sensibly as when she was supposed to be defeated. Though she saves a lot of her salary now, she points to the "dividends" on that first investment as proof of its wisdom.

No, the *real* people in the movies don't "go Hollywood."

The "Mike" Confesses All

Continued from page 90

anatomy, but to the two sticks which a boy claps together at the beginning and end of each sound sequence. The dull thud assists the film editor to synchronize sound and acting negatives before making final prints.

Aviators disturb my peace, and have been asked to detour around sound stages. Even the breeze necessitated the retaking of ninety thousand dollars' worth of scenes for "In Old Arizona."

During the filming of a comedy, James Gleason used a swarm of bees. I magnify. The rushing sound resembled Niagara Falls, or a football touchdown.

They have exercised my patience

by making talkie scenes by remote control. Location sounds have been picked up and wired to the studio, and telephones have relayed noises to the recording laboratories.

Every one in the company on location in the snowy Sierras for "High Voltage" caught cold. Sniffles and coughs, soft-pedaled, were permitted to add to the realism, being natural under the story's circumstances.

They are improving me all the time. New machines record a range from the deepest to the highest musical tones. This extended range preserves natural overtones, making full orchestration possible in reproduction.

Just a Little Madcap

Continued from page 43

heatedly, "my Gicko: I lof him so! And soon I will see him again. In six, eight—how many days?" "Straight-way she brought to light a calendar, already covered with x's that canceled the days past. "Six, seven—ah, eight!" she cried. "Eight more days and I will see my man!" I waited for the refrain, but in vain. Her man, she told me, with no little eloquence, played opposite her in "Wolf Song," a picture one recalls as having no wolf and too much song, and from the first day they were, as Walter Winchell so aptly puts it, that way about each other.

Lupe was skyrocketed to prominence by the enthusiastic Fairbanks, for whom she acted up in "The Gaucho." From that picture forward she was destined to be a spitfire.

D. W. Griffith took her in hand to add a touch of canned heat to his little opus called "Lady of the Pavements," the theme song of which could happily have been "Lady of the Pavements, I'd Walk a Mile for You!"

Now Lupe is one of those United Artists, and rather inordinately proud of the idea. She speaks of herself as Lupe, flashes her eyes extravagantly, avoids the conventional in speech and posture, and registers gayety untrammelled at any cost.

She is sought after by advertisers who want her endorsement on suspension bridges, cyclone fencing, canary feed, health lamps, stainless-steel can openers and similar impressive products. She has made a phonograph record that plaintively inquires "Where Is the Song of Songs for Me?" and it may be dismissed with a gentle pat; and there have been numerous radio appearances during which Lupe has cried greetings to her "dollinks" and "sweet pipples," all of which may or may not be good publicity. In any case Lupe has enjoyed a widespread campaign that has employed the deadliest weapons known to the crafty exploiter.

"Joe Schenck has me under contract," she said gayly. "I no give a damn how many mergers go. Lupe is set!"

By this time the patient shoe salesman had vanished with his mountain of boxes, the Velez eyes were heavy with kohl, the Velez lips were lavishly carmined, and belowstairs the orchestra was vamping till ready.

"Let's go!" shouted the Mexican wild cat. "Lupe's ready!" And the storm of applause greeting her entrance on the stage clearly demonstrated that the great American public knows precisely what it wants.

Have Foreigners a Chance Now?

Continued from page 113

names of novels and plays to more euphonious sounds, teaching stage actors to forget projection of voice, jaw calisthenics and the theater's artificial accent, and to acquire conversational dialogue and camera intimacy; tutoring movie actors in audible drama and gradations of enunciation, and, in close-ups, to employ pantomime and oral delivery alternately.

When Clara Bow, as a college girl, says "edjication," producers are occupied with their own children's microphone mistakes, without adopting an orphanage. Both movie star and stage recruit need schooling, but they have initial assets—English, and training in one field or the other. The foreigner offers only talent and personality. Newcomers can be trained at much less cost than Americanizing an alien.

Our players, proficient in tonal characterization, will fill their places. George Fawcett already has orally acted all races except the Mongolian. Name it, promise good pay, and the old trouper can roll it out. A na-


tional boundary means nothing to the barnstormer. The sound track is punctuated by strange marks, with the addition now of flat spots and holes. Louise Fazenda has had to assume a Cockney dialect. Irene Bordoni, in musi-talkies, will sing the language gamut.

Myrna Loy is a linguistic expert—she didn't get that versatility in the Los Angeles public school which she attended. She uses a peculiar English, employing the characteristics of the nation's tongue. Her piercing, weird cries, with a sharp, upward fleck to her voice, her low drones, make her, with her Oriental personality, very valuable.

The screen's loss is manifold. English and American actors are inclined to be too phlegmatic and conservative. Continental players are less inhibited. The screen may become too mental, too grooved in technique. Some of us shall miss—despite their tempers and idiosyncracies—those whirlwind foreigners that the wind blew across the big pond.

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JUDY THE TORCH	Arthur P. Hankins
WHITE WOLF'S LAW	Hal Dunning

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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 69

front, whose mission is to win love of girl leader of hill tribe. Stirring episodes, but falls short of its ambitions. Victor McLaglen, Myrna Loy, David Rollins, Mitchell Lewis, Roy d'Arcy.

"Cocoanuts, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. The Four Marx Brothers bring their capers and humor to the screen, without loss of fun or individuality. Slight musical comedy plot about a stolen necklace. Kay Francis, Cyril Ring, Oscar Shaw, and Mary Eaton.

"Broadway"—Universal. All dialogue. Big in point of sets, story reminiscent. Show girls, wise-cracking boys, bootleggers in evening clothes, with gun play and love-making, all finally meeting suitable rewards. Old stuff made tolerable by embellishments. Thomas E. Jackson and Paul Porcasi of stage cast, Evelyn Brent, Glenn Tryon, Robert Ellis, Leslie Fenton, Arthur Housman, Merna Kennedy.

"Man's Man, A"—Metro-Goldwyn. Silent. William Haines more serious than usual, portraying efforts of timid clerk trying to be "one of the boys," and his wife's misguided efforts to make the movies. Both are victims of cheap villain, but there is an awakening. Fine performance by Josephine Dunn.

"Fox Movietone Follies of 1929"—Fox. All dialogue and song. Pageantry of colorful revue, with wisp of story, and all the ingredients of a stage show, except a certain cleverness. Many well-known faces, including Sue Carol, David Rollins, Stepin Fetchit, Sharon Lynn.

"Careers"—First National. All dialogue. Melodramatic story of official life in Indo-China, in which a husband investigates the murder of would-be lover of his wife. After much anguish, fate and the scenario writer save the lady's honor. Billie Dove, Antonio Moreno, Noah Beery, Thelma Todd, Carmel Myers, Robert Frazer, Holmes Herbert.

"Betrayal"—Paramount. Silent. Another magnificent performance by Emil Jannings in his last Hollywood picture. Though somber and slow, its richly pictorial Alpine backgrounds and fine acting of star, Gary Cooper, Esther Ralston and children justify it to thoughtful fans. Story of devoted husband suddenly aware of dead wife's infidelity.

"Innocents of Paris"—Paramount. Dialogue and singing. Début Maurice Chevalier, French stage star of unique personality due for merited success in another picture. Shoddy story of waif befriended by junkman and latter's rise to fame on stage. Astonishing performance by child, David Durand. Sylvia Beecher and Margaret Livingston.

"Bridge of San Luis Rey, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Part dialogue. Story of notable novel faithfully brought to screen, with reverence and pictorial beauty. Frustrated, unhappy lives of five characters end with collapse of ancient Peruvian bridge. Lily Damita, Raquel Torres, Duncan Rinaldo, Don Alvarado, Emily Fitzroy, Henry B. Walthall, and Ernest Torrence.

"Desert Song, The"—Warner. All dialogue and singing. First operetta to reach screen, with solos, duets, and choruses of stage representation. Silly story, but no fault of screen's telling of it, but whole thing too long, therefore tedious. John Boles, Carlotta King, Louise Fazenda, Myrna Loy, John Miljan, and Johnny Arthur.

"Not Quite Decent"—Fox. Part dialogue. Hard-boiled night-club queen discovers long-lost daughter as chorus girl listening to temptations of villain, so she exposes serpent to girl in great, big scene of simulated drunkenness and toughness. Theatric, unconvincing, but tolerably interesting. Louise Dresser, June Collyer, Paul Nicholson, and Allan Lane.

"Girls Gone Wild"—Fox. Silent. Jazz-mad youth in full blast, with apparent effort. Lively, superficial story of wild virgin in love with traffic policeman's studious son. Sue Carol, Nick Stuart, Leslie Fenton, and John Darrow.

"Desert Nights"—Metro-Goldwyn. Silent. Splendidly supported by Mary Nolan and Ernest Torrence, John Gilbert gives fine performance as manager of diamond mine, who is hoodwinked by pair of crooks and forced to guide them into tropical desert. Nevertheless not a satisfying film.

"Gentlemen of the Press"—Paramount. All dialogue. Searching, rather depressing story of journalistic life and its inescapability once a man has been caught by it. Picture best suited to those with knowledge of subject rather than casual moviegoer. Stage cast includes Walter Huston, Charles Ruggles, Kay Francis, Betty Lawford, and Norman Foster.

"Show Boat"—Universal. Part dialogue. Life aboard a river theater traced on a wide canvas. Stirring musical accompaniment, but well-known story does not gain in film version. Laura La Plante, Joseph Schildkraut, Emily Fitzroy, Alma Rubens good.

"Hole in the Wall, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Claudette Colbert, recruited from the stage, speaks beautifully in melodrama in which a kidnapping figures. Spiritualists and séances introduced. Edward G. Robinson, Alan Brooks, David Newell, Louise Closser Hale, all from the stage.

"His Captive Woman"—First National. Part dialogue. Dorothy Mackaill at her best, opposite Milton Sills. Silent episodes on charming island, where love blossoms. Murder trial with surprising sentence. Beautiful photography, excellent acting.

"Through Different Eyes"—Fox. All dialogue. Courtroom drama uniquely developed in three episodes, ending with happy reunion of man and wife. Mary Duncan, Warner Baxter, Edmund Lowe.

"Christina"—Fox. Silent. Quaint, pretty, though sirupy picture, with Janet Gaynor as Dutch girl, and Charles Morton her circus sweetheart. Troubled love, but certain to turn out right from the first. Rudolph Schildkraut, Lucy Dorraine.

"Shakedown, The"—Universal. All dialogue. Prize-fight film in which James Murray gives a fine performance. Story has unexpected touches, and befriended lad, Jack Hanlon, causes a reformation. Barbara Kent, Wheeler Oakman, Harry Gribbon.

"This Is Heaven"—United Artists. Part dialogue. Your old friend, the story of the waitress who falls in love with a chauffeur—and he's a millionaire! Vilma Banky shorn of pretty costumes. James Hall, Fritzi Ridgeway, Lucien Littlefield, Richard Tucker.

"Lady of the Pavements"—United Artists. Old screen friends in new trappings, but familiar situations. A haughty countess, Jetta Goudal, spurned by her fiancé, counters by making him fall in love with a café girl, Lupe Velez, picked up and made a lady overnight. The affair gets out of hand, the girl flees, and the lover follows. William Boyd is the man. Lupe sings and sings.

"Sonny Boy"—Warner. David Lee, of "The Singing Fool," in his own picture, which has appeal if you like infant stars. He is the son of estranged parents, and lisps prayers and the like. A kidnaping plot brings things to a simmer. Betty Bronson and Edward Everett Horton.

"Noah's Ark"—Warner. A spectacle of more eye than ear interest, unsurpassed in its Deluge scene. Modern sequences culminating in a hopeless tangle in the World War, which fades to the biblical sequences, where the same characters appear. George O'Brien, Dolores Costello, Guinn Williams, Noah Beery.

"River, The"—Fox. Romantic, poetic and slow picture of siren's un-

tiring effort to win an innocent country boy, who doesn't know what it's all about. Magnificent backgrounds of forest and stream and best acting of Charles Farrell's career. Mary Duncan unusual as persevering siren finally sublimated by love.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS

"Honky Tonk"—Warner. All dialogue. A red-hot mamma of the night clubs suffers, because of frustrated mother love, but her haughty daughter finally acknowledges her. Sophie Tucker's famous blues. Lila Lee, Audrey Ferris, George Duryea, Mahlon Hamilton.

"Drag"—First National. All dialogue. Richard Barthelmess at low ebb, in story about a country newspaper editor whose in-laws are a "drag" to his career, until he finally returns to the city and his first love. Alice Day, Lila Lee, Lucien Littlefield, and Tom Dugan.

"Father and Son"—Columbia. All dialogue. Artificial plot and dialogue, the sweet, sweet palship of father and son all but wrecked by fortune-hunting stepmother. A homemade phonograph record saves the day. Jack Holt, Micky McBan, Dorothy Revier, Wheeler Oakman.

"Idle Rich, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Story of conflict between young millionaire and his stenographer-wife's poor family, in realistic comedy. Poor recording and photography, but good acting. Bessie Love, Conrad Nagel, Leila Hyams, Robert Ober, James Neil, Edythe Chapman, Paul Kruger, Kenneth Gibson.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

I suppose all the Phi Psi's all over the country are feeling quite set up about having such a matinee idol in their midst.

JOHN BOLES FAN.—What is this, John Boles week? All this enthusiasm for John, and unfortunately he's married. Yes, sir, and has a two-year-old daughter besides. And if you call me an "almighty oracle of wisdom," I shall probably break down trying to make good. But to go back to John Boles—his recent films are, "The Last Warning," "Romance of the Underworld," "Scandal," and the musical films, "The Desert Song," "Rio Rita," and "Song of the West." John is sitting pretty now that musical comedies are being produced for the screen. Yes, stars usually adopt their professional name for private use; for instance, Gilbert Roland's friends call him Gilbert or Mr. Roland, and not any or all of his real name, Luis Antonio Damaso de Alonso. And what a break that is for Gilbert!

JOSEPH MAYE.—I knew the minute they started having theme songs I was in for a lot of new trouble. Once I just had to keep records of players; now I got to remember theme songs as well. Anyway the song in "The Man I Love" is called "Celia." Perhaps you can buy it from your local music dealer. This department cannot print the words of theme songs—in order to do so, I'd have to go out and buy all the music myself.

RANDOLPH TYE.—So Buddy Rogers'

clubs have just spread all over—at least branches! But why didn't you give me the addresses of your branches in Toronto and in western Canada, so that Canadian fans could get into direct touch with them?

JACK.—If I answer your questions one hundred per cent, I'm an Oracle plus! What a fate—as if it weren't bad enough just to be an Oracle! Louise Brooks is American, born in Wichita, Kansas, about 1909. Edward Sutherland was her only husband. She has been making a film in Germany called "Lulu." As to how you could reach her, I admit that stumps me, just now. I don't know just how you could secure an original of the photo in PICTURE PLAY of Louise Brooks in her canary costume. I can only suggest that you write to Paramount and ask for one; PICTURE PLAY does not sell pictures.

K. C. KITTY.—Yes, Buddy Rogers is a nice kid. He has dark-brown eyes and is twenty-five years old. He isn't married. To join his fan club write to Randolph Tye, 708 South Central Avenue, Chanute, Kansas.

SIDNEY T. AND J. DERRAY.—Hey, don't blame me for everything a writer says in PICTURE PLAY. I wasn't the one who said Charles Farrell was Bill Haines' only rival, was I? I keep out of arguments like that! The principals in "Quo Vadis" were as follows: Nero, Emil Jannings; Lygia, Lillian Hall Davis; Poppaea, Elena



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di Sangro; *Domitilla*, Elga Brink; *Eunice*, Rina de Liguoro; *Vinicius*, Alphons Fryland; *Ursus*, Bruto Castellani. In "Short Skirts" the leads were played by Gladys Walton and Harold Miller. Jack Mower was the villain. Leslie Fenton did not play in "The Devil Dancer." And there is no mention in the cast of a character called *Beppo*, or anything similar. Estelle Taylor doesn't give her age, but is in her late twenties. She was once an artists' model, and doubled for Dorothy Dalton in movies while she worked on the stage at nights. Yes, that's her real name, and she is American.

CHLOE.—Yes, by gosh, I both could and would tell you something about your favorites. Don Alvarado was christened Joe Paige; I believe his mother was Mexican. Yes, he is married and has a little daughter, Joy. He was once a cow-puncher, before trying out in movies. You probably have seen, since you wrote, the story about him in June PICTURE PLAY. Leatrice Joy is of French descent, and her real name is Zeigler. She broke into movies by way of the stage. John Gilbert was her first—and so far only—husband. They were married in 1922; at that time she was more famous than he. Ralph Forbes is English, born in London, September 30, 1901. He came to New York shortly after the war with an English stock company playing in "Havoc." When Fox bought the film rights to the play, they engaged Forbes for the same rôle he played on the stage. Hence his start in pictures. "Beau Geste" followed that. Ruth Chatterton doesn't give her age, but she is older than Ralph. They were married when they were appearing in the same play on Broadway, "The Man with a Load of Mischief." Neither of them played in pictures regularly at the time; Ruth was better known on the stage.

A FRAZER FAN.—You're quite right, Robert Frazer was on the stage before his movie career began, and that accounts for his excellent speaking voice in talkies. I don't know what stage rôles he played, however. He was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, June 29, 1891. He has dark-brown hair and eyes. His wife's name was Milly Bright. His next film is "Frozen Justice," made by Fox, in which he plays opposite Lenore Ulric, a stage star. Yes, Alyce Mills has left the screen; "Two Girls Wanted," released September, 1927, was her last picture. She is now married to a very wealthy man.

LOUISE OSBORNE, 222 Katherine Street, Fort Scott, Kansas, would like to hear from any Richard Talmadge fans. It's hard to keep track of Hugh Trevor, Louise, as he free lances. As this goes to press, he is working for Fox in "Married in Hollywood." Try him there. And thanks very much for the cast you supply.

CLEOPATRA.—What a lot of attention you're getting. Your inquiry several months ago brought forth replies from Louise Osborne, above, and Ruth Jepson, below, giving the cast of "The Way of a Man." The players were as follows: *Ellen Meriwether*, Allene Ray; *John Cowles*, Walter Miller; *Mrs. Cowles*, Florence Lee; *Gordon Orme*, Bud Osborne; *Grace Sheraton*, Kathryn Appleton; *Mandy McGovern*, Lillian Gale; *Andy*, Chet Ryan; and White Horse.

RUTH JEPSON.—Thanks for the information, which I am passing on. Yes, there is a James Ford in movies, a newcomer, who played his first extra rôle in

"The Divine Lady" and was "discovered" by Corinne Griffith. The second gangster stabbed in "The Donovan Affair" was Edward Hearn, I think.

VIOLETS.—Now why should I get mad at a nice girl like you for asking questions? We can't announce fan clubs any more, but I'll keep a record of your junior club for fans under seventeen, and refer those interested to you. May McAvoy, Louise Fazenda, Charles King, and Alice White all use their real names. Jetta Goudal is so mysterious about herself, no one knows what her real name is. As to the brothers and sisters of Our Gang players, I give up. You see it's a hard enough job keeping track of all the film players, without attempting to keep a record of their brothers and sisters. The smaller of the two girls who danced in "Two Weeks Off" was Dixie Gay or Gertrude Messenger. Either could be addressed at the First National studio.

PAUL MARTIN of Paris wants to thank all the Buddy Rogers' fans who wrote in response to his invitation. He also wishes to apologize for the delay in answering letters, as he received more than a hundred of them, and hasn't yet had time for all those replies.

PAUL MARTIN.—You have to be prepared for lots of correspondence when you invite a popular player's fans to write to you. Why anybody should want to write any more letters than he has to, is something I could never understand. But there's no accounting for tastes, as the old lady said when she kissed the cow. Sorry, I don't know how old Nick Stuart was when he left Rumania, but probably he was still a child. Did you see the story about him in September PICTURE PLAY? Marian Nixon uses her real name; she is now playing opposite John Barrymore, in "General Crack." Buddy Rogers' new film is an all-talkie, called "River of Romance." Carroll Nye is six feet tall. He was born on October 4, 1901. As to what his best rôles were, your guess is as good as mine. His recent rôles were in "The Flying Fleet," "Jazzland," "Madame X," "The Squall," and "The Girl in the Glass Cage." Try him at First National studio.

T. J. L.—Guinn Williams played the hero in "My Man." In other words, he was her man. The theme song in "The Pagan" was "The Pagan Love Song." And if you haven't heard it over the radio countless times by now, you must have been hiding your head in the sand. Eddie Quillan is twenty-three. His newest film was first titled "Joe College" and now, I believe, is called "Sophomore." It's just too bad, but none of the stars seems to have a birthday on May 26th. William Boyd was born June 5, 1898.

BABERLE OF HOUSTON.—I think it's very nice of you and your friends to want to sell the screen rights to Sophie Kerr's story for her, but I don't think there is much chance. A well-known writer like Miss Kerr would have a literary agent, part of whose job is to submit her stories for movie consideration. And he has contacts with producers. So if "Mareea, Maria," has not been bought for the screen, it is probably because producers do not consider it good screen material.

CARYL BENNINGTON.—I'll be only too glad to keep a record of your Eddie Nugent club, and refer his admirers to you in the future.

W. SEWELL.—Ramon Novarro's name gives me more trouble! One fan wrote

that his entire name was Ramon Samaniegos, and now you tell me the complete version is Ramon Novarro Gil Samaniegos, according to his own signature. The cast of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" has not been selected at this writing, but Ramon would certainly be appropriate for a rôle in that film.

EDNA TOWELL, 30 Gordon Mansions, London, W. C. 1, England, would be grateful for any pictures of Pola Negri which other fans would let her have, no matter how small or old.

EVELYN STORK.—The Colleen Moore film you describe was "Naughty But Nice." Virginia Lee Corbin was born in Prescott, Arizona. That's her real name. Baby Peggy (Peggy Montgomery) has not played on the screen recently, but has made frequent stage appearances. Billie Dove weighs 114. May McAvoy is, I believe, the shortest screen heroine; she's four feet eleven. Joan Crawford is engaged to Doug, Jr.—perhaps married by the time this appears.

A FAN OF ALL THE STARS.—Back again! You must work just as hard thinking up questions as I do finding the answers. Eleanor Boardman was born in Philadelphia in 1900. Height, five feet six; weight, one hundred and twenty. Charles Farrell, born in Onset Bay, Massachusetts, about 1902. Height, five feet ten. I don't know his weight. Julia Faye was born in Richmond, Virginia—doesn't say when. Height, five feet three; weight, one hundred and seventeen. Phyllis Haver is from Douglas, Kansas, and is twenty-nine years old. Height, five feet six; weight, one hundred and twenty-six.

SALVO INCOLIA.—I can see what you'd do if you went to Hollywood. You'd chase all the movie stars with a tape measure in your hand. Allene Ray was born in San Antonio, Texas. She is five feet three and one half. Her husband's name is Larry Wheeler. Ruth Hiatt is American, born in Cripple Creek, Colorado; five feet three; weight, one hundred and twenty. Dorothy Devore doesn't give her age. She is five feet two; weight, one hundred and fifteen. She is Mrs. N. W. Mather, and is under contract to Educational, making comedies. William S. Hart lives in Beverly Hills and has retired from the screen. Sorry, but I don't know the description of Doris Hill. Yes, there are dozens of stars who were born in the East—too many to mention in this department. There was a whole story about those from New York and Pennsylvania in the August PICTURE PLAY. There are no stars from Rhode Island, but from Massachusetts there are: Charles Farrell, Lewis Stone, Robert Frazer, Neil Hamilton, Raymond Griffith, Ian Keith, Donald Keith—not brothers—Franklyn and William Farnum, Mabel Normand, Pauline Frederick. From Connecticut there are: Theodore von Eltz, New Haven; Niles Welch, Hartford; Farrell MacDonald, Waterbury.

PEGGY NAGLE.—I have to work, when hard questions like yours come in. Sally Blane and Loretta Young are rather new, and I'm sorry, but I haven't their descriptions. Johnny Mack Brown was born September 1, 1904. He is six feet tall; weight, one hundred and sixty-five. Nick Stuart was born about 1906; Sue Carol, about 1908. In "The College Widow" there is no *Phil Reid* mentioned among the characters. William Collier, Jr., played the hero who, according to the synopsis, "entered college under an assumed name." Perhaps that was it. In "The Private

Life of Helen of Troy," the *King of Ithaca* was not given in the cast.

PATSY.—Fred Kohler should be very touched by your enormous admiration for him. With several thousand players on the screen, I can only keep track of the films in which featured players appear; therefore, I have no list for Fred Kohler. However, besides those you mention, I do know that he appeared in "Rough Riders" and "Forgotten Faces." The heroine in "The Mojave Kid" was Lillian Gilmore. I can only suggest just "Hollywood, California," for both Warner Richmond and Grant Withers, as they have no permanent studio connections. Martha Sleeper is with FBO; Lawford Davidson, I believe, is with First National. Thanks for the information about Paddy O'Flynn's films; ycs, for a young man who has played in so few pictures, he seems to get lots of fan attention.

W. S. B.—I sat back and relaxed from the day's grind to read your very interesting, newsy letter from Australia, and, as you suggested, it was a relief to get away from movies for a few moments and hear all about a strange country. Do write again when you feel in a similar mood. Johnny Hines' leading lady in "Home-made" was Marjorie Daw, who has been on the screen many years. She used to play opposite Doug Fairbanks.

MEG.—A thousand thanks for the bouquets, and the same to you for your very witty letter. Isn't Gary Cooper a "honey," you say? Well, I never thought of him quite like that, but he is a good scout. Yes, I've met him. He's a bachelor, and I believe he lives in Hollywood. Very few of the stars live in Los Angeles, as it is too far from the studios.

DONALD REED ADMIRER.—Donald Reed is another Mexican, born in Mexico City, July 23, 1902. His real name is Ernesto Avila Guillen. Ricardo Cortez gives his birthplace as Vienna. His new film is "New Orleans," for Tiffany-Stahl. Gilbert Roland was born in Chihuahua, Mexico, December 11, 1905. He plays in United Artists films; his new one is "The Woman Disputed." Ramon Novarro's latest is "The Pagan"; William Desmond's is "No Defense," a Monte Blue film for Warner.

SHORT, BUT SWEET.—If that means you, all right; I wouldn't know about that! But if it means your questions, the shortness is exaggerated. Marguerite Clark, so far as I know, has no children. She doesn't give her age, but she is, I should think, in her forties now. Irene Rich doesn't give her age, either. Yes, Wheeler Oakman played the *Hawk*, in "Lights of New York." As to his age, he's coy about that. Audrey Ferris is nineteen, five feet two, and weighs one hundred and three. Dolores Costello is about twenty-three, and Helene several years younger. Barbara La Marr died January 30, 1926.

MISS WEBB.—I know rather little about Doris Lloyd. She was born in England, and I believe she is the sister-in-law of George K. Arthur. You might address her at Metro-Goldwyn.

MAREE BERRY.—We haven't space to announce the numerous fan clubs, but I'll add your Sue Carol club to my records. Sorry I missed it before. Yes, I have a record of your sister's Nick Stuart Club.

ETHEL ARNOLD.—See above.

JUST KAY.—Sorry, I don't know Gary Cooper's home address. He is with Paramount.

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SHOWERED WITH HONORS

Fox pictures, actors, directors receive bewildering array of awards for artistic merit

FOX wins Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences First Award

This organization, composed of the leading stars, directors, producers, writers and technicians, headed by Douglas Fairbanks as President and regarded as the representative voice of the motion picture industry, awarded the most coveted prize in the screen world to FOX for the most unique and artistic production of the year 1928, "SUNRISE". ♦ They also bestowed upon Janet Gaynor, petite Fox star, the first award of the Academy for her artistic performance in her portrayal of the role

Diane in "7th HEAVEN," this being adjudged the best screen performance of the year. Miss Gaynor's other noteworthy performances during the past year include "STREET ANGEL", "FOUR DEVILS" and "SUNRISE". ♦ Frank Borzage, director of "STREET ANGEL" was similarly honored by the Academy, who bestowed upon him the first award in the field of dramatic directors. ♦ The awards for the best adaptation was also won by FOX with Benjamin Glazer as the cited author.

FOX wins the Photoplay Gold Medal

One of the most important awards of the year is the annual PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL, presented by the publishers of Photoplay Magazine as a result of a poll of

their readers made each year. The American public, as represented by the readers of Photoplay Magazine, voted "7th HEAVEN" the best motion picture of the year.

FOX Pictures receive important awards throughout the world

In a nationwide poll among dramatic critics, conducted by the Film Daily, three FOX pictures were named among the ten best of the year 1928—this poll included 295 critics in 188 cities representing 326 periodicals. The FOX pictures selected were "STREET ANGEL", "FOUR SONS" and "SUNRISE". ♦ In a WORLD-WIDE survey of

25 countries, "SUNRISE" was adjudged the best picture of the season by Der Deutsche, famous German publication. ♦ In Japan, "7th HEAVEN" won the contest conducted by Kirewa Jumbo, most popular motion picture magazine in Japan, for the best picture released in 1927. In 1928 the first award was won by "SUNRISE".

FOX Movietone is Americanizing the World

FOX MOVIE TONE Talking and Singing pictures also have an important place in international education. As an example of this world-wide influence FOX Talking pictures are being used in the Orient to educate school children and salesmen to speak the English language. English being the commercial language of the world, FOX all-talking pictures are everywhere in demand for

educational purposes. ♦ Artists who will be both seen and heard in the forthcoming season's FOX all-talking Movietone productions include some of the most famous from the ranks of the concert, musical and dramatic stage. You will HEAR and SEE John McCormack, Lenore Ulric, Will Rogers, to name only a few among the many famous personages appearing in Fox Movietone Pictures.

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Picture Play

Volume XXXI

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Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Ormond G. Smith, President; George C. Smith, Vice President and Treasurer; George C. Smith, Jr., Vice President; Ormond V. Gould, Secretary. Copyright, 1929, by Street & Smith Corporation, New York. Copyright, 1929, by Street & Smith Corporation, Great Britain. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Canadian subscription, \$2.86. Foreign, \$3.22.

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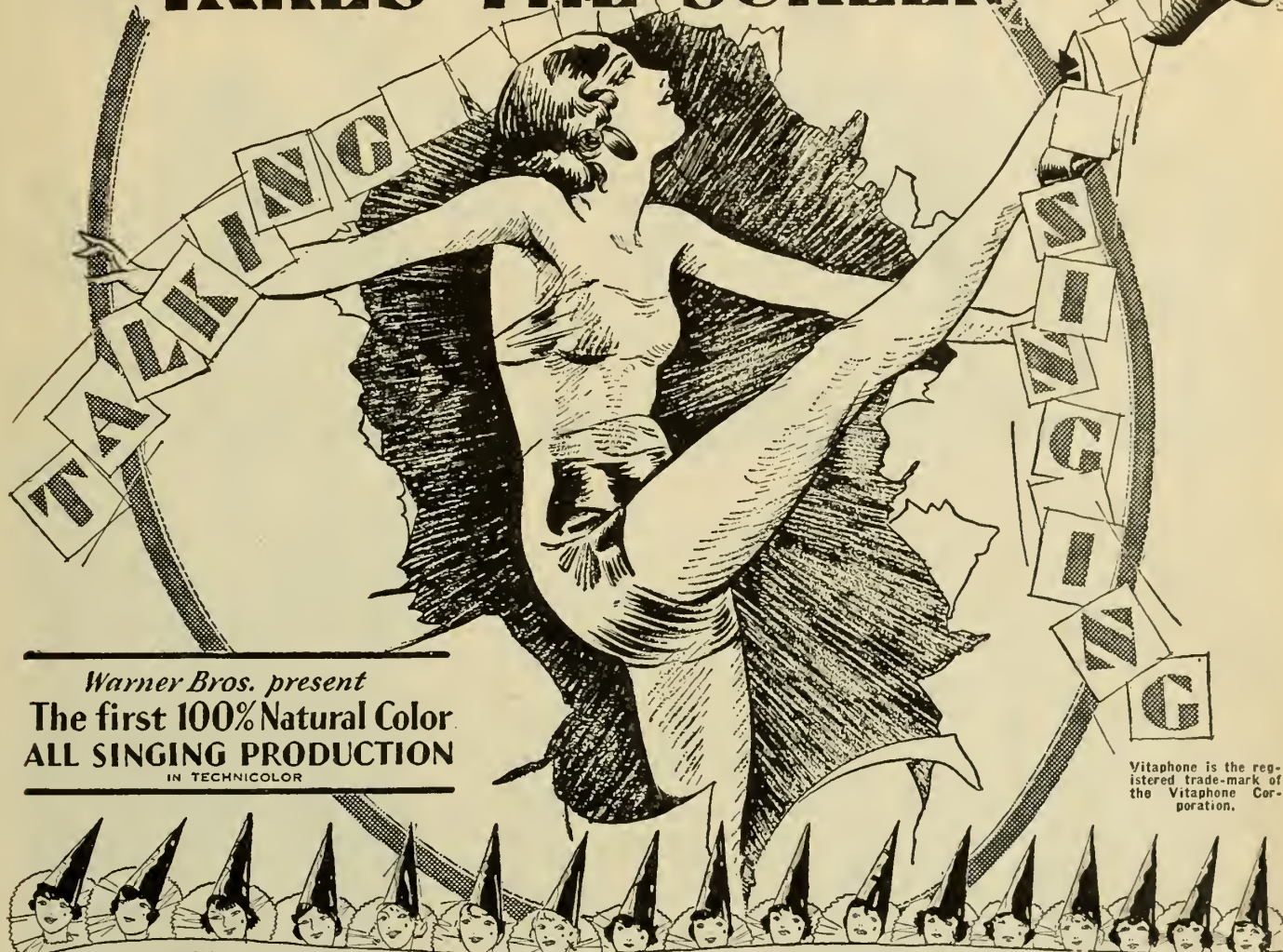


HYSTERICAL—AS USUAL

THAT'S Hollywood for you. Always something agitating stars and directors. If it isn't a general shut-down of the studios, then it's a threatened salary cut, or the uncertainty caused by the talkies. Helen Louise Walker carefully and amusingly recalls all the waves of hysterics that have swept the colony in the last few years, and adds to them the tremendous excitement which now makes the studios a bedlam, pointing off her information with shrewd and pungent observations on the whys and wherefores of the actor's unsettled life. This, too, will be a leading feature of the October number, together with Malcolm H. Oettinger's return to the fold in an interview with Lupe Velez, Margaret Reid's analysis of Nils Asther—which will set his fans agog—and an exceptionally interesting story, by Bob Moak, on the cost of producing a star. He cites the case of a well-known player, whose father has kept a record of every cent spent in advancing his daughter's career to its present high place. And—but why go on? You know that PICTURE PLAY is the best magazine of the screen.



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
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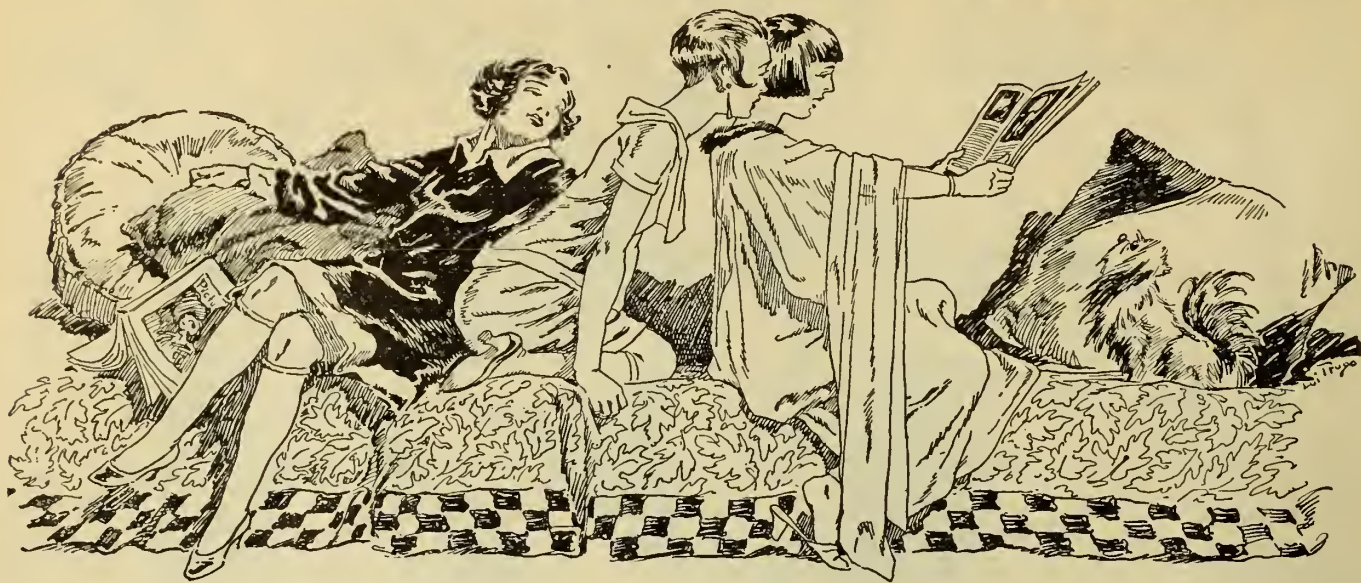


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What the Fans Think



American Slang Abroad.

IT is decidedly depressing to watch the producers ruining our pleasure in the films. Are they going to close the cinema to us entirely, by foisting talkies onto an unwilling public? Cannot they gauge the popularity of these ear-splitting noises, as in "The Iron Mask"?

These sounds must be pleasanter in America where, if a voice is intelligible, the accent can at least be understood. But in England, where the hero might be talking Hindustanee, and the less important players just make a more or less obnoxious rumble, it is painful to hear. The concentration necessary to hear a word sends us out of the theater with a headache.

In "In Old Arizona," a film in which American slang was as incomprehensible here as the various accents, the theme song sung before the curtain rose went out of tune, and the audience had to sit squirming while bar after bar of excruciating noises issued from the screen. And we are to be left to this danger in what we pay for as amusement!

But supposing the voices became as clear and understandable as on the stage; supposing that in England we could hear an English accent. Even so the films would be ruined. Producing shadows instead of human beings, they could never compete with the stage on equal ground, and the undoubted superiority of cinematic scope and speed is entirely lost. How unutterably dull to hear our favorites talking platitudes, instead of hustling about as they did when the movies got their name!

LILLIAN LANDISS.

22 Lancaster Gate, London, W. 2.

A Snub from Barthelmess.

Although the United States greatly appreciates and admires Richard Barthelmess, the majority of Mexico City's residents have formed a very different opinion. On his visits about the city and neighboring towns, people who happened to see him were surprised at his extreme conceitedness.

Several American schoolgirls, phoning many times in order to make an appointment with him, and always finding him out, finally decided the only way of seeing him was to go to his hotel. When he returned and was informed by the manager of their presence, and asked if he could spare a few moments to talk with them, he

sent back this cutting message to his disappointed little visitors: "I am a married man and am not interested."

This has served to turn many of his American admirers against him. These are true facts; judge him for yourselves.

H. S., R. C., R., M. W. K., F. H.

Mexico City, Mexico.

Gary's Twelve Points.

So many men, whose "girl friends" are interested in Gary Cooper, have asked me why, that I have made a list of a dozen reasons why he is my favorite actor. Doubtless there are a lot more I haven't thought of.

1. Because he looks more like a man than an actor.
2. Because he can kiss a leading lady convincingly without caving in her front teeth, and is responsible for the only movie kiss that ever really thrilled me.
3. Because he didn't need the customary bandage around his head to look fatally injured in "Betrayal."
4. Because watching him ride a horse gives me deep and profound pleasure.
5. Because he has really laughed out loud in several pictures, and I am aching to hear him do it in a talkie.
6. Because his voice, the little I've heard of it, sounds exactly as I hoped it would.
7. Because he has the courage to risk an unbecoming expression, such as a scowl or a squint, in order to be natural.
8. Because he doesn't pretend to be literary.
9. Because I have a weakness for tall, thin men.
10. Because he gives the impression of feeling much more than he shows.
11. Because he is so obliging about letting all his unmarried leading women become engaged to him.
12. Because, while he is not handsome, he has a face that I want to look at again and again and again.

I think there are better actors on the screen, but no man more interesting than Mr. Cooper.

E. D. KELLY.

1539 Carlton Street, Oakland, California.

Another Trump Card.

No longer can I control my enthusiasm for that wonderful, glorious man and actor—Ronald Colman. I want to hang as many laurels about his neck as it will stand, for

Continued on page 10



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YOU'LL see things you never saw before in "Broadway." You'll be plunged deep into the blazing heart of New York's mad night life! You'll see people you wouldn't believe existed doing things you wouldn't believe possible! You'll hear songs you'll never forget—songs like "Hittin' The Ceiling," "Sing a Little Love Song," and others! You'll be amazed at the biggest set ever built, as you're entertained by the most extravagant girlie revue numbers ever staged! You'll be charmed and thrilled by the color scenes in Technicolor.

As a stage play "Broadway" was the outstanding success of two seasons; as a talking picture it swept blaze New York off its feet when it ran at the Globe Theatre at \$2.00. Now you can see it at your favorite theatre exactly as shown on Broadway.

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With the original play dialog from the Jed Horris stage success by Philip Dunning and George Abbott.

SHOW BOAT

"SHOW BOAT" keeps rolling up new records everywhere. It is truly a talking and singing triumph. The receipts at box offices in every part of the world are almost unbelievable. Never was there a picture with such Universal appeal for grown folks and youngsters of every nationality. You simply **MUST** see "Show Boat."

The cast includes Laura La Plante, as "Magnolia"; Joseph Schildkraut, as "Ravenal"; Otis Harlan, Alma Rubens, Emily Fitzroy, Jane La Verne. Music from the Florenz Ziegfeld stage production of EDNA FERBER'S great novel, with the singing hits of Helen Morgan, Jules Bledsoe and Aunt Jemima.

A HARRY POLLARD PRODUCTION



UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Continued from page 8

I think he is the most accomplished actor on the screen to-day. To me Ronald is not only a fine actor, but a fine man, and I make this statement because I really know he is.

Ronald is sophistication personified and is positively ideal. He is reserved and aloof, and it is said that he does not enter into the gayety of Hollywood, and for that reason I have heard him criticized. However, I feel that as long as he gives us the good pictures that he does, the fans should let him do just as he pleases with his time of freedom.

Words will not express the admiration, the esteem, and respect that I hold in my heart for this precious person. There are usually two types of men which girls adore, and, speaking from my own viewpoint, I would say they run like this. Ronald is the worldly, sophisticated man that appeals to us; and then there is another type—the pal, the laughing, youthful, almost-boy, clean, and fun-loving—for example, Ramon Novarro and Barry Norton. Of course, Ramon is Ramon! The one who makes our heart stand still, thump, and what not? Ramon will always be an individual, and Barry Norton will always be the boy we would like to have known, but Ronald—ah, Ronald, he will go on forever and ever being my king of hearts.

MARYLYN KOCH.

5730 Old Pimlico Road,
Mount Washington, Maryland.

Dick's "Defense" Contested.

One cannot help but take issue with Carroll Graham's remarks, in his Richard Barthelmess story published in May PICTURE PLAY, that it is the interviewer's fault if he is not properly treated at the hands of Mr. Barthelmess. I feel that it reflects upon Madeline Glass, who related in her story about Mr. Barthelmess published some months ago in PICTURE PLAY, the rude treatment she had been accorded at the hands of the player.

About a year ago, through a mutual friend to whom I shall always be thankful, I made the acquaintance of Miss Glass, and can truthfully say that I have never met a finer type of young lady. To think for a moment that Madeline would ever be otherwise than courteous, kindly, and considerate of her subjects for an interview is utterly beyond comprehension.

She has not one particle of egotism in her entire make-up, but, on the contrary, is inclined to underestimate herself and her talents, and that, indeed, is a rarity in this city which is overrun with egotistical, sophisticated, wise-cracking, smart-Aleck writers, who make such an obvious effort to display their cleverness that they lose sight of the fact that perhaps the public might be as much interested in the star as the interviewer.

In fairness, therefore, to Miss Glass, I believe that the fans should be apprised of the fact that she did not merit the treatment she received from the "publicity-shy" Mr. Barthelmess.

"HOLLYWOODITE."

Hollywood, California.

Are Stars Mean?

Drastic steps should be taken to inform the stars—that is, some of them—just how mean and selfish they appear to the fans. Take, for instance, a star earning fifteen hundred dollars a week. When we fans write eager letters and plead for a picture, we receive a polite little card saying, "Please send twenty-five cents to pay for cost and handling."

Now we know that any one of us would

accept the position of secretary to a star for twenty dollars a week. That would be grand pay, besides being in contact with a widely known star. Well, figure it for yourself—twenty dollars from fifteen hundred dollars and the cost of the pictures isn't terrific, or the stamps. Besides, how do the stars live? Through us. We pay to see their pictures, and if we were to become sullen and jealous and stop going to shows, the movie people would be selling their big cars and homes.

No, I'm not jealous. I love movies and have a list of favorites from here to Mars, but let me tell you, the most generous, well-thought-of actress on the list is Doris Kenyon. She's not my favorite, but I received the loveliest letter from her, and the most gorgeous picture of her and her baby. Buddy Rogers sent me a picture, Bebe Daniels, Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Richard Dix, and some others, but I was most surprised when John Gilbert calmly asked for twenty-five cents, after signing a new contract.

It doesn't really seem fair. However, that's their business, and if they feel that they are hard-used, well, I'll exchange my job as stenographer any day!

"HORSESHOES."

Vancouver, British Columbia.

Cooper Scores Again.

Recently we landed in New Orleans from Buenos Aires. The day had a most perfect ending, for a friend suggested that we see "The Shopworn Angel." It was showing at one of the neighborhood theaters. Can I ever forget the splendid performance of Gary Cooper and adorable Nancy Carroll? Gary's "good-by scene" will always be indelibly impressed on my memory. And then, sweet Nancy's pitiful attempt to dance and sing with her poor little heart just breaking. Wasn't it pathetic and splendid? Then the end. But how else could it end and the poor soldier boy keep his illusions? I shall never forget that picture. We returned home and I curled myself up on the davenport, and while every one listened to the radio, I lived those scenes over again with Gary Cooper.

Forgive me, Nancy, for completely effacing you from my dream picture, but that Cooper person is entirely responsible. He is such a wonderful dream hero and I have never had a Prince Charming, dream-kind or otherwise, but, oh, Mr. Dreamman, when you do come, please, please look like Gary Cooper.

So, you see, it was the end of my perfect day—a day that brought me back to the dear old United States again and showed me my ideal man—Gary Cooper.

HELEN ROSS.

Roosevelt Hotel,
New Orleans, Louisiana.

Doug, Jr., Grows a Bob.

Nils Asther is one of my favorites, but I was very disappointed with him in "Wild Orchids," as his characterization of a Japanese prince is not the least satisfactory to one so handsome as he. Why not star him in more appropriate pictures, as in "Dream of Love," but with bitter endings?

Gary Cooper was another I was very much disappointed in, as his portrayal of Sam Lash, in the "Wolf Song," was very unsatisfactory to his type. It hides his wonderful personality. Why not star him in aviation rôles such as he had in "Lilac Time"?

What in the world is the matter with the directors of John Mack Brown? Why

do they cast him with stars ten or twenty years older than himself? For instance, Mary Pickford, who is old enough to be his mother, and Greta Garbo, not quite so old, but too old for him. He certainly is capable of better rôles than he has been cast in. We would like to see John Mack Brown play with Joan Crawford and Dorothy Sebastian once more.

Why the long bob on Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.? Is there a shortage of barbers in Hollywood? If so, Chicago can supply plenty of them.

Here are a few of the stars I have never been disappointed in: lovable Buddy Rogers, smiling Bill Haines, passionate Gilbert Roland, adorable Conrad Nagel, jovial George O'Brien, and mamma's boy, Barry Norton. These are just a few of my favorites.

THE SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR.

Care of the Wirth Sales Book Co.,
4446 North Knox Avenue, Chicago,
Illinois.

Asther Fans' War Cry.

This letter is a response to the appeal of Grayce M. Tether, whose letter appeared in June PICTURE PLAY. This fan somewhat alarmed me with her statement that the directors, producers—or whoever is responsible for such things—are about to make Nils Asther, our favorite, learn to speak American English, or put him out.

There is certainly going to be an awful howl if this really happens, but as yet I am unable to believe things are quite so bad as that. She says that he must learn to say "goil" and "soitenly." The other stars don't talk like that, do they? If Conrad Nagel or H. B. Warner, both of whom I admire, were to talk like that, they wouldn't have as many admirers as they have. They are gentlemen, and so is Nils Asther, and gentlemen don't say "goils." What if Nils does "mix his sentences"? We will enjoy listening to him. I love hearing foreigners talk.

Miss Tether and I aren't the only ones who have noticed Nils and admire him. He makes other so-called geniuses look like two cents. They act, he is natural. Lewis Stone, for instance, is conscious of the camera every moment that he is making a picture, whereas Nils Asther acts very naturally. He also possesses a grace and technique many geniuses never had. The fans' war cry—"We want more Nils Asther films, regardless of American English."

E. S.

R. R. No. 1, York, Ontario, Canada.

David's Family Ring.

Raquel Torres is pretty, but she poses for publicity purposes too often. I have never seen her in "White Shadows in the South Seas," but until she does something worth looking at, I hope she'll keep her mug out of the camera.

Buddy Rogers is my pet abomination. I never knew a more excellent ham.

Buddy's schoolmate, Jack Luden, is far above the former in acting ability, but he has never had a break.

And I wish to defend David Rollins. I have his fan club, and I know by the letters he writes that he is far from being high-hat. Mr. McKegg, can't a movie actor wear a family ring without getting a slam?

Any fans who are interested in David Rollins, Jack Luden, John Gilbert, la Garbo, and Clara Bow, please write to me.

PAUL GRUBBS.

498 Delmar, Springfield, Missouri.

Continued on page 12

The Treat of Treats in MUSIC - BEAUTY - DRAMA

RADIO PICTURES

PRESENTS

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD'S
Outstanding Success

VINCENT YOUMAN'S
Nautical Musical Comedy

"RIO RITA"



Glorifier of beauty... king of extravaganzas... whose radiant success, "Rio Rita" has now been glorified for the screen by Radio Pictures.

Featuring Bebe Daniels as "Rio Rita," Dorothy Lee, as "Dolly,"... John Boles, as Jim, the Ranger Captain... and Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey.

Produced in the original settings of the play with exquisite color sequences... gorgeous costumes... "Rio Rita's" scintillating music, and new interpolated numbers.

"HIT the DECK"



Master of melody... monarch of comedy... producer of "Hit the Deck," the charm and glamor of which have been translated to the screen by Radio Pictures.

The play that gave the public "Hallelujah" and "Sometimes I'm Happy."

A lavish Radio Pictures' musical extravaganza, in which flashes of sheer humor mingle with stirring drama. Glamorous scenes of Chinese revolution. Swinging choruses of gorgeous girls and gallant gobs. The rattle of distant gun-fire blends with lilting melodies.

OTHER COMING RADIO MUSICAL AND DIALOGUE ATTRACTIONS

"Radio Revels of 1929"—The first annual screen review released by Radio Pictures... A song and musical spectacle comparable to anything on stage or screen.

"Street Girl"—A eye-filling, heart-stirring musical drama. Cast includes Betty Compson, Gus Arnheim's Cocoanut Grove Band, Jack Oakie, Joseph Cawthorne.

"The Vagabond Lover"—Starring the inimitable Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees... A romantic musical comedy, full of color and action.

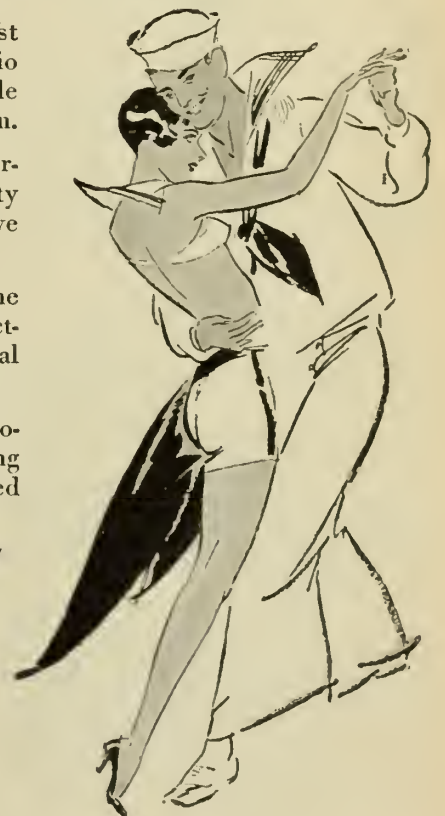
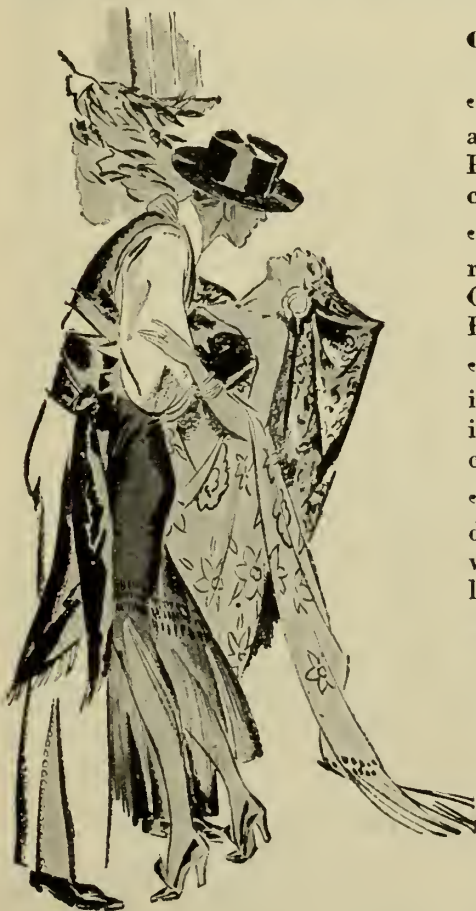
"High River"—A Herbert Brenon production... A majestic story of conflicting wills and passions in the river-threatened levee country of the Mississippi.

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THE
GOLDEN VOICE

OF THE
SILVER SCREEN



For pictures that forecast the screen of tomorrow—see Radio Pictures of today

Continued from page 10

Only Two Ladies?

Here is one who doesn't approve of the razzberries for Mary Brian, offered by "Just Me." I haven't seen Mary many times, it is true, but she can act, and she is beautiful. Maybe she doesn't get over to some of you, because Mary seems English in her acting. Some of the American stars? Gee! They give me a pain the way they gush in films and interviews. A little more restraint is to be admired. There are only two ladies on the screen, though. Mary is one, and, in case you can't guess the other—Alice Joyce.

Neither of them overacts; neither appears in a photograph as if it weren't decent to wear lingerie or a dress. I'm not a prude, but some of the photographs one sees—well!

Mary and Alice are my two steadies. I have admired Alice for years. The first time I saw Mary I fell for her, and they'll continue to be my favorites when some of the others are forgotten.

I am not looking forward to the talkies at all. I cannot see that the silent screen will ever be better by noise, din, and screeching.

I adore PICTURE PLAY. It's the best movie magazine on earth.

EDNA S. BOOTHWAY.

91 Pear Tree Road, Derby, England.

Not a Dry Eye.

I wish I were a writer, that I might be able to tell what Al Jolson did to me and hundreds of others while seeing and hearing "The Singing Fool." In a large theater, with every seat taken, I could not see a dry eye. Men cried, as well as women and children. Al Jolson puts his soul in his work; his audience is with him in his sorrow and in his joy until the end.

Al Jolson is not only a singer, but a great actor.

This letter was inspired by the review signed by Norbert Lusk. Evidently Mr. Lusk does not like Mr. Jolson. He says Mr. Jolson is the whole show. Why not? It seems to me that an artist so great deserves several outlets for his ability. I agree with him that Betty Bronson has a nice voice that registers well. Now, Mr. Lusk, be a square shooter. Do not let your personal dislikes stand in the way of giving a great artist his just due.

CLAIRE TURPIN.

San Antonio, Texas.

New Faces are Promising.

Grace Laura Shaver contends that none of the new players can act, that not even Janet Gaynor, or Charlie Farrell, can stand alone without the directorial support of Frank Borzage. What of Janet's "Sunrise" and "Four Devils," and Charlie's "Rough Riders"? If they are not proof enough that these two are real performers, then let's watch the pictures they are now making, the one under the direction of William K. Howard, the other under Murnau.

I have been a resident of Hollywood for over nine years, during which time I have done some extra work, and for over two years was employed in the offices of one of the biggest studios. I have come to pride myself a little on my ability to recognize talent in new players, and I must say that, among the scores of new faces, many should realize a real and enviable success, and not the least of these Janet and Charlie.

A poor director or story will harm any player; it is only from a fine combination of the three that such masterpieces as "Seventh Heaven," "Beau Geste," "The

Big Parade," "Stella Dallas," and the like are made. Janet and Charlie, and many of the others now new to us, should realize very big things if they get good breaks. Without them, what chance have they? Bad breaks have plunged many a supposedly fixed star from the film heavens to oblivion, so what chance has a newcomer against them?

But the screen has never had such an abundance of new talent before. Does Miss Shaver mean that we have been tricked into admiring Buddy Rogers, Richard Arlen, Greta Garbo, Clara Bow, Mary Brian, Arthur Lake, Dolores Costello, Joan Crawford, James Hall, Sue Carol, Gary Cooper, and the host of others? Well, if we have, I'm darned glad of it, and glad the powers that be, whatever their reasons, were interested enough to find them for us.

But I do agree with her that we miss many of the older favorites. They do, as she admits, demand a higher salary, but so will these new ones in a few years. Personally, I wish we could see more of Jack Pickford, Henry B. Walthall, Pauline Garon, Anita Stewart, Blanche Sweet, Virginia Brown Faire, Dorothy Gish, Cullen Landis, Nazimova, and some of those real old-timers like Cleo Ridgley, Marjorie Wilson, Theda Bara, William and Dustin Farnum, Bill Hart, Clara Kimball Young, Mary Fuller, Bessie Barriscale, and Miriam Cooper. I, for one, have missed every one of them, but to say that there is no real talent among the new players is as absurd as to say that D. W. Griffith never made a great picture, because his recent ones have not measured up to the standard he set for himself.

And as to her saying that Russian extras are playing cowboys for three dollars a day, when an American extra asks seven and a half—can any one blame a producer or director for getting his extras as cheaply as possible? I can't, and I was once one of that hungry mob! H. R.

Hollywood, California.

Tearful Hokum's the Thing.

The producers often wonder, so I am told, what the public really wants. Here's my answer—hokum!

We don't want reality; we crave entertainment.

For instance, as a realistic picture, "The Racket" was a gem. But it wasn't interesting. If a reliable statistical report is desired as to the number of crimes committed, and the way gangsters murder each other, we have the daily newspapers. Of course, we know that honest police captains are sent to outlying districts to teach them the folly of attempting to arrest a wealthy racketeer. Certainly it is common knowledge that gangsters exterminate their enemies in fast and furious fashion. What of it?

Who wants to spend two hours watching a typical, honest policeman fight crooked politicians and bootleggers?—not to speak of spending fifty cents to see it.

Give us more pictures like "The Singing Fool," where we can sob, heartbroken, when the dear infant lisps, "Daddy, sing me the song about Sonny Boy," for we know, but his daddy doesn't know, that his soul is about to ascend to heaven even as little Eva's. We can deluge the surrounding territory with tears, as we see daddy go home to the empty house from which his unfaithful wife has absconded with the child, and suffer and suffer as he gazes at the hollow mockery of the decorated Christmas tree. All tragedies should happen on Christmas—in the movies.

We love to choke with emotion as we hear Al Jolson singing "Sonny Boy" immediately after the inspiration for the song dies in his arms.

And doesn't that sort of hokum pull in the shekels? I stood on Hollywood Boulevard two hours waiting to view "The Singing Fool," and the waiting line was four deep and extended once around the block.

MARIE PRICE.

San Pedro, California.

Rudy "Gave Us Dreams."

"Only a borrowed tomb for Valentino!" It is very sad, but not without poetic beauty, that Rudy and June Mathis, who was so intimately connected with his great success, should be sleeping side by side in her tomb. Of course, now that his estate is settled, he will probably be laid in a place of his own, but a memorial—that is something different. My uncle said to me: "He doesn't deserve a monument. That's only for heroes. Why, he was nothing but a movie actor, and a foreigner, at that!"

Narrow and prejudiced, my uncle has a sort of good-humored contempt for me because I am modern, a movie fan, and, particularly, because I have always liked Rudy. True, Rudy was not a hero. He never planned a great battle. He never held high office. He never converted heathens to Christianity. He never flew across the ocean. He never won the heavyweight championship. He never built up a billion-dollar enterprise, and he never really became an American.

Rudy was only a movie actor. He was a foreigner, with foreign ways. All that he gave us was dreams—dreams that meant beauty and color and romance to us; that gave us many happy moments, that made everyday things glow and sing, and we are very grateful for that. Rudy was beautiful to look at; he was talented and interesting. His foreign manners only made him more so. Those who knew him say he had fineness. He showed courage in his struggles for success here. His aspirations were the highest, even to the last. H. L. Mencken makes of him a tragic and sympathetic figure. This, together with his temperament, his faults, and weaknesses, round out an interesting and lovable character.

I don't know how many, or how few of us there are, but we fans are still grateful, and we still remember; and other players, though fine and good, will not do in Rudy's place. He was touched by something tragic, though very beautiful, and our feeling toward him is deeper than just enthusiastic hero-worship.

Is there any person or group, with authority, soliciting subscriptions for a memorial? Efforts in this direction seem to be scattered and uncertain. Can't we know more of Mr. Ullman?

It seems to me that Will H. Hays and the powers-that-be in the movies frowned upon the projected memorial for Rudy, from the start. Just why I do not know. Naturally, such an attitude on their part would be a hindrance and discouragement. We owe PICTURE PLAY hearty thanks for giving us a chance to discuss this subject. It is the only magazine that does.

VIOLET RAND.

Wissahickon Heights,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.**Cheers for Al Jolson.**

Has there ever been anything in the world like Al Jolson's performance in "The Singing Fool"?

It is positively uncanny that a man can

Continued on page 98



Your First FRENCH LESSONS *Free!*

If you are interested in acquiring a usable knowledge of the French language in the shortest possible time, mail the coupon at once! This offer cannot be held open indefinitely. The first two lessons will be free only for the duration of this Special Introductory Offer. If you are at all interested act now. It costs nothing.



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For years this system of foreign language instruction has aided European and American business and professional men. Thousands have acquired a facile working knowledge of French through this easy, rapid method. Thousands have paid the original price—much more than is now asked—for the complete twenty-four lesson course.

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A knowledge of French has become so much a part of cultured life here in America that one need not be planning a trip abroad to see many immediate uses for that knowledge. Traveling, of course, it becomes an utter necessity.

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You may send me the first two lessons of Hugo's FRENCH-AT-SIGHT absolutely free. If I decide to continue the course I will send \$1.85 within a week and \$2 per month for four consecutive months. If I do not want to continue the course I will keep the first lessons without charge.

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ALL THE BRIGHTEST LIGHTS OF BROADWAY MERGED IN ONE!

INCANDESCENT with "IT"... One million watts of what millions have come miles to see... Every film-foot flaming with the Spirit of 46—and Broadway... NO WONDER "BROADWAY BABIES" HAS MADE THE MAIN STEM JEALOUS!

All Broadway's best stuff stolen for the Talking Screen. The Street of Streets transferred to celluloid and Vitaphone as it's never been before! Girls and guns and glare and glamor... Honest-to-Ziegfeld songs and dances and stunning stage effects... Then back to the dressing-rooms of glorified beauties—off to their parties after the show.

Wait for "Broadway Babies" before you decide how perfectly the screen can mirror the wonders of world-famed revues. Tell the folks right now that the night "Broadway Babies" comes to town is going to be your night out!

A First National Vitaphone Picture

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"Authentic"—"moving"—
"beautiful"—"stirring"—
"sure-fire"—"will show the
way to high-priced stage
musical comedies"—said
New York newspaper
critics.



The success of the season in
New York, at \$2.00 per seat!
Stunning dancing chorus
and great comedy cast.
Directed by Mervyn Leroy.
Presented by Richard A.
Rowland.



Introduces 3 new song-hits
"Broadway Baby Dolls,"
"Wishing and Waiting For
Love," and "Jig, Jig,
Jigaloo." They will be
luncheon and played in every
household all summer.
—N. Y. Journal



ALICE WHITE in "BROADWAY BABIES"

100% TALKING, SINGING, DANCING





Among the new pictures which hold promise of importance, consider "The Locked Door," this scene from which, played by Barbara Stanwyck and Rod La Rocque, bristles with implications of stirring drama. For one thing, Mr. La Rocque's rôle is that of a blackguard—surely a departure for him—and Miss Stanwyck makes her screen début fresh from Broadway as a heroine Norma Talmadge essayed in an earlier version called "The Sign On the Door." But the new film is played wholly in dialogue.



Not fame, but an escape from boredom now attracts Norma Talmadge.

WHAT are the stars striving for? What do they derive from their fame and fortune? Do they actually get a kick out of their glamour? Is it the battle for stellar existence that stimulates them to remain in the arena, after they have achieved financial independence?

These questions ruffle my tranquillity when I glance upon the inescapable refulgence of starshine, its display, its straining, the hurts back of its flamboyant curtain.

One feels everywhere a drive, a power that will brook no lessening of tension. Fidelity to a career demands sacrifices, the preserving of health and beauty, the perseverance to attain perfection, the renunciation of personal friendships and interests for which crowded days leave no time, often the severance of family ties.

Why, if they retire, do they invariably return? What is the mystic spell which holds them?

The answer has numerous complexities, but many concur in Mary Pickford's belief that it all resolves, in the final analysis, into vanity. "Call it a combination of ambition, habit of work, the tantalizing hope that the next effort will surpass the current one. But the *real* explanation is vanity."

Progress brings greater responsibilities; and it is nerve-frazzling labor, involving more concentration than monotonous, routine work would necessitate. Its fascinations, though, have a panoramic appeal—new experiences, enjoyments such as sports, some executive duty, and other sub-

What Lures

Stars who have achieved glamorous success and financial
What are they deriving from fame? The players

By Myrtle

sidary attractions such as travel, frequent, if brief vacations, meeting interesting persons and contacts with vital minds.

The life is pleasant. Its very breath is the love of acting. Strong influences are the money and fame, companions of success. And now the talkies provide a new impetus and enthusiasm to careers that had become a bit stale.

Picture acting entices with possibilities of personal satisfaction beyond all other work. The mimic world, in any of its guises, is gauzed with incandescent sheen. It presents the joy of creating interpretations, and its movie branch pays extremely well.

Some players have considered themselves unduly frank in admitting Midas inclinations, instead of laying the usual stress upon art. Their honesty, however admirable, does not penetrate deeply enough in self-analysis. Vanity and excitement are prettily camouflaged; the spotlight and the dramatic life of Hollywood are the real reasons. Wealth allures, insofar as it buys splendor. There is little respect for the dollar as security, what it

Richard Arlen went to sea to escape the movies, but was glad to get back.



"I have more fun working than loafing," is the reason Al Jolson has no intention of retiring.



Them On?

independence continue their striving without let-up. frankly discuss the question in this article.

Gebhart

stands for elsewhere. Money translated into motors, clothes, and display, is held in high esteem.

James Gleason said that he would mail me a voluminous explanation of my "why" question. It arrived. The white sheet of paper was bare except for, in its exact center, "\$." For many, that needs no embellishment. As Betty Compson says, "Nobody ever has enough money. I have plenty for luxury, but I want a lot more. Why, I don't know."

Hollywood has many vibrant personalities that could not be chained by wealth, either for itself, or its purchasing power. Their motives are deeper. Betty retired and staged a smashing comeback.

"We can't quit," she insists. "I was miserable. Petty household duties bored me; servants performed them far more capably. At twelve, I was earning my living with my violin; I have always been busy. Idleness made me fretful. What is there for me in leisure? So I fought hard to get back, and this second victory means much more

Money and vanity urge actors on, Edmund Lowe believes.



Norma Shearer methodically built up success and is still held by the spell of the movies.



Charles Rogers is intrigued by the work and colorful contacts.

than did my first success ten years ago.

"We tell ourselves that the smell of grease paint draws us, a thousand excuses." A gesture swept her dressing table littered with the paraphernalia of her calling. "At heart we dread the day when we shall be no longer wanted, because we desire to be envied, to accumulate more wealth, and to do more than our rivals. After all, it's pride."

"Douglas Fairbanks thinks," one evening I started the topic sailing down the Edmund Lowes' candle-lit dining table, "that the dramatic urge must find expression. That there is no need to earn money has nothing to do with the necessity of working. John Barrymore agrees that the zest for

acting and the pleasure of accomplishment are his incentives."

Practically the same thought was expressed by Ronald Colman, whom I once heard complain, humorously, that he had absorbed too much Americanism for a simple, leisurely life to appeal to him, and by Al Jolson, who stopped humming a new tune to say, in his ringing voice, "I find nothing so hard to do as to do nothing. When I loaf, I am nervous and discontented; I work harder trying to have fun than I do at work, and I have more fun working than loafing. I wouldn't starve if I never worked again—but I wouldn't have any fun, either."

"Exactly—if a few more ruthless additions may be permitted," Edmund Lowe relished the topic along with his lamb curry. "Man's prime desire is to succeed, to be richer and more powerful and more feared and more respected than other men. The climber never attains his pinnacle. His ambitions are endless. Napoleon was not content; he longed to rule the entire world.



Only self-expression draws Greta Garbo, for she is indifferent to fame and the luxury that come with stardom.

"I want to be the wealthiest and the most popular and the greatest actor." I remarked that he had placed money and vanity ahead of actual achievement, and he admitted these to be the strongest impulses. "It is a form of conceit, though by no means do I consider myself the wealthiest, most popular or greatest. But I would like to be!"

"Man gets his joy out of striving. I remember planning, with Lil, that by this time we would quit and travel; here we are, both fighting for added success. Now we say, 'Five years more at the most.' But we'll go on, as long as the public will have us."

"Man must work, or stagnate," H. B. Warner expostulated. "A gifted artist continues to paint beautiful pictures in his old age. Few business men who retire are happy. I was bred to theatrical work, but the companionship of my children, the leisure between pictures and the gratification of my hobby, gardening, led me West. A brick house on the Thames was succeeded by a home in New York, just off Central Park. But California has the biggest back yard. Retire? I would go crazy!"

Some one mentioned Corinne Griffith's accrued wealth. Spunk is really responsible for her continuance. Shrewd investments have almost doubled her savings from her salary. Having worked since she was seventeen, she might well feel entitled to a protracted rest. Being reserved, she is among the minority who find the ballyhoo unpleasant—there *are* a few. Self-vindication keeps her going, now that she has achieved her goal—her own way.

This fragile "orchid lady" has a steely quality; her flaccid rôles aroused her antagonism. While her soprano personality brightened the screen, rebellion raged beneath her exquisite languor. She realized the futility of argument until, stimulated to fight by belief in her abilities, she acquired the power and position to effect a radical change in her work. Struggle, heart-break and disillusionment, the years of tenacity cost her. Naturally she is disinclined to retire, now that she has the triumphant opportunity to test her theories.

Though Thomas Meighan is independently wealthy, he drops nonchalantly into the studio once or twice a year. Idleness and play, despite his love of golf, lose their savor, he once remarked, adding that the acting profession seemed an integral part of his being, that an occasional picture is revivifying. He compared himself to the retired fire horse of former years, content to pasture until the smell of smoke gets into his nostrils.

Greta Garbo's tense emotionalism must have an acting sieve. Fame does not concern her; she lives in meager comfort, her wants being simple and few. With her it is solely self-expression.

Norma Talmadge, some one suggested, must make movies occasionally from sheer boredom, though she becomes interested, and works hard during production. Her early years were crowded with struggle and family responsibility. Her close friends say that she is appreciative, but unconcerned about fame. One must do something, however. Between marriages, Constance dashes off a frivolous comedy, mostly, it seems as a pastime.

Four years ago Richard Arlen, fed up with Hollywood and its tinsel game, small bits only having been allotted him, took ship to the Orient. The sea exhilarated him; but soon he longed for the whir of a camera and shop talk with the gang at the corner restaurant. The day after his return he was at work again, happily discontented once more.

Actors can be catalogued in three stages of progress—arrivals, successes, and top-notchers—each of which has its peculiar allurements. What brings droves to Hollywood? The splendor, the cornucopia bulg-



Louise Fazenda finds the work more original and entertaining than any other.

ing with four enticing prospects—glamour, fame, money, and expression.

Publicity sprinkles its phosphorus everywhere. What fan does not daydream of herself being spotlighted? Or vision the incandescence of a star's life? To the roast-beef-and-serge existence of average folk, the conniving to meet expenses, the salary appears huge. Out in the hinterlands, which is every place except this irrational film town, they esteem *money*. And many young people feel, genuinely, an urge for self-expression. Part of the modern restlessness, parcel of youth's broadening horizon, and as yet unsettled in a vocation, is almost universally believed to be dramatic talent.

An actress wins mild success. What keeps her here? She must endure periods of bitter readjustment from the first mirages to realities. Hollywood has encircled her with octopus arms. There is glory's echo in belonging to this floating, opalescent success, rubbing elbows with film aristocracy enough to assume an air of intimacy. Brushed by brief carresses of money and fame, she *must* continue. Her sip of nectar has made her heady; if she could, she would not slide into the drab safety of domestic nonentity, or into calm business.

Through a series of distorted viewpoints, she suddenly looks into Hollywood's eyes—saucy, fickle, enticing. That golden refulgence resolves into papier-mâché grandeur, but she has become so dazzled by the glare of its electricities that she believes *she* can convert it into permanent illumination. So she continues dreaming on.

A strong will is noticeable in Norma Shearer's career. Less variable or susceptible to influences than the majority, she reduced the vagaries of acting to the rules of a business woman's job, and shaped her success methodically, with money, stardom, artistic accomplishment, and conquest of the micro-

Ronald Colman says he is too Americanized to enjoy leisure.

Photo by Vandamm



To Ramon Novarro the screen points to independence and an operatic career.

phone as her steps. There is assumption now that she will retire. If she remains, it will be the pull of her work, or of some new obstacle.

I submitted my question to Louise Fazenda.

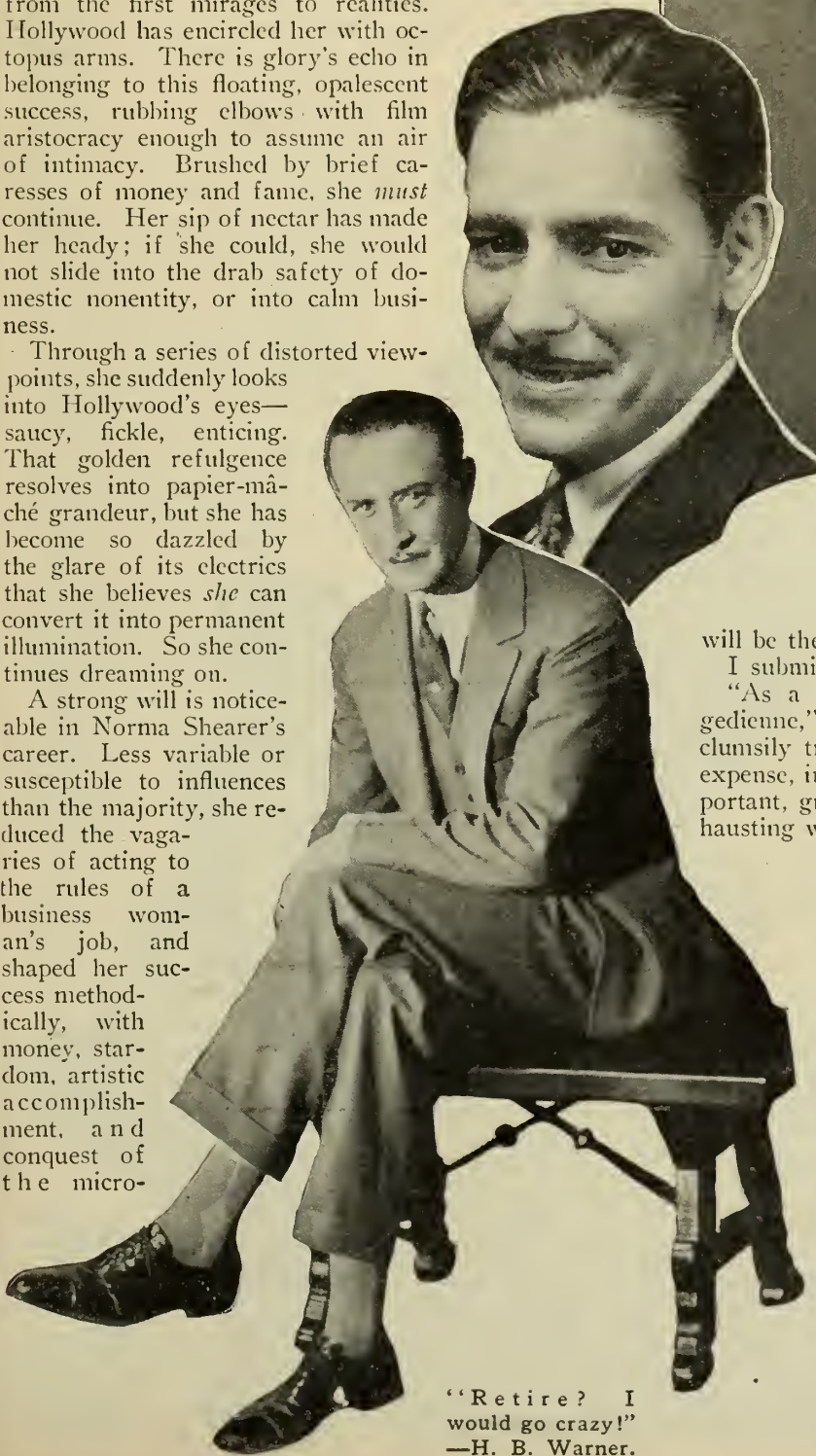
"As a gawky child, I wanted to be a great tragedienne," Louise smiled. "My first day on the set, I clumsily tripped over things. People laughed—at my expense, in one way, at theirs in another, but more important, gradually the joy of acting got me. It is exhausting work, requiring intensive study of human nature, outlining characters and smudging in their shadows, but it is original and entertaining. And the life is amusing to some, engrossing to others. Anyhow, never dull!"

Five factors make it almost impossible for an actress ever to quit—vanity, money, the expression urge, competition, and anticipation. Perceiving now the falsity of her luminous visions, still she wants, awfully, to succeed. She is eager for wealth's jeweled magnificence. Ambition goads her. The need to express her individuality has become definite, among assertive personalities. The work fascinates. The terrific competition arouses her spirit; determination chisels her every thought.

In other cities anticipation is less acute, the work more grooved.

The personality drama which is Hollywood is spellbinding. With its to-morrow hung with throbbing question-marks, its orchestra perpetually tuning up, its curtain

"Retire? I would go crazy!"
—H. B. Warner.



Continued on page 98



Photo by Ball

Simplicity marked the marriage of Cedric Belfrage and Virginia Bradford, the wedding feast consisting of a weinie and a kiss.

IF armies sprout where dragons' teeth are planted, and a sowing of wild oats raises considerable sand, what crop may be expected from the promiscuous planting of a flock of arrows in the fertile heart of Hollywood?

Daniel Cupid, Esq., gentleman farmer, pauses to string a few beaus, so to speak, and to speculate upon his harvest. Dan's agricultural experiments in the cinema city stamp him an incorrigible optimist. No matter what his failures, he bounces back with a somewhat silly "I faw down," and proceeds merrily to the plowing of fresh fields, singing a Rotarian rhapsody the while.

And through sheer stick-to-it-iveness Danny has his triumphs. There is that strange interlude between the orchestral "Wedding March" and the chorused "Battle Cry of Freedom." This spot he may call his very own. It may not be prominent on the program, but it is always present, like the two-reel comedy between features. And it is sufficient to save his reputation. It helps him in his striving to see that a license is issued to balance every decree.

The current connubial crop appears quite promising. Of course the weevils may destroy some of these matrimonial blossoms. There are plenty of them in Hollywood. But thus far only minor mayhems have been reported. And these during the rainy season, when a bit of domestic Donnybrook is welcomed as variety. It colors the outlook, as well as the optic. Moreover, the second sowing is coming along nicely. Engagements are flourishing. There should be hymeneal fruit in abundance before the first frost. Or before the time when there would be a first frost if there were frost in Hollywood's glorious climate, which there isn't. Except, of course, during most unusual weather.

Cupid's seasonal masterpiece was the wedding of Ruth and Ben. Sweetly scriptural names—Ruth Roland and Ben Bard, of course. What a splendid spousing that! It featured all the alarums and excursions of a Sid Grauman première. There were a thousand invitations—and three guests for every bid. That's Holly-

Love's Just

And if one doesn't draw a prize, or at least a durable discarded for another plunge into the

By Herbert

wood for you. And this takes no account of the gawping sidewalk watchers battling the local constabulary for a glimpse of celebrity.

One of the swankiest hotels was transformed into a Garden of Eden, or something, with enough flowers to make a bed of posies for Gargantua. Numerous orchestras peeped from the foliage like frightened Pans, and there was a group of erstwhile Hawaiians which crooned old favorites of the "Good-by boys, I'm Through" era, and the more modern age typified by "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby."

A la Grauman, the prologue was overlong. The hour scheduled for the main event was far sped before the restive audience was enabled to burst into applause at the appearance of the bride, flanked by the beauty of the films, and the groom attended

by its chivalry. Both more or less *en masse*. It was a beautiful picture. A "super" in every sense, well lighted, well played. Orchestral score perfect, sound synchronization O. K., and the photography excellent, as attested by ample evidence in the public prints. Yes, Dan can be proud of this one. He did himself noble.

What a contrast this de luxe affair presents to the premières conducted in the simple, neighborhood manner. The recent



In the nick of time Jacqueline Logan remembered that her divorce decree was not yet final.



Cupid sees no cloud on the marital horizon of May Mc-Avoy yet.

a Grab Bag

article for a matrimonial partner, it can be—and is—capacious sack of Hollywood's eligibles.

Cruikshank

romantic episode in the love life of Virginia Bradford, for instance. Another idyl of Tiajuana, this. For Virginia made the historic border dash with a groom—bride, not horse—who had left his purse on the pianola in the stress of glad emotion. The wedding feast was a weinie and a kiss, the hot dog being a jazz-age equivalent for the bread and cheese which once accompanied kisses as the standard diet of love in a cottage. But when Cupid fries the frankfurter, it becomes a Lucullan repast. And beer—near, or not—is nectar.

There, too, was the moonshine-and-honeysuckle nuptial of Jacqueline Logan. "Jackie" also preferred a pseudo-Spanish reading of her marriage lines, perhaps to match the prevalent type of Hollywood architecture. She stepped across the international boundary line into "Hot Water," as the slightly suggestive name of Agua Caliente is translated. After the twenty-six dollars—United States currency, not Mexican—had been paid, and the bride had checked up on the Mexican document received, to be sure it was a marriage certificate and not a hunting license, she suddenly bethought herself that she had another papa on the United States side. Her divorce decree was not yet made final. Imagine her Agua Caliente equivalent for embarrassment! Twenty-six bucks shot to you-know. And she had to say "I do" all over again later. Well, willful waste makes woeful want. But it was really all just a little agricultural experiment of Dan Cupid. He'd heard of the fame of the chap who made two what-you-call-'ems of wheat grow where only one

If Ben Lyon's engagements were laid end on end they would reach from the Garden of Eden to Bebe Daniels.



Evelyn Brent married so hastily that the bridesmaid thought she was signing for a lottery ticket.



The romance of Mary Philbin and Paul Kohner includes one of Hollywood's longest engagements.

grew before, and he tried to duplicate the stunt with husbands. But he's a bust as a Burbank.

Evelyn Brent, a cozy homebody at heart despite that you-know-what-I-mean on the screen, surprised even her bridesmaid when she wed. It all seemed just another one of those jolly parties, when Betty and the boy friend popped into the office of the Curaçao, or whatever you call those Mexican marriage officials. And before you could say "tamale," every one had signed on the dotted line, the bride was out of escrow and the honeymoon begun. The bridesmaid still believes she was signing for a lottery ticket, but it was the bride who did that. Cupid should really provide Indian guides for all Hollywood people sojourning below the border. It would be only the fair and sporting thing to do. For then there'd be some one to blame during those long winter evenings occupied in thinking up new and different names for what is sometimes laughingly called wedded bliss.

After Lina Basquette became Mrs. Peverel Marley, with strictly American bell and ring, she and her also-present set out for somewhere in his car. But you know how it is. Or don't you? They just kept riding and riding for days. Nights, too. Clean forgot where they were headed, but kept going just the same. And they're still way up yonder on the high bicycle of love, without a rock in the

Continued on page 92

Taps, Twists

The spirit as well as the performance of the Carroll and Janet Gaynor, each in her own

Nancy Carroll calls her terpsichorean fling "The Dance of Life," because she will display it in the picture of that name. The first movement, left, is a modernized cakewalk step.



The pose, right, illustrates the second step in the second movement of the dance, Miss Carroll's left knee being forward, her right arm up.



Miss Carroll, top, left, makes a quick, little curtsy as the concluding movement of her fascinating, little dance.

At the left is seen the second movement, in which the position of the body is altered, the toes remaining placed and knees and arms alternating in a swinging movement in time with the music.



The climax, right, consists of a series of exaggerated buck and wing taps, the hem of the skirt being grasped for the final curtsy.

and Twirls

modern dance is illustrated by Nancy
way and as no one else could do it.



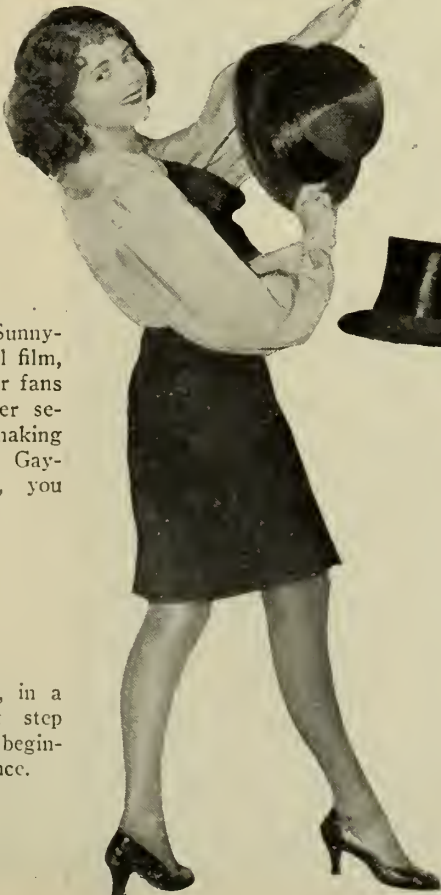
Miss Gaynor, left,
speeds her steps a
bit and indulges in
a swing of the left
leg.



After a sharp twirl,
she reverses her po-
sition, outer left, and
with knee unbent
starts to shuffle
along.

Nearing the conclusion
of her steps, above, she
executes a rapid criss-
cross in preparation for
the climax.

Janet Gaynor, in "Sunny-
side Up," a musical film,
plans to surprise her fans
by casting aside her se-
dateness and making
whoopce—innocent, Gay-
noresque whoopce, you
understand.



Miss Gaynor, below,
tops off her dance with
a curtsy in the approved
manner of the night
clubs.

She is seen, right, in a
fetching cakewalk step
which marks the begin-
ning of her dance.



Bessie Love denies that her own life bears any resemblance to that of *Hank*, in "The Broadway Melody."

EVER since "The Broadway Melody" Bessie Love has found herself the center of attention from investigators of Hollywood's palpitations of the heart.

It has been sought to show that she is an emotionally complex person, and that within her tiny stature of five feet she conceals a deeply tragic soul. In other words, effort has been made to prove that the little actress, who tore passion to bitter shreds and tatters in the scene where she sacrificed her own happiness for her sister's, in the musical talkie hit, is in reality none other than the *Hank* of the story—a girl with a broken heart.

"The truth of the matter is that I was just terribly tired when we made that scene," Bessie told me. "It was the end of a long, weary day of rehearsals and work, and when we reached the big emotional moment at last, I probably was worn out, and maybe a trifle hysterical. But, honestly, it didn't have a thing to do with my personal life. However, I don't care a bit. It's all right for them to go ahead and write it, if they want to, just so long as they spell the name right," she concluded with a whimsical smile.

So while raconteurs wax wistful, Bessie only laughs, as is her wont, and wonders what the next job up will be—whether in a revue, a back-

Little Girl

An intimate, revealing story of Bessie of the heart by one who has

By Edwin

All Photos by

stage story, or a really good dramatic picture with a brand-new idea. With her nut-brown eyes twinkling, and looking much the same as usual—except for hair once brown, now gold—she goes on practicing her dance steps, taking her singing lessons, confabbing with the costumer, the hairdresser, and her agent, chumming about with her girl friends, proceeding with life, just as she has done for most, if not all, her thirteen or fourteen years in the films. In a line, Bessie is, was, and maybe always will be, just a hard-working girl who knows her stuff and has at last been able to demonstrate it famously to the world.

Nevertheless, popular interest persists in surrounding her with the aura of an enigma. What's the reason, it is asked, that we haven't taken our Bessie more seriously heretofore? Why, when her name was mentioned, did we always have an impression of a jazz-hearted child strumming a ukulele, or doing a Charleston or a Black Bottom? Why did we not realize that these hectic evidences of gaiety and the will to please all, might be naught else but a means of concealing secret sorrows, now suddenly revealed in her Bernhardtian pathos? Ah, there must be a romance—and an unhappy one!

So active did the determination become of making Bessie the center of some sort of amorous adventure right after "The Broadway Melody," that she was reported engaged no less than,



Miss Love has been in the movies about fourteen years.

Not in Love

Love and her ever-elusive interest in affairs known her from her earliest beginnings.

Schallert

Ruth Harriet Louise

three times in the space of one week. A West Pointer, a New Yorker, and a Chicagoan were included among her affianced, and, to add to the zest, the names of two of them were kept a mystery, even, Bessie says, from herself.

Somebody, evidently feeling that her sudden fame must be signalized hymenically, had given out word that marriage was impending. Evidently, too, the rumor had been too zealous, since he made it seem that there was safety in numbers, by inducing a total of three ardent suitors.

To Hollywood, Bessie has long been known as the girl who has never been in love. All that was amorous in her life seemed to be concentrated in her last name—not her real name, which of course is Juanita Horton.

"I really suppose I'm a very terrible person," Bessie mused, "because I can't 'stay put' romantically. But it's simply impossible. Something always happens—disillusioning, I mean. A chance word, something done, or maybe sheer boredom."

We were at her house talking over the hubbub evoked by her performance of *Hank*, and how everybody was making her triumph such a personal affair. I had put Bessie on the grill of cross-examination as to the truth of her occult sadness, particularly as related to any *affaires du cœur*. I felt brutal while doing so, because she has an elfin quality about her, with which matrimonial realities seem only dimly associated. However, she is very matter-of-fact about the discussion of any subject, including love.

"Ford Sterling told me how I behaved during one of my romances," she said. "He didn't like the man, and was hoping I wouldn't become serious about him, because he felt that it might cause me unhappiness. He mentioned this to me afterward, and said that he had looked on, very much amused. He told me that in June, when we first met, I was all intentness, lost in a dream, and had eyes

Bessie is full of whimsy and caprice, a sort of *Peter Pan*.

Bessie Love's real name is Juanita Horton.



for nobody, or nothing else. He said that by July I was beginning to bow and smile to others. He said that I would often lean over to the man while doing this, and that I would apparently be listening to him, and saying, 'Oh, yes,' but that my thoughts were elsewhere. By September I was turning my head away altogether, and was even forgetting to pay attention to what he said. By November it was all over. At first Mr. Sterling thought it would be necessary to warn me paternally about the mistake I was making, but after a month or so he just sat back and observed the progress of the affair, knowing that everything would turn out all right."

Bessie admits to having been terribly in love twice, and once she was deeply unhappy for a time. A man who was devoted to her, and for whom she cared, deceived her about breaking an engagement, and it really did upset her. She declined to answer the phone when he called, and refused to give him the satisfaction of knowing why she was "never in" when he rang up. She laughs at the whole thing now.

"The way I discovered his guilt," Bessie recalled, "was when I happened to go to the same restaurant that he went to on the evening he broke the date. He told me that he had some work to do on a picture—that he couldn't be with me that evening. Meanwhile another friend asked me to go out. I accepted the invitation and we went to the Plantation.

"The first thing I noticed on our arrival was my Romeo's car. That was when I weakened. I had a sickish sensation in the pit of my stomach. I don't think it is an unusual sensation for those who have had a similar experience, but isn't it ridiculous that a person's reaction in a moment like that should affect one so unromantically?

"Then, when we sat down I espied my deceptive Romeo dancing with another girl, and of course I felt she was an exceedingly plain girl. I pretended not to see him and he didn't believe I had. We danced right next to him, and I looked dreamily, I hoped it was dreamily, right by him and the girl. I could have touched him as we passed.

"By and by, my impish sense of humor almost got the better of me. We were sitting out a dance, and our

Though Bessie Love has appeared in nearly sixty films, it is only now that her career has reached a genuinely golden peak.

table was right on the edge of the dance floor. My suitor was stepping with his lady, and he passed by us once or twice. Then this struck me: wouldn't it be a lovely revenge if I should borrow my escort's lighted cigarette, and hold it out while Romeo and the rival were passing, and burn their hands? The temptation was almost impossible to resist, but I didn't do it. Instead I went home. I don't remember whether I cried or not, but anyway the pangs vanished after a while.

"However, I'll never forget that upset feeling that came over me when I saw his car. In pictures, books, and plays the heroine always exquisitely faints in circumstances such as that; in real life one simply gets an annoying feeling in the tummy. Isn't it too silly for words?"

Bessie is full of whimsy and caprice. As I have said, she is a sort of *Peter Pan*, gifted with his wisdom, too. The man who falls in love with her must partly do so from an overdeveloped protective instinct, which is far more paternal than ordinarily marital. Nevertheless, she has been proposed to numerous times.

"Once it happened going down Hollywood Boulevard," Bessie recounted. "We were driving in an open car late in the evening, coming home from a party, and I was listening—I really was. Then somehow my eye was caught by a sign that flickered on one of the buildings. It was about somebody's liquid paint. I didn't mean not to concentrate on what my suitor was saying, but that sign attracted me. 'Liquid paint!' I kept saying to myself. 'Why, liquid paint? What other way would paint be than liquid?'

"'Did you hear what I said?' Heavens, what was I thinking? I mechanically answered, 'Yes.'

"'Will you marry me?'

"'Oh, I do beg your pardon'—for by this time I was embarrassed. 'But that sign seemed so funny to me,' I said, pointing vaguely. Then the spell was over, never to be resumed again. I think that man gave me up as quite hopeless."

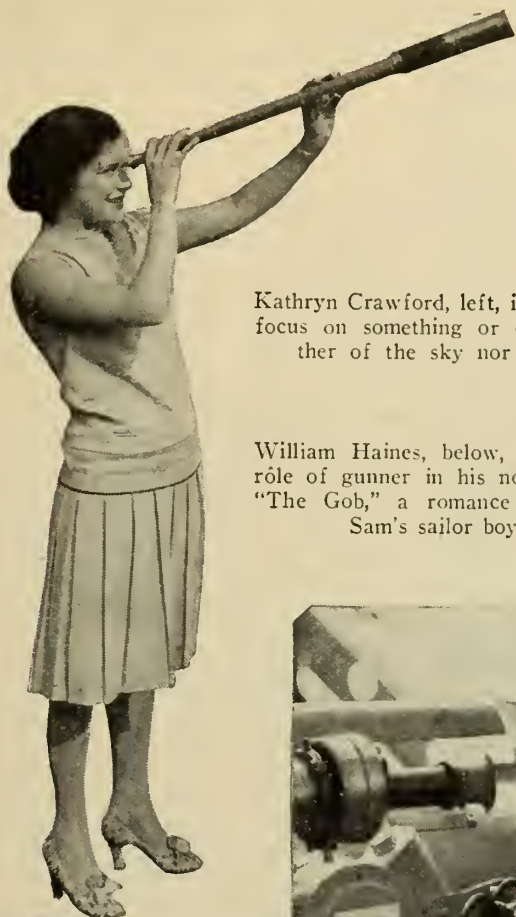
Bessie laughs when you ask her whether she has ever been in love, and tells you, "Lots of times." She looks a bit embarrassed—though with the merriest sparkle in her eye. It isn't the sort of sparkle that indicates that her heart has ever been touched, or else she is the perfect mistress of subtlety and sly dissimulation.

What has she to marry for now? She may safely ask that. [Continued on page 108]



I Spy

The stars sweep the horizon for secrets, but not each other's.



Kathryn Crawford, left, is trying to focus on something or other, neither of the sky nor earth.

William Haines, below, enacts the rôle of gunner in his new picture, "The Gob," a romance of Uncle Sam's sailor boys.



Clara Bow, above, does not know how to trim a sail, but why should she? The whole fleet is willing to help.



Sally Phipps, left, has something interesting spotted ahead, but you are supposed to look only at her cute costume.



Buster Keaton, right, leaped overnight from stage-door Johnny to sea-going husband in "Spite Marriage," and still he wasn't happy.

After a Year

Has it changed Gary Cooper? Have the subtle altered the outlook and life of the Montana reticence set him apart from his fellow actors a report of him as

By Patsy

IT was just a year ago that Gary Cooper and I made the date for this interview. A challenge, rather than a date, to be exact. It was this way.

I had been told to get a story for *PICTURE PLAY* about Gary Cooper. The assignment, I'll admit, was not to my liking. I had heard too many times that Gary Cooper was difficult to interview; he wouldn't talk; he answered questions in monosyllables.

Imagine, then, my amazement when I found him to be entirely friendly, likable, and very willing to tell me the things I had to know. In fact, as I mentioned in the resulting story about him, Gary Cooper was the "realest" person I had met in Hollywood. My admiration for him was genuine and sincere.

"I wonder," I said to him at that time, "if you'll 'go Hollywood.'"

He vouchsafed no opinion.

"A year from to-day I'll write another story about you, Gary Cooper," I said. "During that time I will have had plenty of chances to get more than superficially acquainted with you and your family, and to watch your reactions to Hollywood. If you 'go Hollywood' I'll write about it. If there is any change in you for better or for worse, I'll tell the truth."

My challenge was accepted. The following story is the result of knowledge based on facts. I give no mere opinions of my own. You are to be allowed to judge for yourselves.

The three Coopers—mother, pa, and Gary—live in a rambling, old-fashioned house. The living-room contains furniture of no especial distinction; a piano. Gary's steel guitar, the radio-phonograph that was Gary's Easter present to mother, and one picture of Gary from "Lilac Time." In the dining room is a long, wide table and enough chairs to fill a banquet hall.

No matter what the time of day, the table is always set, for the Cooper door is ever open to friends. Friends are always urged to "have a bite of supper." The latter consists of a plentiful meal prepared by mother. Unless there are more than a dozen expected for dinner, mother refuses to have help.

"The kitchen is cluttered up enough with Gary's guns, without having a cook around to mess things up," she says emphatically.

Upstairs there are three bedrooms and two baths. The elaborately tiled bathrooms are the household's one concession to modernity. Gary's adjoins his room and is a rose-and-black tiled hole-in-the-wall, with barely enough room for the shower. Gary's room is rather bare except for some Indian beadwork hung around the walls and chairs, and a picture of his mother on the dresser. There are no other pictures.

In the title rôle of "The Virginian" Gary Cooper finds his most congenial part, for the character is, to a large extent, his own.

Cars being one of Gary's hobbies, there are three in the family. Two are a credit to their station. The other is an aged retainer, the most used.



Photo by Richee

of Fame

influences of Hollywood and success rancher, whose stark honesty and fine twelvemonth ago? This is an impartial he is to-day.

DuBuis

So much for the Cooper home. Gary's quarters at the studio consist of two good-sized rooms on whose walls are stuffed eagles of all sizes. The largest—a golden eagle sent to him by one of his Montana friends—is Gary's pride.

Gary's surroundings speak well for him, do they not? He does not, as you see, live in romantic seclusion with a valet and a collection of pseudo-antique tapestries. His dressing-room walls are not papered with photographic likenesses of a hundred acquaintances.

Problems? Yes, Gary has had his share of them. Gossip, jealousy, so-called engagements. Gary has his one way of working out them all. He talks everything over with mother and pa.

Judge Charles Cooper—pa—is retired from the Supreme Court bench in Montana. He knows human nature, he knows law. His advice means much to Gary. Mother, the surprisingly young and lovely Alice Cooper, helps, too. She is a modern mother if ever there was one. She knows and accepts the code of Hollywood as being different from that of Sunnyside Ranch, where Gary was reared and where the Coopers have passed most of their time.

Mother and pa are Gary's rocks of reality in a world of bewildering fantasy and make-believe.

Gary doesn't like personal appearances. He has been criticised for that. It has even been said that the impression he makes upon an audience is one of aloof boredom. He doesn't mean it to be that. It is simply that he has not been able to accept the quaint custom of obvious insincerity. He still believes that to come out

Mr. Cooper in formal attire is a novelty he doesn't enjoy.



Photo by Richee

Gary likes men who talk about something besides bootleggers and amours, and he likes girls who are intelligent and sincere.

upon a stage sobbing "My friends!" would be an insult to the individual intelligence of the audience.

Gary's finest quality is sincerity.

Now don't get the idea that this business of being a star is troublesome to Gary. It isn't. He frankly admits that he likes his share of fame. He likes to hear the shouts of recognition when he appears at a première. He likes his fan letters. He likes the things that the money he makes can bring to the three Coopers—and to Arthur, his elder brother whom he adores, and who lives in Montana.

Gary likes men who can talk about something besides bootleggers and women. He likes girls who are intelligent, attractive, and sincere. The fact that he got one of his cars up to eighty-five miles an hour on an open road means a thousand times more to him than the fact that the car itself is the envy of all who see it. And he gets more kick out of the periodic chicken-hawk hunts in which he and his chum, Andy Lawler, indulge, than he could ever get out of a Hollywood dinner dance.

Avidly he reads Western history. The chronicles of Lewis and Clark interest him particularly, because his Montana ranch was the scene of part of their exploration activities.

He takes guitar and singing lessons. He doesn't go in for tennis, golf, or polo. When he gets a day off he and mother and pa and Andy go out to a friend's ranch near Riverside and ride horseback all day.

[Continued on page 111]



Mary Eaton will play the heroine in "Glorifying the American Girl."

THE old Algonquin was not like it used to be. A peace and quiet had descended on it, unbroken by the chatter of many familiar voices, and the appearance of faces well known on the screen. Except at odd moments when the newly married Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., burst in, followed by a trail of guests and staring fans, there was nothing to suggest its old-time, clubby atmosphere. Here and there a stage player, snatching a bite between rehearsals, drowsed over a script, or greedily read *Variety*.

Only in one respect did it seem still the same old homestead. The waiters were tenderly solicitous and full of interesting suggestions while Fanny kept me waiting. They alone were sure that she would show up eventually.

And she did, although it was at least an hour after the time she had appointed.

"It's such a long trip from Brooklyn," she gasped, sinking into a chair and waving her hands around in that futile, wistful manner that should be patented and held for the exclusive use of Zasu Pitts.

"Brooklyn?" I repeated in a

Over the

By The Bystander

thoroughly dazed manner. Ever since Fanny arrived in New York I've thought she needed a guardian to reintroduce her to the tangled web of Manhattan life, and now I was sure of it.

"But why," I asked in that kindly manner I would use with a child who was not quite bright, "should any one go to Brooklyn, after traveling for days and days just to get to New York?"

She looked at me despairingly. "Of course you wouldn't know," she remarked sadly. "Don't you ever read the papers? Why, Rudy Vallée is over there this week."

"But you've seen him so many times now, that if you never see him again your average is still high," I remonstrated. "The first few days you were here you went to the Paramount Theater so often, the ushers must have thought you were a new house dick. And you were always dining at the Villa Vallée. I'm surprised you didn't move there. I know you have all his phonograph records at home, and have bought a radio that is permanently dialed at his station. And have you forgotten the day you endangered my life taxi-ing to Yonkers in an ambulancelike rush, because a short picture he had made was playing there?"

"You don't understand," Fanny remonstrated. "Rudy Vallée isn't one of these obvious Don Juans, about whom you know all after you have seen him once. His is the most willfully elusive personality. He always appears to be playing truant from the spotlight. You have to strain your eyes to see him and your ears to hear him. He's no side-show barker ballyhooing his wares, he's——"

But allow me to interrupt. Unlike Fanny the Fan, I may not qualify as a member in good standing of the Vallée clique to which the select many belong. There have been a few days of my stay in New York when I haven't gone to see him even once. But I have seen enough of the young man who has topped all Broadway sensation records to testify to his skill as an artist. His is the art of reserve. He gives you a little romantic melody, a little discreet clowning, and then just as you've decided that you like the sample of his wares tremendously and want more, he is through until the next performance. You get the idea that he has a tremendous reserve of talent to draw on, if you could ever convince him that you are friendly and would like to see more of him.

I will confess that before I saw



Myrna Loy is playing leading rôles in two big pictures on Broadway.

Teacups

Fanny the Fan reports changes in the Broadway she used to know, and indulges in a few remarks about players in the metropolis.

him, I was prepared for the worst. I had heard him called "The crooning troubadour with the melting voice," and I was all set to see a wasp waist, mascaraed eyelashes and Delsarte hands. Imagine my surprise when a perfectly natural, rather indifferent young man ambled on the stage and stood there before his orchestra, holding a baton, but acting as though there really was no use in his being there at all. At first the shock of seeing a master of ceremonies, who doesn't utilize the St. Vitus technique in commanding an audience's attention, is almost too much of a boon to bear quietly. And then to find that he doesn't imitate the Al Jolson delivery of songs is the last gift from a kind Providence. No one could help liking this ingratiating young man, but it is those whose ears have been assaulted by bombastic singing, and whose eyes have been wearied by the leaping-tuna school of bandmasters, who really appreciate him.

"Who is he, anyway, and where did he come from?" I asked Fanny, sure that she would know all about him, if indeed she hadn't already met him.

"He's just a nice young man," Fanny assured me. "French-Canadian and Irish descent. He's lived in New England most of the time, and is a Yale graduate. He lived in England during the summers while he was in school there. Went over with a band recruited from Yale. He likes radio-station work better than night clubs, because audiences sort of embarrass him. Vallée is his real name, but he adopted the Rudy, because of his great admiration for Rudy Wiedoeft, the saxophone player. He learned to play the saxophone by correspondence while a student at Yale."

"His must be a charmed life," I ventured, "that he wasn't murdered at that time."

"And he isn't dependent on other people for his scoring and musical specialties, like most of the band leaders. He writes many of his own songs. During his farewell week at the Para-

In vaudeville Baclanova repeated her success in pictures.



Helen Morgan is playing the leading rôle in "Applause" in a blond wig.



mount, he sang 'Miss You' and 'You're the Only One,' but the audience simply wouldn't be satisfied until he sang his famous 'Vagabond Lover.' That is to be the title of the first picture he makes for RKO, and I suppose the picture company would rather the song wouldn't be run ragged before they use it in the picture."

I thought that the subject of Vallée had been pretty thoroughly exhausted, but Fanny rambled right on.

"You know he is credited with changing the whole style of dancing in New York night clubs. They all go in for slow motion now, and crooning dance tunes."

"Doesn't New York seem strange?" I asked her, when she paused for breath. A nostalgia for Hollywood had gripped me ever since the morning mail had brought an invitation to May MacAvoy's wedding.

"Not strange," Fanny protested, not even willing to let me be right about that. "Just sort of jumbled and noisy and dirty. Where are the theaters, where are the smart restaurants we are always dreaming about when we are in Hollywood?" she asked, and then promptly answered herself.

"Every theater on Broadway from Fortieth Street to Fifty-ninth has gone movie. The regular theatrical productions are huddled on side streets as though they were on the run, but making one last stand.



In the last picture she will make for some time, Alma Rubens overshadows the work of the star.

Texas Guinan has emigrated to Long Island for the summer, and is running a night club at Valley Stream. Every one I have tried to look up has just left for Hollywood. Hal Skelly's house at Rye is for sale. He plans to stay in Hollywood for a long, long time. Even Bugs Baer, New York's own pet humorist, has left to write for Metro-Goldwyn. He is famous for a lot of things, but I think his most famous line is, 'You're the homeliest man I ever saw; how much would you charge me to haunt a house?'

"I went to the opening of 'On with the Show,'" Fanny babbled on, "just to see what a New York opening was like. The audience looked nondescript, tired, and dirty, as though it weren't enough of an occasion to justify dressing up. But in many ways it was an improvement over Hollywood affairs. There was no mob at the door, but just a few stragglers looking on. There were no microphones nor movie cameras in the lobby to block traffic. But it certainly lacked brilliance. If there were any celebrities in the house, they were in disguise.

"Hollywood has certainly influenced New York. The famous Hollywood

eighteen-day diet has been so generally adopted, that you can go into any Broadway drug store, murmur 'Fourth day' and the waiter will bring you the correct starvation layout. But never mind, Herb Somborn is going to open a branch of the Hollywood 'Brown Derby' here, and then there will be good reason for every one to go on a diet."

"Haven't you seen any picture people since you have been here?" I asked, amazed that Fanny should have spent her time on the trail of drug-store diets, instead of Ritzing with the stars.

"Oh, yes," she murmured nonchalantly. "But it makes me envious to see them. Most of them are just on the verge of going back to Hollywood.

"The very first day I was here"—she brightened perceptibly as she spoke of it—"I was all full of ideas about going to the Theater Guild and getting my taste in drama lifted. But I happened to notice that Baclanova was playing at the Palace, so I darted in to see her. She and Nicholas Sossanin, her husband, were playing that Schnitzler sketch they did at the Writers' Club in Hollywood. Remember how marvelous she was in it?"

Just as though I, too, hadn't stolen into the Palace for a glimpse of Hollywood's favorite Russian.

"Of course, every one on Broadway remembers how gorgeous she was in 'Carmencita and the Soldier,' so they went to see her half convinced that in making movies she had deteriorated from the high standards exacted by the Moscow Art Theater. But she simply swept them off their feet. She is as gorgeous as ever.

"And did you hear of the hit Irene Rich made in vaudeville? She is to play all the way to the Coast in a new sketch. If you want to hear a maudlin hymn of praise, just ask any one backstage at the

Palace about her. There were three other headline acts on the bill with her, and true to form, they all came over the first day and started squawking about their billing and the dressing rooms assigned to them. Irene, figuring that the whole business was a little strange to her, just sat back and waited to be told what to do. The whole staff were so impressed, they sort of adopted her and did all her fighting for her, and saw to it that she had good billing and a comfortable dressing room and lots of service.

"The night of the dress rehearsal of her act it was beastly hot. Irene appeared on time, all made-up and dressed in a Bendel creation of chiffon, and a big straw hat. The scenery hadn't arrived and every one's nerves were on edge, but Irene merely freshened her make-up now and then, and waited patiently. By three in the morning, when the scenery appeared and the rehearsal began, she had captivated author, stage manager—everybody."

And imagine any one, particularly Fanny, being surprised that Irene should act like that.

"Irene is fast learning the tricks

Fanny pantingly explains why Rudy Vallée is the darling of Broadway.



of the trade of showman." Fanny chuckled as she told it. "The first night she made a brief curtain speech, and from out front she seemed a little nervous. Scouts from her agent's office reported that the women in the audience loved it. They kept saying over and over, 'Isn't she the sweetest thing? Why, she's as nervous as though this were all new to her.' So Irene grew nightly more nervous and wistful when she made her curtain address, and the harder she played it, the harder the audience fell.

"Corinne Griffith didn't stop in New York on her way home from Europe," Fanny volunteered, just as though she had known what I was about to ask her. "She spent so much time in France, that she had to rush right back to the studio. She bought a little house at Barbizon and plans to spend two or three months a year there. Trust Corinne to have a lovely home wherever she goes. I've always maintained that if that girl were washed up on a desert island, she would in two or three days have fashioned an adorable little house out of whatever materials were at hand."

"Not that Barbizon is exactly a desert island," I commented, though I knew what she was driving at.

"Ethel Barrymore is going on tour in 'The Love Duel,'" Fanny announced breezily, "and her tour ends out West in July. So even in the face of repeated denials, the rumor persists that she is going out there to make a talking picture before the next theatrical season begins. I simply know she will."

"You mean you hope she will," I cut in.

"Maybe that's it," Fanny admitted, "but wouldn't it be a crime if she didn't? And if I can have my way, please, I'd like to have her make 'The Awakening of Helena Richie.' She did it a long time ago in silent pictures for the old Metro company. And I would like to have brother Lionel direct it."

"Just send her a fan letter," I suggested, "and maybe you can tell your grandchildren that you once got as close to her as her wastebasket."

At least Fanny has allowed me to keep my illusions of Ethel Barrymore intact by not intruding personal observations about her. But I gloated too soon. She was off on a narrative about the perfect Barrymore.

"I'm not at all sure this is true," she remarked by way of prelude, "because I wasn't there when it happened. But I hope it really happened. According to accounts, a girl who was an awful climber met Miss Barrymore when she was in Hollywood last year. It was just one of those 'Charmed to meet you, good-by' episodes.

Despite denials, the rumor persists that Ethel Barrymore will make a talkie.



Irene Rich endeared herself to all the crew backstage at the Palace.



The next night the girl ran into Miss Barrymore at quite a large gathering, and wanting to show off, said loudly, 'Oh, Ethel, how are you feeling to-night?' And Miss Barrymore is reported to have answered, 'Don't be formal; just call me Kid.'"

"What's going on in the studios around here?" I asked Fanny, by way of prodding her into giving me the news that I was sure she had picked up in her wanderings.

"Well, Paramount is the only really active studio," she observed, as though that were any different from old times. "They are making 'Glorifying the American Girl,' with Mary Eaton."

"Quite a job to 'glorify' her," I suggested, "judging by her work in 'The Cocoanuts.'"

"Yes," Fanny admitted haltingly. "But what did you, or Paramount, or any

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Her House in Order

Margaret Livingston has pursued success in such a businesslike way that fame now finds her without any of the vapors and vagaries of an actress.

By Margaret Reid

THE story of Margaret Livingston is not the opalescent tale of an actress. There is nothing legendary about it, nothing particularly vivid. Nor is there about Margaret anything glamorous. Her story is the simple and sturdy one of a young woman who has succeeded. Because she is efficient, ambitious, and clever, she has achieved prosperity. That she has also achieved fame is beside the point.

More or less the Theda Bara of the present era, Margaret Livingston is the antithesis of her celluloid self. On the day that I lunched with her, she might easily have been mistaken for a smart, conservatively groomed, young business woman. For a lady of leisure, never. Her manner, which was brisk, her decisive voice, her authoritative composure, bespoke the girl trained to self-reliance. But nothing about her savored of the actress. Not even her conversation, which gave no indication of turning to shop, until I became professionally inquisitive.

Margaret admits being habitually distressed when confronted by interviewers. She feels inadequate in the extreme, having nothing to offer them but a routine account of how a girl got a good job and held it and made some money. She has no sweetly temperamental complexes to air, no highly colored anecdotes to relate. Her only idiosyncrasy is normalcy, and a reporter can't do much with that. Particularly a reporter habitually fed—I might say fed up—on the lurid trend of personality among the palm trees of Hollywood.

The home-wrecking lady of "Sunrise"—and almost every other triangle picture made in recent years—was born in Salt Lake City. Her girlhood was uneventful. When she finished high school, realizing it would be necessary for her to earn a living, she took a complete business course, at the end of which she found a position in an office.

"It took me a very few months," she says, "to discover that office work was not for me. I was miserable in it. I felt myself a piece of machinery important to no one—least of all to myself. I thought I'd even rather work in a store, where I'd at least see a few people, and handle prettier things than typewriters."

Discontent and determination making uneasy companions, Margaret abruptly terminated her office career. Taking all the money she possessed, which left her, after the railway fare was paid, seventy-five dollars, she went to Hollywood. Not, however, with rosy visions of becoming a movie star, but with a vague conviction that where there was such a thriving industry there must also be jobs.

Once on the ground, she observed the possibilities at close range and, deciding that faint heart never won anything worth having, she attacked the movies themselves first of all. Registering at the studios, she obtained extra work—and just as often didn't obtain it. But after the first few jobs, she was convinced that this was the best racket she might ever have access to, and she stuck.

"I realized almost immediately that it would be a battle every inch of the way, that it wouldn't come as easily to me as it did to beautiful girls. I have no delusions about

my face. I've looked into too many mirrors to be able to kid myself about it. I had no beauty to offer, and no talent—but I could work hard. It meant that I would have to work twice as hard as the others to keep in step with them, but a Swede thrives on work, so I wasn't discouraged."

Diligently Margaret went about getting work in spite of the efforts of casting directors, who told her she wasn't a picture type. Doggedly persistent, she rose to bits and infinitesimal rôles. Often she was turned down at the last moment, because of her eyes.

"I have probably the smallest eyes of any adult. Without make-up, they look even smaller. After losing several parts, because directors said my eyes wouldn't register, I set about experimenting with make-ups. I think I was about the first to use artificial eyelashes, and they solved that difficulty."

The Livingston eyes, like the Swanson nose, from being a liability became an asset. Turned up at the corners, narrow, sharply alive and sinister, they rivet an audience's attention by their unusual quality.

Gradually directors began to notice the kid with the odd face. She wasn't what you'd call pretty, but she had an interesting look about her, and was smart as a whip. As she got more calls and bigger rôles, Margaret saw to it that her value increased proportionately. The application of psychology worked. Soon she was under contract to Thomas H. Ince. For nearly three years she remained there. When Mr.

Ince died, and the company dissolved, Margaret went under contract to Fox for three years. At the end of that contract, feeling herself established as a featured player, she became a free lance. In the following year and a half, she was in more pictures than any other free-lancing player.

Directors have come to appreciate fully the comfort of having Margaret Livingston working for them. They are grateful for her lack of temperament, her earnestness, her capability.

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"Back of every actor's performance is the aid of forty other people, without whom there would be no picture at all."—Margaret Livingston.





MMARGARET LIVINGSTON baffles the interviewer by her normalcy, for hers is only the story of how a girl got a job, held it and made some money. That is her version, but there is more, as you will learn from the story opposite.



Photo by Freulich

SO long has Eddie Phillips been the menace in the "Collegian" series, that he mightn't have a friend in the world were it not for the good humor and laughter beneath his sophomoric villainy, which will have benefit of speech in "College Love."



Photo by Elmer Fryer

LIKE flowers that bloom in the spring and berries that redden in the fall, Louise Fazenda is with us at all seasons and is as much a part of the movies as celluloid itself. Let's elect her to the legion of honor!



A PORTRAIT of a pirate—Ina Claire, who sailed into Hollywood and opened fire with her charm on the roving heart of John Gilbert until it was gathered into a marriage contract. You will want to see her in "The Awful Truth."

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser



Photo by Preston Duncan

THIS incredibly lovely figurine is Joan Bennett, youngest and gentlest of the three famous sisters, who upheld the honor of the name in "Bulldog Drummond" against strongest competition. She will next beautify "Three Live Ghosts."



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

MILADY of roses and raptures—Joan Crawford. For marriage has united her with the boy of her dreams, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and with her popularity mounting, you can't wonder that she is the happiest girl in Hollywood.



VILMA BANKY reflects the calm of one who has passed the ordeal of speech on the screen, and finds herself inspired to carry on with renewed energy until her Hungarian accent is completely overcome. But isn't it charming in "This Is Heaven"?



HERE'S that amused-looking youth, Russell Gleason, whose strolls through two pictures brought him instant popularity with the fans and a five-year contract with Pathé. Helen Klumph's story opposite tells where he came from.

Blood Will Tell

A Gleason never does anything half way, so Russell became a big favorite in his very first picture.

By Helen Klumph

MANY a time you have heard that old sob-story about the boy or girl who couldn't get into the limelight, because some other member of the family was monopolizing it. Hollywood is just full of brothers and sisters and sons of stars, who go around crabbing that no one will give them a chance to express themselves, on the theory that only one member of a family can act, because some one has to be their audience—or something like that.

You will never hear that plaint from Russell Gleason, the tall and amused-looking youth who ambled into popular favor when he played the intrepid, but bungling reporter in "Shady Lady." Having a famous mother and father hasn't shoved him into the background at all. In fact, the general benign attitude toward the Gleasons is that there is always room for one more in the professions of writing, or acting, or wherever any one is getting up a party.

Russell thinks it was a piece of divine luck that he happened to be born to James and Lucille Webster Gleason. In all his travels—and he has spent all the vacations of his twenty-one years jumping from Portland to Passaic, and even to London, or wherever they happened to be playing in stock—he has never met a gang he liked as well. In fact, if his whole attitude toward life were summed up in one, brief sound-effect, it would resemble the chuckle of a boy who has just learned that the whole pie was baked for him.

Last year Russell was living with his grandmother in Oakland, California, and diligently majoring in English literature at the university. He had the best intentions of staying there for two years more. But Mamma Lucille was starring in "The Shannons of Broadway," at a Hollywood theater, and Papa Jimmy was writing dialogue for Metro-Goldwyn. It was a great break for Russell in having them right in California, where he could run down to spend the week-end with them instead of having to dash across the country to New York. They were pretty busy, so when some one at the Pathé studio asked Russell to play a bit, it looked like a good way to amuse himself while the folks were at work.

The charm of Russell Gleason's acting lies in the fact that he doesn't seem to be acting at all, but has just wandered aimlessly into the thick of events.

What started as a bit grew to be one of the most important rôles in the picture, after the executives saw his first day's scenes. And when the picture was finished he was offered a five-year contract.

Russell, at that time, harbored ambitions to be a writer. He had never reckoned much on acting. But it looked like an awfully good chance to make money while fitting himself for his chosen career. After all, what university could offer him the tutelage of a playwright like his father? Jimmy Gleason is the author of "Is Zat So?" and "The Shannons of Broadway," among other things, and Lucille Gleason is soon to be heard from as an actress when her first play is produced on Broadway.

Since he has been working at the studio, Russell has changed his mind about his choice of a career. Now he wants to be a director. They have such a lot of authority. Next week he may decide to be a fireman. They too have a lot of fun going around the studio and ordering people to put out their cigarettes.



When "Strange Cargo," the all-talking mystery film, was previewed, an executive of a rival company sat next to me. He wasn't even mildly interested in the highly advertised stars from the New York stage who took part in it. But when Russell came on he said, "There's a personality."

The charm of Russell's acting lies in the fact that he doesn't seem to be acting at all. He appears just to have wandered aimlessly into the thick of events. His guileless, slightly troubled manner is as natural as the loping gait with which he enters a scene.

In "Strange Cargo" the other characters sat around and yowled in anguish while Russell wandered here and there gathering evidence of the crime. Assiduously he measured walls and paced decks until he found a valuable clew.

The author of that piece should be sued for plagiarizing Russell's own personality. He is one of those ever-observant people, who sees everything and says prac-

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Margaret Livingston, below, in "A Woman's Way," calmly lathers her knee as the camera looks on.



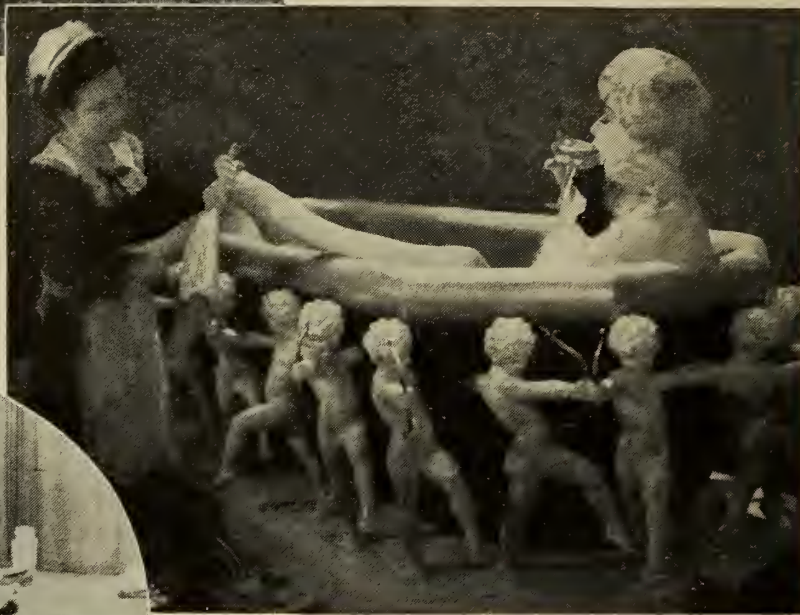
What Price Privacy?

We'll say it's a farthing, or less, judging by the success of the camera in penetrating the secrets of the bath on the screen.

Seena Owen, below, in "Queen Kelly," not only is supported by cupids and a maid, but is further aided and abetted in luxury by a cat on her shoulder and a glass of champagne at her lips.

The bath that made history is seen, below, with Gloria Swanson starting the era of the DeMille tub, with trimmings that were sumptuous in "Male and Female."

Mary Duncan, in "The Four Devils," at bottom of page, answers the phone while in perfumed water—a touch too utterly sophisticated for words.



Cecil DeMille, dean of the bathtub, offers his latest—a glass-sided affair in "Dynamite," with Kay Johnson about to impersonate a goldfish.

Laughing It Off

That's what Charles Morton believes in doing when he gets a knock in private or professional life.

By William
H. McKegg

BECAUSE Charles Morton had had a knock in the right eye, he was forced to delay our meeting. Charlie seems to get the knocks both figuratively and literally. An unpleasant position for any chap to be in—especially in Hollywood.

As an introduction to the film colony, young Mr. Morton sprang into print by arousing the hectic passions of his wife. Something he had done annoyed her, and she threw scalding water in his face.

This uncomfortable notoriety was not very good for Charlie. In the first place, no one had known he was married. People talked, as they usually do about such surprising revelations.

After the storm had subsided, things went along again, Mr. Morton looking Hollywood squarely in the face, still smiling.

"That chap hasn't a trouble in the world," I told myself every time I saw his beaming countenance on the Fox lot. "There's no Hollywood background in his life."

In "Four Sons" he struck me as being something of an actor. His rôle of the blacksmith son was small. He came and went, as it were. But he was the only one who showed deep feeling while Margaret Mann, as the mother, blessed her two boys before they left for the front. Though Francis X. Bushman, Jr., looked pathetic, Mr. Morton allowed genuine tears to flood his eyes—a proof of histrionic ability. I concluded, and promised myself that as soon as he had done a few bigger things, he should be interviewed and given a chance to unburden himself to his public.

Soon after that, the scalding episode occurred.

It threw things out of focus a bit. An ever-smiling chap, who let real tears creep into his eyes while being blessed by a screen mother, seemed incongruous when



Not a trouble in the world is the impression given by the ever-smiling Charles Morton.

mixed up with turbulent passions running to primitive encounters.

Did he, in spite of his seeming pathos, possess a Hollywood background?

Quite recently I found myself climbing a steep hillside stairway leading to Mr. Morton's abode. Reaching a front door, which had no bell, I rapped once or twice.

A man in a dressing gown and pajamas opened it wide, without saying a word, as if he had been expecting me. He wore a bored expression, as though rapping on the door was an hourly occurrence. He was elderly enough to be Mr. Morton's father, so I walked in. A matronly woman came, smiling, which almost suggested that she was expecting my visit, but desired me first to state my purpose. I asked for Mr. Charles Morton.

The woman threw a swift glance at the man in pajamas who, without a word, hastily flung open the door again—this time to let me out—his dressing gown billowed open by the breeze.

"Mr. Morton lives upstairs," the woman assured me quickly. "Go round to the side, and walk up the steps."

The door without a bell slammed. I sought the stairway.

Standing almost on the top step was a foreign gentleman, about forty. I recognized him as Charlie's

His parents being stage people, Charles trouped all over this country and Europe as a child.





It was Charles Morton's smile that got him his first rôle—a lead in "Rich But Honest."

major-domo, Boris, for I had seen him driving the Morton car.

"Yes, sir. Step in, please." I walked through an open window. "Mr. Morton will be in directly." And the well-mannered Russian left to call him—though I had the impression that Charlie had just slipped out of the room. An actor must always have an "entrance."

A radio was transmitting the tail-end of an excerpt from Rimsky-Korsakow's "Schéhérazade," the repeated motif of the first violins being full of horrible suggestions. Surely the wrong music to be flowing into the abode of an ever-smiling, young chap.

The furniture, too, seemed out of place for the bright Morton personality, as were also the plaster walls of the room. They were painted a gold color, with blue, pink, violet, and red spreading over them in streaks.

From the large studio window I could see all Hollywood and Los Angeles far below. I also noticed a young man mounting the hillside steps, evidently the visitor expected in the apartment beneath.

But panoramic views and mysterious visitors had to be disregarded for the moment, for Mr. Morton himself stepped briskly into the room, in shirt and trousers, a black shade over his right eye giving him the appearance of a good-looking pirate. He walks like a sailor, too, as a matter of fact.

"I got this playing handball at the Athletic Club," he explained right away, fingering the shade. "For the past ten days I've had to stay in a darkened room."

It seemed to me that Mr. Morton was slightly uneasy at my prying visit, as though some one had warned him to be careful. But of what? He appeared to be pondering over how much I knew, and how much he should tell. Suddenly he decided to become talkative. Perhaps

that was because he had not seen any outsider for ten days. Be that as it may, Charlie, before I knew it, was talking about his first facial mishap.

"You see," he said, "I was married, and my wife got very jealous of me. You know how girls are out here—you know how they run after any chap who gets a break in the movies. My wife, a Spanish girl, was mad about something, and thought she'd fix me.

"I didn't know what to do at the time. I had just begun work in 'The Four Devils.' Other scenes had to be shot while my face healed. Luckily no scars were left.

"No," he repeated, "I didn't know what to do. But I went around the studio as usual, smiling as I always do, so that no one would know how I really felt over it. I wanted them to see me as they always do—smiling. I think that's the best way to take any misfortune."

The divorce, which I was informed was granted, must have been conducted with the best of feelings between husband and wife; for several times I have caught a glimpse of Charlie and Lola, his fiery Spanish love, driving along the Boulevard. Maybe Charlie saw best to use his smiling philosophy.

Of interesting things his life is by no means the least.

He was one of those "dressing-room trunk babies." His father and mother have been on the stage all their lives—both here and in Europe. His mother used to sing in Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Charlie makes his love for his parents very evident during his talk about them.

"My father and mother and brother, and Boris here, are my only real friends," he confessed.

Born in Vallejo, California, he has traveled all over the country with theatrical companies. He was brought up and educated after a fashion in the theater, along with his brother.

"From fourteen to eighteen I went to high school—all the schooling I've ever had! And I actually graduated!" he added, with a smiling flourish. "I did extra work in New York."

While doing that and playing in vaudeville and stock, Charlie—or Carl, as he was then called—met an agent, Jess Smith. Mr. Smith is evidently farseeing where talent is concerned. He urged Charlie to pack up and go out to Hollywood—alone.

I should state, perhaps, that Charlie was by this time married. He must have been bound in wedlock since he was seventeen or eighteen. He's said to be only twenty-two now. It is hard to believe that he has ever been burdened with the responsibilities of marriage, for he is rather irresponsible and easy-going—always laughing.

Nevertheless, he came out to Hollywood alone, via the Panama Canal.

Mr. Smith came by train, to make "The Poor Nut." The picture was made, but without Mr. Morton. Scouting around, Mr. Smith sent Charlie over to Fox to apply for a rôle.

"They want a young chap with a smiling personality," the agent said.

"You know," Charlie, beaming, continued, "I had only three dollars left, and I went over to the studio in a taxi! That's me. I always do something crazy like that.

"As a young chap with a smiling personality was needed, I intended to supply him. So I kept smiling at every one in the casting office, until I'm sure kinks came into my face!"

In brief, he was immediately signed for a lead in "Rich But Honest."

Continued on page 116

Cupid Takes a Needed Rest

The god of love, a bit jaded from promoting raptures and heart throbs—not to mention publicity—for the engagement of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford, considers their marriage the finishing touch to a good job well done.

By Aileen St. John-Brenon

IT may seem just a pretty love affair to those who are looking on, but to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—still a boy for all his sturdy frame and somber, earnest eyes—his marriage to Joan Crawford, vivacious, imperious, with a tremendous zest for life, it is the most significant and vital step he has taken in all his life.

It meant antagonizing his father, who thinks him too young to marry. It meant testing the loyalty of his friends, who stood on the side lines during his ardent courtship, refusing to comment or encourage. It meant the culmination of two years' devotion to a beautiful girl, whose impulsive, beguiling ways held Hollywood bewitched.

Theirs was a simple wedding in the little chapel known as the actors' church, St. Malachy's, tucked quietly and sedately away in the midst of Broadway's din, and the ceremony—the service for a Catholic and a non-Catholic—was performed by Father Edward F. Leonard, the actors' friend and counselor. Young Douglas' mother was present, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Case, Mr. and Mrs. Weimer Waite, and Jack Whiting, Douglas' pal, were witnesses. Douglas' father didn't approve of the marriage. Neither did his mother at first, but the young pair came East so she might be at the wedding.

Joan wore a simple traveling dress. Before the service she went to confession, and Father Leonard gave her a black rosary, a little prayer book, and his blessing. He asked her to remember to be a good girl always, and she said she would, and somehow or other she found she had been crying. She was tremendously excited, but sparkling and elated. Young Fairbanks was tense, repressed. He felt almost ill, he said afterward. It all seemed too wonderful and big and awe-inspiring. It was something he had wanted so long and ardently—to call Joan Crawford his wife.

The little, black beads and the little, black prayer book were very much in evidence at their luncheon next day at the Algonquin, where they received their relatives and friends. There was no wedding cake—they forgot that; and it was not until the day after the ceremony that they presented to each other their wedding gifts.

Joan gave young Douglas a thin, waferlike platinum watch, with diamond-studded hands and the numerals outlined in diamonds, and he gave her a gold cigarette box and lighter. She chose them herself, and

they arrived in white boxes for presentation in the dining room of the famous hotel.

"You must kiss me, Dodo, I'm so happy," said Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. And Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., she insists that it must be.

"She will always be Joan Crawford," said her happy husband, "and I shall probably be known as Mr. Joan Crawford."

"But all the same I am Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.," explained his wife, with little gurgles of delight. "See my wedding ring." She held forth a slim, shapely hand.

"The wedding ring is the solitaire. I've been wearing my regular wedding ring ever since we were engaged. That is why every one thought we were married. We

just changed the usual order of things. I don't know why, but we did."

Douglas wears a heavily embossed ring and another linked with slave chains.

Photo by International Newsreel



Joan Crawford wore a simple traveling dress for her marriage to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.



Photo by Stein

Obedient to his wife's behest, young Douglas has drawn his chair close to hers, and as she sits at the head of the table gazing happily over her salad at Douglas' mother, let's take a look at them—Douglas, particularly, since every one knows that Joan is one of the most typical of Hollywood's modern maidens.

Her cavalier is one of the most interesting personalities of a community which simply exudes personality. He is not unlike his father in features, yet he has none of that vibrant elasticity of the older man. He is an intensely likable boy, reserved, with easy, gracious manners. Inclined to be introspective, he has none of the expansive exuberance of the modern youth. He is ambitious in a quiet, unobtrusive way. He is eager and determined to fulfill his destiny, but just at present he is aiming at no particular goal. Clarence Brown, the director, says that young Fairbanks is potentially the greatest actor on the screen. If you saw "A Woman of Affairs," you will need no further explanation. Young Fairbanks' characterization of the decadent and neurotic young Englishman revealed his insight, sensi-

tivity, mobility. He was hurt, because some people thought he overacted. Those who read "The Green Hat" know differently.

He still has a burning desire to play "L'Aiglon" for two reasons. First, he is an ardent enthusiast of Napoleona, and secondly, he is captivated by the "Eaglet's" frustrated life.

"It's such a magnificent study of a young man who aspires to equal his father's greatness, and is too weak and too ill-equipped to attain that goal."

Fairbanks doesn't believe in setting himself a goal. "Napoleon once said it is a mistake to aspire to anything, because you never achieve it.

"I believe that. The important thing is to develop bit by bit. I have to work hard—very hard—for everything I do, but I am satisfied if I feel that in every phase of life I am going all the time just a little bit further, whether it is in mental development, sports, my work, or my studies."

Young Douglas takes an impromptu lesson in singing from Glenn Hunter, whose rôle he expects to play in "Spring Is Here."

Fairbanks is a natural student. Educated both in this country and in Europe, he developed a taste for painting and sculpture which kept him abroad for three years. He has written a number of poems, very gloomy and pessimistic, which he hopes to publish some day. He reads French a good deal, and is vastly interested in metaphysics.

Starting on the screen when a very young boy in a picture called "Stephen Steps Out," he says he did so from necessity, combined with the opportunity.

From the very beginning he planned to divorce his talents from those of his noted father. He had no desire to follow in his famous parent's footsteps. He was determined to strike out for himself and carve his own way, which he has done consistently. His father disapproved heartily of his screen ambitions, but with the signing of young Douglas' last contract with First National, the father went over it carefully and gave suggestions to his son.

Douglas takes his work seriously, terribly seriously, in his quiet, unassuming way, and though he thinks his career is important, he says that Joan is far more important than anything else in life, and he

would very much prefer making her happy than doing anything else in the world.

Continued on page 100



Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., with "Dodo," her husband, and Jiggs, the movie dog.

It All Depends

Yes, it all depends on your sense of humor if trouserless gentlemen are funny or inept. At any rate, these stars represent some moments that are supposed to be hilarious.



William Haines, left, in "Spring Fever," did his bit toward displaying the masculine form divine—more or less.

Ramon Novarro, right, cast dignity aside with his trousers in "The Flying Fleet."



Charlie Chase, below, in "Thin Twins," exhibits starved-looking calves.



Lew Cody, above, in an old picture called "Monte Carlo," perhaps justified the absence of breeches by actually looking unconscious of their loss.



Anita Page, left, rightfully turns her back on Charles King, in "The Broadway Melody," as if she doesn't approve of boy friends who forget their clothing even when backstage.



The Stroller

Ironie side lights on the preoccupations of the movie capital.

By Neville Reay

Illustrated by Lui Trugo



ON Tuesday of next week Central Casting Bureau will receive registrations from all male singers, dancers, animal imitators and those capable of making certain classified sounds."

Thus we have the studios placarded with a new development which was sure to come sooner or later, giving us visible proof of the strange change which has overtaken the town.

As for audible proof, we have plenty of that. No longer can one step on a set between scenes and find quiet. Prop boys are bellowing like bulls, hoping for a big break in the next "Blood and Sand." Assistant directors clack with a pride that would shame the feathered mother of a sixty-cents-a-dozen egg. I have even heard directors parading their erudition by imitating a mongoose, an auk, a unicorn, or a titmouse.

The situation has become so deplorable that humans are actually doubling for animals. They tell me that the bellowing of cattle in "In Old Arizona" was committed by a former supervisor, whose inability to keep still on sets relegated him to the discard when talking pictures began shouting for attention.

I have no bone to pick with those who confine their guttural gymnastics to the actual requirements of work; but my anguish suggests Chinese torture as the only cure when Hollywood Boulevard at midnight sounds like feeding time in the Bronx "zoo."

At the corner of Vine Street a lion roars; outside Henry's a moth flutters; at Cahuenga two owls exchange greetings; at Hudson an eagle shrieks; at Highland two motorists who have had an accident, bark and growl at each other; in front of the Chinese Theater a snipe makes love to a grunion; while from La Brea comes the plaintive call, "Coo-coo!"

I heard a group of extras at lunch one day discussing their fates. They had good shouting voices, which were used to render sound effects over stock shots of street crowds from Constantinople to Podunk. I wondered if they wore costumes to help their accents. One of them complained that he had worked as a voice in fifteen pictures, but had not been on the screen yet.

"How am I going to be discovered?" he wailed.

"That is easy," replied one of his companions, "shout louder than the rest of us."

"But you, too, are shouting!" Which is, after all, Hollywood to-day, if you get my meaning.

Costarring vehicles are an unending grief to producers. No matter how a picture is cut, one star will surely wail that he was discriminated against in the cutting—that the rival had three more close-ups.

Several days ago Lon Chaney went into the Metro-Goldwyn cutting room, where his most recent film was being edited.

He unrolled a reel until he came to a close-up of himself. Very carefully he measured the length of the scene, then proceeded to measure the length of a long shot of a street. The film editor was bewildered.

Soon Mr. Chaney rose, leaving a heap of film on the floor. He looked at the chagrined editor and muttered, "Three feet of me looking, and sixteen feet of what I'm looking at!"

Automobiles and motion pictures are industrial sisters since big money took over such a large portion of the production of screen fare.

An auto manufacturer brings out a new model when sales fall off badly.

According to Mr. Zarzstch, the European financier, the electrical companies have already perfected a tremendous improvement over the present talking machinery, both for studios and theaters, but they are holding it back until the market is saturated and audiences begin yawning at talking epics.

Among some of the new models to come out in the next five years are perfect voice recording, perfectly natural color, large screens covering the entire stage and stereoscopic projection.

We may as well prepare for a return of the stage door Johnny. Then Clara Bow can spread her charms from San Diego to Labrador.

But before I try to date up one of these living spirits, I want to know if the often hideous-looking voice double is required to sit in on the party.

Hollywood is such a childlike town. It is even awed by its own celebrities. This much has been turned into proverb.

There is a beauty shop that once was patronized by the leading feminine stars, but they go there no longer.

In order to increase her patronage with non-professionals, the proprietor started twenty-four-sheeting her acquaintanceship

Talking pictures have made Hollywood so noisy, that the barks and growls of frustrated motorists add to the din.



with the stars, and pushing her best customers in booths with such as Norma Talmadge, dropping in frequently to call in a voice which filled the shop, "How are you coming, Norma, honey?" She then scooted to the other booths to study the effect of this on the transients.

Norma and the other victims could not dash out into the street with permanent-waving machines on their heads, but they just didn't come back.

Hollywood success formula. Baffle talkative minds by inquiring, "What is your *premise*?" And impress your listener by stating, "My *premise* is this—"

In a vocabulary of 700 words "premise" is always No. 701.

Movietone kisses are passionate-sounding things.

Bill Craft, the director, had a novel ending. He turned out the lights just as a clinch started. Then the sound of a kiss came over the microphone. At first a real kiss between Reginald Denny and Merna Kennedy was tried, but it didn't sound "hot" enough. They finally got the effect by popping a toy balloon while the principals were miles away.

Hollywood is filled with secret societies of sound experts who experiment on ways of producing certain noises. When a Universal expert sees a Fox specialist, they lift their noses, close their mouths and pass with the hauteur of blue-ribbon Pomeranians. No secrets are more closely guarded than those of the sound engineer.

The crackling of flames devouring a city is obtained by lighting two pine boards and holding them a foot from the microphone. The murmur of a crowd is obtained by combining four separate records of ten people talking at once.

An earthquake is obtained by recording the activity of a studio restaurant. A cyclone, according to the dope charts, is best obtained by sneaking up on an asthmatic sleeping on a park bench.

A defective auto muffler gives a realistic subway effect, while a parched pea rolled down an old-fashioned washing board matches with an Alpine avalanche.

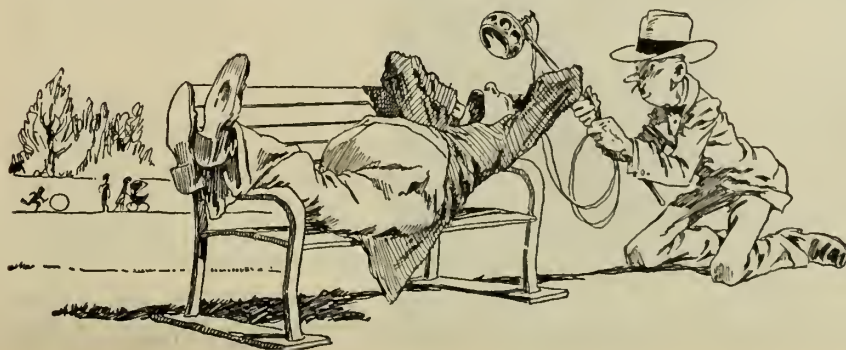
Jimmy Richardson has been telling me of the rare treat of seeing a talking picture with the wrong record playing.

At last I have heard it. Along about reel four of "The Carnation Kid" the wrong disk was nonchalantly started by the operator. The leading woman suddenly burst out with a police sergeant bass, "Come on, you rat, confess." Whereupon the leading man took her in his arms, looked fondly at her and shrilled, "I hate you, you lousy bum. I ain't goin' ta snitch."

I have just met a sober star who didn't know his name.

He strolled into a publicity office, and shyly approached a press agent.

The sound of a cyclone is best obtained by microphoning an asthmatic sleeping on a park bench.



"I am Hans O'Malley," he said. "Have you been looking for me?"

"Why, I don't know," said the press agent. "Have you anything to do with these two-reelers?"

"Sure," said the innocent one, "I'm the star."

"Oh, then your name is Kit Stringer."

"No—that is—I don't know—maybe. They have been thinking of changing it."

The press agent referred to a note. "Kit Stringer it is."

The new-born star gazed over his shoulder at the note. In his manly breast waxed the instinct of all celebrities.

"Say," he complained, "if that's my name, it's spelled wrong."

This is about stars who take their press notices seriously.

Laura La Plante, I know, becomes exceedingly blue if the day's clippings contain a few derogatory remarks, and Mary Pickford bursts out weeping when her notices are lacking in what she considers a proper appreciation.

In fact, the boy friend of a girl whose brother has a pal who has an uncle who was once the Fairbanks' butler, insists that Doug culls the clippings every morning to assure himself of a pleasant day with his wife.

Once there were guileless souls who went to see pictures because the reviews were good—until a former critic confessed that no matter what he thought of the picture, he always put in a sentence or two that could be lifted by the theater to run in the ads or posted in the lobby, giving the critic publicity. You know the gag, "This is the worst picture I have ever seen. Audiences will love it."

The only art in criticism left is to be so clever that no one knows what you mean.

With musical comedies, revues and operettas already on the talking screen, it remained only for some one to produce an opera.

This—I pause for emphasis—has been done! But not "Faust."

I heard Ken Maynard on the set of his first talking Western coaching a bunch of tough hombres in cowboy ballads.

"Sing, you shorthorns!" he cried. "You once called these Westerns horse operas—now prove it!"

And speaking of talkies, there is the matter of accents—and pronunciation. What more disillusioning to critical ears than to hear cultured Conrad Nagel insist on saying "yuh" for "you," as he did in "The Idle Rich"? Or to listen to the equally fastidious Richard Barthelmess indulge in the provincialism of saying "currier" for "courier" in "Drag"? Such a lapse reeks of the stable rather than the ancestral drawing-room.



When cowboys sing in the talkies, they make horse operas a fact.



Colleen Moore and her husband, John McCormick, run their home strictly on a fifty-fifty basis.

Should a Wife Pay?

Whether she should or she shouldn't shoulder the burden of household expenses, she certainly does so in Hollywood if she's a star, and this article reveals the exact financial arrangements of many famous couples.

By Bob Moak

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labor both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou lie warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.

—"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

GOOD, old Shakespeare passed on long before enterprising pioneers planted the few reels of celluloid tape that blossomed into the community of 140,000 souls that is Hollywood. But Bill must have had a premonition when he penned "The Taming of the Shrew."

One who knows his Hollywood has his doubts as to whether Bill's works have ever been best-sellers in this man's town, but somehow or other his philosophy seems to have spread about.

Bill, you know, firmly believed that woman's love, fair looks, and true obedience were not enough recompense. And, strange as it may seem, the majority of cinematown's popular wives agree with him!

In Hollywood, where the grinding cameras make turkey dinners possible once a week instead of once a year, the woman contributes love, looks, and obedience—plus cash!

If Bill's heart was in his writings, then he would probably look upon Hollywood as Utopia!

I know, because I have just discussed the matter with some forty or more leading actresses. And out of the forty, I found only nine who permit their husbands to foot all the household expenses. They are Mary Pickford Fairbanks, Mildred Davis Lloyd, Lilyan Tashman Lowe, Estelle Taylor Dempsey, Kathryn Carver Menjou, Enid Bennett Niblo, Natalie Talmadge Keaton, Theda Bara Brabin, and Gloria Hope Hughes.

In thirty other homes I found that the wife contributes an equal amount to the "kitty" from which furnishings and foodstuffs are purchased, and from which servants are paid.

In only one domicile did I find that the matter had never been discussed. That was the John Barrymore-Dolores Costello residence, and—well, Dolores explained it.

"You see we've just returned from our honeymoon. We've only been in our house three days, and we've been so busy getting settled that we haven't had time to think about such things."

Douglas Fairbanks spoke freely on the subject.

"Bill Shakespeare was a great fellow, but he got out of line ever so often," he said, "especially in the matter of love and duty to the wife."

Jobyna Ralston and Richard Arlen have one of the most unique arrangements.





Doris Kenyon contributes one-third and Milton Sills two-thirds to the maintenance of their home.

And this despite Doug's announcement that Mary and he will costar in "The Taming of the Shrew."

But Doug does pay all the bills at Pickfair, the twelve-acre estate where Mary and he spend the major portion of their time. He also pays for the upkeep of three beach homes scattered along the shores of the Pacific from Santa Monica to San Diego.

While exact figures are not available, it is probable that it costs close to \$200,000 annually to maintain Pickfair. Wages of the servants alone amount to \$30,000 a year.

Once each month, Albert, major-domo of the manor, doffs his cutaway in favor of a business suit, gathers up the bills and Fords into Hollywood to the offices of Douglas Fairbanks Productions, Inc., where the statements are audited and paid with Fairbanks' checks.

"It's just an old Javanese custom," admits Doug. Certainly, we might add, it is not a Hollywood habit, this business of paying for your wife's food.

"But what does Mary do with all her money?" you inquire. Ah! There are many, many places for Mary's earnings, which probably equal those of her husband.

First there are members of her family, close relatives, and some not so close, to whom she extends financial assistance. She takes a deep interest in and contributes liberally to many charities. And there are investments that will guard against a rainy day, for herself and Doug as well, in case he ever should need a bit of pocket money. It is no secret that Mary is one of the shrewdest of Hollywood ladies, when it comes to matters of finance.

There's another side to filmdom's "first lady." Despite her screen work and the attention she gives to her business affairs, she is very domesticated. I went up to Pickfair to

Douglas Fairbanks assumes the entire upkeep of Pickfair as well as three beach homes occupied by himself and Mary Pickford.

interview Mary, and found her on the lawn, busy with a needle.

She was making dainty, lace-trimmed aprons from Doug's discarded handkerchiefs. And she has been known to darn Doug's socks, much to the disgust of Albert, who takes considerable pride in the master's wardrobe.

Of the fifty-fifty homes, however, the Betty Compson-James Cruze ménage is perhaps the most conspicuous. They've been splitting the costs ever since their marriage seven years ago. It was Betty's own idea.

Financially, their home is operated much as any efficient corporation might manage its factory.

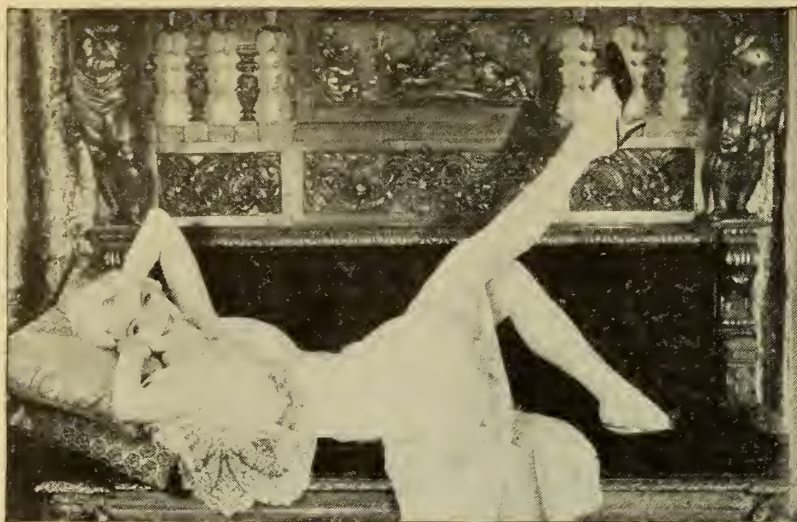
A trusted housekeeper is the general manager. She handles the bills and the servants' pay roll from a bank account maintained for the purpose, and to which Betty and Jim contribute share and share alike. Whenever the balance drops to the \$3,000 mark, the housekeeper calls a meeting of the directors—Betty and Jim—and each writes another check.

The Cruzes reside on a big estate in the Flintridge hills near Pasadena. Because they still are spending considerable on the development of the grounds, it is estimated that the yearly upkeep, including food, is \$100,000 or better.

Some of Hollywood's young matrons have very decided—and opposite—views on who shall pay. Jobyna Ralston Arlen is convinced that Shakespeare was right. Lilyan Tashman Lowe is just as positive he was wrong.

"When Dick and I decided to marry we went into conference over the question of expenses," Jobyna told me. "At that time Dick was just getting started in pictures, and I was drawing the larger salary. We agreed to a budget, each to contribute as much as possible to the fund that was to meet all general expenses. This arrangement is still adhered to, even though Dick's salary now surpasses my income." Continued on page 115





Heels Over Head

Just a favorite attitude of Hollywood's younger set in search of relaxation.

Edna Murphy, left, is alluring with the spirit of *dolce far niente*, or what have you?

Lia Tora, below, points her toes heavenward to symbolize her ambitions as a budding starlet.



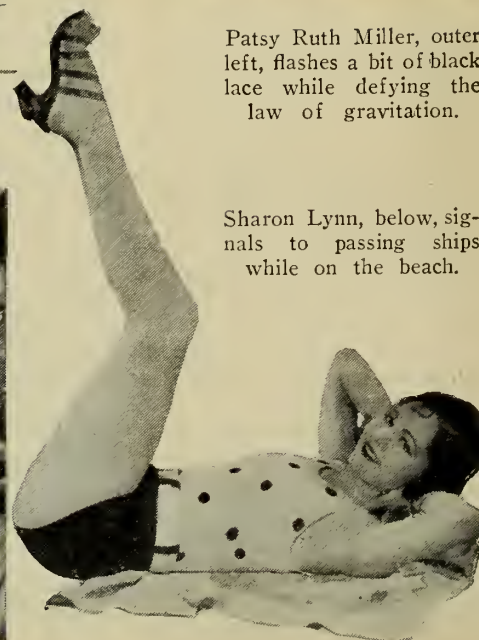
Kathryn Crawford, above, falls down and goes boom.



Dixie Lee, above, reversing the usual order of things, puts the finishing touches to her toilet on her back.



Patsy Ruth Miller, outer left, flashes a bit of black lace while defying the law of gravitation.



Sharon Lynn, below, signals to passing ships while on the beach.



Behind Nick's Smile

Lies a serious undercurrent, which this understanding story of young Mr. Stuart brings out for the first time.

By S. R. Mook

HE has pulled himself up by sheer force of personality and ability. Born in Roumania, Nick Stuart's father migrated to this country, and left the boy Nick and his family, consisting of a younger brother and his mother, at home, while he sought the legendary "land of promise."

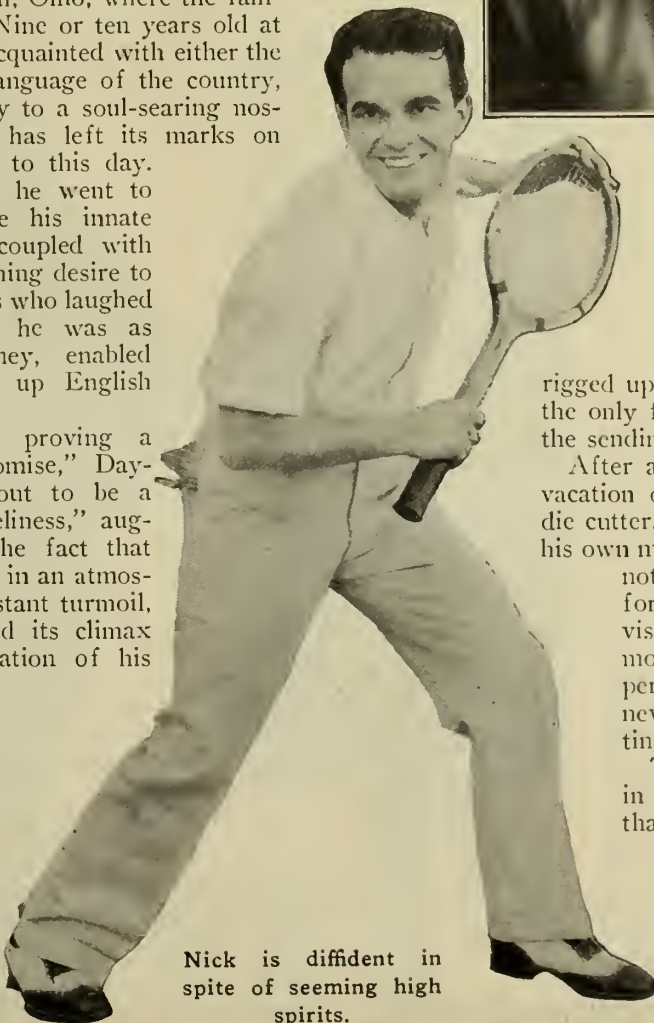
During the period between his father's departure, and the time the rest of the family came over, Nick used to dream of the things in store for him here—the things denied him at home. His wants and childish desires, simple though they were, had been impossible of attainment in the old country. The apex of his heart's desire was the possession of a bicycle, a comparatively simple dream which never came to fruition.

After two and a half years, his father sent for the family. There were golden dreams to while away the time coming over, the wonder of New York, and the fascination of the journey to Dayton, Ohio, where the family settled. Nine or ten years old at the time, unacquainted with either the customs or language of the country, he fell a prey to a soul-searing nostalgia which has left its marks on his character to this day.

In Dayton he went to school, where his innate intelligence, coupled with an overwhelming desire to show the boys who laughed at him that he was as smart as they, enabled him to pick up English readily.

Far from proving a "land of promise," Dayton turned out to be a "well of loneliness," augmented by the fact that he was living in an atmosphere of constant turmoil, which reached its climax in the separation of his parents.

Young Nick himself then assumed the responsibility of supporting the family, selling papers afternoons after school, working in



Nick is diffident in spite of seeming high spirits.



Photo by Brown

Nick Stuart's loneliness and unhappiness as a boy are camouflaged by the smile that has helped him become famous.

bowling alleys at night, and taking any odd jobs that came his way. The only thing that made life bearable during this time was a friendship, the only one he had ever had, with a lad who lived in the same block. They rigged up a wireless between the two houses, and about the only fun he had during this time was derived from the sending and receiving of messages.

After a time the family moved to Chicago. During vacation one summer, Nick got work as an apprentice die cutter. Before three months passed, he was running his own machine. Elated with his success, he determined not to return to school. Happily for him, the foreman of the foundry proved to be a man of vision. He convinced Nick that an education was more to be desired than a job as a die cutter, and persuaded him that with his adaptability he would never find trouble in obtaining work, nor in fitting himself into any job offered him.

The family fortunes did not improve materially in Chicago, however, and Mrs. Stuart decided that California at least held out the allurements of an agreeable climate.

Arriving in Los Angeles, Nick obtained his now famous job in the sporting-goods store, for which he made his trip to the Fox studio to deliver Tom Mix's revolvers.

In speaking of this he says, "After I

Continued on page 109



Clara Bow sometimes conceals her red hair with this blond wig, and even her best friends do not know her.

ABOUT the scarcest individuals on the streets of Hollywood are motion-picture stars. Visitors may stand around for a week, and probably not see one whom they will recognize. The stars go about, it may seem, like shadows, avoiding the shops, the theaters, and appearing only occasionally in the popular restaurants.

"Why," asks a Missouri girl, in a letter to me, "are they so phantomlike?" To which I reply, "The reasons are obvious." They conceal their identity.

The trim, little blonde one sees walking in the downtown section of Los Angeles, her eyes hidden by dark glasses may be Joan Crawford, a brunette wearing a blond wig. Likewise the brunette buying snakeskin pumps in the bootery may, in reality, be Laura La Plante, Anita Page, Dolores Costello, or any one of a half-dozen other blondes whose names and faces on the screen are known to millions.

They camouflage their identity to avoid being pointed out, and becoming the center of a too-friendly crowd. When the girls go shopping, they want to perform their missions unannoyed. It is not true that they avoid the shops, the theaters, the public markets, and the fashionable restaurants. But often even their friends do not recognize them when they meet.

At a big market, right in the heart of Los Angeles, I saw, not long ago, a young woman moving through aisles banked with vegetables, fruits, sea foods, and countless other edibles. She wore a felt hat, pulled low, beneath which dark glasses covered her eyes. Something about her attracted my attention.

"I wonder who that is?" I mused. "Her poise

You'd Never

When the stars appear on the streets of freedom of complete incognito, consequently who would give an

By A. L.

and carriage seem familiar. I think I've met her somewhere." Presently we came face to face.

"How do you do!" she spoke pleasantly.

"Good afternoon," I replied, rather perplexedly.

She smiled. "You don't know me?"

"I won't until you come from behind those blinders."

With a dexterous little jerk she removed them.

"Louise Fazenda!" I gasped. "What are you doing here?"

"I just love to come shopping in these markets," she replied. "I think I've been inside every large one in Los Angeles. I like to barter with these little Japanese venders. They're a cunning lot."

Louise had a shopping bag filled with choice things from the Nipponese gardens. I, who have seen her many times at the studios and have visited her and her husband, Hal Wallis, in their home, had not recognized her.

"Few do!" she explained, as I voiced my sur-

prise.

Photo by Rossem and Lang

About a month later I saw another begoggled young woman buying vegetables in a Hollywood market, and remembering my experience with Miss Fazenda, I became suspicious that here was another celebrity trying to mask her identity. She had on a little gingham dress, low shoes and rolled stockings, but she moved with verve and spoke so clearly and distinctly, that I sensed it was some one with professional training. Brunette? Undoubtedly. Dancer? Most likely, because her legs were lithe and strong. Who was she?

I could not give the answer until I maneuvered myself into a position directly in front of her. Then she spoke, and no one could mistake the voice of Lina Basquette, who recently became the bride of Peverel Marley, head camera man for Cecil DeMille.

"And I don't mind confiding to you," she said during the course of our little chat, "that I come here to shop every day when the studio has not called me. It's a lot of fun. And I cook some of the meals in our little apart-

ment, too. It's simply grand! I have two of these gingham dresses for market visits. Nobody knows me."

Mary Pickford wears either a veil or



Lina Basquette goes to market in gingham and goggles every day she is not called to the studio.

Know Them

Hollywood they adopt disguises to enjoy the they are never recognized by the very fan eyetooth for a look.

Wooldridge

goggles when she visits most public places, excepting the theaters. For these she and Douglas Fairbanks arrange to have seats reserved in the last row, and they do not arrive until the rest of the house is seated. They leave, too, before the others start out.

When she was preparing to make "My Best Girl," Mary spent a day, as has often been told, working in a five-and-ten-cent store to get the atmosphere of the place. On this occasion, as has not been told, she had two artificial teeth which fitted over her own front teeth, and protruded rather hideously. She combed her hair straight back, and arranged it in an unbecoming knot at the nape of her neck. A bit of make-up caused her eyes to appear smaller. Altogether she looked like anything but a movie star. It is doubtful if any casting director could have been induced to give her a screen test, or even enroll her on his list of extras.



Who would guess this to be Laura La Plante out for a stroll?



Photo by Louise

Greta Garbo is one of the few stars who looks so different in person she needs no "prop" disguise.



Photo by Elmer Fryer

Louise Fazenda pulls her hat low and explores the Japanese markets for odd food.

Miss Pickford worked in the store all day, without being known to any one but the manager. However, there was one little salesgirl who kept watching her, puzzled, it seemed, over something. Late in the afternoon she said, "Did you ever try to get into pictures? Something about you—I don't know just what it is—makes me think of Mary Pickford. Why don't you try it some time?"

"I'd like to," Mary replied, a bit wistfully. "I s'pect it would be a lot of fun."

"You're right!" the girl agreed, "and you can make a darn sight more money than you earn in a five-and-ten."

The stars have some interesting experiences in going to strange places to get the "feel" of surroundings, when it will aid them in forthcoming rôles. Colleen Moore, for example, spent several evenings at Solomon's dance hall, when preparing to play in "Why Be Good?" Wearing a blond wig, with curls which fell about her shoulders, and accompanied by her brother, Cleve, and her cousin, Jack Stone, she mingled with the young folk in these public dance halls for hours.

"There was one chap who took quite a fancy to me," Colleen said. "He wanted to buy me a soda and take me home. Then he 'got a mad on,' because I stuck to my escorts. But, gee! I had a lot of fun."

The stars enjoy going about incognito. When Clara Bow visited New York a few months ago, she registered at her hotel as *Stella Ames*, the character she played in "The Wild Party," and went about the big town wearing a blond wig.

Continued on page 104



Charles Rogers and Mary Brian further glorify the Mississippi, in "River of Romance," a talkie revival of "The Fighting Coward."

THE stork, fitful bird, who seldom does his air-planing across filmdom's "azure canopy," is winging his way toward Hollywood again. Indeed, he is visiting twice, and two young leading men are the prouder and happier for his advent.

John Mack Brown and Raymond Hackett are the lucky pères, and they rival each other in exuberant demonstrations, though Brown is perhaps the more pyrotechnical of the two.

Brown is wedded to a former society girl of the South, where he used to be a football star. His wife has never done any screen work.

Mrs. Hackett, whose professional name is Myra Hampton, was seen in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," as the lisping chorus girl, a witness during the court proceedings.

These are the first stork hoverings announced in nearly a year. The last prominent arrival was Monte Blue's boy near Christmas time.

Ooh, la, la, Irene!

Irene Bordoni swept into the picture colony with an abundant display of prima donna grandeur, plus her own particular brand of dash, chic, *sapristi*, and paprika.

In case it be necessary to introduce Miss Bordoni, let it be said that she is what ze Americans call Frenchy, and that for some few years now she has intrigued musical-comedy audiences with fascinating songs, dresses, negligees, and pajamas that look like Paris creations should, but mostly don't.

Miss Bordoni's entourage of personal attendants, rivaling the most extensive that even Hollywood stars can offer, included a manager, secretary, maid, cook, two chauffeurs, and various other worthies, which on tour is regarded as considerably representative of prestige.

Hollywood

Recording and synchronizing the news and gossip of the studio sphere.

She rented Marie Prevost's home in Beverly Hills, which only recently had been occupied by Ina Claire, who moved out to become Mrs. Jack Gilbert, and who had been preceded as a tenant by that well-known hostess, Texas Guinan.

Irene brought twelve trunks with her, but these she averred contained her personal wardrobe only, adding just a trifle naughtily that her costumes for her picture "Paris" could be carried in a make-up box. Which, as the ancient Parisians often said, makes it interesting.

Contrary to predictions, she has proved delightfully untemperamental, and is, in fact, quite concerned about the photographic success of her first screen appearance. She realizes much more intelligently than do most stage stars, that Hollywood is the garden of youth and beauty.

Will Rogers, Et Cetera.

The return of Will Rogers was celebrated with festal acclaim. He came West a few weeks ago to appear in a talkie called "They Had to See Paris," for Fox, and prior to starting work was banqueted by the Beverly Hills Chamber of Commerce. It will be remembered that he was formerly dubbed the mayor of that municipality.

Rogers talked humorously for fully an hour and a half, mostly about national and not studio politics. If he ever started discussing what is generally recognized as studio politics, he would find Congress terribly dull. At the close of his address he was given a handsome punch bowl set, William Collier, Sr., as master of ceremonies, doing the honors of the presentation.

While going through the elaborate process of unwrapping the gift for Will, Collier evoked laughter by asking whether or not it had been paid for. Which we do not consider nearly as appropriate as if he had asked where one could get the necessary—but, of course, we are digressing too broadly from our reportorial duties.

Rogers' wife made a speech of thanks for the lovely present in a very shy and embarrassed way, and Will took occasion to remark kiddingly that she talked very much like a movie star. Of course, he overlooked adding that he was referring to movie stars of the period B. T. (before talkies).

Will paid his wife the tribute, however, of saying that she had given him the idea of commenting on world affairs, both as a writer and a speaker, in which efforts he has been so highly successful.

If it is in order, the feminine collaborator of this column wishes to remark that many a woman has similarly advised her husband to go out and talk on world affairs. Only Rogers took his wife seriously. Maybe that's why he's so funny.

Lenore Ulric Returns.

A host of rumors seem to surround Lenore Ulric's return to the screen. What will she make following "Frozen Justice," her first feature? It appears to be taken for granted that she will do one of her stage hits such as "Lulu Belle," or "Kiki." There is even gossip of "The Bird of Paradise."

High Lights

By
Edwin and Elza Schallert

Unlike many of the stage sisterhood, Miss Ulric is not new to screen fans. We don't know that she has ever meant very much in silent pictures, but at least a number of people probably remember her in "Tiger Rose" a few years ago, and perhaps a few recall an earlier venture.

Lenore was listed as the seventieth prominent stage personality brought out to Hollywood by Fox. Make of that what you will, but it certainly constitutes an invasion.

A Magical Evening.

Zoe Akins, the playwright and authoress, also a most excellent hostess, gave a supper party for Ina Claire and Jack Gilbert, at which many prominent people in filmland were present. Among them were Mary Duncan, Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton, Theda Bara and Charles Brabin, Basil Rathbone and Ouida Bergère, the scenarist, Fay Bainter and Doris Keane—still of the stage—Paul Bern, John Colton, author, and other interesting personalities.

The most diverting guest was Harry Green—who on the screen amused as the theatrical producer in "Close Harmony," and who is to star in "Kibitzer." Green is a wizard at card tricks, can read the palm and answer cryptic questions, and can likewise play the piano, cure lumbago and set misplaced collar bones. All of which he demonstrated to every one's astonishment after coffee had been served.

At Miss Akins' he had all the guests baffled by turning up the deuce of spades, or the ace of hearts, in any manner and whenever they were requested. He also extracted numerous kings, queens, and tens from pockets of his trousers that were apparently empty. "Watch closely and I'll bring out the jack of clubs for you," he announced to the eager throng gathered around him at one particularly crucial moment.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Basil Rathbone, who had crouched beside him during the proceedings. "I was right in his pocket when he did it."

"Ah," reparteed John Gilbert, "then *you* were the jack of clubs, weren't you?"

"Yes," replied Rathbone. "But you are still the ace of hearts."

"Well, be careful," quickly responded Jack. "Don't try to trump me."

Colleen—with Accents.

Colleen Moore seems determined to try out her versatility in accents. For her first talking picture, "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," she cultivated a brogue, and now in "Footlights and Fools" she is playing a Frenchified miss.

"Maybe in the next film I will have a chance to 'speak English.' I hope so," she mused. "An accent *docs* give a good chance for characterizations, though, and in my case I think it is better to start off that way in dialogue films."

Everybody, of course, is predicting a hit for Colleen in her initial talkie. Her voice, due to the fact that she has been diligently studying singing for fully a year, is



What's in the cards for Janet Gaynor? Will she be the star in talkies she is in silent pictures?

said to have unusually good quality and resonance in recording.

Colleen's contract with First National is about to expire, but it is surmised that she will sign again with that organization, and if not, that she will go to United Artists.

Doubling On Names.

Confusion is likely to result from the duplication of names occurring in the studios, the reason being that some of the stage players have nearly the same names as screen favorites. There is, for instance, a William Boyd cast in "The Locked Door," who is not the Bill Boyd known to screen fans. He is from New York, and appeared in the stage production of "What Price Glory?" as *Sergeant Quirt*. He is more of a character type than Boyd the first.

Another new actor on the screen, whose name is a fooler, is J. M. Kerrigan, signed by Fox. He was formerly with the Abbey Theater of Dublin, Ireland. So don't think when you see him that it is J. Warren Kerrigan making a come-back. At that, it is time that we should be seeing something of J. Warren again.

Candidate for Grotesque.

Lest other similarities of names might prove disturbing, we will mention in passing that Norman Chaney, a new acquisition of Our Gang comedies, is no relation of the estimable Lon. There are good possibilities in the name Chaney though, for the gang now has somebody who can appropriately be cast as a bogey man if they need one.

The Masquers' Revel.

Mere men became vastly entertaining at a midnight show given by The Masquers, a social organization of actors. Their big divertisement of the year was given at

Another Bird of Song.

It is funny how many different people the talkies are bringing to Hollywood. We were astounded not long ago to learn that "Red" Grange, the football player, had been signed by Universal, and to read the further announcement that he will take part in a super-musical feature. Perhaps, as the picture is one of college life, the implication is that the rah-rahing will be sweet and harmonious, and done in the key of Q flat, or some other equally rare tonality.

In any case, Grange is to be a talkie actor. He had his fling at the silents a few years ago, when he made "One Minute to Play." The new picture is called "College Heroes."

Leatrice's Vaudeville Score.

Not only did she make a big impression in vaudeville, but her engagement brought Leatrice Joy a very pretty contract with First National for three talking-and-singing pictures.

Leatrice's vaudeville debut was one of the most successful of any screen star who has attempted the stage. She evidenced personality, a vivacious quality and a degree of genuine dramatic ability that we have not observed in her work since her best picture, "Manslaughter," some four years ago.

The high spot of her act was her impersonation of a French actress who came to Hollywood and did not make good. It was tensely dramatic and evoked tears from her audiences. She also sang one song in a most pleasant voice and manner.

At the opening matinée in Los Angeles, Leatrice's little daughter was down in one of the front rows in the middle of the house, where she could observe her mother closely and clap hard to make her tiny self heard. There was as great, if not greater, drama enacted by little Leatrice as by her mother, particularly at that tragic moment when the flowers she herself had selected for a lovely bouquet were overlooked when the various floral tokens were being passed across the footlights.

Naturally, the child's disappointment was keen, but she forthwith entered the spirit of the occasion and applauded for all she was worth.

Meet Ann Harding.

Next to Ruth Chatterton, the most interesting stage actress we have observed in talking pictures is Ann Harding, who will be seen in "Paris Bound" and other Pathé features.

Miss Harding verges on the statu- esque, and in features recalls the beauty of a Rossetti painting. Her voice is deep, full, and clear. Unless we miss our guess, she is going to impress most favorably. She is different from any one we have ever had on the screen.

Miss Chatterton Sartorial.

At the première of "Jealousy," a stage play starring Fay Bainter, Ruth Chatterton caused much admiring comment on her attractiveness and grace. She looked especially fair in a gown of soft peach tone, with a very low-cut back and the merest suggestion of a train. She and Ralph Forbes are a stunning couple.

Hart's Return Deferred.

It almost happened—Bill Hart's resumption of film-making. He was under contract to Hal Roach for the better part of a week to star in a feature, and then the bottom fell out of the project.



Raymond Hackett steps out on the lawn of his Santa Monica home to smile good-by to the stork, which has just visited his fireside.

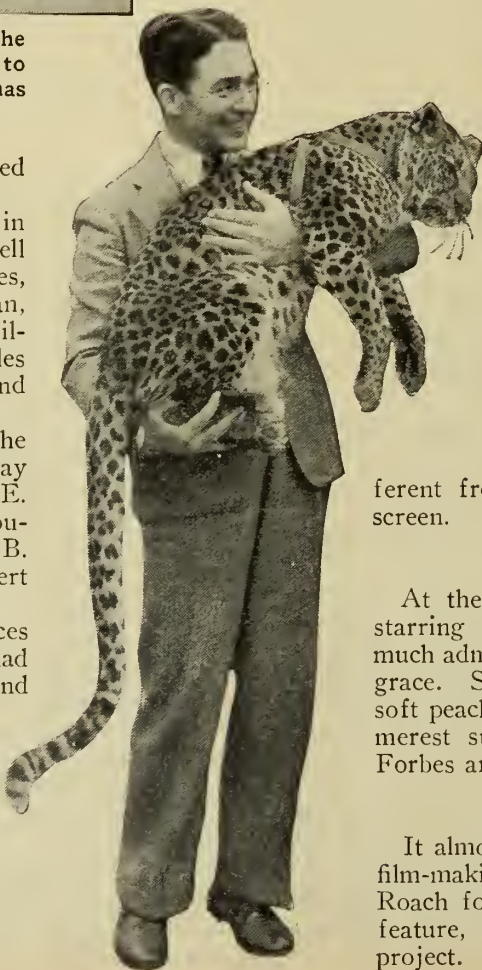
Warner Brothers Theater, and lasted until four o'clock in the morning.

It included a fashion show in which William Bakewell, Russell Gleason, Ben Lyon, Gardner James, Robert Frazer, Francis X. Bushman, Jr., Cornelius Keefe, Mahlon Hamilton and others impersonated sales girls and models. Bobby Vernon and Lee Moran were cash girls.

The show proved especially the talents of such people as Conway Tearle, Robert Edeson, Joe E. Brown, who did his inevitable "Mou-sie" recitation, Lupino Lane, H. B. Warner, James Gleason, Robert Armstrong, and others.

Ben Lyon told of his experiences in airplaning, and of how he had taken one slightly inebriated friend aloft. "When he had soared to about 5,000 feet," he recounted, "my friend finally shook himself out of his lethargic condition, and looking moodily out at the propeller, said: 'Gosh, isn't there air enough up here without turning on zhat fan?'"

Others present naturally tried to surpass this one.



Charles Delaney tries to coax Olga not to be bored, but to do her stuff like a regular trouper.

It seems the executive heads of the company that Roach releases through didn't like the tilt of Bill's horse's ears, or maybe it was Westerns that they objected to on principle. At any rate, they informed Mr. Roach that he'd better be a good little boy and not try to sign up any more horse operas.

We surmise that Bill was sadly disappointed, although he himself was the one who gracefully retired from the iron-clad contract which he had with Roach. We predict that Bill will yet make a come-back, and that in talkies he'll be very successful. He has the voice and stage experience.

It would seem that after the hit that "In Old Arizona" made, almost anybody would be willing to take a chance on a Western film with dialogue. Somehow nobody even appears to be attempting to follow up that success in earnest. And in view of the well-known imitative tendencies of filmdom, one must remark at this juncture, "How unusual!"

Carmel Becomes Mrs. Blum.

Bessie Love was the only star who danced at Carmel Myers' wedding. What we are meaning to express broadly is that Bessie is the only one that actually took part in the ceremonies. Carmel had various other people, more or less officially connected with pictures, as members of the marriage party, but the star group was exceptionally conspicuous for its absence.

The ceremony which united her to Ralph Hellman Blum was performed at the B'Nai B'Rith Temple, a new place of worship, and was lustrous and elaborate in ritual. Scores of the star's friends attended and lavished upon her looks of admiration for the garb that she wore, particularly the coronetlike lace cap, centuries old, which had been handed down as a family heirloom.

Bessie Love, who has known Carmel for many years, was maid of honor. William Seiter, director, and husband of Laura La Plante, was one of the ushers.

Carmel's husband is an attorney. She was formerly married to Isadore B. Kornblum, musician and composer. She gave her age in the marriage license as twenty-four years.

Opera Heroes Arriving.

All the interesting features of a phonograph-record catalogue. This is what the film ballyhoo and advertising of the future will be flaunting before the eyes of the public.

By this we mean that the studios seem bent on signing some of the bigger operatic celebrities, though Heaven knows just what they are going to do with them!

Tito Schipa is billed as a Paramount star, and Lawrence Tibbett is scheduled to sing, we hear, for Metro-Goldwyn. Carlotta King, soprano of "The Desert Song," may warble opposite him.

So far, no women grand opera principals of outstanding prominence have been reported engaged. Wait a year or two, though, and the prima donnas will have cultivated the svelte figures that will enable them to pursue movie careers, and then the screen can lift its musical taste.

John Mack Brown, all dressed up, decidedly knows where to go, for he's a proud father now.



"Nip" Hops to Musical.

Lupino Lane, round-faced little comedian of the two-reelers, has taken the leap into features, but not as a star. He is doing one of the prominent rôles in "The Love Parade," starring Maurice Chevalier.

Ernst Lubitsch is directing the production as his first talkie—also singie. Music is to embellish the scenes, and so Chevalier and Lane will both be at home in the enterprise, for Maurice's talents are mainly vocal and "Nip" Lane's are mostly acrobatic dancing, topical songs and clowning.

Jeannette MacDonald, of the New York stage, has been signed for the feminine lead.

Turmoil and Tempest.

The old who's who of names is undergoing a wild revision these days. So many new ones are being written into the screen roster.

We have counted nearly a hundred people included in the casts of various companies during the past month who are new to pictures. It is said that stage stars are coming to the Coast at the rate of about two hundred a month now. We also get letters from various people asking about opportunities in pictures for those possessed of musical and vocal talents. It would seem that another wild rush to Hollywood is impending.

There are sure to be changes brought about by the talkies, but there are going to be many fair hopes smashed to smithereens in the vain attempt of the ambitious to get into the studios.

Motion pictures are more heartbreaking to-day than they have ever been. The life of most of those who are being hustled West because of their voice attainments, will probably be short on the screen. The majority are only engaged for a rôle or two anyway. A considerable number haven't the physical attributes to shine permanently.

It will probably be a new type entirely that will finally conquer.

Bebe Vocally Triumphant.

Bebe Daniels is playing in good fortune. She has discovered that she has a dandy singing voice. The officials of RKO, to which company she is under contract, have discovered this, too. Instead of four pictures they insist that she make eight for them, and they have given her an elegant, new contract.

Bebe is studying voice with a teacher named Morando. He is a delightfully ironic gentleman, with a diabolically mischievous smile, and superior taste in music. Bebe was at a musicale at his home not long ago.

"He's my son," she exclaimed, affectionately throwing her arm around Morando's shoulder. He is mature enough almost to be her father in reality.

"Yes," he retorted, "but just because I am, don't try to sing me any Mammy songs."

Moral—Don't Squabble.

Whew, what a lot of trouble a little family fracas causes!

You may remember that some time ago there were rumors of a separation between James Cruze and Betty Compson, and that, in fact, Betty spent three or four days away from her husband at the beach. [Continued on page 96]

Eddie and Jo

Edward Nugent and Josephine Dunn, both with a sense of humor, show sartorial aspects of married life through the ages.

Miss Dunn and Mr. Nugent, below, are the smart young couple of to-day.



Eddie and Jo, above, illustrate the simplicity of life in the stone age.



The stylish couple, above, are none other than Jo and Eddie reviving the dressy glories of 1898.



Mr. Nugent and Miss Dunn display, left, the garb of a young married couple in 1860, together with an ingenuous outlook on life.

Jo and Eddie primly exhibit, right, the seemingly absurd costumes worn by the smart set just before 1914, when long skirts only hinted at being shortened and stiff collars were the rule for men.





A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE

"Bulldog Drummond"—United Artists. All dialogue. A melodramatic thriller, with sophisticated viewpoint which makes fun of what transpires. Story of bored ex-war hero, who advertises for adventure and gets it. Ronald Colman vitalized and remade by speech, giving memorable performance, ably seconded by Joan Bennett, Lilyan Tashman, and Montagu Love.

"Madame X"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Old-time melodrama of mother love superbly vivified by fresh dialogue, modern direction, and superb acting, with Ruth Chatterton and Raymond Hackett as mother and son reaching heights of tear-wringing emotion in famous courtroom scene, where wretched woman charged with murder is defended by son taught to believe her dead. Lewis Stone, Eugenie Besserer, Mitchell Lewis, Holmes Herbert, and Ulrich Haupt.

"Valiant, The"—Fox. All dialogue. Grimly uncompromising picture notable for introduction to screen of Paul Muni, whose place among leaders now is unchallenged. Story of murderer's efforts to convince sister that her brother is not himself, but a soldier who died a hero. Marguerite Churchill also fine, and John Mack Brown does well.

"Pagan, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Singing. Treat for Ramon Novarro's fans and justification of all they've read of his singing voice, which is delightful, exceptional. Story of young South Sea Islander's love for half-caste girl. Dorothy Janis, Renée Adorée, and Donald Crisp.

"Close Harmony"—Paramount. All dialogue. Lively, up-to-date medley of backstage life, shrewd, clever, entertaining, with best performance Charles Rogers has given in talkies, and another by Nancy Carroll. Jack Oakie, "Skeets" Gallagher, and Harry Green.

"Trial of Mary Dugan, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Courtroom drama glorified in baffling mystery murder of a chorus girl's lover. Norma Shearer excellent in talkie début, as accused girl. Raymond Hackett, a newcomer, Lewis Stone, H. B. Warner, Lilyan Tashman give fine support.

"Coquette"—United Artists. All dialogue. The "new" Mary Pickford, in fancy frocks and bob, essays a flirt whose actions create drama in a small-town Southern family. John Mack Brown, John St. Polis, Matt Moore.

"Rainbow Man, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. An irresistible picture, with finely balanced sentiment and fun, with Eddie Dowling, the stage star, and his young partner, Frankie Darro, in minstrel-show settings. They find Marian Nixon and love and trouble. Dowling is a knock-out.

"Divine Lady, The"—First National. Silent. A series of exquisite paintings

animated with poetic feeling and a little drama. Lovely presentation of "Lady Hamilton" by Corinne Griffith and finely modulated "Lord Nelson" by Victor Varconi. H. B. Warner, Ian Keith, Montagu Love, Dorothy Cumming, Marie Dressler.

"Alibi"—United Artists. All dialogue. Crook picture, played and directed with distinction. A cop's daughter sympathizes with underworld, marries a crook, but is soon disillusioned in a thrilling climax. Chester Morris, Eleanor Griffith, Pat O'Malley, Regis Toomey supply high lights in action and talk.

"Wild Orchids"—Metro-Goldwyn. Silent. Greta Garbo in her best rôle, rather slow, but impelled by adult emotions. Java beautifully pictured. Nils Asther and Lewis Stone. Triangular love situation, a wife's admirer punished.

"Letter, The"—Paramount. Entertaining eloquence and dramatic situations make this a milestone in all-dialogue films, and bring to the screen the gifted Jeanne Eagels. A civilized picture showing the wrecked lives of an English couple, in Singapore. Stage cast devoid of cuties includes O. P. Heggie, Reginald Owen, and Herbert Marshall.

"Iron Mask, The"—United Artists. A picturesque tapestry, sequel to "The Three Musketeers," superbly exploiting Douglas Fairbanks. Story from Dumas revolves around the throne of seventeenth-century France. Marguerite de la Motte, Dorothy Revier, William Bakewell, and Ulrich Haupt.

"Canary Murder Case, The"—Paramount. The great "Philo Vance" screened by William Powell, unravels a mystery with fine suspense, and talks entertainingly. Louise Brooks seen, Margaret Livingston heard, as the murdered "Canary." James Hall, Jean Arthur, Eugene Pallette, Lawrence Grant. Powell takes the honors.

"Broadway Melody, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. An extraordinarily entertaining musical-comedy picture, human in its appealing story of stage life, with dialogue, song and spectacle. Concerning two sisters with ambitions to make Broadway, and a song-and-dance artist from their home town, and their careers and loves. Bessie Love, Anita Page, and Charles King top-notch.

"Doctor's Secret, The"—Paramount. Talkie version of a stage play with Ruth Chatterton achieving distinction in her talking-celluloid début. Old-fashioned story of bridge-building lover and frustrated elopement with dramatic situations. Excellent support by H. B. Warner, Robert Edeson, John Loder, Ethel Wales, Nanci Price.

"Redskin"—Paramount. Richard Dix in a dramatic rôle, pictured in color. Story of an Indian boy's yearning to find his place, and his disillusionment, but prospects of happiness in the end.

Gladys Belmont effective as heroine; also Jane Novak, Larry Steers, Bernard Siegel, Noble Johnson, Tully Marshall.

"In Old Arizona"—Fox. An all-dialogue picture, most of it occurring in the open, it is in a class by itself—superlative. Story of a calico "Carmen," her passing love for a Portuguese cattle thief, and her betrayal of him to an American soldier. Gripping, picturesque, amusing, tragic; superb performances by Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe, with interesting support from Dorothy Burgess, a newcomer.

"Shopworn Angel, The"—Paramount. Simple story of ingenuous soldier in love with sophisticated chorus girl who gradually responds to his idealistic worship, but hasn't courage to tell him truth about herself. Acted with rare feeling, delicacy and intelligence by Gary Cooper, Nancy Carroll, and Paul Lukas, with complete absence of the maudlin. Mr. Cooper heard for first time in talking sequence. He's there!

"Barker, The"—First National. Exceptional picture of carnival life, moving, gripping, thrilling, with splendid dialogue sequences adding greatly to "punch" of the film. A veteran barker permits his innocent son to travel with the show, thus arousing the jealousy of the barker's girl, who bribes another girl to take the boy away from his father. Milton Sills, Betty Compson, Dorothy Mackaill, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

"Interference"—Paramount. The first all-dialogue picture produced by this company is more polished and believable than any of the other talking pictures, though slow and only tolerably interesting. Story of a blackmailing adventuress and her tragic end at the hands of her former lover. Evelyn Brent, William Powell, Clive Brook, and Doris Kenyon.

FOR SECOND CHOICE

"Betrayal"—Paramount. Silent. Another magnificent performance by Emil Jannings in his last Hollywood picture. Though somber and slow, its richly pictorial Alpine backgrounds and fine acting of star, Gary Cooper, Esther Ralston and children justify it to thoughtful fans. Story of devoted husband suddenly aware of dead wife's infidelity.

"Innocents of Paris"—Paramount. Dialogue and singing. Début Maurice Chevalier, French stage star of unique personality due for merited success in another picture. Shoddy story of waif befriended by junkman and latter's rise to fame on stage. Astonishing performance by child, David Durand. Sylvia Beecher and Margaret Livingston.

"Leatherneck, The"—Pathé. Part dialogue. William Boyd's best in aeons, not a wise-cracking comedy,

[Continued on page 105]



Eleanor Boardman, Edmund Burns, and Evelyn Hall contribute a fine moment—one of many—to "She Goes to War."

AT this late date comes a war picture unlike any that have gone before. It is called "She Goes to War." For its thrills alone it is worth seeing, but there is a great deal more to it than spectacular episodes on the battlefield. It has an unusual story, for one thing—perhaps a bit too unusual to be easily credited, but its superb presentation makes you believe it while it is under way—and the acting is magnificent. The entire picture is, in fact, done with intelligence that attains inspiration, and it becomes an important film which should be seen by serious moviegoers.

Nothing more startling has been seen on the screen than the advance of a fleet of tanks through fields of liquid fire, with men inside the crawling furnaces fighting death by suffocation. Nor has any moment in a recent picture yielded such poignant emotion as is evoked by Alma Rubens mothering a dying soldier as she sings the theme song, "There's a Happy Land," partly through the situation itself, but largely because of Miss Rubens' sad presence. But this is not the crux of the story. That comes when Eleanor Boardman, the heroine, discovers the man she thinks she is in love with, drunk and incapable at the moment his regiment is called to the front. To save him, she dresses in his uniform and marches out with the men. Goaded by their taunts because of her girlishness, she leaves the last trench and crawls across No Man's Land, where she kills a German machine-gun sniper and so wins victory for the regiment. Far-fetched and incredible as this incident is in print, it is gripping on the screen, and is so directed that its implausibility never occurs to the spectator until afterward. Primarily the story is a study of the influence of war on the characters of three persons, a society girl, vain, pampered, her fiancé, a rotter never suspected by the girl and never suspected by himself until war brings it out; and the hero, a garage mechanic, whose social status

1 Screen By The Norbert Lusk

in the Maryland town back home is nil, but whose conduct at the front reveals him as the logical man for the heroine awakened by her experiences with the actualities of life instead of the equivocations she had always known.

Miss Boardman gives a gloriously real and moving performance, equal to her amazing acting in "The Crowd." Edmund Burns is even more of a surprise as the fiancé, for he has had no picture to give an inkling of the powers he displays in this one. John Holland, who used to be known as Clifford Holland, is not quite equal to the large demands of the hero's rôle, but he will come near enough to qualify exceptionally with many fans. Al St. John, Yola d'Avril, Glen Walters, and Eulalie Jensen are significant in lesser rôles. No speech is heard in the picture, but incidental sounds and singing keep it from complete silence.

Murder in a Studio.

For rattling good entertainment my nomination is "The Studio Murder Mystery," a distinct novelty in all-talking pictures, and one which cannot fail to please largely. As you may have guessed, it transpires in a motion-picture studio during the making of a film. There is studio atmosphere galore. In fact, every character, except members of the police, belongs inside the studio and is seen there. There is rapid-fire dialogue, suspense, mystery, and a satisfying solution, to say nothing of interesting characterizations and capital acting on the part of every one.

An actor is mysteriously murdered on the set, his body propped in a chair, where it is discovered by an ingénue who thinks she loves him. Whereupon, in the resulting hubbub, the solution of the mystery is begun, the police and a bumptious gag man being rivals in unraveling the crime and at odds with each other most of the time. Five persons are suspected, and suspicion is cleverly pointed at them all. Of course it comes out all right.

Neil Hamilton, in the leading rôle of the gag man, gives a thoroughly engaging and expert performance, not the least of his skill being demonstrated in his mastery of rapid speech without blurring a syllable. More than this, he makes *Tony White* a real character and garners laughs without number. Fredric March, briefly seen as the murdered actor, is also very fine, and his wife in real life, Florence Eldridge, makes an auspicious début by means of a perfect voice and a gracious presence. Warner Oland, Doris Hill, Lane Chandler, Eugene Pallette, Chester Conklin, and Gardner James—all are beyond criticism.

An Echo of "Chang."

There is a reminder of the marvelous "Chang" in "The Four Feathers," as indeed there is good reason to be, for the team of camera men responsible for the epic of the Siamese jungle journeyed to the Sudan for certain scenes which later inspired the production of the picture in Hollywood. So cleverly have the studio scenes surrounded those episodes which could only have been photographed in the jungle, that technically the new

in Review

Talking pictures have not yet supplanted silent ones, for this month yields several milestones of the old régime, as well as brings forward some brilliant débuts in audibility.

picture is a triumph. This in spite of a story that moves slowly and is reminiscent as well. But there are two sequences which make "The Four Feathers" unique and extraordinary, and one of them alone is sufficient reason for inspecting the picture. It occurs when Arab slave traders set fire to a parched jungle wherein two Englishmen are hiding. As the flames spread and the men dash ahead, out of the smoke and fire scramble a horde of terrified simians the like of which you have never seen before. Their antics are indescribable. But more sensational is the sudden appearance of what seems to be countless hippopotami. In their stampede to safety, they plunge over a river bank with thrilling effect.

All this is the outcome of trouble for the hero in England during the mid-Victorian period. *Harry Feversham*, fearing that he is a coward, resigns from the army on the eve of war in the Sudan, and promptly receives from his fiancée and three best friends eloquent tokens of their opinion—four white feathers. Thereupon he sets out grimly to redeem himself in their eyes as well as his own, and in the Sudan he performs deeds of valor that make him a hero in their eyes. With surprising magnanimity he accepts his sweetheart on his return to England to be decorated by the government, and she in bustle and chignon melts into his arms, apparently quite pleased with herself in sharing the limelight with him.

This far from sympathetic exemplar of Victorian girlhood is played by Fay Wray. Or rather the actress answers to the character's name. Richard Arlen does more than that with *Harry Feversham*, for he makes him a real man, though a movie hero. Clive Brook, William Powell, and Theodor von Eltz are the brother officers whose feathers inspire heroism, and in other rôles are seen Noah Beery, Philippe de Lacy, George Fawcett, and a singularly gifted little colored boy named Harold Hightower, all of whom are eloquent though silent.

The Perils of Afghanistan.

Pictorially magnificent, "The Black Watch" does not measure up to the same high standard dramatically. While it has a good, unusual story, one feels that too much effort has been expended in an endeavor to make the picture "bigger" than it is intrinsically. Consequently one is conscious of the padding that goes on, and is conscious too that Victor McLaglen, the star, is not equal to some of the moods of *Captain Donald Gordon King*, though he excels in others. To be more specific, when Mr. McLaglen makes love to an Oriental enchantress he reveals his shortcomings as an actor, whereas in brusque and aggressive moments he is finely convincing and his voice adds to his expressiveness. The picture, by the way, is one of those all-dialogue affairs, beginning when *Captain King* earns the scorn of his regiment, the famous Black Watch, because of suspected cowardice. He resigns on the eve of its departure for France. But *King* is no coward; instead he is sent on a secret mission to the Afghan frontier to break up a re-



Fay Wray and Richard Arlen are the mid-Victorian heroine and hero in "The Four Feathers," which travels to the Sudan for amazing jungle thrills.

volt of the hillmen by winning the affections of their girl leader, the beautiful *Yasmini*. Perhaps you have already surmised how it ends.

There are stirring episodes galore, excellent acting on the part of all concerned, and superb backgrounds. "The Black Watch" is impressive, yes; but its unevenness of interest prevents achieving the height obviously intended for it. Besides Mr. McLaglen, leading rôles are played by Myrna Loy, David Rollins, Mitchell Lewis, and Roy d'Arcy.

The Biggest Cabaret Extant.

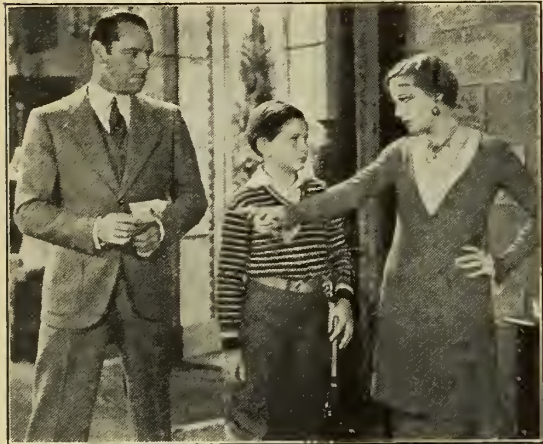
As a stage play "Broadway" inspired many under-world movies, particularly those dealing with night clubs, gangsters, and their girls. The belated appearance of "Broadway" on the screen clinches the conclusion that it won't be the novelty it should be to the fans. To offset this a glittering, gargantuan production has been provided as if to disguise the lack of novelty in the story. Originally transpiring in an humble cabaret, where perhaps six girls pranced away the early-morning hours, the picture reveals a night club such as King Midas might have conjured up. It is colossal in proportions, modernistic in design, and accommodates almost as many performers as a circus. Their gyrations on the vast reaches of the polished floor are, at times, like a swarm of ants in an insect ballet. Against this excessive background is played a tolerably interesting story employing characters we have all met before. There is *Steve Crandall*, the black-hearted bootlegger in a Tuxedo, who kills his competitor, "Scar" Edwards, while he makes love to *Billie Moore*, the vacillating sweetheart of *Roy Lane*, the hoofer-hero. There is also *Pearl*, the sullen, suspicious widow of *Scar Edwards*, who, in the guise of a light-hearted performer, piles up evidence against the mur-



"Careers."



"Broadway."



"Father and Son."



"Where East Is East."

derer of her husband. Dramatic moments occur here and there as, for example, when *Scar Edwards* is murdered in an ante-room of the club and his body flung into a moving van; when a detective appears on the scene, and by the quiet authority of his acting, indicates that he knows more than he says; when the bootlegger maneuvers to have *Roy Lane* accused of the crime, and so on. It is scarcely necessary to add that justice is meted out eventually and that young love encounters no ultimate frustration. For all its melodrama, comedy really predominates—the wise-cracking, hard-boiled comedy of dialogue written by one who knows the argot of the underworld.

All told, "Broadway" is worth seeing, particularly if a picture big in point of sets and embellishment is desired. Two members of the original stage cast, Thomas E. Jackson, as the detective, and Paul Porcasi, as the night-club owner, monopolize the acting honors, but old familiars such as Evelyn Brent, Glenn Tryon, Robert Ellis, Leslie Fenton, and Arthur Housman are, I think, more interesting, though not as much can be said of Merna Kennedy, whose performance suffers most through being heard.

Triumph for Estelle Taylor.

"Where East is East," without being Lon Chaney's most gripping picture, is among his important ones, if for no other reason than the excellent acting of every one in the cast. This excellence reaches brilliance in the case of Estelle Taylor, who proves that she can hold her own with the best actresses on the screen, if only she has a rôle worthy of her. Far too few have fallen to her lot, but her part in this picture may be said to be compensation for her past inadequacies. She is the half-caste wife of Mr. Chaney, who supplies animals for American circuses from the jungles of Indo-China. His pride and joy is his daughter, played by Lupe Velez, whose high spirits and childish emotions fit well the half-native girl. She falls in love with the young American circus man with whom her father is dealing, and all would have been well did not Lupe's mother appear from nowhere and cast her evil spell upon the young man.

This is merely an inkling of the plot which motivates the melodrama, and scarcely more than a hint of the acting which sustains one's interest throughout, with not a word about the splendidly atmospheric production which surrounds the whole. But you know what to expect in this regard from Mr. Chaney's pictures; and this, like his others, is without dialogue. Incidentally, Lloyd Hughes comes across with the best acting of his career, as the lover of Miss Velez, and adds to the plausibility of Miss Taylor's fascination. This is a picture to see.

Likewise for Richard Arlen.

Another picture which I recommend even more heartily, at least to that public which perhaps does not share my admiration of Mr. Chaney, is "The Man I Love." Concealed by this juvenile title is a striking film, which accomplishes the début of Richard Arlen as a speaking actor. It is a pleasure to testify to his complete success. More than this, he contributes a notable characterization from the standpoint of acting alone. And his voice is not only expertly used, but adds to the realism of the character and matches every mood of the prize-fighter hero. This performance is further proof of Mr. Arlen's rapid progress to the forefront of the newer leading men, and should not be overlooked by any one who has had even a glimmering of Mr. Arlen's promise, for he brings about a most stimulating realization of it.

He is aided by a story with original direction—up to a certain point. But by that time the picture has leaped the hurdles of conventionality, so it doesn't matter in the final analysis.

Beginning with the love of a fighter for a girl in a phonograph shop, the picture describes their courtship and marriage, their highly original trip to New York and the fighter's infatuation for Bacchanova. All this is engrossing, swiftly presented, and is representative of the best the screen can offer. Then comes the moment of his big battle with the middleweight champion. He muffs it for ten rounds and is nearly knocked out, because he has lost the encouragement of his wife on account of his philandering. Suddenly he hears that she hasn't deserted him, but is listening in on the

radio. It is by this cheap, threadbare expedient that the story is brought to an end unworthy of all that has gone before. Mary Brian is charming as the wife, Baclanova is unusually repressed, but with no less of dramatic effectiveness, as the siren, and Leslie Fenton again makes one glad of the talkies.

A Riot of Color, Song, and Dance.

All-talking, singing, dancing and, as if that were not enough, "On with the Show" is filmed entirely in color, too! This is the first picture to combine all these elements, so the pioneers among you should see it as a matter of duty to the history of the movies. You can't fail to enjoy it, either, if only on the score of its novelty. For it more closely achieves the lilt, gayety and beauty of a musical comedy than any other attempt to bring this form of entertainment to the screen. Color helps enormously in achieving this, particularly in the dance numbers on the stage and the groupings of the chorus behind the scenes. For this is a backstage story, which transpires during a show, beginning before the curtain rises and ending with its fall.

It concerns the trials and tribulations of the hero and heroine, an usher and a coat-room girl who, strangely, are more concerned with what happens behind the curtain than in the auditorium. It seems that the show is on the verge of closing on account of financial difficulties, when the usher playfully suggests that he will hold up the box office in order to divert the money from the hands of the backer and thus pay overdue salaries. When the box office is actually robbed, the youth is suspected and there's a pretty kettle of fish.

Far from having a scant story, "On with the Show" has a plethora of plot. There's the story of the temperamental prima donna and the sudden revelation of the existence of a husband where least expected; her tantrum which enables the coat-room girl to take her place in the show and score a triumph; the comic flirtation of an understudy with a sugar daddy; and I don't know what all else. There's really too much of it, to the same extent that a three-ring circus is excessive. But it is entertaining, though overlong—and we mustn't forget the "story" of the musical comedy on the stage, which is meanwhile galloping here, there, and everywhere. Much as a picture of this sort needs song hits, there are none worthy of the name to be heard. However, there's music without end, and every one in the cast does well. They include Betty Compson, Louise Fazenda, Sally O'Neil, Joe E. Brown, William Bakewell, Arthur Lake, Wheeler Oakman, Sam Hardy, and the negro singer, Ethel Waters.

The Dreary Middle Classes.

Bessie Love's first appearance since "The Broadway Melody" occurs in "The Idle Rich," and it is all to the good, though her rôle is a secondary one. The picture, entirely in dialogue, is the story of a young millionaire who marries his stenographer, his efforts to adjust himself to the viewpoint of his wife's poor family, and their failure to adjust theirs to his. It proves that the middle class is more snobbish and intolerant than the rich. All this is excellently argued out in the *milieu* of realistic comedy, and some of the episodes are capital. However, it is not satisfactory entertainment because, filmed some time ago, the voice-recordings are harsh and the bickerings of the characters assume the volume of sound expected of a race riot. Also the photography is hideous. But despite ear-splitting audibility, the acting and the feeling displayed by players and director are of a high order. Conrad Nagel, Miss Love, Leila Hyams, Robert Ober, James Neil, Edythe Chapman, Paul Kruger, and Kenneth Gibson comprise the cast.

A Good Idea Gone Wrong.

William Haines says that "A Man's Man" is his favorite among his own pictures. There is good reason for him so to regard it, but I do not wholly agree with him. It is true his rôle is better than usual, because it is a more credible character, and Mr. Haines' acting is more serious than is his wont; but the picture as a whole is fairly commonplace. The play from which it was taken offered wonderful opportunities for a searching, tragic study of a timid clerk's efforts to be "one of the boys," but the picture stresses the comedy of his psychology rather than the pathos. Consequently we have the

Continued on page 94



"The Studio Murder Mystery."



"A Man's Man."



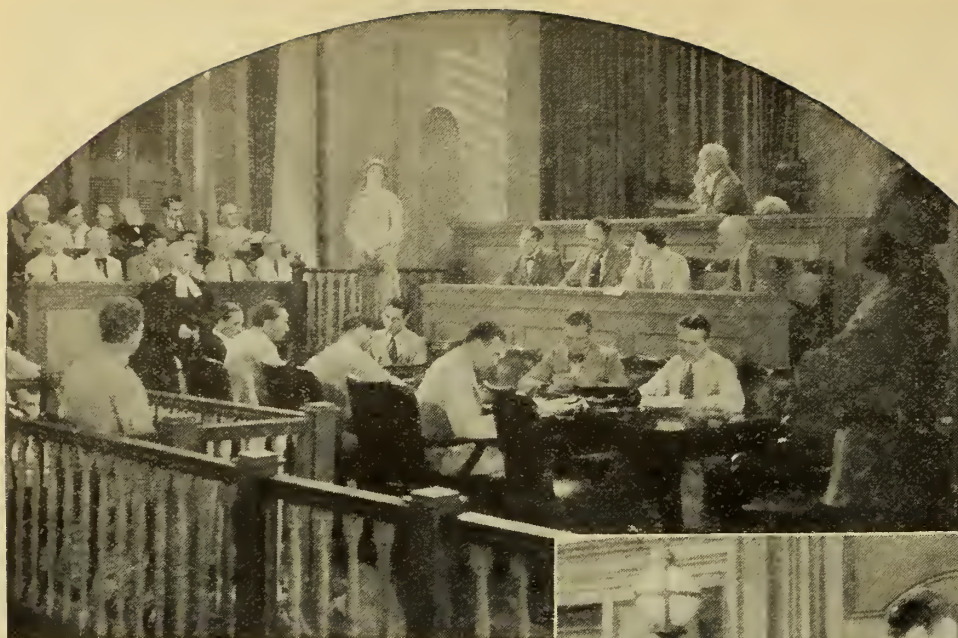
"On with the Show."



"The Black Watch."

Prisoners

Virtue in many of the hard put to prove itself, murder and what-not, but the talkie



The drama of the wrecked lives of a Singapore couple sweeps through the courtroom scene, above, in "The Letter," with the gifted Jeanne Eagels the central figure and writer of the fateful note which turns up at the critical moment.



When one of the whoopee makers gets shot in "Queen of the Night Clubs," Texas Guinan, above, tells the whole truth and nothing but to Robert Emmett Mack, the judge, and John Miljan, the lawyer.

On trial for her life, Dorothy Mackaill, right, as *Janssen*, in "His Captive Woman," relates a strange story of wandering in the South Seas, where she was captured and captivated by a New York cop.



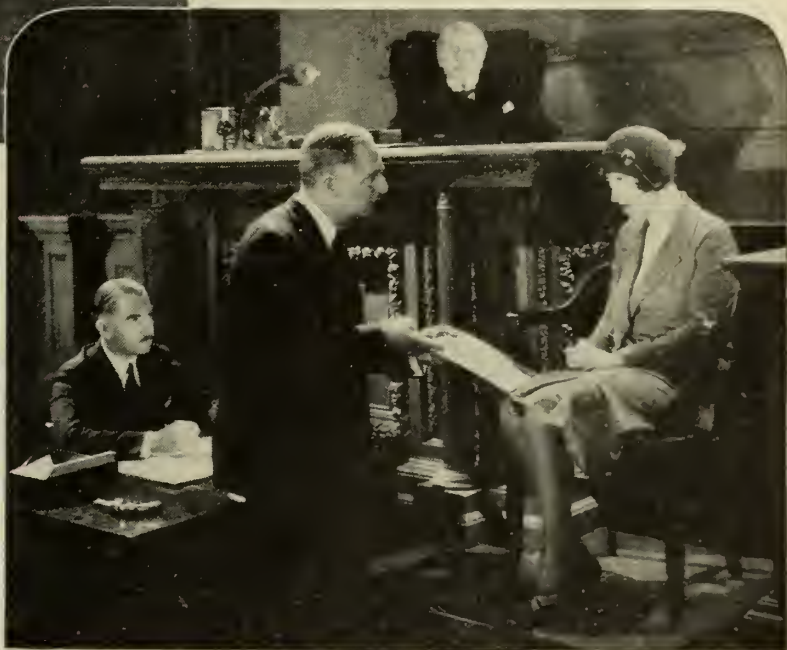
at the Bar

recent movies has been and must often justify such is life according to formula.

Mary Pickford, right, in "Coquette," tries to sacrifice her good name to justify her father's slaying her lover, but in vain.



That women sometimes kill and suffer, because they love much, is demonstrated by Ruth Chatterton, left, as *Madame X*, whose defense is pleaded by Raymond Hackett, as the son for whose honor the crime was committed.



Margaret Morris, above, as *Edna Reed*, in "The Woman I Love," enacts another of those courtroom dramas in which women are becomingly timid and actor-lawyers are ever so bold and loud and logical, which, after all, may be the reason for the wave of trial pictures.

In "Prisoners," with Corinne Griffith, left, as *Risa*, and Ian Keith, as *Nicholas*, one sees again the strong man in defense of beauty entangled.



Photo by W. F. Seely

Lupino Lane, "king" of the shorts, is never entertained by his fellow-countryman, Charlie Chaplin.

Lloyd Hamilton's face is unknown at the Montmartre.



Hollywood

"What length films?" is the question that divides players and the two-reelers, and seldom is the situation is given

By Bob

HOLLYWOOD, like every other small city in the United States, is a community divided against itself. It, too, takes cognizance of the caste system.

But where the railroad tracks form the great social divide in Oshkosh and Kankakee and Davenport, three reels of celluloid tape serve as the film capital's arbiter.

Over in Plainfield, for example, Mrs. Jones, who lives north of the steel rails and ties, wouldn't for a moment consider inviting Mrs. Smith, who lives on the south side, to her tea in honor of Minnie Brown, the banker's daughter, who is about to glide to the altar.

Neither does Gloria Swanson, star of eight-reel pictures, bid Dorothy Devore, luminary of the two-reelers, to her reception for the new Mrs. John Gilbert.

Nor does Charlie Chaplin include Lupino Lane among his guests at functions at the Chaplin manor. Both are natives of England. Both are comedians. Both hold stellar contracts.

Yes, Hollywood, too, has its other side. Here, however, the question is not the size of one's bank account, but rather the length of one's films.

Stan Laurel, the comedy star, went to see Mary Pickford's "Coquette" during its Los Angeles run, and shed copious tears. The "first lady" of Hollywood is Stan's favorite actress.

Not long ago Mary visited a theater showing one of the recent Laurel-Hardy comedies, simply because the two-reeler was on the program. There she tossed dignity to the wind, and bent over in laughter at the antics of the slapstick star. Mary believes Stan is one of the funniest actors on the screen.

Now, Stan's income is sufficient to permit him to employ a staff of servants to maintain his attractive home in Beverly Hills, of which place Mary also is a resident and a voter. Yet the real-life path of Stan Laurel has never crossed that of Mary Pickford. Should the two meet on Hollywood Boulevard, it is doubtful if one would recognize the other.

Between these two players, who have genuine admiration for the histrionic ability of one another, lies that imaginary three thousand feet of film.

Some of the most famous of the silver sheet's satellites received their camera

schooling in the two-reelers, then stepped to world prominence in feature-length pictures. There are others, however, who have rejected all offers for higher salaries in the five-reelers to travel their merry way in the twos.

Lupino Lane stands out as a sort of king of this colony of stars of the brevities, who live and play on the other side of celluloidia. His salary of \$2,000 a week, augmented by a percentage of the profits of his pictures, makes him the best paid of the workers in these diminutive laugh-provokers.

But after three years of sitting on top, Lane's position is being threatened by Stan Laurel, who receives \$2,000 a week under a contract that provides for a \$500 increase each six months, until he attains \$3,000 for every six days' work.

Charlie Chase probably ranks third in the field, insofar as income is concerned, with a weekly pay check of \$1,500.

Bobby Vernon, who holds the record for continuous service with the same producer, draws \$1,000. Bobby has been under contract to Christie for thirteen years.

Others of the comedians in the two-reelers, who make \$1,000 a week or more, include Harry Gribbon, Oliver Hardy, Neil Burns, Billy Dooley, Jack Duffy, Jerry Drew, Raymond Griffith, Raymond Hatton, Lloyd Hamilton, Edward Everett Horton, Charlie Grapewin, and the Gleasons—James and Lucille.

Estelle Bradley is seen only at gatherings of two-reel stars.

Photo by Richter



Charlie Chase has declined chances to join the other colony.



Draws the Line

Hollywood into two castes, the feature-length social gap crossed. A logical explanation of the in this article.

Moak

Among the young women who draw from \$750 a week or more in the shorts are Dorothy Devore, Estelle Bradley, Betty Boyd, Frances Lee, Anita Garvin, Edna Marion, and Thelma Todd.

No, the wolf isn't concealing himself in the shrubbery that decorates the lawns on the other side of Hollywood.

I asked Dorothy Devore why class distinction should crop up among those who make their living by amusing the world. Her reply was most sensible, I thought.

"Those of us who work in the shorts lead a different sort of a life than those in the longer pictures. We put in more hours in the studios, and our work is more strenuous while we are before the camera. When we finish at night, we're just too tired to dress and go out to the Montmartre, the Coconut Grove, or to the Mayfair dances.

"The result is that we never really get to know those who work for the major companies."

While I was talking with Dorothy, my thoughts wandered to Bobby Vernon.

A few months back, the Christie comedian was forced to undergo a dangerous operation on his spine, due, the doctors said, to years of taking falls in order to make theatergoers laugh.

"Short comedies," Bobby once told me, "are nerve-racking, in addition to the chances we constantly take of receiving dangerous injuries. In the shorts there are no long shots, and the result is that we do not employ doubles. We must work fast, for our action is speeded in order to tell the story in two reels.

Betty Boyd ranks high in curtain-raiser film circles.



Thelma Todd recently abandoned drama for slapstick, and is glad of it.

Photo by Brown



Stan Laurel has an attractive home in Beverly Hills, but is unknown to the film élite.



Comedy that drags along is not real comedy.

"The shooting schedules on our pictures never run more than a week. It is nothing to work from eight o'clock in the morning until midnight. When I get through, comfortable slippers, a dressing gown and a newspaper look better to me than all the restaurants and theaters in the world."

And I found that Bobby voiced the sentiment of the other fun makers.

Not long ago I was a dinner guest at the home of Lupino Lane, who began his theatrical career on the London variety

stage, was imported to New York for the "Follies," and who, after making one five-reeler in the East, came to Hollywood to devote his talents to the two-reelers.

To me he is one of the outstanding comics of the screen, but offstage one might mistake him for a quiet, dignified banker of any American village. He leaves his wisecracks and acrobatics behind when he walks out of the studio gate.

His home, a large place near Hollywood's eastern boundary, is not unlike that of the leading citizen of the average small town. It is substantial. Its furnishings are costly, yet subdued.

Lupino's closest friends are those he made in his stage days. Time off from studio labors finds him puttering about his grounds, reading to Lauri, his eight-year-old son, or in his library, writing the story and constructing the comedy for his next picture.

Lupino startled me with the news that he had been in the Montmartre, the gathering place of the feature-length players, just twice in the three years he has been in Hollywood. He has yet to pay his first visit to the Coconut Grove.

Charlie Chase leads the life of a successful business man, with but a single exception. Charlie—and this is supposed to be a secret—plays ping-pong. In fact, he is so enthusiastic about the game he has lost all taste for golf and aviation.

Charlie is hailed as one of filmland's most popular hosts, and he insists that his friends come and see him. He prefers to entertain in his own home to all the other places. On Sundays he maintains open house.

[Continued on page 108]



Bobby Vernon speaks for the funsters on the caste question.

Handle with Gloves

A hilarious rap-sody of punch describes this extraordinary collection of fighting pictures.

Downed by one of Singer's midgets, left, David Newell is counted out by Doris Hill.

Anita Page, right, referees a boxing match between her father and small brother, while her mother looks on.



Pity the poor beach flirt who tries to get fresh with Joan Crawford, or Dorothy Sebastian, right, for they have a knack for using their fists.

The bout between Kathryn Crawford and Dorothy Gulliver, below, threatens to end in a harmless clinch.



Pat Rooney, right, takes a wallop on the jaw from Marion Bent's swift right arm, which upsets his defense.

Although backed to a corner by his master, Richard Arlen, below, the collie still believes he's only fooling.



Wanted—a Father

In this intimate, sympathetic story of Philippe de Lacy's upbringing many surprising facts come to light, but none more touching than the talented boy's desire for the parent he can never know.

By Myrtle Gebhart

PHILIPPE DE LACY has been publicized as a child prodigy, with a retinue of tutors. One colorful yarn described his artistic home in the hills, formerly Barbara La Marr's, where he was being educated like young royalty. It made one feel sorry for him, poor little slave of art!

In reality the house belonged to friends and the De Lacys rented two rooms of it. He has never had a tutor. They have no automobile, but go to the studios in the bus. Philippe is as much an American kid as his Belgian blood and his unquestioned dramatic gift will permit—for he has that something which sets him a little apart.

Though during his eight years in the movies he has played in more than a hundred pictures, his career is of secondary importance to his personal development. He is not put into rôles, regardless of the money, that do not require exceptional ability. That is why, in "Peter Pan," "Beau Geste," "Mother Machree," "Old Heidelberg," "The Four Feathers," and countless others, you remember him. Contracts that would bind him to a routine have been refused.

For a child to retain a place in pictures, where the youngsters' spotlight lasts but a day, is an indication of genuine talent and of unusual possibilities.

He was born during an air raid. His mother, seventeen, was the widow of a *poilu* who had been killed at Verdun. She died two days after his birth. For eighteen months his grandmother, herself shell-shocked, cared for them, living in the cellar of what had been their home. She collected herbs in the woods and steeped them for food. His joints were swollen and distorted. The grandmother was dying, when Miss de Lacy, nursing with a women's corps of American volunteers, found them, and she could not obtain a clear account of his ancestry, except that his parents had been "high peasantry." His father had owned a factory in the small town.

Apparently there is neither theatrical nor aristocratic lineage. Yet his delicately chiseled features suggest a thoroughbred strain. His sense of pathos might be explained by his birth into the raw drama of war, but how can one account for the fine exquisiteness of his talent?

Blue eyes, deeply set in a peaked, little face, stared at the nurse. Suddenly, he stretched out his tiny arms—he weighed but ten pounds—and said, "*Maman!*" The grandmother said that he had never even heard the word.

Miss de Lacy adopted him. Only patient nursing saved him. He was two before any progress was noted. Sometimes he whimpered, "*Maman!*" Nothing attractive—just a bony, double-jointed, scrawny baby covered with running sores. She alone loved him. You cannot explain love like that.



Photo by Curtis Biltmore Studio

Philippe de Lacy is no Fauntleroy, but an active boy who plays ball, romps with his dog and is "crazy" about pirates and aviation.

Not until he was three was he normal. Massage had straightened him; tender care made the wee monstrosity into the lovely child, whose pathos has added sentiment to so many pictures.

At eleven he is in the sixth grade, alternating grammar school with instruction by studio teachers. This year they moved and he changed schools. His favorite sport is running. He plays ball, romps with his dog, is crazy about aviation. He is taught fencing, partly for grace, but mostly because of the concentration it requires. Miss de Lacy saw the need of something which he could not do with one hand, while the other held a pirate yarn, or juggled a ball. His spelling is quite atrocious. History is his pet study, and Lafayette his idol.

Don Quixote, *d'Artagnan*, and similar heroes thrill him. They must be active, but noble. He watched his idol among actors, Fairbanks, film the last scene of "The Iron Mask," and was sad that he had to die. Only when Doug explained loyalty among pals, and clothed the scene with a dramatic beauty, did the boy become reconciled to the thought.

Though little given to moods, he has a quick temper. Oddly, it flares up most often when he cannot make his meaning about something clear. "You don't understand! Why can't you?" It blows away like an April shower,

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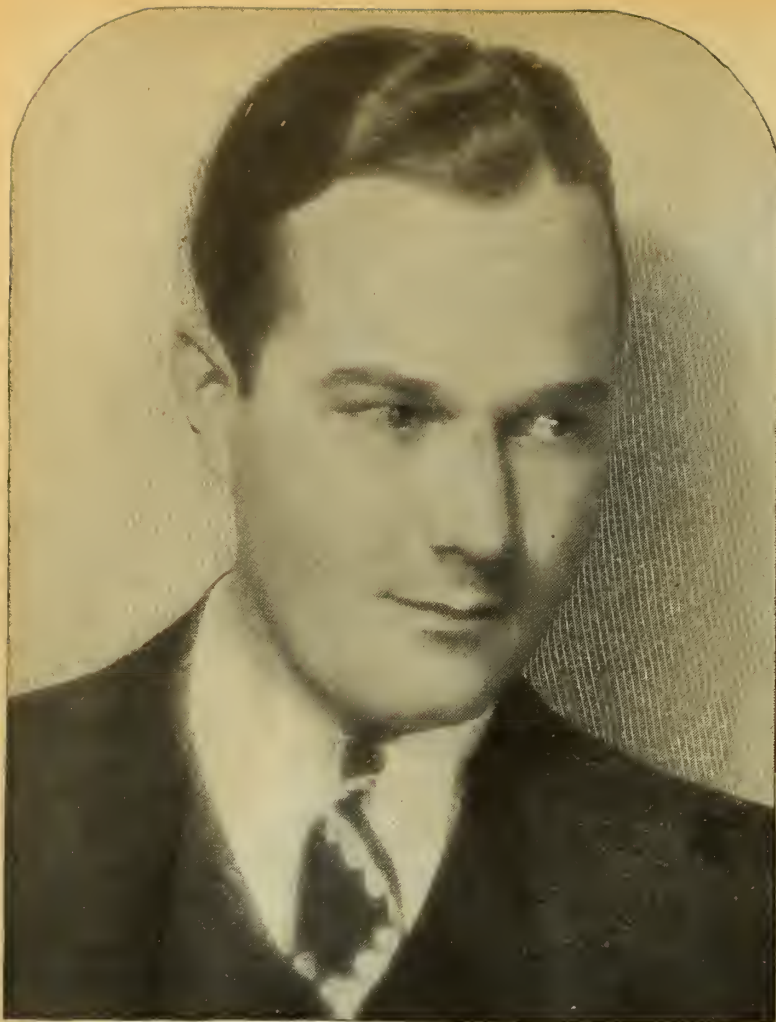


Photo by Louise

Billy Haines wishes that some one would call him old-fashioned, because he considers it a compliment.

He's Cut Out the Cut-ups

William Haines' buoyant behavior was just a means of hiding his inferiority complex, he says, and from now on he intends to cultivate a more serious demeanor.

By Madeline Glass

HOLLYWOOD'S most famous wise-cracker has turned over a new leaf. He told me so himself recently. For several years William Haines has been known as the irrepressible jester, the cut-up *par excellence* of his profession. In future, however, his private life will be marked by a greater degree of dignity and a more serious demeanor. At least that is his present intention.

"I am not naturally a wise-cracker," he told me. "I only assumed that pose to hide my inferiority complex."

Bill's metamorphosis has been rather gradual. For several months there have been rumors that the Haines boy was soft-pedaling his buoyant behavior, but no one seemed to take the change seriously. It was, so every one thought, merely a lull between storms. Presently he would break forth with fresh enthusiasm. So far as

I can see, however, the change is permanent. Bill's clowning days are over; he's ready to settle down.

I, for one, was not surprised by his new personality, or rather by the manifestation of his genuine personality. It has always seemed incredible that Haines, supposedly an inherent clown, could enact poignant emotional scenes in a manner befitting a Barthelme. From the beginning of his career his work has evoked superlative praise from discerning critics everywhere. How, I wondered, could a naturally frivolous actor create such splendid characterizations? The answer is, they were not created by a naturally frivolous actor. They were the result of serious thought and endeavor.

To begin at the beginning, though, it required three or four weeks to get an audience with Mr. Haines. Just before I attempted to make an appointment with him, an unfortunate incident had occurred. A newspaper woman, noted for her caustic attitude toward actors, interviewed Bill—with disastrous results. When Mr. Haines read her appraisal of him, he promptly knocked the studio down, then retreated into the tall and uncut timber. Suddenly fearful of press people who, obviously, have an actor at their mercy, Bill wasn't enthusiastic at the prospect of another encounter with one of the tribe.

Eventually, however, he returned from his temperamental flight and invited me to lunch with him at his home.

An Oriental servant admitted me when I arrived, and while waiting for Billy to appear I admired his taste in furniture and interior decoration. His home, rather large in size, is comfortably, even luxuriously, furnished. From the ceiling of the living room hangs a beautiful crystal chandelier. The chairs and divans are upholstered in bright-satin damask, and heavy, somber draperies flank the tall windows. The atmosphere of the place is as tranquil as the bars of sunlight that fell across the small dog lying curled on the floor.

Within a few minutes Mr. Haines strode in. His manner, I noticed at once, was pleasantly subdued.

"I only got up half an hour ago," he explained. "Last night I had some friends in for bridge, and we made a little whoopee. They left at about four this morning." Then, after a few seconds, "Would you like me to mix you a silver fizz?"

Remembering my early training, I answered *à la Volstead*. Shortly afterward, however,

Polly Moran dropped in and answered Bill's question in the affirmative.

Miss Moran had come, so she explained, to apologize for not showing up at Bill's party. It seemed that she was ready to come, when she found that some prank-some oaf had taken her garbage can and emptied it in a neighbor's yard. Polly was so distressed that her evening was ruined. Doubtless the other victim of the joke was even more distressed.

"I'll bet Charlie Chaplin did it," said Billy, permitting himself to laugh heartily.

"He may have," said Polly, dolefully.

The cultured, gray-haired Chaplin committing such a prank! Well, boys will be boys, but it seems to me that some of these lads are inclined to overstrain their efforts at humor.

Continued on page 110



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

For a long time William Haines and his smile were inseparable, but a change has come over him, and his acting not only yields poignant moments, but his offstage life is more serious, as Madeline Glass discovers in her story opposite.



This striking portrait of Nils Asther shows him as he appears in "The Single Standard," and incidentally reveals him at sea. For, like all Scandinavians, he is a viking at heart, and salt air is the breath of life to him.



Greta Garbo, in "The Single Standard," sails the seas in search of love after she has reaped the harvest of amorous experience by the fireside. And who shall say that she is less alluring as a corsair in trousers than in chiffon?



Troupers

These glimpses of "Eva the Fifth" show the smiles and tears of barnstorming.

Ford Sterling, left, listens to Bessie Love rebuke Nanci Price, as her sister, while Raymond Hackett takes the little girl's part. Miss Love, below, with Mr. Hackett.



Bessie Love, above, as *Hattie Hartley*, the star of an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company, follows the instructions of the manager to flirt with Jed Prouty, as *Wampler*, who comes to investigate the morals of the company.





The arrival of the barnstorming troupe is shown at top of page.

Bessie Love, above, as *Hattie*, the star, is in love with Raymond Hackett, as *Mal Thorne*, who plays *Simon Legree*.

Miss Love, left, is piqued by Nanci Price's success as *Eva*, tears off the child's costume, and Raymond Hackett, ready to go on as *Simon Legree*, realizes that professional jealousy is a terrible thing.

Circus

She is Clara Bow, whose
in "Dangerous Curves"
not all pink lemonade
dust

Clara Bow, as *Pat Delaney*,
shows Anders Randolph, the
circus owner, the note from
the hospital which says that
the man she loves has left
for parts unknown.



Clara Bow, as *Pat*, below, with Joyce Compton, as
Jennie Silver, receives a call from Stuart Erwin and
Jack Luden, as two rollicking men-about-town, who
invite the circus girls out after the show.



Miss Bow, above, with Richard Arlen, as
Larry Lee, the star wire-walker, who doesn't
realize the girl's love for him until she makes
a sacrifice which convinces him of it.



Girl

trials and tribulations indicate that life is and peanuts in the saw-ring.

Kay Francis and David Newell, right, talented recruits from the stage, are *Zara Flynn* and *Tony DeSylva*, who cause all the misunderstandings between *Pat* and *Larry*.



Miss Bow, below, as *Pat*, has many moments of tense, dramatic emotion not expected of the red-headed star, but which, needless to say, she will negotiate with her usual zest and skill in her second all-talking picture.



Miss Bow, above, receives with incredulous surprise the news that Charles D. Brown, as *Spider*, means to bring *Larry* back to the show after the accident which caused him to be left behind.



Young Love is Painful

The tragedy of a youth who falls in love with an unprincipled actress is the subject of "The Careless Age."

Carmel Myers, at top of page, as *Rayetta Muir*, a sophisticated star, encourages the infatuation of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as *Wyn Hayward*, with results disastrous to him.

Miss Myers, left, as *Rayetta*, receives a sentimental caller in George Baxter, as *LeGrand*, a prize fighter.

Miss Myers, below, center, pays a momentous visit to her young lover's home. Loretta Young, left, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Kenneth Thomson, and Holmes Herbert.



They grow side by side in Hollywood, the most contradictory town in the world.

Illustrated by Lui Trugo



On Poverty Row, that village within a village, one finds the atmosphere of the crossroads general store, lacking only the cracker barrel and the red-hot stove, but flavored with a suggestion of the waiting room of a Manhattan casting office. Loungers gather about lunch

The social life of the place bears resemblance to the village sewing circle and barber-shop forum, and the big-city social clique. Everybody seems to know what is going on without reading the papers, and the air vibrates

Continued on page 117

Childhood's

The stars look back—some of them in their lives when a stick of candy or the



Deciding to give a tea party for her dolls, May McAvoy, above, goes through with it a bit sadly as she realizes that life has taught her much since childhood days.

Dorothy Janis, right, emulates Little Jack Horner as best she can, even to pulling out the plum and holding it between manicured fingers.



Bobby Vernon, above, in "Stop Kidding," reverts to the velvets and laces of Little Lord Fauntleroy, but can't resist a kiddie kar, even if it is incongruous.

Anita Page, left, munches a cinnamon stick while looking into the future, just as she did in her sunbonnet days.

Happy Hour

just a little—and see themselves at that time a bottle of soda pop provided the thrill of day.



Sally Phipps, above, finds that clothes influence her appetite, and when she plays a child rôle she just can't get enough to eat, especially between meals. It's naughty, of course, but what's to be done about it?



Leila Hyams, above, liked to play hostess as a child, so she finds it no strain to give a party to The Three Bears, with the camera as guest of honor.



Raquel Torres, left, can enjoy a sandwich to-day with all the zest of the little girl she was once and still is, whether she is dressed as a child or not.



Kathryn Crawford, right, says that if eagerness to eat is a sign of childhood, then she never will grow up.



Clara Bow's fateful moment came when her photograph was entered in a beauty contest.

Ramon Novarro's frozen fingers decided his destiny.



June Collyer visited a studio and met with luck.

Dice of

Dame Fortune gambles with the lives of article and be amazed at the trivial events careers, and lifted the stars

By Myrtle

well dressed," Laura thinks. "I seemed to walk in my new slippers from one good rôle to another."

Clothes make the man, and often the job, too. Though Jean Hersholt spoke little English, his wardrobe was articulate, and said "Open, Sesame." And it worked while Jean's talent waited. The Danish actor had pawned everything except his wardrobe. Tenaciously he had hung onto that which a Thespian regards as an asset. There was no work. His savings vanished. His family, living in a ramshackle house in the poorer quarter of Los Angeles, was on the verge of being turned out, the rent being much in arrears.

An acquaintance lent him car fare to Santa Monica for one last effort. He was a very melancholy Dane, indeed. Told that Thomas H. Ince was on location nine or ten miles distant from the studio, thence he walked in

ALMOST every great career has hinged upon some commonplace event, the importance of which can be seen only with the perspective of years. One finds in most lives of particular achievement some apparently inconsequential happening which changed their courses and led, though indirectly, to the summits.

That is true of many picture careers. From such trivial things as accidental meetings, ordinary events fraught with no immediate consequence, success has grown. While many stars outline programs that they had planned, with ambition's determination, the element of chance has been largely responsible for their progress—with many, for their being actors at all.

A pair of shoes, frozen fingers, an evening at the theater, a meeting on an elevator, and other slight events, started many stars on their orbits.

Upon new shoes Laura La Plante walked to victory. Two pairs, so bright and appealing in a Hollywood shop window. Black patents, shining smartly, and silver brocades, a focus for the light. Sighing, she turned away. To a schoolgirl trying to get into the movies, they symbolized dreams.

A salesman noticed the blond, little girl with the dimples, her blue eyes full of wanting those slippers so badly, and smiled. So many pretty girls want shoes! But next week his smile became unctuous, for the blonde dashed in, a check for thirty-five dollars in her hand. Just longing for them must have brought her good luck, for she had worked at the Universal studio.

A large part of her first salary check went for the slippers. Silly, when other needs were more practical. And a few weeks later, when her check had grown larger, she bought three pairs! Well-shod feet give Laura that self-assurance with which a new frock invests many. Once at a party she had been shamed, because her shoes were worn and ugly. Again, during her rounds of the studios, she had noticed a casting director's glance at her scuffed footwear. Humiliated, she determined to spend her first earnings for slippers. And her luck turned immediately.

"There is more than imagination in the psychology of being

Mary Philbin's tears changed her career.



Destiny

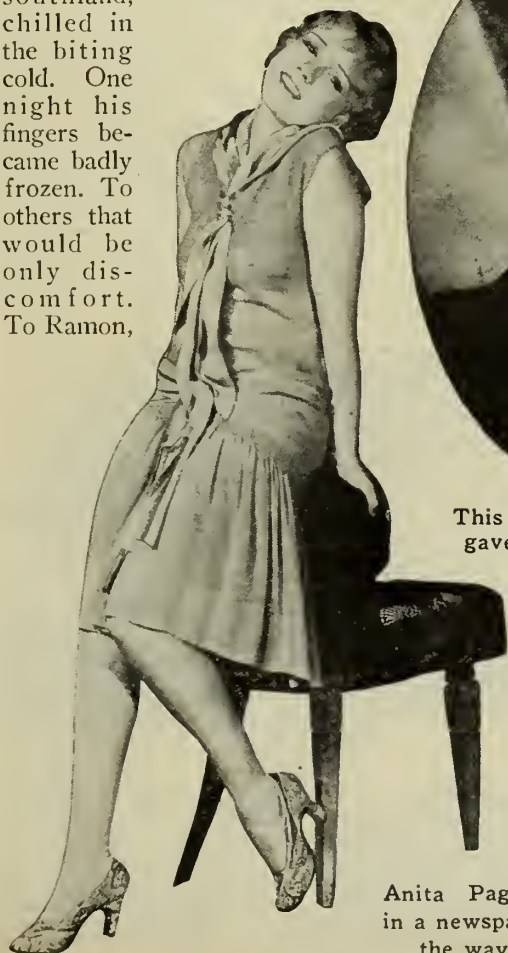
those she loves. To prove it, read this that changed the course of some notable from obscurity to fame.

Gebhart

the blistering sun. What a figure he must have cut, in his frock coat and striped trousers, with pearl spats, silk hat, and cane: A Menjou of the broad highway!

Ince was not interested in the actor, but approved his perfect attire, and when told that his wardrobe contained much variety, said, "I have no work for you—but I'll hire your wardrobe!" In a short time, however, he let Hersholt accompany his clothes into scenes, and soon he was being engaged for his talent alone.

Frozen fingers proved the turning point in Ramon Novarro's career, indirectly, by sending him back to California and the movies. He had gone with Marion Morgan's dancers to New York. They were rehearsing, and Ramon was too poor to dress warmly. His Mexican blood, accustomed to the tropical southland, chilled in the biting cold. One night his fingers became badly frozen. To others that would be only discomfort. To Ramon,



Anita Page's picture in a newspaper opened the way for her.

Mary Nolan's melancholy mood won sympathy from a helpful person.

Al Jolson's valet urged him to try black-face—you know the rest.



This picture of H. B. Warner gave his career added impetus.

dresser suggested, "Boss, why not black yo' face? Wu'th tryin'." He first used black-face make-up that night, and went over big.

Arthur Hammerstein's praise of Carmel Myers' voice thrilled her, because it meant that her dream of the stage might be realized. At the home of Rudolph Friml she timidly sang. "A good voice," Hammerstein told her, "but it needs training." So she went to work in earnest, using money earned in pictures for vocal study. Then, just when she got her voice ready for the stage, along came the talkies! She registers perfectly.

Tears are sad things—but they carried Mary Philbin across a hill from bleakness to brightness. Under contract with Universal, she was young and foolish enough to write her friends glorious accounts of her impending stardom. Then—she was put in two-reel Westerns. Friends



with his dream of being a pianist, it was tragedy. He resolved that if he could ever make his way back to California, he would remain an extra, working only intermittently, rather than risk his precious fingers again in an effort to succeed on the stage. He returned, and eventually got his break with Ingram. Now, his first act upon reaching New York is always the same—I think he takes boyish pride in it—he buys a pair of fleeced-lined gloves!

And we might have missed the amusement that Colleen Moore has given us, had she followed her impulse to dash up the stairs to the second floor of an office building, instead of going up sedately, as a young lady who had just achieved her teens should. Her uncle, Walter Howey, a newspaper editor, called her. He had a man with him, a Mr. Griffith. By the time the elevator reached the second floor, they were introduced. Soon after that she was acting for him at the Triangle studio in Hollywood.

Though Al Jolson's career is strung with "big moments," the most influential started out to be a mere incident. He was not getting ahead in vaudeville. His act was dull. One evening his negro



William Haines talked back to a producer and revealed a new side of himself.

would write, asking when her pictures would appear, or remarking that she really should learn to ride. Sensitive, little Mary of the mercurial gifts had no business astride a broncho. The horses frightened her, and she was too busy holding on to act.

Called into the general manager's office, she feared that her option was not to be taken up. Von Stroheim was there. He looked at her so critically, and asked so sharply, "What makes you think you are an actress?" that she began to sob. But next day, while she waited in her dressing room, heartbroken, she was informed that her wistfulness had won a rôle for her in "Merry-Go-Round."

A lachrymose shower also won Josephine Dunn a rôle, after nine months of idleness, of being told she wasn't the type. Selected for the Paramount school, taken West after graduation, and her option allowed to lapse, failure after all that ballyhooing was doubly bitter. Didn't everybody want this rôle with M.-G.-M., the prettier and more self-confident girls? Discouraged, she went out. Forlorn, she posed for the test. She was too tired to care; she would quit and support the family by office work. With what grand hopes had they joined her, the day before Paramount let her out! The tears welled. She scarcely heard the director.

The rôle was just that brow-beaten sort. When they chose her, quick thought warned her not to admit that her dejection had been real. Let them think she could act. She would prove it!

"The Foreign Legion," in which Mary Nolan played, had been shelved for a while. She was up for no rôles. When Metro-Goldwyn asked to see a test, Universal, despite her request to the contrary, sent the print of that film, in

which her work was bad. Her chance, she felt, was gone. She had been invited to a dinner at the Coconut Grove, but was so unhappy that she couldn't go. She cried. There was a knock on the door. Lupe Velez and a friend had come to find out why she wasn't at the party. The friend was a producer with M.-G.-M. Yes, he promised her a test next day. And that caused the company to borrow her for leads with Chaney and Gilbert.

Their pictures in the papers attracted producers' attention to Anita Page and Ann Christy. Anita had received unfortunate publicity through a contract with a film company that failed. After the debacle of that enterprise, she was stranded in Los Angeles, sobbing over the newspaper stories. But a studio executive thought her photograph attractive and called her.

Ann Christy's opportunity came when Harold Lloyd was struck by her photo in a newspaper. Equally of chance was the choice of Barbara Kent as Harold's leading lady. She expected only a good time at a certain party—not that Harold would be there, consider her particularly pretty, and engage her.

Merna Kennedy was seen prancing in musical comedy by Charlie Chaplin.



After many gray years, with one-night shows in small towns, Lon Chaney found himself in Los Angeles, broke. He thought the five-dollar-a-day job that he got at the Universal studio a mere filler, but it was an important event for Lon.

Nerve never lost anybody anything. Discouraged, William Haines was about to give up, when Harry Cohn, of Columbia, questioned his pugilistic ability. "This guy is a fighter," he remarked, in describing a rôle. Bill blew up. "Not the type!" he shouted. "That's all you birds can say. You can't visualize. To the dickens with you all!" He started to stalk out, but Cohn grinned and admitted Bill could act rambunctious.

Likewise, the hour in which he bolstered his courage to "put over an act" was a red-letter day for Glenn Tryon. He was looking things over in filmdom. The vista was not pleasing. The test Hal Roach had



Laura La Plante's desire for new slippers helped her to succeed.

taken seemed to have evaporated. Roach had gone East. Before Glenn rode the rods out, he would make one last grand-stand play.

He had previously arranged with friends in New York to wire him, signing the names of vaudeville circuits, offering him "big time." One morning he hopped a vegetable truck. He hadn't eaten for two days. When he dropped off near the studio, he *had*. Insisting upon an appointment, he rushed in, very much upstage. Flipping the telegrams from his pocket, he told the studio manager that he was leaving immediately, unless given a rôle.

After listening to the oration, the manager said, around his cigar, "You went on the pay roll yesterday."

Similar tactics, though her position was less hazardous, made an actress of Bessie Love. Having told the girls at high school that she was going into the movies, and being ragged so about it, she had to get a job. By claiming to have an appointment with D. W. Griffith, she got past his secretary, and he was so amused by her nerve that he gave her a test and a contract.

There came a slump for Bessie. Some one at a party thought her Charleston amusing, and placed her in vaudeville as a dancer, which won her a lead in "The Broadway Melody" and a smashing comeback.

Waiting around to put on his plays at a theater in Sweden, as the director had promised to let him, and seeing, instead, a man he didn't like step in ahead of him, made Nils Asther so mad that he went into motion pictures. So mere pique gave us a new and charming hero.

From several hundred applicants twelve were to be selected. Eleven were quickly chosen. A pretty girl, her shoulders drooping, was about to turn away. She could scarcely believe her ears when the man said, "You!" Thus Norma Shearer got her first job because, she thinks, he felt sorry for her.

John Gilbert, then a cowboy at the Ince studio, was about to quit. One day, conscious that he was looking seedy, he was very low and in a bad temper. As he stood on the fringe of the rough-neck mob, William S. Hart called him to do a bit in a close-up. It was his big chance, but Jack was too disgruntled to appreciate it and his acting was poor. Hart slapped him on the back and worked patiently with him, until he snapped out of it. That was John's last day as an extra.

A scene from "Silence," where he stood at his mother's grave, won H. B. Warner his greatest opportunity, in "The King of Kings." Jeanie Macpherson was so impressed with the tragic, sorrowful tenderness in his eyes that she cut out that bit of film and had it enlarged.

A chance meeting with Mrs. James Gleason in an agent's office led Robert Armstrong to Gleason's stock company in Milwaukee, success in "Is Zat So?" and movie stardom. An accidental meeting also brought both stage and romance to Mrs. Gleason. Lucile Webster had gone to Oakland with the family to place her brother in the university. The parents of

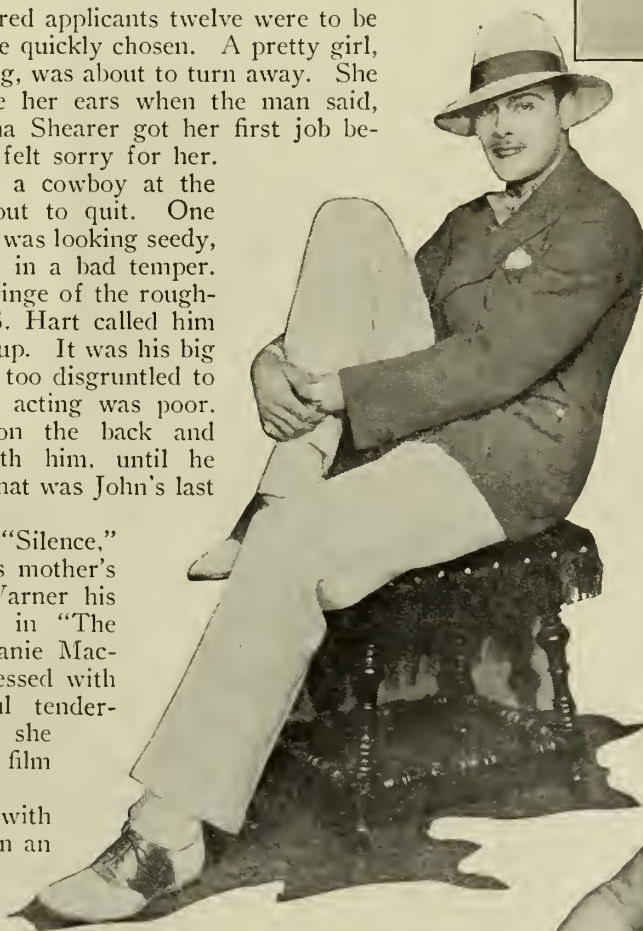


One rainy hour proved to be a turning point in Gary Cooper's life.

James Gleason, who was then in the Philippines, lived at the same hotel. They managed a theater. One night Miss Webster, hurrying down the stairs, collided with Mr. Gleason, *père*, who informed her that he had been hunting for a girl with red-gold hair, and would she care to

Continued on page 118

Marshall Neilan saw Dorothy Mackaill in the "Follies"—the rest is history.



Pique caused Nils Asther to desert the stage for the movies.



Cruel Visitation

Providence and the make-up kit have inflicted dreadful handicaps upon the characters Lon Chaney plays, but who has ever seen the star fail to rise above them?

Do you remember Mr. Chaney, left, when in the course of "The Blackbird" he struck a deep note of pathos for the man whose crutches concealed agonized suffering?

In "West of Zanzibar," right, his legs were paralyzed and he pushed himself around on wheels.

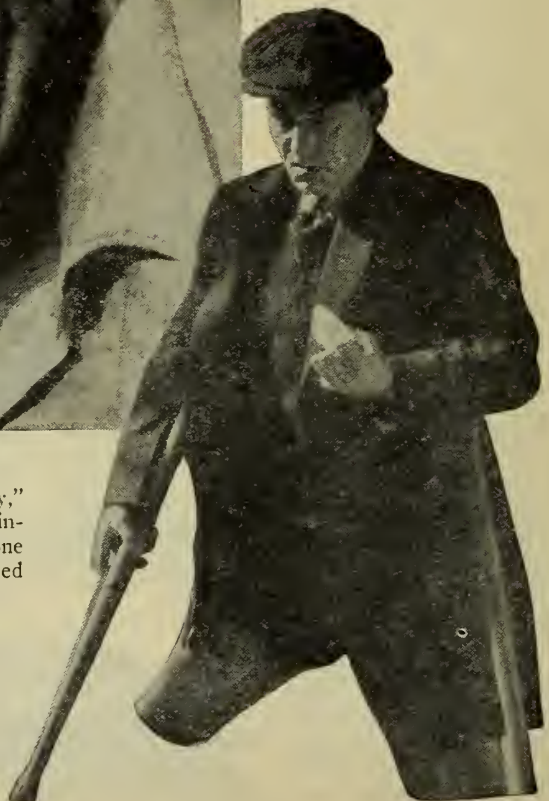


He is seen, below, in the rôle that brought him fame and glorified physical handicaps to such an extent that Mr. Chaney has since rarely played a man without a deformity of some sort. This rôle, a legless man, was in "The Penalty."




Mr. Chaney, in "The Road to Mandalay," above, added a gruesome as well as a painful touch to his make-up by covering one eye with a chemical film, but he expressed every emotion with the remaining orb.


In "The Unknown," left, he appeared to be armless and performed extraordinary feats with his toes, which added to the pathos of his rôle.




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DIRECTORS

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 Harry Beaumont
 Charles Brabin
 Clifford Brooke
 Clarence Brown
 Tod Browning
 Jack Conway
 Cecil B. DeMille
 William DeMille
 Gus Edwards
 Jacques Feyder
 Sidney Franklin
 Nick Grinde
 Bertram Harrison
 George Hill
 E. Mason Hopper
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 Willard Mack
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 Fred Niblo
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(All-talking)

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"Redemption"
(All-talking. Also a silent production)

"Eva the Fifth"
(All-talking)

GRETA GARBO in
"Anna Christie"
(All-talking)


"The Thirteenth Chair"
(All-talking)

"College Life"
(All-talking, singing)

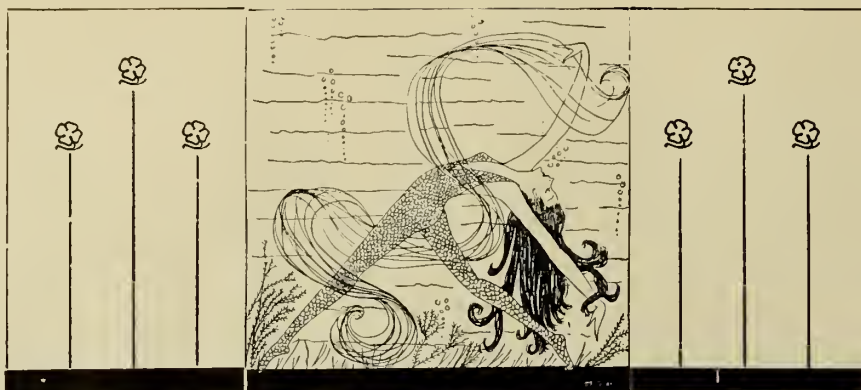
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AT ALL NEWS DEALERS

Harking Back

Five ladies of the cinema restlessly turn the pages of history and literature in quest of new rôles.



Dear, little Anita Page, above, becomes an old lady for the purpose of portraying *Barbara Frietchie*.

Josephine Dunn, left, quaintly assumes an expression of martyrdom for her flapper impersonation of *Edith Cavell*.

Gwen Lee, below, makes her *Betsy Ross* a coquettish girl stitching history into the first flag, and all unmindful of it.

Joan Crawford, above, elects to get herself up as *Hamlet* in the act of intoning "To be or not to be," but one is safe in assuming that this *Hamlet's* legs are more eloquent than "his" voice.



Renée Adorée, left, being French, naturally chooses *Joan of Arc* as her favorite heroine of history.



road. That's another one on which the bow-and-arrow kid can take a bow.

Marie Prevost is one of Cupid's favorites. Marie doesn't stay put so well. But she's a glutton for punishment. Her recent marriage marathon with Kenneth Harlan puts her in a class by herself. Marie and Ken shifted matrimonial gears so frequently that not even their best friends would tell—or could tell—whether their conjugal car was hitting on all six, or had a couple of flat tires. Finnegan, he of on-again, off-again, gone-again fame, had nothing on the fluctuations of Marie's epithalamium. (That's why you should always read with a dictionary beside you.) Even during that no-man's time between the interlocutory and the final whoopee, optimists led by Cupie were helpfully and hopefully shedding rays of sunshine all over Marie's *ménage*. But the blowoff came when she signed for a picture called "The Exodus." That was what it meant for Ken. The psychological effect of that title lost the combat for Cupid.

Sue Carol gave the love god an even break this season. She shuffled off her all-too-solid contracts at one time. She had 'em and got over 'em, like chickenpox. Just a little while before Sue was divorced from her contract with Douglas MacLean, and left free for a Fox engagement, a benevolent judge cut a more or less Gordian knot which was hitched in Chicago before Sue knew her Hollywoods. So she was left matrimonially unencumbered, and free for an engagement to Nick Stuart, as well as to Fox. Needless to say, she entered into both quicker than a talkie technician says "Mississippi, Mississippi" before the interlock on a sound stage. Which gave Cupid a stand-off.

Of the betrothals that have blossomed into marriage, that of Phyllis Haver still holds the stage as a head-

line attraction. "Phyl" has the unique distinction of having wedded Mayor Jimmy Walker's pal, William Seaman. Dat ole davil Seaman is one of Broadway's big tea-and-toddle men, and is such a romanticist that he calls his canned goods after flowers. In this planting, Hizzoner the Mayor doubled for Eros. Just how James found time to put aside his key-to-the-city routine to pinch-hit for Dan'l will always be something for Solomon to ponder. But the fact remains that he donned a "Civic Virtue" make-up, glued a pair of wings between his derby and his spats, picked up Cupid's b. and a., instead of his stick, and speared two hearts neatly as William Tell did the apple.

Ben is Bebe's boy friend. Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels, Cupid's best customers. If their previous engagements were laid end to end, they'd reach from Marilyn Miller to Jack Pickford, which is a long way. The ladies of Lyon have been listed to include such delightful damsels as Marilyn, Marian Nixon, Marie Prevost, Lupe Velez, Ruth Elder, et cetera. The et cetera covers a multitude of betrothals. And Bebe is no amateur. Rumor has bestowed her hand on several Olympic teams, the Paramount lot, and a few independent organizations. Bebe was engaged to Jack Pickford about the same time that Ben was engaged to Jack's ex, Marilyn. So somehow they seem to have something in common upon which to found marital happiness. Cupid put this one over all by himself, and when the contracts are signed, he deserves a medal from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, presented by Conrad Nagel.

Less spectacular, but more mignonette-ish is the thorough job Cupe has made in grafting May McAvoy and Maurice Cleary onto the tree of romance. Front pages have not infrequently been beautified by May's pictures captioned in a manner to

make the public believe that she would soon be Madame This, or Mrs. That. But Cupid hates newspaper publicity, and put the kibosh on those printers-ink romances, knowing all the time that it was all fixed for May to call Maurice "my man."

As in any other farming community, the Hollywood yokelry gathers round the cracker barrel at Henry's to discuss the crops. And most interesting of all are the plantations of that new-fangled city feller, Dan Cupid. Upon his activities the watchful waiters of the Boulevard concentrate their attention. Questions on engagements, marriages, or divorces are answered with the oracular wisdom of a Beatrice Fairfax. If no questions are asked, the answers come anyway. Strange to say, constant practice has brought uncanny skill in forecasting.

Upon numerous occasions the honeymoon has faded within the time limit allotted over the second, or free, cup of coffee, and plighted troths have been blighted according to schedule. You may make your own odds, for instance, if you believe that Gary Cooper will ever become Mr. Lupe Velez. Bets were paid on the finding of separate ways of Renée Adorée and her last headache. The odds as quoted were against Pauline Garon and Lowell Sherman doing a Darby and Joan. The Del Rio heartaches were considered to be in the cards. And while Viola Dana was telling the boys everything was Jake with "Lefty" Flynn, the betting was that freedom's eagle was screaming just around the corner.

According to the farmers, all augurs well for the future happiness of Phyllis, Bebe, and May. The boys are betting that the romances will all "take," that this time the saplings planted by this sap Cupid will bear the flower of domestic happiness, that the harvest will be for better instead of for worse.

The Evolution of a Villain.

By Harold Seton.

Bill Carney played a hero bold—
Upon the screen he flickered.
But when they saw the play unfold,
The audience just snickered!
Said William, "It's as plain as day
They think that I am funny,
So, I've got a hunch
With the Sennett bunch
I can land the punch
And cop some praise and money!"

Mack Sennett took a chance or two
And gave a job to Willie;
But when the picture went on view
The audience seemed chilly!
Bill's comedy was of the kind
That drives a guy to liquor.
So they sat and cried
As with pain inside,
And they moaned and sighed—
But never snickered a snicker!

All this did not discourage Bill,
For he was strong and willin';
He haunted studios until
He got a job as villain!
He made a hit that was immense—
Now fame and fortune wait him.
So the livelong day
He's as happy, gay,
As the birds in May,
'Cause the audiences hate him!

Mirrors of Myrna

One has only to glance at this page to realize that Miss Loy is versatile, and one has only to hear her speak to know that she is destined for a high place on the screen.



Myrna Loy, left, as *Yasmini*, in "The Black Watch," plays the exacting rôle of the high priestess of a desert tribe.

In "The Great Divide," right, she is *Manuella*, a Mexican half-breed.



As *Nubi*, below, in "The Squall," she portrays a Hungarian gypsy.



One of the first rôles to bring Miss Loy success was that of a negro girl, left, in the farce of "Ham and Eggs at the Front."

And as *Azuri*, right, the dancing girl in "The Desert Song," Miss Loy's speaking voice held its own in the singing which surrounded her.



ordinary story of a likable young fellow, whose gullibility causes him to turn over his meager savings to a cheap villain. The latter's side line is seducing the hero's wife on the pretext of placing her in the movies. The picture ends with a terrific fight between hero and villain and the reconciliation of husband and wife, just as we have seen the fight and reconciliation at least a thousand times before.

Sensible direction and a fine performance by Josephine Dunn, as the wife, are items in favor of the picture, as well as Mr. Haines' own contribution to it, but all in all it is only second rate.

Another.

A sympathetic idea is discernible in "Father and Son," but it is developed strictly according to antique standards of acting, even though dialogue is employed to excuse it. The latter is quite as artificial as the former, so the picture falls into the category of might-have-beens. It seems that a father and son are devoted to one another in a casual, chummy way, the parent calling his offspring "Old-timer," and the boy calling his father "Big Boy." But that doesn't save them from being maudlin at heart, and the father lamentably obtuse in falling for the wiles of an obvious villainess, marrying her and presenting her to his darling boy as a new mother. Furthermore, he can't understand why the child isn't fooled as completely as he is. Then comes an erstwhile paramour of the lady who, in a scuffle, kills her. Whereupon father and son, each thinking the other guilty, take the blame until a recording phonograph speaks up at the critical moment and yields a complete record of the crime, with dialogue and sound effects. Jack Holt is the father, Micky McBan the son, Dorothy Revier the villainess, and Wheeler Oakman the murderer.

The Screen Has Its "Follies."

"Fox Movietone Follies of 1929" is, as might be suspected, a medley of song, dance, and pageantry, with a wisp of story fluttering bravely in the breeze. Its stronghold will be in the smaller towns, where revues are never seen and where the novelty of this will make it doubly welcome, particularly as it features a raft of well-known faces such as Sue Carol, David Rollins, Stepin Fetchit, Sharon Lynn, and some others not so well-known, including Lola Lane, John Breeden, David Percy, and Dixie Lee. Two big song numbers, which show evidence of achieving wide popularity, are "The Breakaway" and "Walkin' With Susie." Of course

there are other songs and a great deal of dialogue, with movement, a sequence in color and all the ingredients found in this sort of entertainment on the stage. All but cleverness, inspiration, professional ease—call it what you will. The success of a big revue depends not only on spectacular beauty, but expert dancing and singing, little of which is found in this screen replica. All the music, bustle, and movement fail to conceal the dearth of talent, nor does it drown the thin, screeching, untrained voices. However, for a first effort, this attempt indicates what may be expected in later revues from the studios.

Audible Hysterics.

Billie Dove is the latest star to essay dialogue. She succeeds quite nicely in "Careers," even to the extent of a great, big case of hysterics, with all the emotional trimmings, and looks beautiful in spite of her convulsions. Transpiring in French Indo-China, the story relates the anguish of the wife of a government official when she refuses to yield to his superior, and thus blocks her husband's promotion to civil service in Paris. Following the wife's hysterical interview, the villain is murdered and the husband is ordered by the governor of the province to investigate the crime. In the minds of the audience evidence points to the wife, but if you know your melodrama as well as I do, you know that Billie Dove could not stain her hands, even to avenge her honor. Fate—and the scenario writer—always see to that, as well as an ending which finds Miss Dove in the arms of her uxorious screen husband. In this case he is Antonio Moreno. Noah Beery is the villain, and the cast is further embellished by Thelma Todd, Carmel Myers, Robert Frazer, and Holmes Herbert.

Laughable Madness.

The Four Marx Brothers, favorite comedians of vaudeville and musical comedy, bring their own, particular variety of clowning to "The Cocoanuts," a film version of their stage piece of the same name. It constitutes another attempt to screen musical comedy as it is played on the stage, but it is not among the successful things of its kind, though the brothers themselves are as funny as they are on the stage. But the limitation in the size of the screen is very apparent in transferring musical comedy to it, the photography is drab and the synchronization is not first class. However, the Marx Brothers, Harpo, Groucho, Chico, and Zeppo, do not lose their individuality in leaping

from the stage to the screen, and all are evident almost all the time. The story is less than nothing in its lack of suspense or credibility, and it transpires at Palm Beach, where one of the Marxes runs the Hotel de Cocoanut. A necklace is stolen by Kay Francis and Cyril Ring, who fasten suspicion upon some one until one of the Marxes—it doesn't matter which—clears up the "mystery" and paves the way for Oscar Shaw and Mary Eaton to step forward into a musical-comedy finish.

Miasma.

Called for no reason at all "The One Woman Idea," this deplorable exhibit is one to make the gods weep. Acted in deep silence, it at least does not add to the discomfort of the spectator by the inclusion of dialogue to match the ridiculous story. The latter has for its hero a Persian prince, who is attracted on shipboard to *Lady Alicia Douglas*, whose husband is a cad, and you are asked to believe that a wonderful love waxes beneath the property moon. The prince, in his palace, pines for the lady and a dancing girl is sent from the harem to console him, but he will have none of her. Finally *Lady Alicia* appears with her husband, whose philandering with the dancing girl causes the latter's mother to kill him, which unites the Persian and the Englishwoman in what is presumably an ideal match. Evidently there is some point in having *Lady Alicia* and the dancing girl resemble each other, as Marceline Day plays both rôles, but it isn't explained. Rod La Rocque is the Persian, and numerous well-known players hie themselves hither and yon, but they are so murk-photographed that they mean little except possibly to their mothers, brothers, and lovers.

Red-hot Mamma.

If it could be taken literally, the most cheering thing about "Honky Tonk" is the label "The Last of the Red-hot Mammams." The creaky story, exhumed from a studio attic to star Sophie Tucker, portrays the terrific tragedy of a young girl who learns that her mother is—ugh!—a singer in a night club. For fifteen long years mamma has led this life to keep her daughter in a swanky school. When the girl, played by Lila Lee, comes home, a young cad takes her to the "Honky Tonk" to expose her mother's shame. The girl spurns her mother, chirps "Call me Beth—Betty is too vulgar," and leaves home. The young man turns gentleman overnight and everybody struggles to bring the girl back home and make her happy.

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Their Royal Ease

Trust the gifted gentry to enjoy it in trappings of luxury.

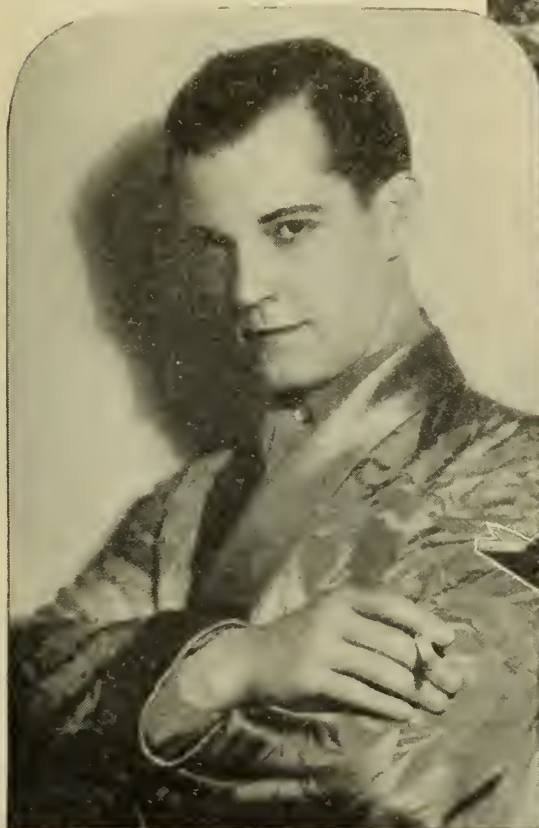
Ramon Novarro, below, wears a lounging robe of brocaded satin in a warm-brown tone, with collar and cuffs of a lighter shade.



Nils Asther, above, ponders on the ways of the world in black-and-gold brocade, supplemented by a Paisley scarf to make his state of negligée less apparent.

Glenn Tryon, left, is gowned conventionally enough, except for matching brocaded slippers. Whoops, my dear!

Plain black satin—but, oh, of such a richness—is the preferred garb of John Gilbert, below, when in the mood to unbutton his collar.



George K. Arthur, below, prefers black in a small, conservative pattern.



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Well, the interesting sequel is that Mr. Cruze has been sued for \$6,000. Pauline Starke is the plaintiff.

It seems that Miss Starke was assigned the leading rôle in "The Great Gabbo," and that this happened about the time of the Cruze-Compson trouble. Later on difficulty developed between Cruze and Miss Starke, and she left the cast. Affairs between the director and his wife being patched up, Betty was engaged in Pauline's place.

The interesting feature is that Betty probably would have played the rôle in the first place, had it not been for the little difference with her husband. He would have been saved the legal complications, because upon severing her connection with the picture, Miss Starke sued for four weeks' salary.

"The Great Gabbo" reintroduces Eric von Stroheim as an actor. He plays the title character. And what is "the great Gabbo," you ask? Curiosity will be satisfied. The story of the picture is about a celebrated stage actor, and his name is *Gabbo*!

Further Fortunes of Ann.

Ann Harding's future is doubly assured. We have spoken in these columns already about her charm in "Paris Bound." More recently she has been engaged to play opposite Ronald Colman, in "Condemned." And very soon she is to make "A Woman Afraid" as a starring feature.

Marital Dissonances.

Ian Keith and Ethel Clayton have sundered their destinies. They were married over a year ago.

Nothing was decided at the time of their separation about a divorce, and many of their friends seemed to feel that they might be reconciled. But it is too late now.

Norman Kerry has entered the group of the divorced, after an eight-year marriage. Mrs. Kaiser, his wife, that being his legal name, was the complainant in the court action. Kerry is touring in vaudeville.

The Village Poet Resumes.

O, actors are a-fluster; there is some talking of striking;
"Tush, tush," the big stars say, "there's too much cash in mike-ing.
Why should we give up now the joys of movie talking,
And we do, first thing you know, the streets we'll be a-walking."
Crooning songsters haunt the studio lots and stages;
They live on milk and honey; their pockets bust with wages!
O, will they get some songs to sing?
Maybe—but we doubt it;
Might be a bully good idea to write Will Hays about it.

Rubber jewels are used this year by girls at the seaside;

Something new to bounce on waves, but that's the point *beside*.

DeMille may do a music show, with girls and lots of trimming.

Bet the scenes will reach their peak when they go in swimming.

Montmartre café at Saturday noon is often very clubby—

Who d'you s'pose we saw there—'Stelle Taylor with her hubby!

He had a rumpus in the East 'twas thought might lead to trouble,

But Estelle gayly welcomed him and pricked the rumor bubble.

Charlie Mack, of "Two Black Crows," has indorsed Los Angeles weather;

He owns a home and everything—maybe e'en a goofer feather.

He's known as the head man of the team that's so diverting—

Funny he names himself last, star rules controverting.

Little Jackie Coogan is home from foreign touring,

His boyish voice the talkies claim; the prospects sound alluring;

'Course they had to wait till he got over his appendicitis.

However, things could be worse; he might have had St. Vitus.

Mary Brian is sweet and pretty; we saw her in "The Virginian";

The little girl is growing up and is clever, in our opinion.

Eddie Carewe has wedded again—to his former wife, Mary Akin;

He'll ne'er direct, we hear, anon; is Dolores' career forsaken?

The destiny of this enticing girl has often struck us as tragic;

Perhaps enchanted fate will grant her syllables of magic.

There is no surcease of mischief wrought by audible exactions—

O, would that us the films would give words less loud than actions!

Stellar Crown for Six.

Here is the roll of honor for Paramount. See how you like it. The list comprising those elevated to stardom as a result of their achievements during the past year follows: Nancy Carroll, Gary Cooper, Evelyn Brent, William Powell, Richard Arlen, and Ruth Chatterton.

Announcement of their success was made at the annual convention of the organization.

Bickford Goes A-whaling.

Ever since we saw the shock of red hair that adorns his head, we knew that Charles Bickford was destined to do something desperate. And now we know what it is. He has gone whale fishing on his vacation. Bickford plays the lead in Cecil DeMille's "Dynamite," and is considered a rattling good actor. Since he started on his cruise of the Pacific in search of the deep-sea mammoths, Bickford is the envy of all other actors. They are wondering why they didn't think of that form of diversion themselves before this. Certainly it is novel.

Nance O'Neil Signs.

Every day seems to bring the addition of some famous stage name to the talkie casts. It surprised us recently to find Nance O'Neil among those present. She is appearing in "Olympia," an adaptation of a Molnar play, that stars Jack Gilbert. Miss O'Neil is widely known to those old-timers of the theater who remember when emotional acting *was* emotional acting.

The Cycle of Lorelei.

Ruth Taylor, the little girl who played *Lorelei*, in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," has switched over to the comedies. She is working for Christie. Ruth started her career with Sennett, and so it would seem that the talkies have caused her to complete a sort of cycle.

Incidentally, she was recently seen in a stage play called "Little Orchid Annie." Judging by her portrayal in this, we imagine that she would have made an ideal *Lorelei* in either a foot-light or audible film version of the Anita Loos novel. But that's, so to say, one of those opportunities that doesn't happen twice.

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," as you know, didn't register as a silent film.

Sonny Boy On Stage.

Sonny Boy prefers the stage to the screen. Also he likes \$4,000 a week better than \$500 a week. In all of which he perhaps demonstrates some wisdom, although that remains to be seen.

At all events, this youngster not long ago had a conflict in the courts with Warner Brothers over his movie contract. The company, with which he won first success, sought to have him restrained from doing an act in the Balaban & Katz theaters in Chicago, but the judge decided the case in the little boy's favor.

Davey's salary with Warner's was \$500; for his vaudeville engagement he obtained the larger figure.

Roland Finally Heroes.

After much talk hither and yon, it was finally decided that Gilbert Roland would play opposite Norma Talmadge, in "Tin Pan Alley." Roland was at one time scheduled to do the villain in the production, but it was later deemed that he would be more suited to appear as the hero.

Incidentally, there are whispers that Norma has suddenly manifested singing talents. As it so happens, though, one hears this about nearly every star. It will probably even be announced sooner or later that Bull Montana has a lyric tenor.

Headlights

Five stars follow the gleam along steel rails.



Lon Chaney, above, in his new picture "Thunder," portrays the life of an engineer.

James Murray, right, in the same film, is the fireman on Mr. Chaney's train.

Monte Blue, below, in "The Greyhound Limited," played an engineer and advanced his popularity mightily.



William Boyd, above, in "The Night Flyer," further ennobled the calling of the engineer and brought romance to the rails.



Victor McLaglen, below, in "Strong Boy," played a heroic fireman who frustrated an attempt to hold up a queen for her jewels.



rising keenly awaited, filmtown gets under her skin. The overnight successes, the failures, the intimate affairs of all such common knowledge, hang drama in the air.

Welded together, it is all so stimulating!

William Haines, Robert Armstrong, and a number of others, prefer acting to business, and find it more lucrative and entertaining. Gary Cooper tried routine business and failed miserably; pictures gratify his commercial sense and grant satisfaction of an artistic desire.

The work, the partial freedom, and the contacts with colorful and talented people intrigue Charles Rogers. Success, and the gewgaws it would purchase, beckoned to Joan Crawford, and was replaced later by an interest in acting and the home it made possible. A keen enthusiasm, her friendships and the California climate make the movies so congenial to Estelle Taylor that she will never leave of her own accord.

Mary Brian always wanted to act, and professes willingness to endure any heartbreaks or disappointments, because of her need of acting to be happy. Clara Bow felt no early Duse impulses. Through an accidental entry, she found well-paid and thrilling employment; now her life is so wrapped up in films that she would be lost without them. Bebe Daniels wonders to what she might turn were she to exit. "Nothing else could give me such enjoyment. A sincere interest, the shifting goal ahead, and the justified belief that

What Lures Them On?

our fan friends would miss us, is sufficient incentive. Just now I have a dual curiosity—to discover if I can go over in the talkies, and to try the dramatic rôles I always have been denied."

With many it merely becomes a question of stage or screen, and the movies' advantages far outweigh the theater's. Besides the financial emolument, Lon Chaney considers important the intense absorption of the work, its appeal to the imagination, its constant challenge. Esther Ralston, tramping through childhood in vaudeville, finds more money and a settled home-life attractive, and that the changing panorama keeps her keyed up. Nancy Carroll recognizes the greater latitude, and delights in inventing new "business."

To Ramon Novarro the screen has meant financial independence, paving the way to an operatic career, his true love and vocation. Such singleness of purpose is rare.

After achieving wealth and a superlative fame, why do they keep on? The star's place is no sinecure; the higher his dais, the more must he labor to protect his dynasty. The big stars are mostly sensible, shrewd, and diligent. When they no longer have to deny themselves worldly pleasures which careers forbid, why do they not slip out of harness? Why bind themselves to a treadmill which, shorn of its glamour, is rather stern?

The fight has taken on an elegant investiture; it is now a battle for the supremacy of achievement at once artistic and material. Each wants to

lead the parade. Too, in the manner of financiers, they wish to be the captains of the industry. The burgeoning of vanity, this.

Love of the work itself includes the desire for self-expression, but has become far more than an urge—a necessity. In their prime, they are too young to retire. Travel palls. The habit of work is not easily shed. The most unhappy players are those laden with leisure. Energetic and vital, their forces must be spent actively. With the decadence of the stage, and the talkies offering new worlds to conquer, they find fresh spurs.

Glamour still exerts its spell. Though much less alluring, after one has been mobbed for a few years, vanity would miss the nourishment of crowds. Despite the celebrity's liabilities, none is eager to relinquish fame.

Indeed, despite the unpleasant factors—the jealousies, the baneful publicity which often mitigates the good, the renunciations and struggles—picture acting is engrossing beyond comparison with any other work. Though there may be ripples of complaint, most of the stars, with their dramatic temperaments, *enjoy* the battle of it all.

From their fortunes they derive the satisfaction of caring well for their families, and the possession of whatever material adjuncts they wish. Their fame gives them pleasure, and accomplishment is a keen thrill, ever new.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

show such powerful feeling, with such a delicacy of restraint; such a depth of grief, without a gleam of tawdriness or cheapness anywhere; and such a compelling characterization, without a hint of self-consciousness.

There is something so ineffective and unconvincing in an attempted description of an intangible thing. It might be called magnetism, or personality, or a sense of rhythm, or just pure genius. It's all of those things and no single one of them. But, whatever it is, Al Jolson has it—a quality that makes you long to reach out and clasp him by the hand.

C. C. MANN.

Hoquiam, Washington.

To Irene Rich.

"The Divine Lady of Hollywood" has done it! Yes, Irene Rich has made the talkies safe for the fans. If you want to hear some one delightful, hear her. Her golden voice registered like a million dollars! The tender little catches in it are quite her own.

"The Divine Lady" has taken me by the hand, so to speak, and turned my scorn of the talkies to admiration. I might even, in time, become a talkie addict. However, only if all the stars

proved to have voices like Irene's. But, alack-a-day, they *haven't*, so I *won't*!

With a voice as priceless as hers, she should be sitting on top of the world—and is! And, like Pollyanna, I'm *glad, glad, glad!*

TO IRENE RICH.

Velvet-brown eyes, and soft, chestnut hair, A golden voice, and eyes like a prayer. A lady, an actress, a mother, all in one; Quite the loveliest person under the sun!

ADELE L. SIMONDS.

P. O. Box 1232,
Hollywood, California.

The Old Gossip Game.

Why abuse the stars unmercifully, when they can't defend themselves? Why make statements that are absolutely untrue? Judging by appearances, too many letters are written by those who *want* to be stars, but didn't get as far as the extra list.

I agree that many foreigners are here because they are hired cheaply. I admit that many could be lost and never missed. I, too, would rather see older, proven actors and less new, worthless ones. But as to Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor being "flops" without Director Borzage

—Charles Farrell came to the front in "Old Ironsides" and "The Rough Riders" was *his picture, without Borzage*. Janet Gaynor was not a "flop" in "Sunrise," but an artist. "Seventh Heaven" and "The Street Angel" are the best type of pictures for these two actors, because of their own whimsical, appealing personalities and ability to portray the really human sides of life. Frank Borzage can direct that type of picture unusually well, because he can *vision* such traits, and together these abilities resulted in two of the finest pictures ever made. These two young stars are born portrayers of character, not just actors. Their genuineness and lovable personalities shine through every character.

Let's be a little kinder to the stars. Much that is written or told of them is untrue. They are doing their best to make our world a pleasanter place to live in. Let's give them a hand, instead of a slam, when they are worth while.

HELEN ARNOLD.

Billings, Montana.

Praises Heaped on Jolson.

Thanks to Warner Brothers for giving us the greatest actor the screen has ever

Continued on page 100

Doubly Married

Mercy, not bigamists! It's just when husbands and wives in real life play similar partnerships on the screen.

Kathryn Carver and Adolphe Menjou, right, married truly, married also in "His Private Life."

Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, below, are also married in "The Studio Murder Mystery."

Clyde Cook and Mrs. Cook, professionally Alice Knowlton, right, center, are husband and wife in "Lucky In Love."



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford, left, recently married, are a happy bridal pair in "Our Modern Maidens."



Lucille and James Gleason, right, in "Fairways and Foul."



He believes that the greatest asset for a happy marriage is that both should have plenty to do.

"Joan will go on with her work, and I shall go on with mine. We shall have plenty to talk about, and each can be proud of, and help and encourage the other."

When they get back to California they will occupy their new home. Joan is one of those handy, little persons whose agile, competent fingers can accomplish almost anything. She is trying to save, now that they are married, she says. She likes to make some of her own dresses, the simple ones, and she has been sewing on the curtains of their new home. She is determined not to be extravagant, and refused to buy the expensive clothes offered her by the New York shops. She bought always the cheap but

Cupid Takes a Needed Rest

charming ones, for she has good taste, and being so pretty, she looks lovely in all the simple things which she wears so gracefully.

Before she met young Douglas she was the gayest girl in Hollywood. She sobered down two years ago, when she met and fell in love with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. She is tremendously proud of him, of her love for him, and of the happy life they plan to lead together.

"We want a quiet life, and plan to work hard, so we can always be proud of each other."

After the wedding she sent a wire to Harry Rapp, a Metro-Goldwyn executive. He it was who "discovered" her in New York and shaped her career to its great success. "If I have worked hard in the past," it read, "watch me now!"

And Douglas sent his boss a wire, too. It read, "Joan and I were married yesterday, and now that I have a wife to support, I need a raise in salary."

And Al Rocket, who is his boss, wired back, "By your contract you had no right to marry without consulting me. And I insist that since you did so, I shall cut your salary in two."

Douglas was quite cut up about it, but Joan laughed heartily.

"Don't you see he was joking, too?"

Then serious Douglas was laughing also. They were laughing together.

And that's the way all their friends hope it will always be—that they will go through life happily laughing together.

Continued from page 98

known—Al Jolson! If any one dare to say that he is not the greatest, I shall ask if they have ever seen one who could make them laugh and cry as Mr. Jolson did in "The Singing Fool"? At the premiere here, there was not a person in the house that did not cry. And there was some crowd! The performance of one of the other stars in the picture was rotten; but, believe me, it mattered not what any other player did or said. I have been in the hospital since seeing "The Singing Fool," and all I can say is, thank God, I saw it before coming here!

ROBERTA TOWNSEND.

59 Fontainebleau Drive,
New Orleans, Louisiana.

The New-face Craze.

I can't imagine what can be happening in Hollywood. All the old, accepted stars and ideas dominant so long seem to have been suddenly uprooted and cast off like an old shoe. And yet, if we're to believe the producers, it is we, the fans, who have actually occasioned such a revolution. I wonder—

First on my mind, there's Jetta Goudal. What in the world is she doing now? It seems inconceivable that any person who is reported to be such a genius as Mr. DeMille could ever have allowed her contract to lapse. Oh, yes, there were rumors of temperament. But what of it? She is an actress, with a personality as bizarre as that of Pola Negri. Possibly she may have had occasion to use that far-famed temperament. Cast a glimpse, Goudal fans, at the DeMille jaw—"The Man Nobody No's." Temperament? Apple sauce!

Then there's Pola herself. She has been shipped off to her beloved Continent, away from the country which welcomed her loudly not so many years ago and is now tired of her, because they would rather see Alice White shimmy in a pair of scanties, Buddy Rogers looking romantic, and showing those white, white teeth; or Clara Bow sporting the famous Bow face and figure, while she "gets her man." In her swan song for Paramount, Negri showed her mettle by holding down, by sheer force of character, such a hopeless mess as "The Woman from Moscow" turned out to be.

What the Fans Think

And then there's Del Rio. And Talmadge. Not that *they've* been cast aside, or anything like that—not on your box office! But they seem to be basking in the reflected light of their fame just now, forgetting that the eyes of the world are upon them, and just acting up.

I cannot close without also saying that I consider it disgraceful that a star of such charming qualities as Irene Rich is given such mediocre rôles by Warner, after she has proved so successfully what she can do in "Craig's Wife" and "Ned McCobb's Daughter."

Yes, Hollywood is certainly changing. Give it ten years and nearly all our really brilliant actresses will be crowded off and packed away out of sight, and every billboard will burst forth with such "supreme" stars as Nancy Carroll, Audrey Ferris, and Molly O'Day!

S. GARVEY THOMAS.

43 Summer Street,
Montpelier, Vermont.

An Up and Coming Lad.

Has no fan noticed that very promising boy, Carroll Nye? Up to now his rôles have been very small, but extremely good. In "The Girl from Chicago" he was Myrna Loy's brother. In "While the City Sleeps" he was *Marty*, the young lover, and in "Craig's Wife" he was the young professor, and a very fine performance he gave, too.

Please, fans, give this boy a cheer, and, mark my words, he'll be a star one day if he gets his rights.

B. TRACEY.

St. John's, Newfoundland.

Those Printed "Replies."

May I be permitted to use your interesting columns for the airing of a query? I have written to several stars, whose pictures I enjoyed, and in one or two cases they have been so kind as to send me photographs. But when they instruct their secretaries to send unrequested photos, it would be so nice if the said amanuenses would remember not to inclose the printed letter—"and I have pleasure in sending the photo which you request." It is so unnecessary.

I quite see the goodness of heart which prompts these players, who are naturally too busy to write personally to every scrib-

bler, to send photos; but is it asking too much of the secretary to omit the superfluous letter accompanying such photos? It may seem a storm in a teacup, but I am sure people would appreciate the small attention, and it is generally little things which go to make a permanent appeal, especially to those who write, because they have something more or less intelligent to say, and not because they want a photograph.

EILEEN GRIFFITH.

25 Thorndale Road,
Waterloo, Liverpool, England.

Lauding the "World's Sweetheart."

Ever since I met Mary Pickford, in May, 1926, I have been longing to write something about her, for is she not undisputedly the "world's sweetheart"?

This unforgettable event took place in Europe—Venice, to be exact—and as I was fortunately staying at the same hotel as Mary and Doug I had the chance of seeing them quite often. I do not mind admitting, now that I have become acquainted with Miss Pickford, that before seeing her in the flesh, though I had always been a great admirer of her shadow self, I did fear that she would be just a trifle high hat. But how relieved I was to find out later that my suppositions were groundless. Success has not turned this lovable girl's head, for there is nothing affected about her, either in the way she talks or behaves in public.

After seeing "Little Annie Rooney," almost four years ago, I came to the conclusion that Mary was, and still is, the greatest actress the screen has ever boasted. Can anybody who witnessed this photoplay forget the pathos Miss Pickford, as *Little Annie*, portrayed after learning that her father had been killed in a street brawl? The close-up under the dining-room table, besides being perfect, is the longest and doubtlessly the most realistic my eyes have ever beheld. And I have seen thousands of films! To depict childish anticipation at first, and, as the truth dawns upon her that her father no longer lives, to portray both helplessness and dread, is something I had never till then believed the movies were capable of conveying.

I am one of the countless fans who

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Beloved Bums

Whiskers and rough clothes are not handicaps to winning the sympathy of the audience when these actors play unpolished rôles.



Leslie Fenton, left, plays the rôle of a newspaper reporter on the down-and-out in "The Office Scandal," and becomes a cynical vagabond.



William Boyd, above, in "High Voltage," as a power-house lineman, is snowbound in a cabin far from the village barber shop.

The ravages of the desert on two smooth players, William Powell and Richard Arlen, center, as shown in "The Four Feathers." Mr. Powell is on the left.

When Paul Muni, below, denies his own name in "The Valiant," he loses interest in his appearance.



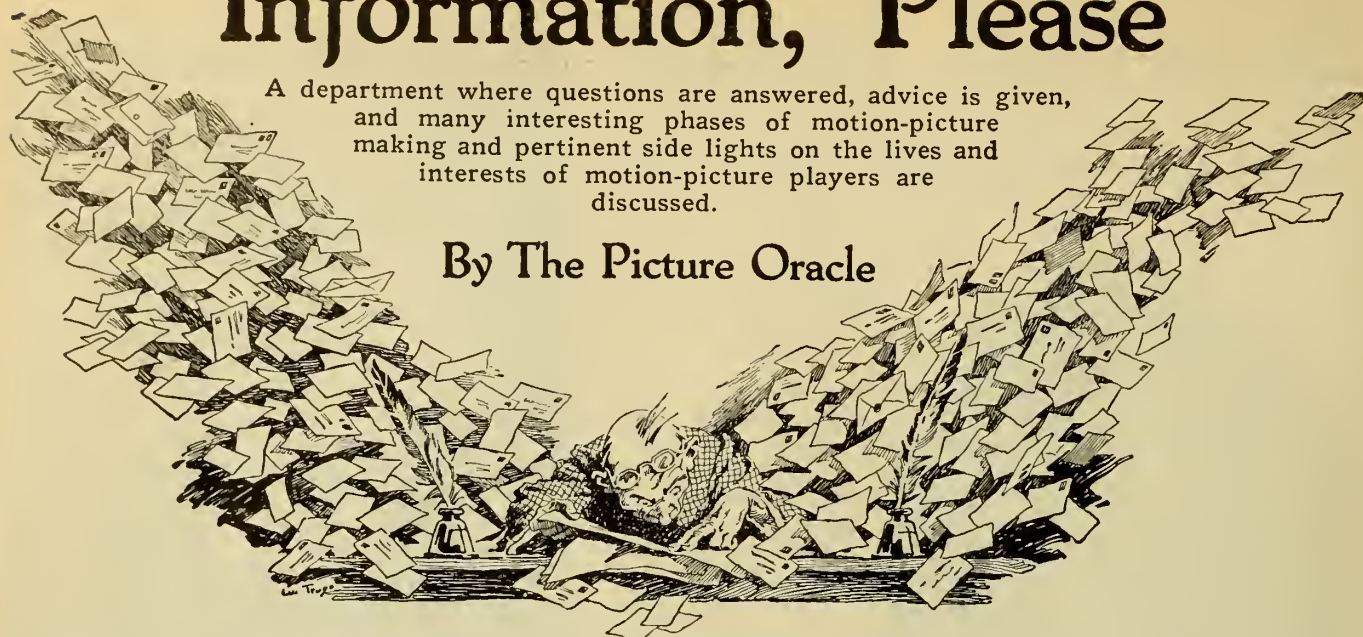
Owen Moore, below, also in "High Voltage," passes up the pleasures of shaving for a while and furnishes a good example of what movies will do for a man.



Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle



WALLIE.—"Ol' Man Sunshine" you call me. And I suppose that makes me first cousin to Ol' Man River. You were very lucky to get a personal reply from Doris Kenyon. She has a fan club with headquarters as follows: Evelyn Jackson, "Finchfield," Kew Gardens, Southport, England. She is also one of the stars honored by the Stars' Friendship Club, Harold Nash, 94 Ledyard Avenue, Groton, Connecticut. There's a Laura La Plante fan club at 1565 West One Hundred and Seventeenth Street, Apartment 6, Cleveland, Ohio. And another with Neil Wright, 402 South Broadway, McComb, Mississippi. There are no clubs for the others you ask about. Joe Brown made his reputation on the stage. He was born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28, 1892, and he's married. Eugenia Gilbert was the heroine in "The Crimson Flash" serial. At this writing Cullen Landis is playing at the Belmont Theater, West Forty-eighth Street, New York City. I think just Hollywood, California, would reach Dick Grace.

PEBZO.—That sounds almost like my favorite tooth paste. William Powell is six feet tall. Yes, I know him, and he is a friendly, hearty person. That's his real name. He's with Paramount, from whom you can get his picture for ten cents. Bill doesn't give his home address.

L. M. K.—These fan-club enthusiasts just run away with this department! A fan club is an organization through which the admirers of certain stars get together by correspondence. Any one may join by writing to the person in charge of the club in which he is interested. There is a Clara Bow club right in Baltimore. Write to Ida Katz, School No. 80, Federal and Eden Streets. I know of only one Buddy Rogers club. Write to Randolph Tye, 708 South Central Avenue, Chanute, Kansas. Buddy was born August 13, 1904. He doesn't give his home address. Lily Damita was born July 10, 1906. I don't know of any stars with birthdays on February 13th. Buster Collier's is on the 12th.

EILEEN ALLEN.—So you've been reading this department for months! I'm always so glad to hear that I have a reader, after all the work I put in writing. See L. M. K. Joan Crawford has two fan clubs; write to Fernande L. Dubeau, Box

1014, Joliette, Quebec, Canada; or to Helen Cohn, 3628 East First Street, Long Beach, California. Joan was born May 23, 1906. She is five feet four and weighs one hundred and twenty, with blue eyes and brown hair. There has been much secrecy about her marriage to Doug, Jr., but I believe they now admit they will marry next October. You doubtless know already that Joan ran away from home when she was fifteen to go on the stage in Chicago. She was playing in New York at the Winter Garden when Harry Rapf of M.-G.-M. gave her her film chance in 1926. Her real name is Lucille Le Seuer.

W. A. MCCLURE.—I'm sorry I can't be of much help to you about Yale Boss, former child actor. If he was born about 1900, of course he has grown up now, and, like most child actors, probably left the screen when he got to be a gangling youngster. That is true also of Frankie Lee, now too old for child rôles and not old enough for juveniles. His young brother, Davey Lee, is the current Jackie Coogan of the screen. Davey is under contract to Warner, and you can perhaps reach Frankie through him. See address list at the end of The Oracle.

BARBARA EBNER.—I think the song you refer to in "Broadway Melody" is called just that, "Broadway Melody."

LOUELLA PARKER.—Too bad Paramount won't allow Nancy Carroll to have fan clubs. And thanks for letting me know.

BILLY LOVE ME?—I hope he does. And if I answer all your questions about him, I deserve all the nice names you called me! And I assure you, you don't get rich at this job of answering questions! Yes, I'll add your name as Milwaukee representative of the Bill Haines club. "The Gob" will probably have been completed by the time this gets into print. Bill is cast in the big Metro-Goldwyn revue, as are all the other M.-G.-M. stars. Billy is very popular among his friends, as he is exceedingly witty and amusing. Yes, Leila Hyams was married in November, 1927, to Phil Berg, and quite happily so. William Boyd has two fan clubs—Eve J. Robinson, 1216 West Eighth Street, Wilmington, Delaware, and Robert Hamann, 1203 Eleventh Avenue, Olympia, Washington. Sally O'Neil and William Bakewell have no fan clubs, so far

as I know. Clara Bow's are located with Louise C. Hinz, 2456 Sheridan Avenue, Detroit; and Romulus Gooding, 93 Broad Street, New Berne, North Carolina. And see L. M. K. I've no idea how many members all these fan clubs have. Doug, Jr., is nineteen; Josephine Dunn, twenty-two; Joan Crawford, twenty-three; Don Alvarado, twenty-five; Corinne Griffith, thirty-two; Charles Ray, thirty-eight. Johnny Walker and Ralph Graves keep their ages a secret. Mary Philbin is engaged to Paul Kohler; she is twenty-six. Polly Moran was born in Chicago—she doesn't say when. She is one of the old-timers in pictures, playing since 1915.

MICKEY.—Bill Powell is thirty-seven. He has blue eyes and dark-brown hair; so has Gary Cooper. Since "Lilac Time" Gary has appeared in "The Shopworn Angel," "Wolf Song," and "Betrayal." He and Lupe are to be seen together in "Rose of the Rancho."

AASE E. BAY.—Gary Cooper's name in "Lilac Time" was *Captain Philip Blythe*. Cleve Moore played *Captain Russell*. The other aviators had no cast names; they were played by Jack Stone, Dick Grace, Stuart Knox, Harlan Hilton, Richard Jarvis, Jack Ponder, Dan Dowling. No, I don't think Gary sang the theme song in "Lilac Time." The principals in "The Little French Girl" were Mary Brian, Alice Joyce, Neil Hamilton, Esther Ralston, Anthony Jowitt. I'm sorry I can't tell you who played in the film version of "Ann's An Idiot," as the picture was released under some other title, which I don't remember. I'd have to know the title in order to look up the cast. There is no Gary Cooper fan club. As to whether Gary attended the premiere of "Lilac Time" in Los Angeles; that, too, is something a little too far fetched for me to keep a record of. I know he was not at the New York premiere; I was there. See L. M. K.

A RICHARD TALMADGE FAN.—Glad you like this department; if no one liked it, what a lot of waste space that would be! Richard Talmadge's new picture is called "The Bachelor Club." Mary Nolan can be reached at the Universal studio; Sally Blane is with RKO; Raquel Torres and Dorothy Janis are both with Metro-Gold-

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prefer Miss Pickford in little-girl rôles, since she is the only star who renders them plausible. Is not Mary the embodiment of youth? However, I would be more than satisfied if she chose grown-up parts occasionally, if for no other reason than to fulfill her desire to cease playing kids.

I would like to add that if Miss Pickford is beautiful on the screen, she is as lovely in real life, that her tresses are the color of spun gold, that her eyes have a unique sparkle which the camera has not recorded favorably, that she does not look a day over twenty-five, and last, but by no means least, that she is very cordial to strangers.

M. RICARDO SALCEDO.

Lima, Peru.

Actors or Coy Cuties?

Here's one fan that can't help grieving over the fact that there are so few real actors on the screen to-day, and so many pretty faces. If it were only reversed, there would be more pictures intelligently acted by talented performers, instead of a lot of wild youngsters running around making whoopee.

I can count on my fingers the few tal-

ented actors in the movies at present, but it would take volumes to record all the names of the pretty ones whose only claim to fame is the face and figure. Prominent among the list of talented players is Evelyn Brent, who is at the head of the line, in my opinion. She is one of the few exceedingly talented actresses who are not only able to act, but who also have the knack of wearing clothes well. Louise Dresser deserves a high place in the list, because of her human portrayals in "Mother Knows Best" and "A Ship Comes In." There is no question that Jannings is a great actor. John Gilbert, in his sane moments when he doesn't have Greta Garbo draped around his neck, shows spells of histrionic ability. Baclanova has shown time and again that she is the undisputed successor to Pola Negri, and Richard Arlen proved his claim to the title of a real actor in "Wings."

With the advent of the talkies, there will doubtlessly develop a new set of actors who can act. Pretty faces will be forgotten, and the motion-picture public will wend its way back to normalcy, and make up for the months it's hooted and praised these coy young dears, who are

quite adept at displaying the fine points of a new gown, but are entirely lost in a dramatic scene.

FRANK W. LEACH.

4 North State Street,
Concord, New Hampshire.

Are Cuties Doomed?

We all hate to admit we're wrong in our convictions, and I'm no exception, either. But I've just got to make the confession that I am wrong, whether I want to or not. A few months ago I was one of those ardent supporters of youth in pictures, but since that time I've seen so much youth that I'm fairly crying for age and, yes, acting ability. There have been so many films lately, with nothing but Sue Carols and Charles Rogerses posing around, that the sight of Pola Negri or Emil Jannings fairly makes me jump for joy. I'd walk a mile to see either of them any time. Bodil Rosing, Evelyn Brent, Gloria Swanson, Emil Jannings, Pola Negri, and Baclanova are my favorites, besides a few others, and, though they're not exactly youthful, they can act, and good acting is so restful these days.

Continued on page 106

They Know What They Like

Does this clever dialogue reflect the minds of fans in love with love?

By Nat Dyches

TIME—To-night. PLACE—Anywhere.

HE: What'll we do to-night, Sweetie?

SHE: Let's go to the movies.

HE: Kayo—what'll we see?

SHE: Mamie Smith's sister Kate says there's the swellest picture at the Capitol this week—let's go there.

HE: What's the name of it?

SHE: Why—uh—I forget. But John Gilbert is the star.

HE: Nothing doing, then. I don't like that guy. He wears a mustache.

SHE: What's the matter with a mustache? Ronald Colman wears one.

HE: Then I don't like him, either.

SHE: Well, who do you like then—if any?

HE: Greta Garbo, Billie Dove, Madge Bellamy, Evelyn Brent—

SHE (*sharply*): I'm talking about *men*!

HE: Well, I like Charlie Chaplin.

SHE: He isn't an actor, he's a comedian.

HE: That's more than you can say for John Gilbert.

SHE: You're just jealous. John Gilbert's a great lover. A *great* lover! I'm crazy about John—just mad about him. Why don't you grow a mustache?

HE (*indignantly*): Me!

SHE: You'd look cute in a mustache. You know, you'd look kinda like John in a mustache!

HE (*secretly resolving to cultivate a lip growth*): Not me, Baby—I wouldn't wear one of the things.

SHE: Please, Tom—please raise a mustache!

HE: All right, if you insist. Well, let's get going if we're to see that Gilbert picture.

SHE: I sure like the way he kisses. He kisses swell.

HE: The way they slobber over each other in the movies makes me sick. That's the trouble with the movies—too much loving and kissing. That's what I like about Tom Mix.

SHE: I love to see them kiss on the screen—that is, when they're good at it. There was some wonderful kissing in that picture with Conrad Nagel and Dolores Costello.

HE: What one was that?

SHE: I forget the name. Oh, there's the Paramount Theater. Let's stop and go through the lobby. Mabel Jones was through there at lunch and she says there's some hot love scenes.

HE: We'll do it later. We'll have to hurry if we want to get a seat. Oh, look—there's Al Jolson in that talking picture. Let's go see it.

SHE: No, I don't care for talking pictures much.

HE: What's wrong about them?

SHE: They interfere with you when you're talking. Elsie Alsen was telling some of the best scandal about Hollywood at a talkie the other day, and all of a sudden we couldn't hear her, 'cause the players began to talk and we never got to hear the rest of it.

HE: Oh, look—here's Emil Jannings at the Rivoli. Let's go there.

SHE: No; I want to see John Gilbert.

HE: Let's see Jannings to-night and I'll take you to the Gilbert picture to-morrow.

SHE: I want to see John Gilbert.

HE: Oh, all right. (*He parks his car.*) Tell you what, let's toss a coin to see whether we go to see John Gilbert, or Emil Jannings. That's a fair offer.

SHE: All right. I'll take heads.

HE: Tails it is.

SHE: Goody—we go to see John Gilbert!

HE: How do you get that way? I won.

SHE: But you said we'd toss to see whether we'd go to see Emil Jannings and it came tails, didn't you?

HE: Yea—no, nothing of the sort. You've got it all twisted.

SHE: You did too—you're just trying to go back on your word.

HE: Oh, all right then—we'll go see John Gilbert.

Two Hours Later.

SHE (*seated beside him in roadster*): That was a swell picture, wasn't it?

HE: Yeah. What was the name of it?

SHE: I don't remember.

Of course, the newspaper reporters ferreted her out, but she could go serenely along Broadway and Fifth Avenue without recognition. In Los Angeles, however, Clara merely puts on a hat and dark glasses. A hat alone would almost be a disguise for her, even among friends, for she seldom wears a hat. About all she has to do is hide her red, red hair. She is not often seen in public.

Lupe Velez did not fare as well in New York as Clara. She elected to go about with a wide-brimmed hat pulled over her eyes, but wearing no glasses. The first time she went into a Fifth Avenue shop she was recognized. A crowd gathered. Before long Lupe was helped out by an officer, and scolded for appearing in public where persons could gather in mob formation.

"I deed not ask the crowds to gather!" the little Mexican protested. "I want to see the shops an' pretty things, jus' like any other girl. You let me alone, you beeg bool!"

Just the same, she was in trouble repeatedly, and the cops probably heaved a sigh of relief when Lupe headed West.

Goggles or dark glasses are becoming almost a necessary part of the players' wardrobe. John Gilbert uses glasses when on the street. Adolphe Menjou dons them, and makes his disguise still more effective by wearing a cap, and chewing gum!

Laura La Plante stood looking at a billboard in front of a Hollywood theater not long ago, on which her picture was displayed. Her dark glasses were in place. A girl stopped by her side to look at the picture, too.

"My!" she exclaimed, "Laura La Plante is beautiful, isn't she? I wonder if she is as pretty off the screen as on."

"Not so good," Laura replied from behind her blinders.

"Oh, do you know her?"

"I've met her a time or two. Just one of those yellow-haired blondes. Lots of 'em in Hollywood."

She moved away, leaving the girl

still looking at the picture. Apparently she never suspected it was Miss La Plante to whom she was speaking.

Winifred Westover had to wear colored glasses after her separation from William S. Hart, whenever she appeared in public. In their property settlement it was specified that she was not to pose for any picture, either still or moving, until one or the other had sued for and obtained a divorce. From May, 1922, until February, 1927, Winifred dodged cameras. One little snapshot would have cost her \$100,000. This was the amount of the trust fund set aside by Mr. Hart, to be given to her if she kept out of pictures.

A few stars make no changes when they go to public places, but only a few. Norma Talmadge, for instance, goes as she pleases without let or hindrance, recognized occasionally, but not often. She appears as a demure, quiet young woman, never flashily dressed, attending to her business in a matter-of-fact way, attracting scant attention. She does not play for publicity and avoids the limelight.

And then there is "The Great Enigma," one of the most celebrated actresses, who doesn't look off the screen as she does on. She can go to a box office, get tickets, walk down the aisle to her seat, remove her cloak and hat, and sit through a performance, with virtually no one noticing her. The picture being shown on the screen may be hers, but few will suspect the girl to be the one they are watching on the silver sheet. Her face is rather thin, her nostrils delicate. She has a heavy shock of hair; her figure is rather tall; her movements are slow, her carriage lithe. "Who is it?" you ask.

Greta Garbo!

It was noised about Los Angeles, some months ago, that Greta purposed attending the first showing of her picture, "A Woman of Affairs," at a theater on Broadway, the very heart of the theatrical district. A crowd gathered.

Greta came. She quietly edged her

way forward, and passed through the doors, with no one pointing her out. Always the enigma, the mystery girl of Hollywood, the one nobody really knows.

With the masculine stars, concealing identity is easier. A beard, dark glasses, or even a turned-up overcoat collar, usually lets them get by. Ramon Novarro went to Europe a few months ago wearing a Vandyke beard, which successfully camouflaged his features. But to make sure that some old friend would not come up, slap him on the back and exclaim, "'Lo, Ramon! Goin' somewhere?" he resorted to goggles to help out the beard. Aboard the liner on which he sailed, Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco were giving a luncheon before the gangplank was lifted. Ramon walked back and forth on the deck, his solitary figure seen by most of the party, but none recognized him. He smiled contentedly and kept on walking.

Lon Chaney may move leisurely down Broadway in New York, or Broadway in Los Angeles, mingle in any crowd, or dine in any restaurant, without being recognized, save by those who know him well. Harold Lloyd, too, without his horn-rimmed glasses, travels as he pleases without detection. Charlie Chaplin, minus his baggy trousers, enormous shoes, derby, mustache, and trick cane, seldom is recognized by strangers. That wistful, almost pathetic Chaplin of the screen, becomes an alert, sparkling Chaplin when out of character, or among his friends.

So, little Missouri girl, please understand that the stars are not phantoms. You may be amazed to learn that when you visited Hollywood, you passed a dozen, or possibly more stars on the streets, and did not know them. Every one does that. Los Angeles residents see as few of them as do the people of Milwaukee, St. Louis, or Memphis.

They live a life in the colony which, socially, is all their own—one in which strangers cannot intrude.

Don't Worry

The villain's caught the girl at last,
The hero's car is far away,
And he's the one of all the cast
To save the girl—also the play.
Serene I fold my arms and wait,
For I am worried not a bit;
He will get there sure as fate;
The movie men will see to it.

The girl is bound upon the track;
The limited is coming fast;
Of thrills there surely are no lack,
But thrills for me are nearly past.

Although there seems to be no hope,
No earthly way to stop the train,
Don't worry, now—here is the dope,
Some one will throw the switch again.

The old folks lose their home to-day;
The sheriff's waiting at the door;
But what's the use to worry, pray?
We've seen this many times before.
The couple will *not* lose their home;
They'll burn the mortgage up to-day;
The prodigal who far did roam
Is sure to come in time to pay.

BLAINE C. BIGLER.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 63

but serious, fantastic story of marine court-martialed for desertion, and strange story he tells. Alan Hale, Robert Armstrong, Mitchell Lewis, Diane Ellis.

"Scandal"—Universal. Part dialogue. Young wife spends with old flame evening which ends in murder of his faithless wife by secret lover. The gentleman refuses to testify, so Laura La Plante tells all and loses reputation, but only for a while. Rather good in spots. Huntly Gordon, John Boles, Jane Winton, and Eddie Phillips.

"Bridge of San Luis Rey, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Part dialogue. Story of notable novel faithfully brought to screen, with reverence and pictorial beauty. Frustrated, unhappy lives of five characters end with collapse of ancient Peruvian bridge. Lily Damita, Raquel Torres, Duncan Rinaldo, Don Alvarado, Emily Fitzroy, Henry B. Walthall, and Ernest Torrence.

"Desert Song, The"—Warner. All dialogue and singing. First operetta to reach screen, with solos, duets, and choruses of stage representation. Silly story, but no fault of screen's telling of it, but whole thing too long, therefore tedious. John Boles, Carlotta King, Louise Fazenda, Myrna Loy, John Miljan, and Johnny Arthur.

"Not Quite Decent"—Fox. Part dialogue. Hard-boiled night-club queen discovers long-lost daughter as chorus girl listening to temptations of villain, so she exposes serpent to girl in great, big scene of simulated drunkenness and toughness. Theatrical, unconvincing, but tolerably interesting. Louise Dresser, June Collyer, Paul Nicholson, and Allan Lane.

"Donovan Affair, The"—Columbia. All dialogue. Murder mystery involving knifing of villain when lights go out at dinner party, with suspicion subsequently planted on everybody. Mildewed idea, but fairly entertaining. Jack Holt, as blustering police inspector; William Collier, Jr., Virginia Brown Faire, and Ethel Sales.

"Girls Gone Wild"—Fox. Silent. Jazz-mad youth in full blast, with apparent effort. Lively, superficial story of wild virgin in love with traffic policeman's studious son. Sue Carol, Nick Stuart, Leslie Fenton, and John Darrow.

"Desert Nights"—Metro-Goldwyn. Silent. Splendidly supported by Mary Nolan and Ernest Torrence, John Gilbert gives fine performance as manager of diamond mine, who is hoodwinked by pair of crooks and forced to guide them into tropical desert. Nevertheless not a satisfying film.

"Gentlemen of the Press"—Paramount. All dialogue. Searching, rather depressing story of journalistic life and its inescapability once a man has been caught by it. Picture best suited to those with knowledge of subject rather than casual moviegoer. Stage cast includes Walter Huston, Charles Ruggles, Kay Francis, Betty Lawford, and Norman Foster.

"Show Boat"—Universal. Part dialogue. Life aboard a river theater

Continued on page 118

"Marvelous... the freedom with this new sanitary protection"

—says an outdoor girl



Softer gauze,
softer filler to end
chafing.

2—*Corners rounded* and tapered for inconspicuous protection.

3—*Deodorizes*, safely, thoroughly by a patented process.

4—*Adjustable filler* may be changed as your needs change.

5—*It is easily disposed of.*

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Chicago, Ill.

J. R. Hubbart, Resident Manager

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 94

At last she eats mother's pancakes by day and sits at the front table in the club by night, and lo, her applauding leads all the rest. Everybody is left being happy all over the place.

Audrey Ferris, George Duryea, and Mahlon Hamilton are also seen and heard. Miss Lee's rôle, as the most offensive young lady of the season, is the only real characterization. If you are enthusiastic about Sophie Tucker's singing, the plot is of no consequence.

Summer Doldrums.

That most unpredictable star, Richard Barthelmess, appears at low ebb in "Drag." It is an inconsequential film about a young man from nowhere, who comes to a country town to edit a newspaper and who foolishly marries the village ingénue in-

stead of a coworker. His wife has a large and offensive batch of relatives, who dominate her and are a drag on him, especially when he pursues the side line of writing theme songs. Finally he goes to the city his wife having refused to leave her family and there finds both his erstwhile coworker and success as a song writer. When he has "arrived" his in-laws pounce upon him, but he tells them all where they can go, and himself goes to Paris in pursuit of the former newspaper girl.

Dialogue is the rule throughout, none of it well written and all of it delivered self-consciously, particularly by Mr. Barthelmess, Alice Day, and Lila Lee. More natural players are Lucien Littlefield, Tom Dugan, and Katherine Ward.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 103

Come, Pauline Frederick, Bert Lytell, Conway Tearle, and many other excellent players. You have been mistreated too long by a fickle public. You have the brains and ability to portray different characters, and when those qualifications once again become assets in a player, you will be in demand. From now on, brains and ability are going to count.

FRANK W. LEACH.

4 North State Street,
Concord, New Hampshire.

A Question of Locale.

I have no desire to enter into a controversy with J. R. B. of Rouseville, Pennsylvania, but her letter in PICTURE PLAY is so full of misstatements that I am challenged to answer her. Boiled down to cold facts, I am inclined to believe it is merely a question of locale—the difference of opinion between the metropolis and the small town. It is no secret that some of the best box-office bets have little or no standing in the large cities. Tom Mix is an example, and yet Mix has a decidedly pleasant personality and a very definite place on the screen. But not one in a dozen of his pictures is seen on Broadway, nor in first-run houses in the key cities. On the other hand, Garbo, Janings, Negri—the sophisticates—rarely are listed among the ten best sellers in the small centers.

Charles Rogers is a very pleasing juvenile, but that is all he is, and cold figures prove, Rouseville to the contrary, that Rogers is unable to hold up a picture alone in New York or in the principal cities, of which Baltimore is one. "Varsity," "Some One To Love," "Abie's Irish Rose"—none of these pictures were box-office wows in New York. As for the talking sequence in "Varsity," the Baltimore *Sun* said: "The audience burst into laughter when Rogers commenced to speak. No doubt this young actor would find his popularity much greater if he remained discreetly silent." Of course, "Varsity" was a terrible film, but it was at least the sort of thing which Charles Rogers ought

to do. The shape of his head really makes no difference, unless you try to fit the crown of Adonis thereon.

As for Mary Brian being as gifted and accomplished as Talmadge, Negri, or Griffith, that is, of course, more spinach. Mary Brian is one of my foremost favorites; she is a charming and lovely girl, but she certainly isn't a great actress. She may be friendly and sweet, but that isn't greatness. J. R. B. Garbo is a great actress, and Heaven knows I'd never call her friendly or sweet. And Negri is a great actress, despite her career in America. To my mind, Corinne Griffith is the most decorative woman in pictures, and the best thing she has ever done was "Classified."

E. V. W.

P. O. Box 920,
Baltimore, Maryland.

The Marks of a Gentleman.

I cannot let pass the severe criticism of "Holly" of our Gary Cooper. She says that "he was very coolly received by a fan audience, due to his aloof, bored, and unfriendly manner."

Let me say that she sees only one side of the picture, and that through the small end of the telescope—the narrow view. I disagree with those who take the stand that Mr. Cooper is high-hatting every one. There is no finer type of young manhood to-day. Shy and reserved, it is true, but these qualities are seldom found in our present-day young men.

The characters depicted by him on the screen are true to his type—shy, reserved, sincere, dignified—the true markings of a gentleman. The great trouble is that there aren't enough like him. Keep up the good work, Gary. High-hat all you please!

LILLIAN.

P. O. Box 967,
Springfield, Massachusetts.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 33

one else expect of her? At best she was never more than a road company number six version of Marilyn Miller. She looked fairly attractive in 'The Cocoanuts,' except when she was reaching for a high note, or a dramatic scene. But at those crucial moments her eyebrows simply leaped up and down. I dare say a register of their mileage would hang up a new record.

"Helen Morgan is at the studio playing the lead in 'Applause.' She is wearing a blond wig. It sets off her lovely, dark eyes much better than her own hair did. She wasn't photographed very well in that prologue to 'Show Boat.' She is sure to look much better in this. And it really doesn't matter whether she looks well or not, she can always sing, and the rôle is a marvelous one.

"A lot of fat, old burlesque queens are appearing in the picture with her. They are having the time of their lives, reliving their past days of glory. Most of them haven't worked for ages.

"Camilla Horn has just finished a picture for Warners in Brooklyn. She has gone off to Germany. Warners are going to make pictures over there. Mae Murray just left for Hollywood to make 'Peacock Alley' for Tiffany-Stahl. She won all laurels for courage by a speech she made at a press luncheon just before she left. She may not have been the last word as a correct hostess, or a polite guest of honor, but she was a knock-out as a speechmaker."

"What did she say?" I asked.

"Well, she implied that the picture reviewers on the New York newspapers are self-centered, narrow-minded and incompetent," Fanny announced blithely.

"But what did she say?" I repeated, bent on getting the facts.

"Well," Fanny began, as though searching her memory, "she counseled them to look around theaters and concentrate on audience reactions, rather than their own; to realize that life's illusions are few, and that they should not mercilessly tear the veil from people's chief diversion."

"And I'll bet that she said it so softly and prettily that none of them realized they had been hit over the head until they got home."

Mae is like that. She is the sort of person who can say to you, "What a lovely frock that is. The coloring and the lines are so perfect for you, I don't wonder that you wear it all the time," and get away before the full import of her remark hits you.

"Let's go see some pictures," Fanny urged. "And if there are any other Hollywoodians in town, we will probably find them in a theater, wistfully studying the screen for familiar scenes. We could go to see 'She Goes to War' again, but it simply breaks my heart to see Alma Rubens. She gives such a beautiful performance, and it seems so tragic that she will be too ill to make any more pictures for a long time. It is nice, though, that in her last one for some time, she stole the picture from the star.

"Or, we could go to see Myrna Loy, in 'The Squall,' or 'The Black Watch.' I bet she is thrilled to death at being in two Broadway theaters at once. That is, if she ever stops work long enough to hear about it. There's one consolation—even in Hollywood no one sees much of Myrna except on the screen. She is too busy."

And thus comforted, I hurried along.

"Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?"

Where are the plays of yesteryear?

The plays we used to know;
The ones that held a fleeting tear,
Or caused the heart to glow.

Where are the plays we liked so well?

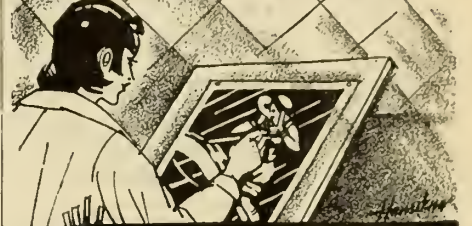
The ones that thrilled and thrilled;
I fear if I should try to tell,
The dope would all be spilled.

The plays of yesteryear are here,
Dressed up in modern clothes;

For like the spring they come each year
Revamped each time, I s'pose.

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Hollywood Draws the Line

Recently Charlie built a spacious residence in Santa Monica, which is presided over by Mrs. Chase, who divides her time between supervising the servants and mothering their two small daughters.

Stan Laurel, too, is a father. His infant girl is his greatest pride.

Stan seldom goes out in the evening and he seldom entertains. When he does the latter, it is in the form of a small party in his own dining room, and the guests include his coworkers, or those who became his friends in his vaudeville days.

Both Charlie and Stan have been approached with contracts that would take them out of the "curtain-raiser" films and star them in full-lengths, but neither would listen.

Charlie Chaplin, Gloria Swanson, the Talmadges, Marie Prevost, Lupe Velez, and many others, used the short comedies as a training ground. It wouldn't be possible to get them to make one to-day.

On the other hand, Raymond Griffith, Raymond Hatton, the Gleasons, and Edward Everett Horton have de-

serted the big time for the two-reelers.

Thelma Todd, erstwhile Boston school-teacher, who began her career with Paramount and served out a long period with First National, has joined forces with Hal Roach for the next five years.

"I didn't know what a good time I was missing," said Thelma, anent her new work.

Estelle Bradley, to my notion is one of the most beautiful blondes in the movies, yet she never has played in a full-sized picture.

Estelle was "Miss Atlanta" in 1924, and won a try-out with Warners, but before she could play her initial rôle for them, she was grabbed up by Educational. She has just completed four years with that company.

A few weeks ago her contract expired and she was offered more money by Fox.

"Your school days are ended," I said to her.

"Not on your life," she replied. "I am going to make two-reelers for my new boss."

I asked Estelle how those who stayed behind in the shorts felt toward those who deserted them for the long attractions.

"There is no feeling of jealousy," she said. "We who go on in the two-reelers are happy to see the others step out for what they consider the field of greater opportunity. As they leave, it moves up the ladder those of us who stay behind."

"Perhaps some day, I too, shall go into features, but it will have to be at a much higher salary. To me, and to many others, the shorts are far more fascinating."

"We make our friends in our own studios. They speak our language. Naturally, they are the people we most enjoy being with. I'd be willing to wager that a party at Lupino Lane's, or Charlie Chase's, or Bobby Vernon's, or Harry Gribbon's, is heaps more fun than one of those formal affairs at Gloria Swanson's, or Mary Pickford's."

Hollywood, it seems, will continue as a two-clique town, so when you're asked the pass word, just answer the question, "What length films?"

Continued from page 26

Little Girl Not in Love

"The Broadway Melody" has brought her things that she never possessed before in such abundance. Comfort, ease, assurance regarding the future. Marriage would almost seem an accessory to a girl who has struggled along by herself so long, and who has at last reached the real peak in her career—the first genuinely golden peak that it has ever been her good fortune to ascend in all her dozen or more years on the screen. Marriage at this time would be foolish, and Bessie, with unflagging zeal and industry—a shrewd, practical and discerning mind in business affairs, not to speak of some years of experience with the fitful romanticisms of Hollywood—can hardly be numbered among those who would be susceptible to the lyrical blandishments of love—except momentarily.

In a professional way, she has, perhaps, had a sort of *Hank*-like career. She has had to fight her own way most of the time. "I don't think, though, that I am like *Hank*," she said. "*Hank* battled most of the time for somebody else, and she had grown hard-boiled in doing it. She had also developed a strong maternal attitude. She had played the tank towns, argued with managers and pushed her beautiful sister into the foreground—her beautiful sister, with beauty and not much else. Moreover she was deeply in love, so deeply in love that her life could never be quite the same

once she had made the sacrifice for her sister's happiness. I do not see myself in any of that.

"Pictures for me have been a struggle. There is no question about that. There were many difficult days in the beginning and at other times. But, after all, I have fared pretty well. My worst misfortune was to get good rôles only in failures most of the time, but there were many good parts given me, and they helped me with the studios. Every time that things didn't look so favorable an 'Eternal Three' or 'Those Who Dance' would come along, and then everything would brighten.

"Would I advise anybody to free lance as I have done so much of the time? Well, I think I would, unless a very good contract were offered. There is one great disadvantage, though, that I felt in my own case. The studios got so in the habit of engaging me by the picture, that they never thought of hiring me in any other way. They always felt that they could get me when they wanted me without trouble, because I would be just finishing a picture at some other studio, and would therefore be available. I think that I hold the long-distance free-lance record, and except for a brief space just before I played 'The Broadway Melody,' when I went out on a personal-appearance tour, I did not seriously suffer for work."

One does feel, however, that Bessie regards her career more than philosophically, because the way was not always been gay.

She started in the old Griffith days, playing the heroine in the Huguenot episode in "Intolerance," as everybody by this time knows, and since then she has appeared in nearly three score films. The names of many haven't meant much to screen history, but at least she was in one spectacular production that lives in memory, namely "The Lost World."

Since her recent big success, her services have naturally been in the greatest demand. She appeared successively as the flapper billing clerk in "The Idle Rich," the title rôle, a small-town actress, in "Eva the Fifth," in the "Hollywood Revue of 1929," and is soon to star in "The Road Show," still another backstage story. The talkies have made her celebrated, and she is now being kept busy all the time—so busy, indeed, that she had to relinquish a trip with her mother to Europe.

My first remembrance of Bessie goes back not to a studio, but to a theater at Venice, California. I was reporting music at the time, and Florencio Constantino, the tenor, was presenting a brand-new opera that had just been written for him. I think there was just one performance.

At all events, Bessie was in the

Continued on page 111

Behind Nick's Smile

Continued from page 55

got inside the gates, I had perhaps half a block to walk. I spent almost two hours going that half block. I was afraid that if I once got out of there, I'd never get back in." He finally worked his nerve up to the point of asking for a job—and got it. His place in the sporting-goods store and with Fox are the only two jobs he has ever had, since his school days.

Inhibited with a deep sense of loneliness, his home life none too happy, it was almost inevitable that he should have fallen in love with Sue Carol, herself bitterly unhappy at the time they met. It is only since knowing Sue that he has found out the meaning of the word "companionship."

The hardships he has gone through have given him a sympathetic understanding of the troubles of others. I learned from one of the men on the Fox lot of a once-famous director who took an idle fancy to Nick, while the latter was still an office boy there. In return for his rather patronizing friendship, Nick nearly wore himself out in his service. Shortly after this, the director and his wife separated. Under the terms of the divorce agreement, she got everything he possessed. In addition, he lost his job. Nick, at the time, was making thirty-five dollars a week. He supported the former director, as well as his own family, an obligation he still assumes.

When I remonstrated with him against his foolhardiness in permitting himself to be imposed upon like that, Nick said, "He can't help it. He can't conceive of himself doing anything but directing. He can't get a job directing, and it seems that it just doesn't occur to him that he could get any other kind of job. If I should flop in a picture, I'd give myself another chance at acting. If I flopped again, I'd know I was no good at acting, and I would get something else to do. I'll never be down and out, because there's something every one of us can do."

He lives with his mother and brother in a little Spanish home which he gave her, along with a car, for a Christmas present. As he puts it, "While I still make only a small salary, as movie salaries go, it is only within the last year or so that I have made anything at all, and have been able to afford any of the things every fellow wants. Because of this, I deny myself nothing. If I see something I want, I get it. Film popularity is a transient thing at best, and I feel that even in indulging myself, I'm broadening.

"When I went to New York to

make 'The News Parade,' I didn't know if I would ever get back there again. Wouldn't it have been foolish to deny myself the advantages New York could offer me, just to save a few dollars?"

It is having had to do without things so long himself, that has made him singularly thoughtful and understanding where others are concerned. He had a radio installed in Sue Carol's bedroom, so that on sleepless nights she could have entertainment without having to go downstairs.

The slush that has been written about the devotion of this couple to each other would fill reams. For my own part, I wondered what attraction he could offer to a girl reared in the lap of luxury. His English is far better than your humble scribe's because it is pure English and, for the most part, unpolluted with slang.

Sensitive to ridicule, afraid of being laughed at, his reserve and diffidence have assumed the proportions of a wall almost impossible of penetration. Inarticulate in the face of emotion of any sort, he is the despair of his publicity department. Years of semisolitude have robbed him of anything resembling small talk, and for fear of being misunderstood or derided, he has learned to say nothing and say it well. In a sympathetic atmosphere he talks freely and interestingly, so interestingly, in fact, that we were two hours late in arriving at a dance.

He neither smokes nor drinks. Not, as he naïvely explains, because of prudery, but simply because he doesn't care for the taste of either. More than strange in the face of the fact that his father formerly owned a brewery.

Off the screen he looks pretty much as he does on it, except that he appears much taller, being close to five feet eleven.

If the picture presented of him is that of a recluse, or a hypocritical saint, it is wholly inaccurate. He is filled with a zest for living, and is entirely normal in every sense of the word. When the script calls for a "typical American boy," the directors ask for Nick Stuart.

Totally unspoiled and natural in the face of success, he is one of the prime favorites around the Fox lot. The men who worked with him at the time he was office boy, assistant camera man and assistant director, are his strongest boosters.

If you want the measure of a man's worth in Hollywood, ask the people who "knew him when."



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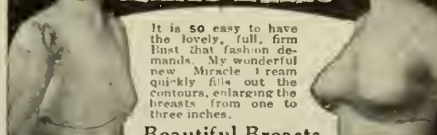
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THE ISLAND WOMAN	Captain A. E. Dingle



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He's Cut Out the Cut-ups

Continued from page 74

"She is the salt of the earth," said Haines, as he returned from escorting Miss Moran to the door. "A wonderful person."

Nearly every one is a "wonderful person" to Bill. For that matter, Bill himself is rather wonderful. He wears his natural personality with an air of diffidence, as if he feels somewhat defenseless without his protective armor of high-powered badinage.

"How is it," I inquired, "that even when you play conceited, rather insufferable characters, you always manage to hold the sympathy of the audience? That is against all the rules of movie heroism."

Bill didn't know. Finally he suggested that it might be because he is very earnest in his work.

"I play every scene for all it is worth," he said. "I play it with all my heart. If I have to strike a man, I try to make myself hate him momentarily. If it is an emotional scene, I swing to the other extreme and put all the feeling possible into it."

"I liked my work in 'A Man's Man' better than anything I have ever done, yet it isn't making a hit. While we were making it, I kept looking at the rushes and I was real pleased with myself—almost got conceited. I'd say to myself, 'Haines, you aren't so bad after all.' Then we previewed it, and it didn't make a hit."

He was clearly puzzled by the reception given his favorite picture. No actor, it seems, ever agrees with the public concerning the merits of his films.

I reminded him of his first starring vehicle, "The Midnight Express," a very good melodrama made about six years ago. Both of us were at the preview, and I recall seeing him in the lobby after it was over, a happy, bright-faced youth with the applause of the audience still ringing in his ears.

"That picture did me a lot of good," he said, "but 'Brown of Harvard' was my first real hit. Since then I have played *Brown* over and over, at West Point, in baseball, in society. I feel that I should have more variety in my rôles, but things don't break that way. In fact, I am scheduled to make a sequel to 'Brown of Harvard.' Sequels usually aren't good, but if this one is put out without a lot of advertising, and left to stand on its own merits, it may get over. I think too much publicity reacts against a picture."

"All my people have come out here from Virginia, and my kid brother is in pictures, too. This boy—he's only

twenty-one—is inclined to hero-worship me, and it embarrasses me a lot. I'm afraid I don't show much judgment in answering his questions. Often he comes to me for advice, and I just can't seem to say the right thing. Usually I answer, 'Oh, do as you like.' Then, an hour or so later I get to thinking it over, and wonder why I didn't give him a helpful answer. I don't know why I feel embarrassed by his attitude toward me, but I do. The other day he said, 'Do you mind if I work for Pathé?' And I told him to do as he liked, instead of saying, 'Take all the work you can get.'"

After luncheon he showed me about his home, which is extremely comfortable and well planned. He is particularly proud of the antique pieces which he has collected, and he has some very nice paintings. There were only one or two photographs in evidence, none at all of Billy himself. His bedroom is furnished in early American pieces, conspicuous among them being a fine, canopied, four-poster bed. He showed me a piece of Renaissance tapestry which was woven in the sixteenth century, and told me something of its history. In the front of the house on the second floor there is a comfortable sitting-room, where we sat and talked for an hour or so.

So this was the former whoopee lad of Hollywood, the small-town boy who has made good in the city. No schooling to speak of after the age of twelve. Years of work and responsibility before attempting a picture career. It seems to me that he has done exceedingly well.

He sat slumped in his chair, a strapping, athletic figure, looking, for some strange reason, exactly like William Haines. His coloring is dark, and when he laughs a half-grown dimple dodges in and out of his left cheek.

Some turn in the conversation caused me to remark that I am often called old-fashioned, an epithet that I have come to regard as a deadly insult.

"I wish some one would call me old-fashioned," said Billy. "I'd consider it a compliment. What gets me is the attitude of these so-called sophisticates. They try to act very superior to conventional people, and never miss a chance to ridicule life as it is lived in small towns and on the farms."

I wondered about the inferiority complex of which he had spoken. It

Continued on page 114

After a Year of Fame

Continued from page 29

His idea of a big date is to have mother call up some of the boys who, with him, used to drive buses in Yellowstone Park during the summer. Mother will serve baked ham and cabbage, and there will be a general wolfing of food and exchanging of reminiscences.

At the present time he is devoted to one girl, Lupe Velez. He is frankly in love with her, she with him. They do not intend to marry one another, because they believe that marriage is incompatible with a career. Theirs is a happy romance that any young couple might have, and they regret the publicity their prominence gives to it. Mother and Pa Cooper admire Lupe and like to tell of the original things she does and says.

Now for some of Gary's opinions. He doesn't believe in speaking ill of any one. "It doesn't help," Gary says, and he lives up to his belief.

He believes in happiness and in his right to it. He leads a sane, decent life and believes that because of this he has the ability to judge between wrong and right.

He likes justified criticism, but accepts it as grudgingly as we all do. Unjustified criticism puts him in a silent mood from which his best judgment soon pulls him.

He has no distorted views about

anything. His only excess—if it could be called that—is a preponderant interest in Sunnyside Ranch.

His worst fault is in not being punctual. And unless Gary is genuinely sorry for his tardiness at an appointment, his apologies are not profuse.

Another fault—which is really not a fault and of which he is unconscious—is his disconcertingly level gaze. It is useless to murmur banal insincerities when he is looking at you. There is never a doubt about what he is thinking.

His ambition is to make a successful dude ranch out of his thousand acres in Montana. He wants to serve his years on the screen, marry, rear a family, and live part of the time on the Montana ranch.

A frequent remark of his is, that if he does not make a success on the screen, he can always go back to Montana and raise sheep.

Now that's the truth about Gary Cooper.

If he has allowed the Hollywood spirit of carelessness and insincerity to influence him, I don't know it. But if this story about him gives that impression—such may be so. For on my honor, I have presented to you the Gary that I know. I hope you like him. I do.



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MARY T. GOLDMAN'S

Little Girl Not in Love

Continued from page 108

show. She played a newsboy. She had vocal ambitions and was studying with Constantino, but she was not so fortunate as to draw a singing rôle in his opera. It was just a walking part.

Bessie was a cute kid then, with long, dark hair, and plaintive, observant eyes. She had just emerged from her first big picture rôle.

Bessie isn't so much different now. She is still a child in a great big world—a little more sophisticated perhaps, but not sophisticated according to the modern rating of the word. She tells, for instance, that she was once not long ago taking lessons in elocution, and reciting Shakespeare as part of the course. The edition which she had studied had not been expurgated, as are most school editions. There were present some naughty words and phrases, and she related that, much to her embarrassment, she had failed to detect one of these while memorizing, and had spoken it. She was promptly handed

a new, expurgated volume of Shakespeare by her teacher. The teacher meanwhile possessed himself of the one that she had purchased for herself.

People have just that sort of protective feeling for Bessie. They are inclined to shield her from the more sordid things of life. Everybody in Hollywood is willing to act as an impromptu chaperon for her on occasion. But their devotion is needless. For Bessie could not only take care of herself, but would probably be safeguarded by a specially appointed guardian angel, or some equally celestial influence, were she ever even slightly to trip on the gilded stairway of fame.

And, mind you, all the while she is a very regular little girl—without any trace of the puritanical or goody-goodness in her make-up. Really a sort of hail-fellow-well-met, for all her five feet and the indisputable femininity of her personality.



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Wanted—a Father

Continued from page 73

and he is quite contrite. As apology, he will leave propped about very misspelled and grubby notes to his "most dearest sweet mother." They are full of his "extreamly compleet love."

Interviews to him are bores. The only successful ones have been obtained by men who did not reveal their mission. He is polite to ladies—brings them chairs, and feels that he has fulfilled his obligations. He says, "They ask me what I like to eat. Well, what difference does it make? I don't like oatmeal, but I have to eat it anyhow."

One fan is a diamond merchant. Maybe he hasn't any little boys; or, perhaps, he is only a boy, just pretending that he is grown up. They enjoy grand, imaginary voyages. He sends odd coins and golden hearts and rusty bronze knives, and his letters, illustrated with pirate sketches, say, "I found these in a treasure chest. They belonged to Captain Kidd."

On a typewriter, the man's gift, Philippe replies with highly diverting accounts of how *he* ran away from Hollywood to lead a band of pirates. One was surreptitiously copied by Miss de Lacy for me.

There was a lot about battles for hidden treasure—"pirate" being practically the only word spelled correctly.

As he grows older, a sense of his aloneness is becoming acute. He regards photographs of Miss de Lacy's brothers, and muses, "Uncles are very nice people. But I do wish I had a picture of my daddy." Only the lack of a father disturbs him.

Between pictures, he is busy in the little theaters. Never has he displayed the slightest nervousness.

"He seems to be so at home in the theater. I do not understand it. I sensed immediately that Philippe belonged, and I didn't," Miss de Lacy said. "He knows many things by instinct, and is impatient with the explanations which a director thinks at first must be necessary."

At about four he constructed a miniature theater, though he had never been to the theater, and could have known of it only vaguely. He made a three-sided house of a packing box, background of bits of silk, and used fringe for a curtain. He placed marbles along the front, and

with a mirror reflected the sun on dolls inside the set. It wasn't a studio, he explained—for he had already worked in the movies—but "a big place where people can come to watch others act. I will make a big one some day, a real one. I make the light with the mirror, so you can see what they think, but in the big one I will have light along the front, where the marbles are."

It sounds incredible, but this gentle little woman of sixty is so quick to characterize as losh other stories of his precocity that when she declares this is true, you believe her.

Curiously, despite his slight training on the boards, seasoned actors accept him as though he were a child of theatrical family. Only there does the woman who is so devoted to him feel outside. She realizes that as his gift develops, this gulf will widen. He is impatient that she cannot grasp his meaning in the way that actors do. That part of him, where abide his sentence and his rare gifts, must always be to an extent closed to her.

"I want nothing from Philippe's career except the joy of knowing that I have trained him right. Much of his salary is invested for him. I nursed for eighteen years before I adopted him; often since, when we were up against it, I went out to work again. I did not put him into the movies to make a fortune, but because they asked for him, and I discovered that his work was developing an ease of expression and teaching him so much.

"I am afraid to rush him, though he could progress more quickly. I want him to enjoy a logical growth, what is natural at each age, and the association with other youngsters. I hope to live to see him of age and settled in his profession; then I shall feel my work is done. No, I am not unselfish. It always annoys me when people say that. It is simply as though he were my own child. He has given me the love I would otherwise have missed."

With such conscientious guidance, it is probable that Philippe will be the exception among child actors, his talent adapting itself to each age, instead of flickering out with the cutie years.

Intelligence Test

Name six girls who do not like John Gilbert. Name one.

Why does a moon painted on a back drop always look like a moon painted on a back drop?

Do you think Vilma Banky is beautiful? If not, when did you have your eyes examined last?

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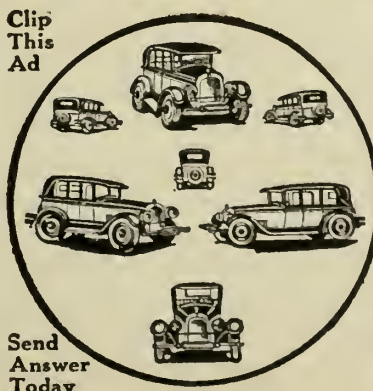
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Blood Will Tell

Continued from page 43

tically nothing at all. He has the manner of a young enthusiast who has a ringside seat at a swell fight. And he is not telling any one who he is betting on, either.

Russell's manner around the studio is that of a young player who is warming up for a football scrimmage. A fleeting impression of a lanky youth in gray flannels and a sweater, and Russell has sped past on his way to the rehearsal hall or his dressing room. "Where you going? What's the hurry?" stops him only long enough to gasp, "Going over to Warners' to make a test. If I get there first I may talk them out of trying any one else. Might get the part. Funnier things than that have happened in the picture business."

But even though Warners wanted him for the rôle, they couldn't have him. Reports from cities where "Strange Cargo" had been shown started trickling back to the studio, and Pathé decided to give him one of the three leading rôles in "The Flying Fool." He doesn't win the girl in the picture, but there will be many persons in the audience who wish that he had.

Russell made his stage début at the age of six months, when he was carried on the stage in "The Heir to the Hoorah." Since then he has appeared from time to time in stock companies where his mother and father were playing. But there were never any regrets when he was shipped back to school at the end of summer vacation. Acting was fun, but so were a lot of other things. He has never been known to let his hair grow long, wear a Barrymore collar, or declaim "I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him" before a mirror.

The Gleasons are one of those genuinely friendly families so rarely encountered in real life. When Russell is dummy in a bridge game he wanders into his grandmother's room for a chat, and the shouts of laughter are so infectious that every one wants to throw the cards away and join them.

It is one of those families where one member is always rushing in to announce jubilantly that he has a present for the others. Jimmy wrote "The Shannons of Broadway" for Lucille, when she couldn't find a rôle that suited her. Lucille wrote a skit when Jimmy was frantically looking for material for their two-reel domestic comedies. On Lucille's birthday Jimmy presented to her a deed to a beautiful home in Beverly Hills. On Jimmy's next birthday Russell plans to give him a swimming pool. It was Lucille's idea to get the boys all decked out in silk hats and send them off to a première, where their entrance almost overshadowed the opening of the picture itself.

When Russell got his first fan mail, which was all of a day after his first picture was released, I threatened to interview him some day. Better people than I have tried and failed, for a Gleason always attracts a friendly crowd. Start lunching with one Gleason and before long you have six or eight people with you, and Russell inherits the family talent for being a good listener.

He wanted to stage the interview in real style in his dressing room. But we no sooner got there, than he was wanted in the rehearsal hall to work on a skit with the junior stock company. And Russell was off learning his part as he ran.

He's Cut Out the Cut-ups

Continued from page 110

is strange but true that self-made men and women usually have this unfortunate mental attitude. Why it should be is a problem for psychoanalysts to solve. It seems reasonable to suppose that wresting success from a hard and mercenary world would give one a feeling of superiority, but this is seldom the case. Some people hide this complex behind a wall of reserve or hauteur; some by a display of opulence. Billy Haines hid his behind a smoke-screen of gayety and seeming irresponsibility.

No one knows what caused him to drop the pose and be his own sensible, likable self. I could have asked him, of course, but why spoil a perfectly nice mystery? Doubtless the strain of it wearied him, or perhaps having achieved a secure position on the screen, he disdained the subterfuge.

At any rate, the deed is done, and Samson has parted with his locks. No more will we hear of Billy's astonishing pranks. He's wearing shock absorbers now.

Should a Wife Pay?

Continued from page 53

"When I say general expenses I mean everything spent for overhead. Our home and our furniture were paid for jointly. We have set apart a fund with which to pay the grocer and butcher, the servants, gas and light, and taxes.

"There is but one item, outside of clothing, that is not included in our joint expenses. That is entertainment outside the home. When Dick wants me to go with him to a theater, he buys the tickets out of his own pocket. If I ask him out to lunch, I settle the check. In this way we feel more free to ask one another to go places.

"Any surplus money belongs to the maker. Dick has his own bank account, I have mine. I never know the amount he has on hand, and he has never asked me about my balance.

"So far the arrangement has proved ideal. Until one of us goes broke it will stand. After that we will make other plans," concluded Jobyna.

Now we'll call on Lilyan.

"As long as I am Mrs. Edmund Lowe, my husband will have to pay the household bills," she declared. "That is man's duty to his wife—and woman's privilege to enjoy.

"Eddie pays all expenses connected with the operation of our home. Bills that I assume for the furtherance of my professional career, I naturally pay myself. I could not expect my husband to pay for my publicity, my agent, and my photographs, all of which are necessary to my work.

"Our only mutual expenditures are in the matter of investments. We buy real estate, stocks and bonds and such things jointly. For instance, the home we live in, and its furnishings, were paid for by both, and belongs equally to each of us.

"The only item on which we differ from those married couples where the husbands pay for everything is in the matter of clothes. I pay for my own, but I consider that a personal matter. Were I attending strictly to the task of being a wife, I would expect Eddie to stand this expense along with the others. But so long as I have a career of my own,

I consider it only fair that I pay the modiste.

"When I give a theater or opera party, as I frequently do, I pay for the tickets, unless it happens to be an affair that is for both of us. Then my husband pays. But so often I must entertain visiting people who are professionally good to know, that I would consider it unfair to throw this expense upon Eddie's shoulders."

Other movie homes that are operated on a split-the-cost-even basis include those of Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, Colleen Moore and John McCormick, Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco, Laura La Plante and William Seiter, Billie Dove and Irvin Willat, Mary Astor and Kenneth Hawks, Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque, Mabel Normand and Lew Cody, Gloria Swanson and the marquis, Evelyn Brent and Harry Edwards, Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders, Louise Fazenda and Hal Wallis, Marian Douglas and Al Rogell, Belle Bennett and Fred Windemere, James and Lucille Gleason, Nancy Carroll and Jack Kirkland, Rita Carewe and Leroy Mason, Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor, Gertrude Olmsted and Robert Leonard, Edna Murphy and Mervyn Leroy, Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes, Vera and Ralph Lewis, Lina Basquette and Peverel Marley.

Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills each contribute to the support of their Brentwood home, but not in equal amounts.

"We threshed that out before we married," said Doris. "Milton insisted upon paying it all, but why should he as long as I, too, am earning money?

"We settled it by compromising, with Milton paying two thirds and I contributing one third. I thought that was fair enough, for Milton's income is much larger than mine."

Should Bill Shakespeare return to earth, he probably would pat himself on the back and remark, "I'm as good as elected. The majority of the beautiful ladies of Hollywood have endorsed my platform."

At that, Bill might make a pretty good mayor!

Ask Me Another

Why do actresses cultivate long fingernails? On the Chinese theory that aristocrats don't have to work.

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How does Gloria Swanson usually spend her vacation? Lavishly.

Did Richard Barthelmess use a double in "Weary River"? Dunt esk.

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Laughing It Off

Continued from page 46

"That was on a Saturday," Charlie added, warming to the subject of reminiscence. "By then I had only *two* dollars left, and I wouldn't be paid until the next Wednesday! When that day came, I was the first off the set and the last back from lunch."

Because of his good work Charlie was placed under contract. Then his father and mother and brother came out to Hollywood.

"My dad's my manager," he explained, adding with filial enthusiasm, "We are like two pals rather than father and son."

But as devoted to his parents as he is, Mr. Morton lives apart from them. I voiced surprise at this. But he assured me that he likes to live alone, and that he sees his parents every day. He likes to get away from Hollywood, too, and the insincerity of the movie people.

The thing which worries him most is the way he is pestered. Young girls just won't let him alone. They hound the life out of him. That gets on a chap's nerves—especially a home-loving boy, as Charlie explains he is.

Deciding to buy a pair of suede shoes, Mr. Morton offered to return to Hollywood with me.

"Come and see the rest of the apartment before you go," he said.

In an alcove, over the fireplace of the living-room, hung a copy of an old French print. "The Music Master" was its name, but the handsome teacher was instructing his fair pupil in something obviously not music.

Said Mr. Morton, "When I came here they had another picture there—a religious subject. I took it down and put that in its place."

The hillside apartment has been rented to various young actors. The

landlord has furnished the place accordingly.

Sympathetically, I took one room to be the dark place where Charlie had nursed his hurt eye. But it was nothing of the kind. It is always dark. Deep-black hangings obscure all light. In one corner was a low ottoman. Near by was what seemed like a lady's dressing table. The lights, when turned on, glowed a dull red amid the black-and-gold setting. A depressing retreat—full of dark suggestions.

Charlie jokingly called it the "yes-room." In the shadows Boris smiled knowingly in true Russian fashion. Almost blushing, I stepped out, hoping I was wrong in thinking I was right.

Speeding down to Hollywood, Charlie held out his right wrist to me. On it was a steel bracelet of weird design.

"Know what this is made from?" he asked.

"A wire puzzle," I promptly replied.

"Say, no,"—this in a hurt tone—"it's a horse's bit. Keen, isn't it?"

Anyway, Charles Morton is a nice chap. You'd like him. Credit must be given him for his sense of humor. Any trouble is merely another knock to Charlie, to be laughed away. I have an idea that he is likely to get more knocks—particularly if he remains in his strange, hillside apartment, with its gilded, multicolored walls, and that terribly dark room, with the black-and-gold-covered ottoman.

But if Charlie did not live up to my expectations as to what a smiling, breezy youth should be like, you must overlook the lapse and remember that real tears came into his eyes when, in "Four Sons," Margaret Mann blessed him!

Her House in Order

Continued from page 34

"All this talk," Margaret claims, "about the movies being one continual battleground seems awfully overrated to me. In the years that I have worked in pictures, I've never had a disagreement or unpleasantness with any concern. It's just like any other business. If you deal fairly, and with a certain amount of courage, you receive like treatment in return.

"I have never felt inclined to treat picture work as a lark. When you earn a salary, that means you have

a job. And any job requires care and study and application. I make it a point always to be punctual, to have my make-up as it should be, to have my costumes carefully planned, to understand the script. Such things strike me as very important details, so I've never neglected them."

With the unflagging vitality inherited from her Swedish mother, Margaret welcomes the added work which the advent of talkies entails. She welcomes, rather than resents, the new competition with stage players.

whom she reveres for their superior technique and knowledge.

To the cynics who don't admit a reward for taking pains, one can point out Margaret Livingston as a most satisfactory example to the contrary. Her success has been less haphazard than that of other players.

Just as painstakingly as a broker builds up a prosperous business, so has she molded her career. Yet, although her own energy has brought it about, she is one of the few players who will admit their partial dependence on the other elements necessary to picture making. If you peruse reviews of current pictures, you will be aware that Margaret Livingston has never received an unfavorable notice. Which pleases, but does not unduly excite her.

"It is foolish to overestimate the importance of the actor. We work hard and to the best of our ability, which is what we are getting paid for. But, should a performance turn out well, it isn't the actor's personal

and private triumph. We are only cogs in a tremendous machine, and back of every actor's performance is the aid of forty other people, without whom there would be no picture at all. The producer, the director, the scenarist, the camera man, the press agent, the cutter, the electrician, et cetera, are all just as vitally necessary as we are. The fact that we are the ones exploited is no excuse for getting delusions of glory."

Her strange, undeniably lovely face may be known to several countries, her copious mail may bring adulation from near and far, her position in life may give off an aura of glamour, but these adjuncts to success she discounts, except for recognizing them as part of her business. Principally she is a girl who has not won, but earned fortune, and accepts the result of her endeavor for exactly what it is worth. Which is financial security, means to take care of her responsibilities, and a job in which she is completely interested and happy.

Orchids and Hayseed

Continued from page 83

with gossip. "They say—Clara Bow—buzz, buzz, buzz—absolutely!—and Jack Gilbert—sure, I heard it from a fellow that used to know his chauffeur—" There are more preposterous fabrications going the rounds than on either Broadway or Main Street.

Like all small towns, Hollywood throws people together who would much rather remain apart. It lacks the big-city possibility of choosing one's friends and letting the rest of the world go hang. Mutual dislikes are often buried behind insincere smiles and words of friendship and endearment, as in the village sewing circle. Petty jealousies and narrow outlooks are not uncommon. But there is also, in certain quarters, a small-town concern in the welfare of one's neighbor.

Hollywood is strangely tolerant and intolerant of various persons, modes of conduct, and ideas. In many ways it is a paragon of sophisticated, metropolitan outlook. It accepts people from every corner of the globe, people from every race, from every nation. Christian, Jew, Mohammedan, Confucian, and atheist live side by side without resentment. Every belief, every fad, from voodooism to numerology, has its adherents. And the town is far from narrow morally. Like every great metropolis, it harbors swindlers, blackmailers, killers, racketeers, and transgressors of all sorts. One can be almost any-

thing, believe almost anything, and find congenial company.

But, strangely enough, in the face of this metropolitan trend, Hollywood has set up certain codes and taboos of the narrowest gauge, and its denizens ignore them at their own peril.

One of the laws of Hollywood is, "Thou shalt not go thy own way," the first law of village life. Such stars as Carol Dempster and Mary Philbin have been bitterly criticized and hindered in their careers, merely because they prefer to go with their own little circles of friends, instead of adopting the insincere Hollywood pose that they are everybody's pets. Greta Garbo has been criticized for her aloof seclusion, as has Lillian Gish. The late Fred Thomson was frowned upon by some film people, because he didn't enjoy following the crowds to the show places. Mary Pickford is looked upon as high-hat, because she prefers not to attend the weekly prize fights which are frequented by the picture colony almost *en masse*. The small town has always enforced social conformity. To be different from the crowd is the unforgivable sin in Hollywood.

The people, the customs, and the ideas of Main Street and Broadway are bubbling in the Hollywood melting pot. Will the strange mixture at last blend, forming something new and distinctive? It is an interesting experiment.

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Dice of Destiny

act? She did. Jimmy came home. Love at first sight. Marriage, a son now in the movies, and twenty-odd years of successful theatrical work together.

Frank Borzage happened to stroll onto the "Return of Peter Grimm" set during the wedding scene. A delicate bit of acting there caused him to select Janet Gaynor to be *Diane*, in "Seventh Heaven."

For Dorothy Mackaill the evening on which Marshall Neilan attended the "Follies" was a significant one. For he saw her and signed her.

Joan Crawford does not regret the evening when Harry Rapp, a studio executive, saw her dancing at the Winter Garden, nor was that performance of the musical comedy, "All for You," when Chaplin was in the audience, a waste for Merna Kennedy. Being seen by Charlie made one particular prizefight a momentous occasion in Virginia Cherrill's life.

Adolphe Menjou considers a dinner in a Hollywood restaurant with his doctor the most important hour for him. The medico introduced him to Chaplin. You know what "A Woman of Paris" did for Menjou.

Chance remarks dropped by a director and his wife, when Raquel Torres was an usherette at the Chinese Theater, to the effect that she was winsome and looked like picture material, gave her courage to try extra work.

As Dorothy Dwan and her mother were strolling down the boardwalk in Atlantic City, they met a girlhood friend of her mother, then sales manager at the Universal foreign office. Commenting upon Dorothy's beauty,

he suggested Hollywood and later wrote a letter of introduction to the studio manager. Thus Dorothy became an actress.

Hoot Gibson used to risk his life for twenty-five dollars a risk, doubling for Western stars. One day the star was injured in an automobile accident. The schedule required the immediate completion of the picture. "If you can double for him, you can act for him," the director said to Hoot. And Hoot hasn't doubled for another star since.

When Mary Pickford knocked on the door of the old Biograph studio, it was the most important hour of her life, though she didn't know it.

Marian Nixon's biggest moment probably was that when her parents withdrew objections to her dancing.

The signing for her first rôle was a great event for June Collyer, but the most influential moment was that when, as a lark, she accompanied a friend to a studio, was seen, and offered a test.

The decision to give up her stage career for the movies was Helen Twelvetrees' most important moment; stopping to watch a movie company at work outside Hartford, Connecticut, was Richard Barthelmess'; and William Brady's offer of three hundred and fifty dollars a week to play in "The Pit" for the films was Milton Sills'.

Monte Blue, after a checkered career as soldier of fortune, was being paid to dig ditches at the Triangle studio. He was a radical, and was expounding his theories when Griffith drifted along. He listened to the harangue, amused, and engaged Monte to stir up a group of extras.

A great day for Clara Bow was that when her father persuaded her to have a picture taken to enter in a beauty contest. She gave up a Saturday afternoon movie and resented it—until notified that she had won.

One rainy hour was important to Gary Cooper. He waited for the weather to clear before making his usual rounds of the studios, looking for the extra work that was all too scarce. The phone rang. He was ordered to report for "The Winning of Barbara Worth." This small rôle proved his overture to fame. Later he learned that the casting director had called several Western actors that day, and all were out. If Gary hadn't been in—

Losing contracts seems to have been effective in Estelle Taylor's progress. Fox, at the time she was on that studio's pay roll, wanted her to do *The Queen of Sheba*. Estelle, then frightfully prim and particular, objected to the costume—or rather, to its brevity. Being unconvinced that the beads would hold, she demurred, thereby letting her contract be canceled. Just in time, however, to play in "The Ten Commandments," a picture of far greater prestige. Because of her inability to swim, or to learn the aquatic art, she lost a glamorous rôle in "The Golden Bed." But had she been thus engaged she would have been unable to portray *Mary, Queen of Scots*, in "Dorothy Vernon," which led to *Lucresia Borgia*, in "Don Juan." And that was the rôle which finally and emphatically established Estelle.

Just such incidents were the seeds from which many brilliant stellar careers grew.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 105

traced on a wide canvas. Stirring musical accompaniment, but well-known story does not gain in film version. Laura La Plante, Joseph Schildkraut, Emily Fitzroy, Alma Rubens good.

"**Hole in the Wall, The**"—Paramount. All dialogue. Claudette Colbert, recruited from the stage, speaks beautifully in melodrama in which a kidnapping figures. Spiritualists and séances introduced. Edward G. Robinson, Alan Brooks, David Newell, Louise Closser Hale, all from the stage.

"**Wild Party, The**"—All dialogue. Clara Bow's first talkie, set in a moviesque college. A prank of the peppy girls, headed by Clara, shows how life is not in institutions of higher learning. Fredric March, Shirley O'Hara, Joyce Compton.

"**His Captive Woman**"—First National. Part dialogue. Dorothy Mackaill at her best, opposite Milton Sills. Silent episodes on charming island, where love blossoms. Murder

trial with surprising sentence. Beautiful photography, excellent acting.

"**Through Different Eyes**"—Fox. All dialogue. Courtroom drama uniquely developed in three episodes, ending with happy reunion of man and wife. Mary Duncan, Warner Baxter, Edmund Lowe.

"**Christina**"—Fox. Silent. Quaint, pretty, though sirupy picture, with Janet Gaynor as Dutch girl, and Charles Morton her circus sweetheart. Troubled love, but certain to turn out right from the first. Rudolph Schildkraut, Lucy Dorraine.

"**Shakedown, The**"—Universal. All dialogue. Prize-fight film in which James Murray gives a fine performance. Story has unexpected touches, and befriended lad, Jack Hanlon, causes a reformation. Barbara Kent, Wheeler Oakman, Harry Gribbon.

"**Godless Girl, The**"—Pathé. Part dialogue. A strangely unreal attempt to be realistic about school and reformatory life, with marks of good di-

rection distorted. Lina Basquette, George Duryea, Eddie Quillan, Noah Beery, Mary Jane Irving.

"**This Is Heaven**"—United Artists. Part dialogue. Your old friend, the story of the waitress who falls in love with a chauffeur—and he's a millionaire! Vilma Banky shorn of pretty costumes. James Hall, Fritz Ridgeway, Lucien Littlefield, Richard Tucker.

"**Speakeasy**"—Fox. Melodrama, in dialogue, of newspaper office, the ring, and fringe of underworld. Has interest, but weak in thrills. Noises of New York caught. Two newcomers, Paul Page and Lola Lane, in leads. H. B. Walthall, Helen Ware, Sharon Lynn.

"**Lady of the Pavements**"—United Artists. Old screen friends in new trappings, but familiar situations. A haughty countess, Jetta Goudal, spurned by her fiancé, counters by making him fall in love with a café girl, Lupe Velez, picked up and made a lady overnight. The affair gets out of hand, the girl flees, and the lover

follows, William Boyd is the man. Lupe sings and sings.

"Sonny Boy"—Warner. David Lee, of "The Singing Fool," in his own picture, which has appeal if you like infant stars. He is the son of estranged parents, and lisps prayers and the like. A kidnaping plot brings things to a simmer. Betty Bronson and Edward Everett Horton.

"Noah's Ark"—Warner. A spectacle of more eye than ear interest, unsurpassed in its Deluge scene. Modern sequences culminating in a hopeless tangle in the World War, which fades to the biblical sequences, where the same characters appear. George O'Brien, Dolores Costello, Guinn Williams, Noah Beery.

"River, The"—Fox. Romantic, poetic and slow picture of siren's untiring effort to win an innocent country boy, who doesn't know what it's all about. Magnificent backgrounds of forest and stream and best acting of Charles Farrell's career. Mary Duncan unusual as persevering siren finally sublimated by love.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS

"Three Passions"—United Artists. Silent. Old-fashioned, cumbersome story of idealistic son of rich factory owner, who renounces luxury to do settlement work in slums, but is brought to senses by lure of Alice Terry. Ivan

Petrovitch, Gerald Fielding, and Shayle Gardner.

"Dangerous Woman, A"—Paramount. All dialogue. Forced, unconvincing tale of Englishman in Africa, whose Russian wife drives his young assistants to suicide by fatal fascination. Brother of husband caught in toils, but situation saved by snake which kills wife. Clive Brook, Baclanova, Neil Hamilton, and Leslie Fenton.

"Eternal Love"—United Artists. Silent. Handsome, richly detailed backgrounds of Swiss Alps, but absurd, unreal story, with John Barrymore as artificial as wedding-cake ornament. He and Camilla Horn married to separate partners, pine for most of picture until they end it all with help of avalanche. Victor Varconi and Mona Riano.

"Squall, The"—First National. All dialogue. Some of poorest performances so far seen in audible pictures, but Myrna Loy holds her own in ridiculous story of gypsy siren who sets entire household at sixes and sevens with sex appeal. Alice Joyce, Carroll Nye, Loretta Young, Zasu Pitts, and Richard Tucker.

"Syncopation"—Pathé. All dialogue. Combination of song and speech and jazz band which takes the honors, if any. A dancer deserts her husband, the new man refuses a wedding ring, and she goes back to hubby, who has been pining away. Barbara Bennett, Bobby Watson, Morton Downey.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

wyn; Lily Damita, United Artists. Fredric March is with Paramount; try Shirley O'Hara and Nora Lane there also; Jean Lorraine is—or has been—with Fox. The other players you ask about are too obscure for me to have any record of them, except Joyce Compton, who free lances. Addresses are listed at the end of The Oracle.

ELAINE IVERSON.—Yes, indeed, I'll keep a record of your Eddie Nugent club, and I'll be glad to become an honorary member—if I don't have to write any more letters. Eddie was born in New York, and is the son of Edward Nugent, a stage manager. He acted in his father's stock company after attending Thomas Edison and Holy Cross schools. He worked in Sid Grauman prologues and was a stunt man. He started at the M.-G.-M. studios as laborer and then became a gag man, until he was given a comedy rôle in "Our Dancing Daughters."

JACK JENNISON.—Your guess is all wrong, Jack! Mary Pickford did her own talking in "Coquette." She was on the stage as a child, you know. So Sophie Tucker now has scarlet finger nails! Well, red is a danger signal; does that make her a dangerous woman? Yes, Paramount records Buddy Rogers' own voice, and it's said to come over very nicely. I haven't heard him in a talker as yet. Perhaps he had stage fright when you saw him on the stage.

LILLIAN READ.—You write, too, I see. Yes, Thomas Haines played the lead in "The Beauty Shoppers." I hadn't heard of him before nor since, and can't explain the resemblance you noticed between him and Nick Stuart. Nick is

twenty-three. He has been working quite a while in "Chasing Through Europe," which is, I believe, being made as a talker. Ramon Novarro sings in "The Pagan," but there is no dialogue. Yes, Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez are in love, but say they will not marry. Molly O'Day was unable to get slim enough to return to the screen. Colleen Moore is twenty-seven. Her latest film is "Smiling Irish Eyes." George Lewis recently played in a feature film, "College Spirit." He has played in many other features as well—"Jazz Mad," "Devil's Island," "Thirteen Washington Square," "Give and Take," "We Americans," "Honeymoon Flats," "Crooks Can't Win."

EDNA BOOTHWAY, 91 Pear Tree Road, Derby, England, would like to hear from other foreign readers of PICTURE PLAY. So you met Walter Byron when he was Walter Butler? Many fans envy you, I'm sure. Walter was born in Leicester, England, in 1901—he doesn't give the month. His real name is Byron, which he changed to Butler when he went on the stage in England. Samuel Goldwyn rechanged it to Byron. Greta Garbo was born in Stockholm in 1906 and entered pictures in 1922, through Mauritz Stiller, who picked her out from the members of a dramatic school for a rôle in a picture. Bebe Daniels was born on January 14, 1901; Richard Arlen, September 1, 1899; Ralph Forbes, September 30, 1901. Jobyna Ralston doesn't say when. If you wish to subscribe to PICTURE PLAY, get an international money order from your local post office for three dollars and twenty-two cents and send to this office. It's very simple.

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PLUM PUDDING.—Well, I'd rather be plum pudding than plumb crazy. Anna Q. Nilsson's middle name is Querentia, for no reason that I know of. I suppose the X. in Francis X. Bushman stands for Xavier, after St. Francis Xavier. No, I don't know of any Finnish screen players. Greta Garbo is back at the M.-G.-M. studio, from which you can get her photo. Nils Asther is also there. It's Lars Hanson who returned to Sweden and stayed there.

A FANNIE BRICE FAN.—I'll bet you don't usually read this department, or you'd know that you can't get answers in the "next issue." Fannie Brice's film contract called for only the one picture, "My Man." She was born in New York in 1894 and christened Fanny Borach. She's about five feet eight, I think. She recently married Billy Rose, song writer, her third husband, and has two children.

A VERY ARDENT ARLEN FAN AND CHAPEL HILL, N. C.—What is this, Dick Arlen week? I'm answering you together to avoid repetition. He was born in Charlottesville, Virginia, September 1, 1899. He is five feet ten and weighs one hundred and sixty. Blue eyes, brown hair, and married to Jobyna Ralston.

AUBREY GURGANUS would like to hear from any Dick Arlen and John Mack Brown fans. Address him care of the Methodist Church, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

L. M. C.—Colleen Moore's leading man in "Ella Cinders" and "Irene" was Lloyd Hughes. Clara Bow and Donald Keith had the leads in "My Lady of Whims"; Nazimova and Richard Barthelmess in "War Brides." "The Snob" had John Gilbert in the title rôle, supported by Norma Shearer, Phyllis Haver, Conrad Nagel, Hedda Hopper, Edward—now Edmund—Burns played opposite Gloria in "The Humming Bird." I don't know the exact dates, but "Way Down East" and "The Kid" were both released about 1920.

ONLY ME.—I don't know that Audrey Ferris should be too flattered at your statements that you have a "temporary" crush on her. She was born in Detroit, August 30, 1909, and educated in Los Angeles. She specialized in music, literature, and art; she sang, danced, and played the violin and won a large collection of dancing trophies. She is five feet two, weighs one hundred and three. Brown eyes and auburn hair. No, she is not married. She doesn't give her home address. Her films include "Beware of Bachelors," "Women They Talk About," "Little Wildcat," "Fancy Baggage," "Powder My Back," and a dozen others. I don't know about the length of her Warner contract, but probably, as with most screen newcomers, there's an option at the end of every six months.

J. M. A. A.—So that means "Jetta's most ardent admirer." Well, I think you're right; she probably needs them these days! Since her quarrel with DeMille she has played in two films, "Her Cardboard Lover" and "Lady of the Pavements." But she isn't cast for anything at present, so far as I know, and I fear her screen appearances may be infrequent in future. I doubt her success in talkies, but I have seen no mention of any voice tests for her. I'll tell the editor you would like to see her photograph in PICTURE PLAY, but, of course, when she isn't working no one sends us any new pictures to publish. Kenneth Thomson was born in Pittsburgh, January 7, 1899, and finished school there at the Carnegie Institute of Technology. He was on the New

York stage for six years and entered pictures in April, 1926. He is married to Alden Gay, the actress. Rod La Rocque's playing opposite Billie Dove means that Rod is free-lancing, since DeMille, to whom he was under contract, stopped being his own producer.

CLARA BOW'S FRIEND.—And she has plenty! I believe Clara is an only child; her mother is dead and her father lives with her. Yes, she has a secretary; in fact, the girl Mr. Bow recently married was formerly Clara's secretary. No, I shouldn't call Clara a quiet girl. She doesn't give her home address. And I can't answer questions about stars' religious beliefs—there's too much dynamite in that subject.

FLORENCE FREEMAN.—If you read this department every month, how come you didn't know that I had to discontinue announcing new fan clubs, because they didn't leave space enough to answer questions? However, I'll keep a record of your Davey Lee club and refer his admirers to you.

INQUISITIVE JO.—That's a good description of you, too! Wow, what a lot of questions! Some of them are answered elsewhere in this department. There was a story about Bebe Daniels in PICTURE PLAY for June, 1928; watch for another soon. She and Ben Lyon will probably be married by the time this gets into print. Bebe is five feet three. Alice White was born a blonde, twenty-two years ago. Jack Mulhall was her hero in "Naughty Baby." No, Josephine Dunn is not playing opposite Bill Haines in any picture now being made. Nancy Carroll is twenty-two. She is five feet three and has auburn hair. John Mack Brown was Mary's leading man in "Coquette." Mary is thirty-six years old. Philippe de Lacy is twelve. Ruth Taylor is not making pictures just now; her contract was not renewed. No, she isn't married. She is twenty-one. Anita Page has been in pictures two years. She is nearly nineteen. Louise Brooks is making pictures in Europe just now. Leslie Fenton is twenty-six. Arthur Lake plays in more short films than in features.

"ALIBI" ADMIRER.—You're right; Chester Morris is new to the screen. "Alibi" was his first film. He is a stage discovery of Al Woods, for whom he appeared in "Crime" and various other underworld dramas staged by Mr. Woods. I'm sorry I don't yet know his life history. He is under contract to Roland West, an independent producer, who made "Alibi."

ALICE POWELL.—So David Rollins goes over big with you? He was born in Kansas City, Missouri, September 2, 1910. He is five feet ten and a half, weighs one hundred and thirty-five, with blue eyes, and black hair. Nope, not married. He now has two fan clubs—Bella Jaffe, 1110 Bushkill Street, Easton, Pennsylvania; and John Allen, 230 Pine Avenue, McKeesport, Pennsylvania.

PEGGY.—Now, Peggy, I can't tell you about stars' religions; some of them object. Buddy Rogers was born in Olathe, Kansas, August 13, 1904. Nancy Carroll, born in New York, November 19, 1906. Height, five feet three; weight, one hundred and sixteen; blue eyes, auburn hair. Mary Brian, born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17, 1908. Five feet two; weight, one hundred and five. Anita Page, born in Murray Hill, Flushing, Long Island, August 4, 1910. Height, five feet two—she says—weight, one hundred and eighty. Clara Bow, born in Brooklyn, July 29, 1905. Height, five feet three and a

half; weight, one hundred and fifteen. As to which of these stars drink and smoke—now, now, I'd never tell tales out of school! Stars get so much fan mail, it requires the entire time of a secretary to handle it—so how could they do it themselves and make pictures at the same time? And they almost never give their home addresses.

GEORGES MALDEN.—So you like Joe Bennett? Mascot, who made the serial, "Vultures of the Sea," doesn't have a studio of its own—many small companies rent studios for each film—but perhaps you can reach Joe Bennett through his business representatives, Guy Coburn and Abe Levine, Hollywood. Henry Stuart baffles me; his name is not mentioned in my directory, and Alfa has no studio. "The Lady From Paris" was a foreign film; Gibson Thane played the prince.

EDNA BOOTHWAY.—Two answers in one issue! A quickie is a film made in from ten days to two weeks. A pot boiler is any mediocre product—in writing, movies or anything else—that is made solely to earn money, and with no claim to distinction. I rather think the old Marguerite Clark picture you describe was "Snow-white." Yes, Paramount sends out photos of its players, and charges ten to twenty-five cents, according to size. "Mike" is short for microphone. Sorry PICTURE PLAY is late in getting to England.

WINIFRED S. BUNN.—Thanks for the information that "The Greater Glory" was the film in which Conway Tearle, as a nobleman, came home from the war and found his sweetheart the head of a gambling den.

DIMPLES.—That's one of the hardest questions I am called upon to answer, "Have I a chance of getting into the movies?" Because, of course, the answer is usually "No." Pretty girls are a drug on the market in Hollywood, and not more than, say, one in ten thousand gets anywhere on the screen. The recipe for success is looks, luck, and an extraordinary personality. And money to live on for months or years until one gets a foothold! Nils Asther was born January 17, 1902. He's with Metro-Goldwyn. William Haines really has the same wise-cracking manner that he appears to have on the screen.

BOBA.—The story about Louise Brooks to which you refer was published in PICTURE PLAY for August, 1926. Unfortunately, this is out of print.

MISS INQUISITIVE.—I'll see that you don't miss this time. The Helen Ferguson Friendship Club has headquarters with Miss Julia David, 62 West Dedham Street, Boston. Helen is married to William Russell and lives in Hollywood; she hasn't appeared on the screen for more than a year.

INTERESTED.—Loretta Young—and that's her real name—was born in 1912. She is five feet three and one half and weighs one hundred. Write her at First National.

HARD LOSERS.—Well, you're going to be a hard loser this time! Dorothy Davenport Reid is most certainly not the daughter of Theodore Roberts. Who started that one?

MARION GAYL.—The Paramount school lasted only for one class, which was launched early in 1926. Charles Rogers, Roland Drew, Josephine Dunn, Thelma Todd, and Jack Luden are its successful graduates. But the school no longer exists.

Addresses of Players

Richard Arlen, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Warner Oland, Ruth Chatterton, Florence Vidor, Clara Bow, Chester Conklin, Clive Brook, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, Gary Cooper, James Hall, William Powell, Evelyn Brent, Doris Hill, Nancy Carroll, Jean Arthur, Olga Baclanova, at Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

Greta Garbo, Leila Hyams, Bessie Love, Edward Nugent, Gwen Lee, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Renée Adorée, Marion Davies, Eleanor Boardman, Karl Dane, Dorothy Sebastian, Lionel Barrymore, James Murray, Charles King, Raymond Hackett, Wallace Beery, Raquel Torres, George K. Arthur, Joan Crawford, Nils Asther, Conrad Nagel, Josephine Dunn, Anita Page, Buster Keaton, John Mack Brown, Lewis Stone, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Chester Morris, Gilbert Roland, Don Alvarado, Lupe Velez, and John Barrymore, Dolores del Rio, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Doris Kenyon, Milton Sills, Billie Dove, Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Mackaill, Corinne Griffith, Alice White, Ian Keith, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Eddie Phillips, Barbara Kent, Barbara Worth, Glenn Tryon, George Lewis, Dorothy Gulliver, Fred Mc Kaye, Ken Maynard, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Robert Armstrong, Alan Hale, Jeanette Loff, Carol Lombard, and Junior Coghlan, Russell Gleason, at the Pathé Studio, Culver City, California.

George O'Brien, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, Janet Gaynor, Richard Walling, Barry Norton, Charles Farrell, Madge Bellamy, Victor McLaglen, Lois Moran, Nick Stuart, Sally Phipps, Frank Albertson, Farrell MacDonald, Charles Morton, Sammy Cohen, Lola Lane, Paul Page, Helen Twelvetrees, Louise Dresser, David Rollins, Marjorie Beebe, Sue Carol, June Collyer, Warner Baxter, Sharon Lynn, and Mary Duncan, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Andrey Ferris, Dolores Costello, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, Edna Murphy, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Sally Blane, Hugh Trevor, Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Olive Borden, at the RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Allene Ray, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 6356 La Mirada Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California.

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Guessing Games

THEY were a lot of fun when we were youngsters, those guessing games. Guess who this is! Guess the number of beans in the pot! Guess how long the pendulum will swing! Sometimes we came pretty close to the right answer. Sometimes we were a long way off. Whichever we were, we all had a good time, and the worst guesser got as much of the evening's refreshments as the best.

How far away those guessing games seem now! And how they have lost their appeal. Perhaps it's because we learned, as we grew older, that to *know* is better than to *guess*. Guess which is the best package on the grocer's shelf! Guess which bolt of cloth is pure wool! Guess which talking machine will give us most satisfaction! No, guessing for those things wasn't so much fun. We wanted to be certain. And that was one of the reasons we turned to advertising.

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A touch of "MAYBELLINE" works beauty wonders. Even light, scant eyelashes are made to appear naturally dark, long and luxurious. All the hidden loveliness of your eyes, their brilliance, depth and expression—is instantly revealed.

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PICTURE PLAY

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Stars Who Argued Too Much

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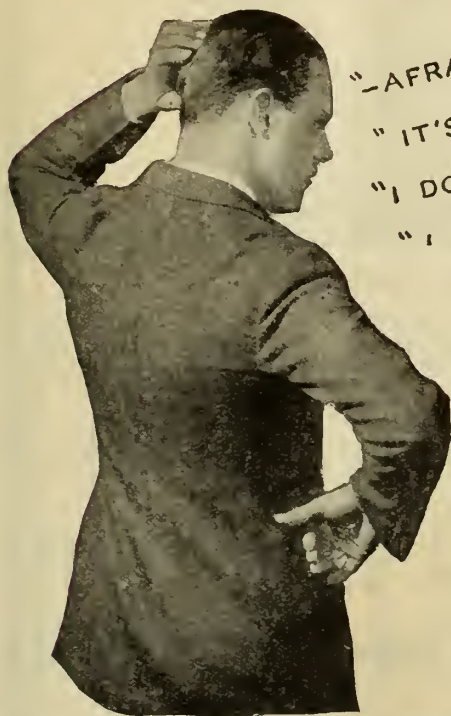
BUSINESS today is based upon service. The "grab and run" manufacturer is almost extinct. Advertising has played its part in his passing. By contrast with the open methods of others, it has thrown his operations into such sharp relief that it has left him no recourse. His failure was inevitable.

People have come to depend upon consistently advertised merchandise. They have confidence in the manufacturer who places himself on record month after month as to the merits of his product. They know he will maintain that product at the standard he has set, not only for their protection but for his own. Should he drop below, the buying public would soon discover it, and his business would be faced by ruin. No manufacturer who is spending large sums to produce, advertise and sell an article is going to take that risk.

Quality, utility and value are the things uppermost in the mind of the advertiser today. Improving his product, making it more useful to you, giving you greater value for your money, these are his aims. When he succeeds, he tells you about it—in the advertisements.

*If you neglect the advertisements, you are
missing one of the most vital features
in this magazine.*

No alibis *now* for not learning to play!



"-AFRAID TO BEGIN"
 "IT'S TOO HARD - TAKES TOO LONG"
 "I DON'T KNOW ONE NOTE FROM ANOTHER"
 "I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF
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The U. S. School of Music has completely removed all the difficulty, boredom and extravagance from music lessons. It has made the reading and playing of music so downright simple that you don't have to know one note from another to begin.

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Picture Play

Volume XXX

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Number 6

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Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Ormond G. Smith, President; George C. Smith, Vice President and Treasurer; George C. Smith, Jr., Vice President; Ormond V. Gould, Secretary. Copyright, 1929, by Street & Smith Corporation, New York. Copyright, 1929, by Street & Smith Corporation, Great Britain. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Canadian subscription, \$2.86. Foreign, \$3.22.

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These
Changing Times
in motion picture
entertainment find
PARAMOUNT
PICTURES
maintaining their
LEADERSHIP

MOVING shadows on a screen began to talk and sing and the modern miracle of entertainment—the audible motion picture—was born. Today, screen and stage technique are wedded in a new art whose power to thrill you and enchant you far exceeds both, and whose possibilities for development are only touched. ¶ In this new medium, Paramount has played the only part it knows—that of delivering quality entertainment—a *good show every time*—and is today maintaining the leadership it has held for 16 years. ¶ And Paramount has only started! New productions in audible drama soon to be announced will place Paramount farther in the lead than ever and make the words “A Paramount Picture” spell “*stop, look and listen*” to every entertainment lover in the land! In talking pictures, too, “*If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!*” ▲ ▲ ▲

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Paramount



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WHAT DO THEY STRIVE FOR?

YES, what *do* the stars get out of being stars? Is it money, which is transmuted into luxury, ostentation, the ability to surround loved ones with comforts, the wherewithal to live fuller, more complete lives than their parents? Or do they become stars because they are driven by the urge to express themselves, and find that expression only in acting?

This is an interesting question, which many students of the screen have asked themselves while watching the careers of their favorites. It is just the sort of question which Myrtle Gebhart knows so well how to coax the stars to answer. She has done so thoroughly, sympathetically, and the result will be found in the September PICTURE PLAY. Need we say that it will surprise you? The answers are frank, comprehensive, conclusive.

Charles Morton, William Haines, Margaret Livingston,
and Gary Cooper.

ARE these your favorites? If so, all well and good. You will find keen and human stories about them in the next issue of PICTURE PLAY. If not, you should read them just the same, for an interview with one star is likely to throw light on the career of another. By reading about one player you are apt to find your interest in another intensified, because of the contrast offered. Can you, for example, think of any two more unlike each other than Charles Morton and Gary Cooper? Mr. Morton, with his ready smile and Greenwich Village *bonhomie*, and Mr. Cooper, with his reluctant smile and his inherent reticence? Well, read next month's stories and strengthen your belief in the better man.

Read, too, an interesting article about the "foreign invasion" which was such a burning issue among the fans two years ago, and which is scarcely of consequence to-day. What has happened to discount a foreign name? What has happened to those foreigners who are no more on the screen?

But these high lights are, after all, only the peaks on next month's contents page. PICTURE PLAY will, as usual, exceed your expectations on every page, and many a paragraph will yield a nugget of golden news.





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And now—the achievement de luxe—all-talking VITAPHONE Pictures in full natural COLOR!

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You see and hear Vitaphone only in Warner Bros. and First National Pictures

Our Changing

now

NOT SO LONG AGO, perhaps within the memory of the reader, horseless carriages whizzed by at the rate of fifteen miles an hour and innocent bystanders declared that "wonders would never cease". Only yesterday, it seems, the talking motion picture was an illusive hope—something for inventors to dream about. Today it is an actuality, universally known and already regarded by a public, accustomed to marvels, as an accepted and established form of entertainment. In a surprisingly brief period of time the miraculous has become a commonplace.

A Glance Backward

Since Movietone is now the accepted method of talking picture production, it may be well to trace the growth of this new form of dramatic expression.

In 1911, Theodore W. Case started to experiment with a process of *photographing* sound on film. In 1916, Earl I. Sponable joined him and they worked together.

Early in 1926, they presented their idea to William Fox as a workable basis for perfectly synchronized reproduction of sound and action. With characteristic keenness of judgment and foresight, Mr. Fox recognized the potential value of the idea and agreed to finance further experiments in his own laboratories.

In January, 1927, Fox Movietone was first introduced to the public at the Sam Harris Theater in New York. In October, the first all-Movietone newsreel was shown at the Roxy Theater in New York.

Developments came swiftly. June of 1928 saw the first all-dialog comedy in two reels—the Fox Movietone production "The Family Picnic." Six months later, the talking picture emerged as a distinct, full-fledged entertainment with the presentation of "In Old Arizona," the first feature-length, all-dialog talking picture ever made *almost wholly out of doors*. "In Old Arizona" not only broke all box office records—it definitely established the talking picture as a separate, distinct medium of expression—neither screen, nor stage, nor yet a hybrid combination of both, but a unique, different form, requiring a new technique and offering new possibilities for artistic development.

His judgment in the future of Movietone so completely vindicated, William Fox spared no energy in the development of this new medium.

Fox Movietone News quickly became a three-issue-a-week feature, revealing the vocal images of such famous personages as Calvin Coolidge, Alfred E. Smith, Colonel Lindbergh, Gene Tunney, George Bernard Shaw, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Premier Mussolini, King George Fifth of England, King Alfonso of Spain—preserving not only *their* likenesses, but also their living voices, their very personalities, for posterity. Today fifty special Fox Movietone News trucks are in service the world over—reporting in sight and sound what happens *when it happens* in England, France, Germany, Spain, Austria, Italy, India, China and Japan. One unit has actually circled the globe!

At Fox Hills, California, a new \$10,000,000 studio has been especially created for the production of talking pictures. This gigantic plant, occupying 180 acres, is actually a city in itself—Fox Movietone City. Here alone, twenty-five complete recording units are now in operation.



World turns to **MOVIE TONE!**

Many of the products of Fox Movietone City have already scored phenomenal successes throughout the United States—"The Black Watch", "Thru Different Eyes", "The Valiant" and "Fox Movietone Follies".

A Pledge for the Future

The tremendous provision of physical facilities for the creation of Fox Movietone productions is impressive. But more wonderful still is the assurance of the future of Movietone.

From the ranks of concert singers and stage players Mr. Fox has recruited some of the most brilliant stars of this generation—John McCormack, Lenore Ulric, William Collier, Will Rogers, George Jessel, Walter Catlett, Dorothy Burgess, Mary Duncan, to name only a few.

To provide the vehicles in which these stars will be presented to the public, Mr. Fox has assembled a veritable host of outstanding dramatists, composers and playwrights. Oscar Straus, the famous Viennese composer, has composed the first operetta for Fox Movietone, "Married in Hollywood." DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, famous as popular song writers, have written a musical comedy, "Sunny Side Up," in which Janet Gaynor is to be heard. Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson, authors of "What Price Glory" have written "The Cock Eyed World" in which Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe will appear under the direction of Raoul Walsh.

Never before in the history of motion pictures has there been marshalled in its service so varied, so magnificent an array of talent! Never before has the theater-loving public been able to look forward to such a feast of rare and excellent entertainment as is now in the making in Movietone City!

And under the intelligent, resourceful and courageous leadership of William Fox, Movietone will live up to the high promise it holds. It will take the place it justly deserves in the realm of theatre art—a place unique and distinct.

This is a pledge to the great entertainment loving public of America. And the entire Fox organization is united in a determination to keep that pledge!



Now Victor McLaglen as Flagg and Edmund Lowe as Quirt
talk in **THE COCK EYED WORLD**, directed by Raoul Walsh

Janet Gaynor

sings in an original musical comedy

SUNNY SIDE UP

composed by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson

ELINOR GLYNN'S

first talking picture

SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS

enacted by Warner Baxter and Mary Duncan

Will Rogers

talks straight from the screen in Homer Croy's story

THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS

directed by Frank Borzage with dialog by Owen Davis

Norma Terris & J. Harold Murray singing

MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD

*an original operetta composed for Fox Movietone
by Oscar Strauss*

Lenore Ulric

in her talking screen debut

FROZEN JUSTICE

with Louis Wolheim

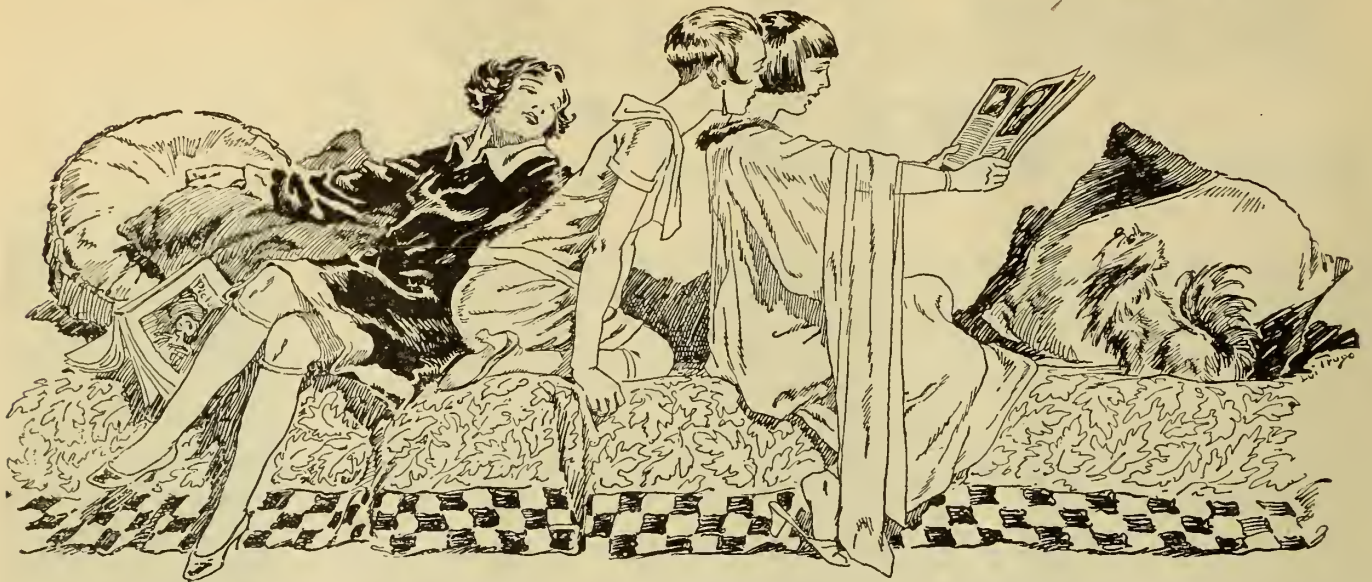
Warner Baxter

as

THE CISCO KID

in a colorful outdoor talking picture

What the Fans Think



Richard Barthelmess' Deception.

FOR long I had been a Richard Barthelmess admirer, but that is now a thing of the past. Fans and critics all over the country applauded Richard's voice. No one, it seems, could say enough in praise of the way he sang in "Weary River." And then the big crash came when it was discovered that it was not the voice of Barthelmess, but that of his double! I'm afraid that if I started raving I'd never stop, so I'll just say that my opinion of Mr. Barthelmess wouldn't get him very far. This disclosure doesn't aid the talkies, for fans are saying, "Hasn't So-and-so a lovely voice? But then it's probably his double's." Please listen, you movie folk. We bow in homage to your beauty and acting ability. We pay hard-earned money to see your pictures—and now to hear you speak as well—you who have our complete admiration and support. Where would you be without it? Now tell me that. If these little Dick Barthelmess stunts are to continue, then here is one fan who is giving you a fond, farewell.

I also notice that Richard's latest—which, by the way, is not an original idea, but an imitation of Clive Brook's publicity act—consists of heartrending pleas for privacy. Well, Dick, here's hoping you get it, to such an extent that you will have to plead for the support of your former fans!

JEAN BETTY HUBER.

Box 220, Morris Plains, New Jersey.

Gary Pays and Pays.

After reading Holly's letter in April PICTURE PLAY, in which I learned that Gary Cooper is upstage, I decided to see no more of his pictures. Gary has given me many happy hours, and I love him; but I realize I may do so no longer. Gary Cooper is high-hat, and we must not encourage it by paying money to see his pictures, to see him smile, to watch him act, and to love him.

He is a great actor and the screen will lose a great deal, if he is forced to retire. His is a charming personality, and the screen will miss him; but art and love must be sacrificed, for players should not be bored in making a personal appearance, and should speak to old friends—although I am often suspicious of these former friends.

I shall miss you, Gary, but I must do this. I can't encourage you to become high-hat.

If only newspapers and movie magazines would not tell us so many things about our favorites' off-screen

lives, we would never have the chance to find out if they were bad, and we could keep on loving them.

FRASER MACDONALD.

8609 111th Street, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

A Fan Deserts Dick.

I regret Carroll Graham's interview with Richard Barthelmess, who used to be one of my favorite actors. I don't know exactly when my confidence in him began to be undermined, not by interviews; but by little things said and done by the actor. The way in which "the rich voice of Richard Barthelmess" was exploited in the advertising columns, though the singing was done by Frank Withers, completed the process.

I shall call invective on my head by saying firmly that the acquiescence of Barthelmess in this sort of thing seems to be dishonorable. He could easily have stopped it.

Ronald Colman speaks of the "boyish waywardness of Barthelmess." But Mr. Barthelmess is not a boy.

He has a right, certainly, to see any play in New York that suits his taste; but, remembering St. John Ervine's blasting criticism of "The Front Page," his choice of that play is a straw that shows which way the wind blows.

S. W.

Box 4271, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

What Price Ear Biting?

Five years ago I purchased two beautiful photo frames. In one I put Rudy Valentino's picture. I still admire the wonderful Rudy and miss him. That crush lasted quite a while, but John Gilbert replaced Rudy. I loved him for a while, but Bill Boyd made "The Volga Boatman," and took Gilbert's place. I saw "Lilac Time," and Gary Cooper replaced Bill. I surely thought a lot of him, and still do, but I have just read in April PICTURE PLAY that Lupe Velez bit his ear; so now Nils Asther is in the place of honor. Oh, yes! I saw "Wild Orchids."

The other? Ramon Novarro. No one will ever take his place.

R. M. W.

5208 Montgall, Kansas City, Missouri.

Be Yourself, Joan.

Joan Crawford, "the orchid girl with the gardenia heart," has lost her charm for me. Recently I saw

Continued on page 12



Radio comes to the Screen



RICHARD DIX

A screen favorite who occupies a distinct place in the hearts of all picture-goers... Radio Pictures' newest star.

RADIO... colossus of modern art and science... now takes its place in the world of motion pictures.

With the release of the first two of its super attractions, "Rio Rita," and "Hit the Deck," Radio Pictures inaugurates an era of new entertainment standards. This new era is the result of the union of great *amusement* and *industrial* interests.

Included in this union are such organizations as the Radio Corporation of America; the Victor Talking Machine Division of the Radio-Victor Corporation of America; the National Broadcasting Company; the General Electric Company; and the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company; and such amusement enterprises as RCA Photophone, Inc.; the Radio-Keith-Orpheum Circuit of Theatres, and the RKO Distributing Corporation.

Commanding the cream of the world's talent, and scientific facilities, Radio Pictures will disclose for the first time the true potentialities of electrical entertainment on the screen.

Watch for Radio Pictures' first productions. Be prepared for revelations in investiture, in tonal qualities and in entertainment values generally.

RKO DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION
A subsidiary of the
Radio Corporation of America



ROD LA ROCQUE

The "ol'cays welcome" star, who will appear in two special productions, with all dialogue and music, for Radio Pictures.



BEBE DANIELS

To be featured in the title role of "Rio Rita," and starred in three other all dialogue and music dramas for Radio Pictures.

Radio Pictures' Coming Dialogue Attractions

"Rio Rita"... Florenz Ziegfeld's greatest stage hit.

"Hit the Deck"... Vincent Youman's nautical musical comedy.

"Night Parade"... From the stage play, "Ringside."

"The Vagabond Lover"... Starring Rudy Vallee and His Connecticut Yankees.

"High River"... A Herbert Brenon production, from the play, "High River House."

"Radio Revels of 1929."... The first annual screen review to be released yearly by Radio Pictures.



THE GOLDEN VOICE OF THE SILVER SCREEN



RUDY VALLEE

The voice that lures... a personality that has won the world... To be starred, with his "Connecticut Yankees," in "The Vagabond Lover."

Continued from page 10

"Dream of Love," and the Joan Crawford of it was not the same as in "Rose-Marie," "West Point," and "Twelve Miles Out." In the last-named pictures she was a glorious, sparkling personification of carefree youth; but in "Dream of Love" everything about her was artificial. Methinks young Doug is going too far in trying to "make Joan over." We loved her as she was, but all this stuff about poetry and "Do-Do" is indigestible. I sincerely hope that in her next picture Joan Crawford will be herself.

STELLA SIMMONS.

M. R. A., Box 305,
Corsicana, Texas.

Cannot Alice White Act?

Alice White could never be compared with Clara Bow, although she thinks she is her screen twin. Clara Bow is much superior to Miss White, who will never make the success Clara Bow has made.

Some of her loyal fans will be very disappointed in what I am going to say. *Alice White absolutely cannot act.* She only "puts on," and, furthermore, she proved it in "Show Girl." She'll have to take lessons.

I don't think Vilma Banky can act, and what an odd-looking foreigner Camilla Horn is—no personality whatsoever. I hope all these foreign actresses who come to America will fail in pictures. I've read so much about Greta Garbo that I think she must be ugly in person. The only thing wrong with her on the screen is that her feet are absolutely too long. I wonder if it is really true that her shoes are specially made. Her mouth is too large, and her teeth are uneven. I'd like to see her without make-up and in a bathing suit. Otherwise she's all right.

KATHRYN SNYDER.

785 McMyler Street,
Warren, Ohio.

She Gets Photos Free.

I read in PICTURE PLAY that Phyllis Walther sent quarters to the stars, but got no photos. In two years I have got one hundred and ten photos of the stars, including Greta Garbo, without sending money. Colleen Moore, Ben Lyon, Doris Kenyon, and Vilma Banky sent big photos with letters. I have some nice photos of Rudolph Valentino. One of the latest photos I have is Gary Cooper's. I love him so very much, because he looks like my dead fiancé.

A. E. BAY.

Petre Bangsvej 51,
Copenhagen, Denmark.

Slamming Alice White.

I really dislike slamming any one, but for months I've been wanting to tell the world in general what I think of one star in particular, namely, Alice White. And to do this I am obliged to slam—and how! Who on earth ever told that girl she could act? One wouldn't mind that so much, if she were even good looking. When she was put on the screen, it was just a case of adding insult to injury; she isn't good looking and she can't act. If any one has the authority to take her off the screen in double-quick time, they should be awarded a leather medal and a hearty vote of thanks.

JOYCE ALLISTON.

Sydney, Nova Scotia, Canada.

Some Motherly Advice.

I have just finished reading PICTURE PLAY's interesting article, "The Flame of Hollywood," a story of Lupe Velez. She seems to be, at present, the most interesting character in Hollywood. I myself find her a very spirited actress.

However, I would like to advise Lupe to look about her while she is in Hollywood. There is a lesson to be learned. There have been many girls who have made good in pictures, flung their money about carelessly, thinking there was more to come, only to find that they are completely "out of the picture" as far as producers and the public are concerned. Lupe was considered the big "find" of the year "The Gaucho" was shown. But of late she has not fared so well with the critics. She may some day be greater than Gloria Swanson or some of our most famous actresses, or she may be touring some vaudeville circuit along with Mae Murray, Roy d'Arcy, and many others.

Lupe is none of my concern, yet I do hate to see a person careless with money, when about them are so many out of work and struggling along on almost nothing. Lupe will find that in ten or fifteen years the diamonds will not come in so freely, and that Oriental rugs are not meant to be stuck in attics when one tires of them or has too many.

Another thing I cannot understand. To my knowledge, Mexican girls of good families do not go about kissing men in public and shouting to the people about how much they love them. What is all this, anyway—another publicity stunt?

H. H. L.

Hollywood, California.

Page Herr Freud.

I would like to know what is the psychology back of collecting pictures of people you never knew and probably never will know. Some of the fans seem to be perfectly dippy over the idea. They want hundreds of them, and if they have a little scrawl at the corner written by a person who sits down and signs them by the carload, they conceive the brilliant idea that something personal has happened. The one celebrity I know intimately, who does this sort of thing to books and pictures tells me that it is about as much joy as being kept in after school and having to write your name several hundred times.

I suppose we are all in love with love, but, having lived in southern California for years, I will make this statement: If half of the mad ones could see the difference between the pictures and the actors in person, they would relegate most of their precious junk to the dump heap.

I spent an afternoon in the company of Valentino, and, girls, I'd be willing to stack the cards on the fact that in your own Italian market, if you live in the city, you will find at least a baker's dozen who have it all over him. His hair was thin, eyes small, skin yellow and oily—the last thing in the world you would pick out for romance. But he certainly could wear the make-up, and had a way with him. I am not discounting him. He certainly had a likable disposition, but most men have that, if they are put under the right light and environment. Some of the ladies who write about him would do well to read Freud. I know it's awful to be lonesome, but what's the good of being in love with a picture?

I will swear on a stack of twelve Korans that three fourths of the fans would pass Ramon Novarro on the street and never see him. Short, dark, *tout à fait* Mexican—nothing against him, you understand—he also wears make-up well, and has created a glamorous background around himself. There are hundreds of barbers and tamale sellers who would put him miles into the shade. A little lighting, directing, and grease paint *do* make a heap of difference to any of us.

Gary Cooper has a thousand prototypes

very near to most girls. When he is in ordinary clothes, with his shirt buttoned up in the neck, you would probably call him a fairly decent-looking string bean. Truth may hurt a little, but it is good for us, and a little truth about your shadow love will cure that insomnia which hero worship brings.

The surprise of my life was seeing Mary Brian. She is such a frail-looking little nobody off the screen, but make-up does wonders for her. Buddy Rogers looks exactly the same on and off the screen, but he impresses you with immaturity. I think if you got him alone and started any tricks with him, he would ask, "What are you doing that for?" and the like.

Take the movies for what they are worth as a story, but don't forget the lights, the make-up, and a few other things.

I like PICTURE PLAY as a magazine. Its make-up is good, but the interviews are getting too saccharine for me. Why don't the interviewers let the stars talk and write of them as they are, instead of trying to make them all demigods? Polly Moran's interview was real literature—she is honest, sincere, and a wonderful girl.

Such articles as "They Know Their Caviar" on Lilyan and Edmund Lowe, is the kind of rubbish that nouveau riche always pull. I'll bet they lost a good twenty-five per cent of their fans on that article. Advertising cattiness as a virtue doesn't set so well.

KIT LEYLAND.

Portland, Oregon.

Looking at Nils Asther.

There is an admirable young Scandinavian, a conqueror from the North, who came to our country with European fame behind him, and who has caused a small sensation by the number of varied, outstanding rôles he has enacted on the screen within the last year. We know him as Nils Asther—tall, proud, with the grace and physical fitness of an accomplished ski jumper—with eyes like darkly shadowed fjords, and a nature that hints of "fires beneath the snows." Yet personal impressions are beside the point, for it is in respect for Nils as a great artist that I have interested myself in his first year's work in America.

First, we had his *Baron* in "The Blue Danube." Certainly it was a rôle done with clever flippancy and delicate subtlety. He made vibrant the old story of the noble who loves the poor maid when he should love the rich one, and is gallant and faithful with it all. Strauss' hackneyed old waltz is now of charm inestimable, thanks to Nils.

His most charming and evanescent rôle was in "The Cardboard Lover." His latent possibilities for comedy are brought out excellently, and this, of course, leaves no question as to his versatility.

In "Dream of Love" Nils is genuine and whole-hearted. It is absolutely his picture, and here's a vote of appreciation to Fred Niblo for letting Nils show what he can do. Asther takes the story along—every single scene—on the sheer force of his complete mastery of every situation. He invests "Dream of Love" with something distinctly romantic.

Yet more devastating than previous rôles is that he has in "Wild Orchids," his latest picture. He is dynamic, menacing, and even cruel; but he plays every scene to the emotional hilt, making "Wild Orchids" one of the most thrilling productions. He unbends completely, acting with a reckless abandon not exhibited before in his American films. His portrayal of the Javanese prince is vivid and vital,

and it tops the year's list of rôles which he has done with such amazing skill and genius.

Now that Nils is to stay in America, I hope that this year he will be able to do work which he himself feels is really his best. And surely, conscientious artist that he is, this alone would bring him the happiness he has so far failed to find in hectic Hollywood.

TRIX MACKENZIE.

Box 443, Atlanta, Georgia.

Those Missing Quarters.

"Who gets the quarters?" That's it! Who gets them? I, too, have written letters to a couple of stars, inclosing twenty-five cents in stamps for their photographs.

I wrote my first letter to Bebe Daniels on March 20, 1928, inclosing twenty-five cents. I wrote in good faith, expressing my ardent admiration and appreciation of her acting. I wanted her photograph so I could inspire my little daughter with sportsmanship such as hers. That was the best and the most sincere letter that I ever wrote to a person with whom I was not personally acquainted. I waited three months. No answer. I wrote to a movie magazine's answer man. Here is the answer I received:

"I am sure your letter to Bebe has gone astray, or wherever letters go when they get lost, so I would suggest that you write the young lady another note, and tell her all you have told me, and I am sure she will see that you receive your photograph. Don't give up so easily."

I wrote my second letter to Miss Daniels, again inclosing twenty-five cents in stamps. No answer yet, and it is over eight months now.

My second fan letter was written to Joan Crawford on August 15, 1928. I had never seen her on the screen before, but I was so pleased with her life story, then recently published, that I sent twenty-five cents for her photograph. I received no answer. Lately I read a fan letter in PICTURE PLAY in which it was said that Miss Crawford neglects her fan mail. Now, as far as I am concerned, I shall never write another fan letter to Hollywood as long as I live, and if I ever receive Miss Daniels' or Miss Crawford's photograph, I shall refuse to accept it, unless there is a note of explanation for the delay.

S. HAIGON.

455 Smith Street,
Providence, Rhode Island.

A Plea for Real Love.

Here is a letter in praise of that of Thomas G. Stockwell, which was one of the most sensible letters I have read in months. I certainly agree with everything he says. In spite of the fact that most of the younger players and so-called new faces cannot act, so long as the majority go to the movies in which these untalented players appear, the individual must grin and bear it. Personally, I go to a movie to see good acting, not to watch some tomboy trying to see just how far she can go with the censors.

Why cannot we have more movies like "Sunrise" and "Seventh Heaven"? Why cannot the directors depict love, pure and divine, as it should be, instead of the disgusting, sensual thing they seem to think is love? Such love as that shown in the Garbo-Gilbert pictures is nauseating. Greta is an artist, such a one as the prevailing materialism of to-day cannot possibly understand. It is a good thing Pola Negri is now free to make her own pictures, for she is sure to choose those

Continued on page 98

Start Tonight and Reduce Weight!

Reduce 2 to 4 pounds tonight at home and feel better tomorrow morning than you have for months.

(Every statement certified from actual experience.)

Send the coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs Are Now Brought to You

A study of the analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration, forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Consult your physician and he will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Lose Weight Where You Most Want To

Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effect on abdomen, hips, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. As soon as you are the correct weight for your height do not try to reduce further. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro at Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is \$1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full sized packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for \$2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.



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Read what Fayro Baths have done for others

"Three Fayro baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt for years."

"I weigh 16 pounds less and feel younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful."

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For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and names and addresses will be given on request.



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Send me 3 full sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman \$2.50 plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

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... "The greatest box-
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... Flirting—diverting—
hurting your funny-
bone in forty famous
hits! Just her shadow
self has wrecked hun-
dreds of theatre rec-
ords. But—*

Now—

Presented by
JOHN McCORMICK
A WM. A. SEITER
production

COLLEEN MOORE

Listen!—

*"If I had a great treasure—if I had a great
prize,
Gladly I'd trade it for—your smiling Irish
eyes.
There are stars in the heavens—but who'd
ever surmise
That they were created for your smiling
Irish eyes."*

—that's Colleen Moore singing in "Smiling Irish Eyes"... Singing not one, but THREE songs—and Talking for the first time on the screen! Here's the one thrill you've been waiting for Vitaphone to bring you. Think of all the years you've known and loved her... And now you're going to know her twice as well!... Just double the entertainment... As exciting as your first airplane ride!

Is
3
**STARS-
IN-ONE**

Come back to Erin!—See Colleen as a "Colleen"... Never a part so made for her! Hitch on behind her funny two-wheel cart and come down to the county fair. Make a wish at the Wishing Well—it can't help but come true. See how the same crooning melody can bring two young hearts together—and then part them ocean-wide. "Smiling Irish Eyes" is chock-full of romance from the Land of Romance—packed with comedy from the home of wit. And when Colleen bursts into song in three lilting new hit-ballads, "Smiling Irish Eyes," "A Wee Bit O' Love," and "Then I Can Ride Home With You," she'll "bust" all entertainment records!

IN "SMILING IRISH EYES"

A FIRST NATIONAL VITAPHONE PICTURE

*Make a memo
in your date-
book—*

*See Colleen's
First Talking
Picture—
100% Talking*





PICTURE PLAY's honor page this month is enthusiastically given to Ronald Colman. It is because of his gloriously revealing performance in "Bulldog Drummond," and because he belongs to the old régime of stars who won their spurs in silence, and emerges as the equal of any visiting star from the stage. His triumph is more than personal. It vindicates Hollywood and flings the gauntlet at Broadway. As long as stars developed by the silent screen can qualify as Mr. Colman does in speech, the integrity of the movies will stand unshaken, no matter how many artists from another world seek to make the screen their own.



Photo by Hommel

If you would be sophisticated, well-bred, and at home in luxurious settings, then study Florence Vidor and pattern yourself after her.

YOU have been urged to let the movies teach you how to dress, to study stars of your own type, and use their clothes as a guide in selecting your own. You have been advised to recall attractive rooms you've seen on the screen, when furnishing your own home.

But—have you ever considered letting the stars teach you how to present your *character* to the world?

Perhaps you've just gone along letting life happen to you. You've wondered why you didn't always get the breaks you wanted; why some one you liked didn't seem to care for you; why the position you wanted was given to somebody else.

Perhaps you'd like to be more popular than you are; doubtless you'd like to have more money. And maybe you've gone far enough to realize that having what you want, or not having it, is largely a question of showmanship, of presenting yourself to the world as you want other people to see you.

How are you going to do it?

Now this is where the movies can help you. You are a certain type of person; we all fall into one classification or another. And because, in pictures, the various types are very definitely classified, and their characteristics

They Will

What is your rôle in life? Fate gave it to to play it and get the most out of life. Characteristics are like your own, is a step ing your proper niche. This article

By Inez

emphasized, you can use the screen as your textbook.

First of all, which stars are your favorites? Do you like Florence Vidor and Adolphe Menjou, the smart, sophisticated, well-bred types? Or is it Clara Bow and William Haines whose pictures you never miss? Perhaps it's the Garbo-Gilbert sort of picture—all-for-love-and-the-world-well-lost, in exotic settings—that attracts you most strongly. Maybe you prefer the clean-cut youth of Mary Brian and Charles Rogers.

Probably you can answer that question without hesitating. All right. Now why did you pick your favorites? Make a mental inventory. List your own likes and dislikes, in homes, in clothes, in food. Decide, as definitely as you can, what sort of person you really want to be.

The stars you admire most have been groomed to present to the world the sort of life you want to live. The shrewd men who invest millions in pictures have learned that stars are best suited to stories based on a particular phase of life. Each one fits into a certain atmosphere perfectly. And since you know what sort of life you want, why not present yourself to the world as the kind of person who fits into that life?

For instance, this very thing was done with Vilma Banky, when she first came to this country. She is, ob-

Adolphe Menjou naturally is the model to follow if your ideal is unruffled suavity.



Help You

you—let the stars teach you how. Studying the player whose character toward knowing yourself and finding tells how you can do it.

Sabastian

viously, the kind of girl who is made for beauty, for luxury. She was given beauty at every step of the way. Her bedroom was as attractive as it could be made. She got up in the morning to bathe in scented water, to don a gorgeous negligee, and to breakfast in the most charming room that could be devised for her. Nothing was spared to give her the proper environment, to accustom her to taking beauty for granted. She wore lovely, silken garments; she rode in a luxurious car, and she ate perfectly prepared food. She was given a prima donna's background, and it became part of her; the world saw her as a person whose life held nothing that was sordid or grubby.

"But," you may say at once, "I'm not rich enough to afford that kind of thing. I have to get up in the morning and rush off to work in an office, and rush home at night for dinner."

Very well then. Get up a little earlier, so that you don't have to begin your day in a rush. Buy some bath salts; they cost less than a dollar. Give yourself fifteen minutes of relaxation before you begin to dress. Eat your breakfast from pretty china. You may not be able to afford an expensive chef, but you can prepare salads that are just as good as his, you can broil chops as well as he could, you can make your dinner table attractive, even though you can't cover it with Cluny lace, and look at a centerpiece of orchids while you eat.

Maybe you're a salesman. Well, are you the hail-fellow-well-met kind, who wisecracks with the stenographer while he

Girls who are all energy and excitement may study Lupe Velez to advantage.



If you are a girl who loves your home, then watch Corinne Griffith for lessons in refinement.



waits to see her boss? Do you like to wear bright ties and checked suits, and go to an amusement park on Sundays? If you like to do that sort of thing, then probably you're successful with those methods and clothes—and probably you like William Haines' pictures.

But are you trying to use those methods, because you've been told that they're the best, when you're really the good-book-and-a-pipe type of chap, who enjoys Ronald Colman? If this is the case, you're off on the wrong foot, and I'll wager a subscription to *Picture Play* that you're not finding your business career satisfactory. You'll have to change your tactics completely, if you want to be happy.

Go to Colman's pictures, not for entertainment, but for instruction. See how he moves, how he dresses. You'll learn a lot of things about him. You'll find that he'd read *The Yale Review* in preference to a magazine of the "Should a Wife Tell?" type.



Photo by Brown

The man who is the pipe-and-book type, like Ronald Colman, should not attempt the life-of-the-party rôle.

If I were a vivacious, red-haired or brunet girl, with very modern tastes, sparkling with gayety, but not at all the hoyden, loving parties and excitement, I'd make Joan Crawford my model.

If I were the kind of girl who's always a good fellow, who doesn't mind shocking people; the kind who clowns around with the boys at parties, instead of sitting talking with the girls; if I loved excitement, no matter what it led to, I'd study Clara Bow.

And if I were the hoyden; who loves practical jokes, who doesn't care a hoot 'down anybody's rain barrel what people think of me; the kind of girl who's never ready to go to bed, because she has so much vitality that it never lets her be quiet, I'd watch Lupe Velez till I knew her every gesture by heart.

And if I were a girl who liked nice parties, but not noisy ones, who loved her home, no matter how quiet it was; a girl with a keen sense of humor, but a keener sense of refinement, Corinne Griffith would be my model.

Don't tell me this is all bosh. I know better. A few years ago I was paying out substantial sums of money for consultations with a practical psychologist, a man whose business it is to find out why people are out of step with life, and show them how to march with the music. He was talking to me about this very thing.

The vivacious, modern lass who loves gay parties will find her example in Joan Crawford.

"Dramatize yourself!" he urged. "Use salesmanship. The world accepts you at your own valuation. *Be* what you want to seem." And he illustrated his meaning by speaking French, and becoming, suddenly, a Frenchman—his gestures, intonations, mannerisms, were as French as the Rue de la Paix. Then he spoke German. His shoulders dropped, he became more stolid, his voice thickened, his gestures were heavy, slow. Suddenly he spoke Italian, and there was another change. And he told me that, during the war, he had been arrested as a Frenchman while in Germany, and that even after he showed his passport, and gave indisputable proof of being an American, he was doubted.

"But you *are* French!" protested his bewildered accusers.

It cost me twenty-five dollars an hour to learn what I am telling you.

I knew a girl, a stenographer, rather a pretty girl, who was dissatisfied with her life. She had always been poor, she had lived in a grubby, little house in a stupid, little town, until she came to New York.

She wanted to be a lady.

For several months she saved her lunch money, and once each week she went to tea at a smart restaurant or hotel. She sat quietly in her corner at the Plaza or Sherry's, studying the women near her.

She learned what kind of clothes they wore, how they spoke, how they behaved. She went to see Florence Vidor on the screen, over and over again. She learned to brush her hair back smoothly, to rouge her lips faintly, and her cheeks not at all; learned that when in doubt, it's always safe to wear black, and that no jewelry at all is better than imitations.

She applied for a position as secretary to the president of a bank. He was a gentleman, and he liked gentlewomen around him. She got the job, but she didn't keep it long, because she married him.

I'm not telling you to imitate the stars of your choice. That would be quite silly. Above all else, you must be genuine. But you have certain Continued on page 109

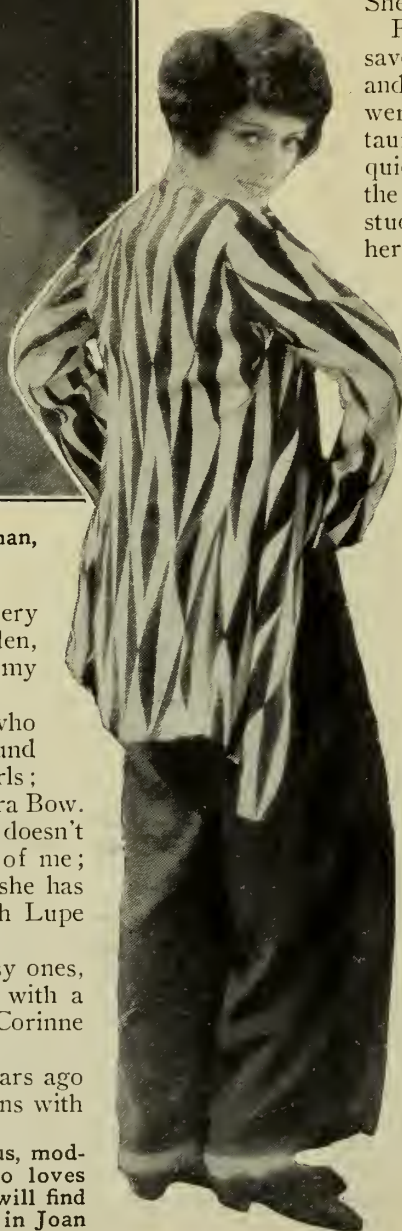


Photo by Manatt

Her Prayer Was Answered

Though ten years absent from the screen, Winifred Westover wanted to play in "Lummox" more than anything in the world, so she prayed to be shown the way and her faith was rewarded.

By John Stafford

I have cried to the Lord with my voice: and
He hath heard me from His holy hill.

PSALMS 3:5.

AMID the fleshpots of Hollywood, stewing in a welter of worldliness, there has been wrought a miracle. The power of prayer has rolled away the stones from the dreary tomb of oblivion which has hidden Winifred Westover through ten weary years. After a decade of solitude she has emerged in radiance to amaze the multitude. For her faith has brought her triumph in the year's most wonderful rôle.

Never such a furor as that created by "Lummox." Never such contention as that for the starring rôle in the film. It was certain that whatever actress characterized Fannie Hurst's strange heroine for the screen would be assured of fame, not to mention fortune. Thus was covetousness born in the hearts of many who had never been denied by the gods of the movies.

Many skilled in intrigue sped deft arrows here and there—pulled this wire and that—brought mysterious influence to bear in important quarters. Some pleaded, others begged. Keen minds connived in behalf of favorites. Campaigns were planned, and executed, oh, so carefully, so skillfully. Publicity, the life blood of filmdom, played its part. Silken beauties besieged Producer Joseph M. Schenck and Director Herbert Brenon. Inducements were offered, with bartering in the market place. This star would enact the rôle for nothing; that one would actually pay for the privilege. But in the end prayer won. Prayer, and Winifred Westover.

If your picture wisdom dates ten years back, perhaps you remember her. As a little girl, fresh from the cloisters of the convent at San Rafael, the old master, David Wark Griffith, reproduced her loveliness in his great screen canvas, "Intolerance." There were giants in those days. The Swansons, Von Stroheims, Fairbankses and the rest were laying the foundations upon which were to tower the lofty turrets of their fame. And Winifred forged forward by their sides. The Talmadges, Dorothy and Lillian Gish, the Marsh sisters—all that brilliant brood hatched on the old Fine Arts lot.

She played with—and for—the best of them. Those whose names endure: Ray, O'Brien, Tearle, Carey, Harron, Russell among the actors. And she responded to the call of "Camera!" issued by Browning, Ford, and the Franklins. Then the lightning of tragedy seared her fortunes at their pinnacle.



Photo by Russell Ball

Winifred Westover, her faith faltering, was inspired by her little son to redouble her prayers when he said, "You have a pull with God, I know."

She had returned from the first foreign triumph ever enjoyed by an American star. Sweden, the home of her ancestors, had called her. In the land of the vikings she had been starred in four films. Her victory bestowed the laurels of success upon the first American invasion of the overseas cinema. Then she tossed aside a career to follow a mirage of love.

The man was William S. Hart, then one of the fixed stars in the ever-changing film firmament. Appropriately her romance with him endured from December until May. After all, it was a May and December romance. Her son was born. She heard his first cries alone. It was then that she learned to pray.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help," she breathed. And somehow she lived.

The years merged together like drops of mercury. "Little Bill" became a tall, strong boy, the sort of son every mother prays for. His mother's prayers were answered. During all this time she had been barred from the screen by the terms of her legal settlement. No acting, it said. No personal appearances, no pictures, she was an exile—an outcast. But she didn't mind. Her heart was filled with the little life which had flowered from it. Her soul was sustained in the worship of God.

Then, in 1927, Fannie Hurst poured something of her soul into type. The result was "Lummox." The name was applied derisively to the leading character in her

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Buddy pals with his old Paramount schoolmate, Greg Blackton.

Buddy Looks at Love

Charles Rogers discusses life, love, and his three girl friends in a winning chum-to-chum manner, and sternly announces that no wedding bells will ring for him for six years.

By Herbert Cruikshank

YOU would scarcely know our Buddy Rogers these days. He's changed. Of course, at heart he's still all sweetness and light. But externally he's something of the rake, the raconteur, the Boulevardier, the twelve-o'clock-feller-in-a-nine-o'clock-town. And a pair of black sideburns is the cause of it all!

For Buddy is all set to be a fire-fighting fireman—I mean a fire-eating, river-boat gambler—in “A Man Must Fight.” It's the Booth Tarkington story that Cullen Landis made about six years ago. Then it was called “The Fighting Coward.”

“I'm not going to appear in public again until I shave these things off,” said Buddy. “Believe it or not, they're mistaking me for Gilbert Roland!”

Then over the stuffed potato, the

orange rolls, and the glass of milk which comprised his luncheon, Buddy shifted the subject to girls—and things.

Florence Hamburger, one of Buddy's friends, could be in the movies, he confides.

Photo by Alberts



“No,” he said, “I don't see Claire Windsor any more. Very seldom. She's sort of sore at me, I guess. I'm sorry, too. She was so wonderful. It was a beautiful friendship. But all that publicity, and everything—and our families, too—well, you know how it is.

“It wasn't love—exactly. Perhaps an infatuation. I know it wasn't love. Because love is a thing that a fellow doesn't get over in a hurry. And I'm all cured. So that's proof, isn't it?

“I never have been in love—never. I'm not the sort of chap to make much over a girl. Like 'em? I should say so. I like 'em all. But love? Well, it just hasn't come, that's all. I know I *can* love, and I know some day I will. But not yet.

“Marriage never enters my head. Not now. I want to work out my contract, before I think seriously of settling down. I'm twenty-four now. And the Paramount arrangement has four and a half years to run. So you see

I'll be thirty before I'm ready for wedding bells. You can say for me that right now I'd rather stay home with my music than to do a lot of running around.

"Sure, I go out with girls sometimes. There are three right now. And I like them all a whole lot. My three Graces, sort of, eh?"—and Buddy flashed one of those brilliant smiles that light up his eager, youthful face.

"There's Mary Brian. Mary and I go down to the Coconut Grove now and then. She's an awfully sweet kid. A lot like the girls I used to know back home and at college. And, sir, do you know that Mary's growing up? It's a fact. She's a lot more mature than she was a while back. I'm sort of like a brother to her. I kid her a lot. About the boys she likes and things like that. But I guess she doesn't mind.

"Then there's June Collyer. June's quite Park Avenue and débutante-ish. Gee, but she's smart, though! She certainly knows a lot about pictures and the picture business. She's my business adviser, in a way. I consult her when anything comes up about my contract, or about buying a bond, or real estate, or any of those things. She's a fine dancer, too. We had great times when my mother was out here. June's mother was here, too. And the four of us used to go places.

"The other girl isn't in pictures, although she could be if she wished. She's pretty enough. Her name is Florence Hamburger. She's real society folks. I've met a lot of nice people through her. She's a great pal when a fellow feels like going in for out-of-door things. Riding, golf, tennis and things like that. Flor—Miss Hamburger has a wonderful sense of humor, too.

"They're three entirely different types—even in complexion. Of course, there's nothing serious. We're all just friends, but they're great girls.

"It's nice to get away from picture people now and then. I've been going out, now and then, with a college crowd. I like those boys and girls. They're fine, and they treat me great. We never talk much about pictures, but about fraternities and glee clubs and athletics—things like that. It's funny about this débutante crowd. The girls come up to me and say, 'Mr. Rogers, I thought your last picture was terrible.' But I don't get sore. I just laugh it off, and before the evening is over they're all right."

Buddy paused a moment, and smiling eyes clouded with thought.

"Well, sir," he said, "I don't know just what to think of it, but do you know I'm changing? I used to think that when it came time for me to marry, I'd go back and try to win one of those girls like I used to know at school. I never thought of marrying an actress. But now it's different. I'm not sure. The more I think of it, the more I believe that my bride will be one of the girls in pictures. You see, that's where my career lies. And the girls in pictures have so much in common with me. We can talk about the same things. We have the same interests; we speak the same language. And after all, you know, the picture world is a world apart—all by itself.

"I don't think I'd mind marrying a girl who was making more money than I am. I used to think I wouldn't let my wife do anything. That I would want to be the only money maker in the family. But I don't see any reason for

White flannels, broadcloth shirt, and one of the girl friends—oh, boy!



Buddy as the dashing Tom Rumford, in "A Man Must Fight," sets a new pattern for himself.

that, now. Money doesn't make much difference, providing, of course, there's enough of it.

"That's another thing. I'm not making enough yet to get married. My salary isn't nearly so big as folks think. At first I thought I'd be able to save a lot, but somehow a fellow just can't. For instance, I have to have nice-looking clothes. I want to look as well as possible in my pictures. And my tailor charges one hundred and sixty-five dollars a suit. I've found another fellow,

who charges only one hundred and fifteen dollars. I hope he's as good as the other chap. If he is, I'll surely stick with him.

"Then I get a great kick out of buying things for my mother, and showing her a good time when she's here. I hire a car and chauffeur for her then, and we step out together. There's my kid brother in college, too.

"Of course, I'm not exactly broke. I do save something, because I figure that I must make my money within the next six years. I have a bond or two, and a couple of little beach properties, and some money in a building and loan association. Just recently I went into the stock-market business. Just a little—very carefully, very safely.

"No, it doesn't cost me a great deal to go out. You see, I'm invited places and that doesn't cost. Of course I entertain a little, but not much. When

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At Pleasure's

Though the stars say they never attend big these pictures show them making merry at a Ouida



Robert Z. Leonard, the director, above, chose to impersonate a hunter, with Gertrude Olmsted as a little bunny.

George K. Arthur, right, with Mrs. Arthur.

Jack Conway, another director, below, with Lenore Bushman, left, and, right, Virginia Bushman, his wife.

Marion Davies, right, won the prize for the most original costume, which is seen directly opposite.



Irving Thalberg, below, left, with Ouida Bergère, Norma Shearer, as a West Point cadet, and Basil Rathbone.



Beck and Call

parties, but just see a few intimates now and then, fancy-dress ball given by Basil Rathbone and Bergère.

Eleanor Boardman, below, with King Vidor in Russian costume.



Peppi Lederer, Marion Davies' niece, below, headed an acrobatic troupe which consisted of William Haines, James Shields, Lloyd Pantages, and Allen Kearns.



John Cromwell, the director, above, with his wife, Kay Johnson, whose screen début will occur in Cecil DeMille's "Dynamite."

Ruth Chatterton, below, wore the costume of a Venetian lady, no doubt chosen for her by Max Rée, the costume designer who accompanied her to the five-thousand-dollar party.

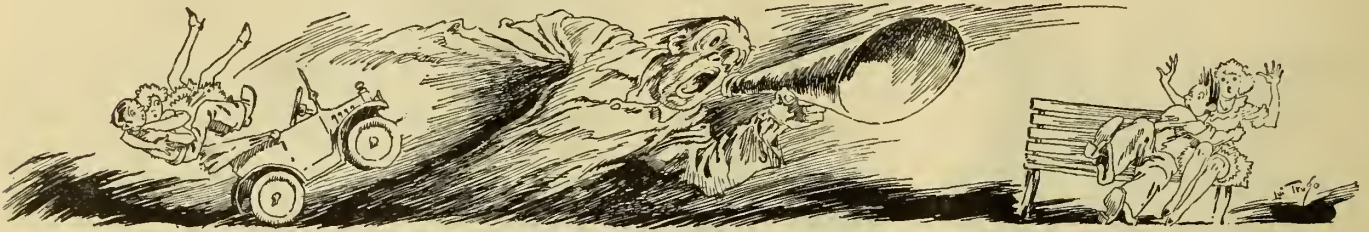


Ah, Those Were the Days!

The ghost that haunts Hollywood to-day is the ghost of the past, when directors were more Jovian than jovial. A keen observer explains what has happened to reduce them to human beings.

By Carroll Graham

Illustrated by Lui Trugo



EVERY evening promptly at midnight, an eerie, wraithlike figure floats over the Hollywood hills, moaning softly to itself and uttering low cries of despair. The figure circles about Hollywood and the Mulholland Dam, swoops down over the sites of dark and abandoned studios which have been moved to newer locations, then soars up Laurel Canyon to disappear into its mysterious haunts until another midnight wheels about the face of time.

It is the ghost of what was once the proud and haughty position of eminence occupied by the director, and it is as much a ghost to-day as the shade of *Banquo*. Nocturnal wayfarers, who have been necking on the lonely roads of the Hollywood hills, and have seen this forlorn and unearthly figure, say that its wail of despair is two mystic, magic words repeated over and over.

Those words are "Vitaphone, Movietone; Vitaphone, Movietone."

To the door of talking and sleep-destroying pictures may be laid many crimes, as one may discover by visiting almost any theater playing audible films. But at least one good deed they have accomplished. That is the almost impossible one of making film directors a good deal less Jovian and a good deal more jovial—and that is a pun for which I shall probably do drastic penance in some other world.

The figure of the director in the past has been more or less legendary. Satirists and caricaturists have enhanced the legend by descriptions of him seated on a canvas throne, garishly attired in bespotted knickers and silk shirt, screaming at frightened actors, keeping scores of assistants in a lather of fear and apprehension, and spending money with the lavish prodigality of a government efficiency expert.

Legendary though the picture of directors may have been, it was a good deal nearer the truth than a reasonable-minded person, who had never been inside a studio, could imagine.

For directors did manage to work themselves into a position where they were autocrats in a peculiar domain of

their own creation. Actors feared them. Assistants leaped at their beck and call, bore megaphones and chairs in their wake to await the royal needs, and addressed them by ridiculously servile titles. Even executives and producers, whose money they spent with a generally useless prodigality, hesitated to cross them, and minor studio workers knew that it meant their jobs, in most cases, to dispute them.

They received—and not only in press-agent stories—fabulous salaries, in many cases much more than the stars whose pictures they directed, and whose personality and popularity were really responsible for the tremendous profits.

They had staffs of assistants, high-salaried technical workers, yes-men, and soothsayers so numerous that they would have dwarfed the sycophantic court of a Roman emperor. At their command mobs of thousands were engaged, vast sets were constructed, long and expensive location trips were made.

Outbursts of directorial temperament, too, were common—much more common than from the stars, although the latter drew most of the unfavorable attention, due to some obscure reason.

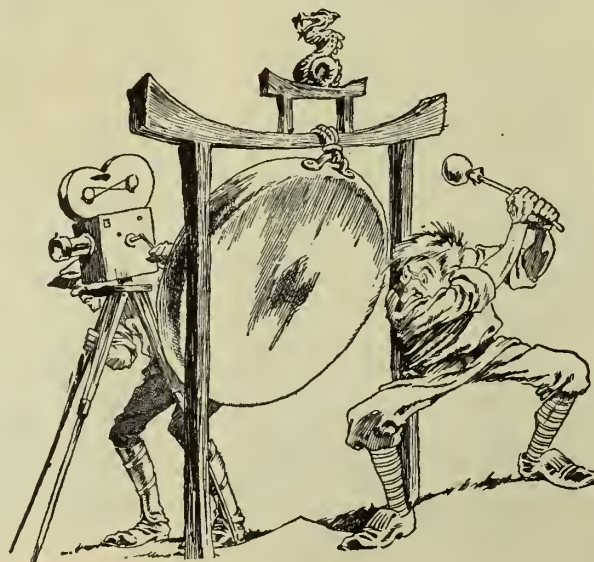
Cecil DeMille is reputed to have become bald by snatching out his hair in outbursts over trifles, and for years bore the reputation of possessing a hair-trigger temperament unequalled in its particular class.

Erich von Stroheim's weakness was breaking canes as a demonstration of his displeasure, and on one occasion he is said to have delayed his company for hours by breaking the only available stick in the vicinity, which had been registered in the picture, and was indispensable.

One shouting, scenery-biting director is said to have worked himself into such a state over a comparatively insignificant scene, that he broke one of his fingers by pulling on it.

I once witnessed a director, whose name I shall withhold, lash himself into such a state over something or other which the entirely normal person would have disregarded utterly, that he rolled upon the floor of the stage and beat a tattoo with his heels.

In the old days a director used a Chinese gong, which he believed added to the drama of his scenes.



Another manifested the curious belief that he could do his best work by putting himself in the mood of the picture through donning an appropriate costume. Consequently he wore chaps when directing a Western, evening clothes when making a society picture, and doublet and hose if it happened to be a costume affair. I am informed that he once made a Northwest Mounted Police picture, and turned up on the set for the first day's work in red pants, but I lack corroboration of this. Knowing the gent, however, I scarcely doubt it.

Another director—and not a bad one, either—worked up an odd idea which he believed added to the dramatic value of his pictures. He installed a Chinese gong beside the cameras and was wont to beat upon it during the scenes, starting with a soft, rhythmic cadence and working up to a wild, barbaric pitch as he desired the dramatic intensity to grow. I never had opportunity to consult the private opinions of the actors on this scheme.

And still another had the quaint system of firing pistols just behind the camera, as cues for his actors to enter and exit, the theory being that it would startle the players into acting their best. The fact that most Thespians thus prompted entered scenes with the familiar expression of the "Stag At Bay" seemed not to worry this creator of drama in the least.

But, brother—it ain't that way no more.

Within the short space of a year the position of the director has collapsed, and is continuing to collapse, so swiftly that it seems hard to believe, now, that their former autocratic sway ever could have existed.

Directors—particularly the more prominent ones—still have their jobs, they are still nominally making pictures, and they still draw salaries which extend into four figures weekly.

But they do not constitute the axis on which the film industry revolves—if, indeed, they ever did—and Hollywood is coming to realize it with a clarity which bodes exceeding ill for the megaphone megalomaniacs.

The amazing and feverish growth of the sound and talking picture has resulted in a housecleaning of Hollywood that not even the most occult of seers could have predicted.

Actors, directors, and writers—even producers backed by vast capital—have found themselves thrust again at the bottom of the ladder and faced with the task of fighting once more to the top, or suffering oblivion.

Nowadays whatever dictatorship there is on the set is held by the sound technician, the camera man, and the man who writes the dialogue.

No more can the director throw away the script on which scenario writers had been toiling for weeks, and shoot the story as his own divine fancy dictates. The story is finished before he gets it. The dialogue is presented to the actor to learn before the picture starts.

The director can't change that, for if he does he presently will find himself in the midst of a muddle from which there is no extrication.

And inasmuch as he is unable to change the dialogue, it follows as a certainty that he cannot alter the action as it is described in the script to any great extent, because if he does, it will not compare with the spoken lines.

But, unkindest cut of all, the director cannot indulge in the time-honored



The director always won his point in a community where lung power was long confused with erudition.

recreation of the craft which appeared to provide the most amusement. He cannot shout. If he does, it is quite likely that some unfeeling technical worker, who has never enjoyed the privilege of bellowing at actors, will angrily tap him on the head with a camera tripod, and the scene will be retaken while the man before whom studios once trembled sleeps calmly beneath his canvas chair.

The director, during these mad, chaotic days, cannot even lord it over his camera man. Trick angles and futuristic shots, originally introduced by the army of brilliant, invading Europeans and quickly seized upon by the less imaginative, but highly imitative natives, are virtually impossible, for the sound devices are all-important on the set, and it is their position which must be considered and passed on by the experts who operate them.

It recently was my privilege—I call it a privilege in the same sense one would view a rare and difficult operation in trepanning, or the first leap in a new and untested parachute device—to witness two or three reels of a talking production, first without sound and then without pictures.

The first version of the production can be described only as amazing. The pictures meant nothing. They were simply long, incomprehensible and disconnected close-ups of actors, looking at each other and moving their lips. One could have gathered no more idea of what the picture might have been about than one could have flown to the moon on a Hallowe'en witch's broom.

The talking version without the pictures, on the other hand, was almost as complete as though the flickering celluloid had been cast upon the screen. The dialogue told the story almost intact.

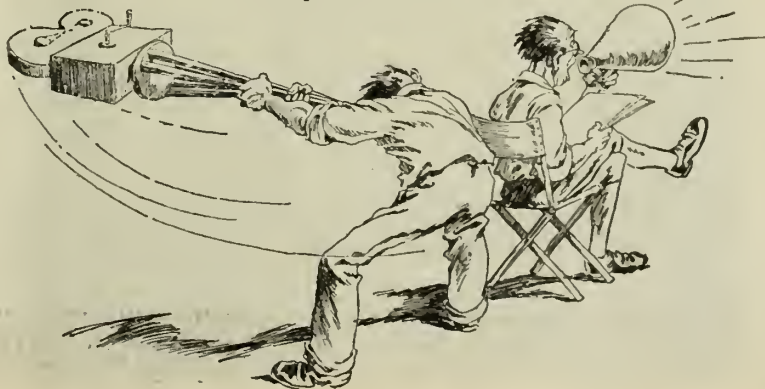
The first provided the same sensation as watching a play with bandages over the ears, the second listening to

the same play blindfolded. And almost without exception the former would be bewildering, and the second at least comprehensible.

All of this means that the injection of sound and vocal assistance has, in one stroke, removed from the screen its one supreme attribute, that of action and pictorial quality, which its rival cousins, the

Continued on page 109

Nowadays if a director shouts, a technical expert is likely to slug him over the head with a camera tripod.





When Stars

Few, if any, players have won lasting with producers, even though some mentally, but ultimately the cost has notable rebellions, and stresses the stellar

By Edwin

on the Metro-Goldwyn title sheet, but it is frequently muttered, with many shakings of the head and quakings of the knees, that you'd better be good if you want to get along in the films, because if you aren't, the producers may write your name in the grand book of the taboo. And whenever that happens, one may just as well pack up and leave.

Consider, for instance, the following:

The beautiful and talented screen charmer, Miss Betty Brighteyes, is sailing blithely along in her movie career. She has wealth and social position—as such things go in Hollywood. She is under contract to the Marabout Film Company, which is paying her exceedingly well for her services, and what is more, her fan mail runs a thousand letters a week. She is rated highly popular.

Suddenly there appears an item in the press. Miss Betty is finished with the Marabout Film Company. She has asked for a release from her contract. Henceforth she will spend her time free lancing, because "she believes that she will have greater opportunities in that field."

Three or four months elapse. Miss Brighteyes is not heard of in that time. Upon investigating, one learns either that she has not worked at all, or that she has played in some small fly-by-night production, which is never likely to obtain a first-run showing. All the big-line companies have turned up their noses at her, apparently, since she left the Marabout, her popularity notwithstanding.

And the question quite naturally is—how come? Yes, indeed, how come? But the answer is not so simple.

William S. Hart's last picture was one of his best, but friction with the producers stood in the way of his making another.

Photo by Bachrach

Olive Borden's salary arguments kept her off the screen for a time, but she is now recovering lost prestige.

IN the good, old Venetian days of a past century, it was the custom to write the names of those suspected of a fault—occasionally great, occasionally small—and drop them in the mouth of a stone lion in the courtyard of the ducal palace. This constituted a denunciation to the civil authorities, and the accused person generally got into no end of trouble before he finally extricated himself—if he ever did. And if he didn't prove his innocence, he was probably exiled, or otherwise effectively disposed of.

Hollywood has no lion's mouth handy, unless it is the one possessed by the Leo



Photo by Evans

Talk Back

victory in arguments and disputes have seemed to gain their point more high. This article recalls some need for diplomacy in furthering a career.

Schallert

Miss Brighteyes' affairs would have to be investigated in detail to determine the *real* reason why she left the company. The circumstances surrounding her departure, as in all such cases, are shrouded in silence or contradictory assertions. As Miss Brighteyes lacks the charm of definite personality and is merely a name, we will leave her here and pass on to some actual players.

Among these one discovers, without much trouble, Conway Tearle, whose story has been frequently told. Tearle, once the most popular leading man on the screen, didn't have a single release during 1928. Which, for an erstwhile screen hero, still getting a large fan mail, is something of a record. He began to taper off in 1926. He made three pictures for small, independent concerns in 1927, and thereafter had nothing for a long period, except a stage engagement.

Tearle is back now, however. The talkies have brought about his return. He appeared in "The Gold Diggers," and the chances are that he will make further films for Warner Brothers. But—and here is the point—it is well understood that he came back at a lower salary.

Tearle put up as valiant—if perhaps as ill-advised—a fight for the rights of the actor as any player ever has.

The rumor is that he had trouble with a producer when he was at the height of his success. Did that lead to his being banned from the screen? Anyway his career began gradually to dwindle and naturally other causes were mentioned than the argument with the producer.

About two years ago

Charles Ray's decline can be traced to his personal supervision complex.



Photo by Ball

Madge Bellamy expressed dissatisfaction with the new contract offered her and severed relations with Fox.

Jetta Goudal began to have trouble with the Cecil DeMille company. Jetta had a sliding-scale contract that called for a raise in salary at intervals over a period of five years. There had been talk of a ten per cent cut. There was also mention, vociferous at times, of the Goudal temperament. The matter went to the courts and Jetta won. But at this writing she has not had a rôle since the settling of the suit, which awarded her over \$30,000.

People are now asking whether the litigation has not proved a boomerang. A producer might not like to take the risk of a squabble in the courts, should Jetta feel disposed over



Photo by Childnoff



Greta Garbo is one of the few stars who have gained by arguing, but the talkies may be her ultimate defeat.

future differences to resort to the law again. She evidences a faculty for winning.

Some years ago Olive Borden quit working for Fox. It was pretty well authenticated to be a dispute over salary. Olive wanted more than the company would pay her. She felt that she was justified in asking for the increase, because her box-office vogue had been well determined. The company saw things in a different light, however. An agreement wasn't reached.

Few stars were more beautiful than Miss Borden, it was generally agreed. Few had been able better to withstand the handicap of

poor pictures. It looked as if she were a good bet, and as if some other organization must surely snap her up.

Strangely enough, no other organization did. Offers were even a bit slow in coming, and when they did, they were from smaller companies that generally make their pictures on a two or three weeks' schedule. Miss Borden played in a number of these. She even starred in a majority of them. But she failed to gain the recognition of being cast in any large feature.

Bringing matters right up to date, there is Madge Bellamy, considered one of the most successful of Fox stars. Her "Mother Knows Best," now called "Sally of My Dreams," demonstrated her talents as an actress in a most brilliant way. She made a picture after that, "Fugitives," which is now being generally released. Then something happened. It was said that she had declined to play in "The Woman From Hell," because of the weak stage version that had been tried out in Los Angeles. With surprising suddenness, it was announced that she had left Fox "on amicable terms," but sans news of another contract. Four months elapsed without any engagements, and yet Miss Bellamy is gifted with both pantomimic and vocal attainments. These apparently mean nothing. There is a chance though, I hear, that she may appear in Fox pictures again.

Photo by Louise



Cutting back to the past once more, and to one of the most famous instances, doubtless you remember when William S. Hart made his declaration of independence. He was with Paramount at the time. He was not satisfied with the restrictions imposed on him, the handling of his pictures, "Singer Jim McKee" and "Wild Bill Hickok," and other things. There was a ruction. Hart's contract with the company was broken, and he openly told his reasons for not liking the arrangements. The wise-aces shook their heads over the outcome.

Hart made one picture subsequently—"Tumbleweed." It was rated by New York critics as one of his best. Again there were rumors of friction.

John Gilbert's freedom of speech has frequently disturbed his employers, but he hasn't lost by it.

Hart was at one time planning to star in another film for United Artists, but it was never made. Several years have elapsed, during which he has made no pictures.

However, Hart has had offers, a number of them since the talkies have come in. They have probably not been the sort he cared to accept. He has stood out definitely for the rights of personal supervision, or at least unusually high-class direction, story, supporting cast, et cetera. He can afford to do this, and seems justified, since he knows his public.

Stars who have had their careers cut short while they were enjoying public applause, or have found work in lesser fields, have all encountered a deadlock. With the exception of Hart, whose personal fortune is sizable, they have not been opposed to breaking this deadlock. Mr. Tearle and Miss Borden both took engagements with smaller companies, and Miss Goudal bowed to the fates by accepting secondary rôles in several productions. In other words, they showed a disposition to "play ball," even though they may have fought hard for what they considered their rights.

This is no attempt to exonerate them. There are without doubt two sides to the story of any difficulties that arise between player and producer—or if you will have it so, employer and employee. But the way things work out is sometimes amazing.

Here, for example, is something on the other side of the ledger.

Cast your eye at the Greta Garbo of two years ago—the lady who had the whole Metro-Goldwyn studio so upset that it looked as if it could never

Conway Tearle's arguments cost him long absence from the screen, but he has returned.



Photo by Autrey

Gentle Janet, the girlish Gaynor, won out in her dispute over her box-office value.



Photo by Freulich

House Peters' disputes with directors have become historic.

regain its equilibrium.

Without doubt, Greta was the most unargumentative arguer for a player's rights and privileges that ever glided into the office of a studio official. Her answer to all the pleadings that didn't meet with her approval was, "Well, I guess I go home now."

But she had her own way eventually, and she still has her own way in many things.

The day of reck-

oning will likely come now, with dialogue productions, but she probably will command to the last. It may be mentioned that if she so desires, visitors and other onlookers can be barred from her set. Her word is law in this respect, and there is evidence that she enforces it when she desires to.

John Gilbert has frequently furnished a very lively esprit by free utterances both public and private, but was duly cagy when he signed his recent contract, which reputedly contained rather rigorous demands on the nature and amount of work he was to

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Photo by Ball

When "Dark Streets" is finished, Lila Lee will likely start another picture immediately.

HOLLYWOOD changes so fast," Fanny remarked wearily, and I thought I detected a critical note in her voice. "You just get used to it one way, and then overnight it changes and you have to adjust yourself to it all over again."

My "What now?" was drowned out as I expected it would be.

"Talking pictures threw everything into such confusion, that for a while every one spent all his time yipping at vocal lessons and studying tap dancing. The place was a social vacuum. But now that the girls have got over their first terror of the microphone, the place has broken out into a rash of social events."

Fanny drooped as though it had been a little too much even for her.

"Estelle Taylor came out to sell her house," she went on.

"She is to live in New York, you know. Estelle gave parties, a few last celebrations at the old homestead, and then everybody gave parties for Estelle. Then the members of Our Girls' Club cut loose. They have three brides-to-be this spring to give showers for, which is more than their usual quota. May McAvoy is to marry very soon, Carmel Myers has just announced her en-

Over the

By The Bystander

gagement to an attorney named Blum, and who do you think the other is?"

Now, nine out of ten people would have guessed Patsy Ruth Miller, and as that is absolutely right, Fanny won't be able to award prizes to all who give the right answer.

"All Pat's other engagements were just rumors. It never was her fault at all. Every time a man looked at her and said, 'Now there is the sort of girl I should like to marry,' some one quoted him, and by the time it had been repeated eight or ten times, a newspaper would come out with the announcement of her engagement."

"But who is she engaged to?" I asked a little impatiently.

"Tay Garnett, of course," Fanny told me as though any one ought to know that. "It isn't announced yet, as they are waiting for Tay to get a few hours off from the studio so that he can buy her a ring. But Pat told it at a Girls' Club meeting, and that is as good as getting out posters for anything."

"Tay is directing 'The Flying Fool' for Pathé. He's the man who made 'The Spieler,' you know, so I don't have to tell you that he is a grand guy, with intelligence and feeling and a marvelous sense of humor. In fact, he is almost good enough for Pat, and that is about the best I could say of any one."

"The date of the wedding is tentatively set for September,

but I have an idea it will be much sooner than that. Tay has a boat, and as he and Pat both love yachting, they will want to spend their week-ends cruising around. Finding a chaperon who is a good sailor, and who can keep out of the way on a small boat, is a problem that will probably prove too much for them. I'll never forgive Pat, though, if she elopes. White is so becoming to her sunburn, and besides, she deserves recompense for all the dozens of wedding and shower presents she has been handing out the last few years.

"She was supposed to start work for Warner in 'So Long, Letty,' but it was postponed for a few weeks, so she is to do Anita Loos' old play, 'The Fall of Eve,' for Columbia. It will be a lovely rôle for her."

"But you were telling me that Hollywood had gone social!" I complained. Really, when Fanny starts talking about Pat there is no stopping her.

"It certainly has. And I must tell you that Hollywood has at last developed a social arbiter. Jetta Goudal is not a girl to let her likes and dislikes go unnoticed, so when she is invited to a party she sends the hostess a list of the people whose presence would be objectionable to her. Garrett Graham, the title and dialogue writer, heads the list."



Edna Murphy has been added to the cast of the much-talked-of "Lummox."

Jeacups

Fanny the Fan tells of Hollywood's interest in social life, casts a critical eye at a picture or two, and decides to go to New York to see Rudy Vallée.

"Why?" I inquired, and you can't blame me for wondering just how the courtly and chivalrous Graham could offend a lady.

"Well, it's quite a story, and like the beginning of most one-sided feuds, it sounds pretty silly. Elise Schildkraut, who lives in the apartment above Garrett's, brought her dinner guests, including Jetta, down to a party at his house one night. Garrett exerted himself in the most approved Emily Post manner to please his guests. Jetta, as usual, was quite aloof. No, she didn't care for anything to drink; she didn't care for a cigarette; she didn't want to play bridge; she didn't want to play, or watch, the Minoru game that was thriving over in one corner. She scorned his offer of salted nuts, candy, radio music, so finally, in a distracted manner, Garrett asked if he could fry her an egg. And Jetta indignantly summoned a taxi and went home.

"That would doubtless have been the end of it, but all the guests were so amused they told their friends, who told others. It got so that any guest, who declined whatever a host had to offer, was hailed with shouts of 'Pulling a Goudal, are you? Well, I'll fry you an egg.' Naturally, the newspapers got hold of it, and clippings began to pour in from all over the country. That is what has brought Garrett Graham social prominence. Many a man envies him the distinction of being *persona non grata* with La Goudal.

Armida, the talented Mexican player, will lend her magnetism and voice to John Barrymore's dialogue picture.

Photo by Louise



Photo by Ball

Dorothy Revier has set Paramount buzzing about her excellent performance in "Burlesque."

"But I started out to tell you about parties. The biggest and grandest that Hollywood has seen in years was given by Basil Rathbone and Ouida Bergère. It was a costume ball given at the Beverly-Wilshire, and practically every one was there. Most of the people came in elaborate brocades, after the Italian Renaissance, but Marion Davies copped off the prize for the cleverest costume. She wore one of those revue creations—a tricky affair that made her appear to be carried in a basket on an old darky's back. Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer came in military uniforms looking very trim and smart. I'm a little vague on military details, so I really don't know whether they were West Point cadets, or Heidelberg graduates. I'm the sort of girl who always thinks that a hotel doorman is a major general, at least.

"Oh, well, as though it weren't enough that every one is giving parties, Montmartre has launched a series of Saturday afternoon tango teas. Most people prefer the beach in this hot weather, but Charlie Chaplin, Ann Pennington, Alice White, and a lot of others are regular in their attendance at Montmartre.

"And another new thrill in our social life is that Prince Louis Ferdinand is here. He is the eldest son of the former Crown Prince of Prussia. But he doesn't give hostesses any encouragement. He came over here, because he is in love with Lily Damita, and he really doesn't seem the least interested in any one else. He loves Hollywood—or Lily—so much that he plans to stay here. He lives in a little apartment across the street from where Lily lives, and he expects to sell Fords. He won't be able to sell any to the picture people he has met, though, because everybody in pictures already has one!"



Photo by Chidnoff

Barbara Stanwyck is expected to rival her own stage work in "The Locked Door."

Fanny stopped talking just long enough to glance around the Brown Derby and see who was there. Archie Mayo, with a whole troupe in make-up, Sue Carol and Nick Stuart at a secluded table over by the wall, Moon Carroll, a stage actress with a perfectly glorious voice who is playing with Norma Shearer, in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," Virginia Sale, Chic's sister who is playing in "Companionate," with Reginald Denny. Suddenly, with a whoop of joy, Fanny spied Carmelita Geraghty and Jane Winton at a table across the room, and was off like a streak to the peril of the waiters along the route.

She came back a few minutes later quite breathless.

"Carmelita and Jane are both rehearsing at the Vine Street Theater. They are to open in 'The Ghost Train,' with Franklin Pangborn. Isn't that thrilling? Of course, Jane has been on the stage before, but only in revues, and this is Carmelita's very first stage experience. At last she is getting some good breaks! She just made her first talking picture, 'Paris Bound,' with Ina Claire.

"The way she got that job was interesting. E. H. Griffith, who

directed it, was racking his brains trying to think of a girl who was smart enough to look as if she belonged in the same world as Ina Claire, and who had a good voice as well. He interviewed many girls suggested by the studio, but none was quite right. Finally, with the decision still up in the air, he went out to play tennis and there he saw and heard Carmelita, and realized he had found just the girl he was looking for. He rushed her down to the studio, made a test which proved that none of the quality of her voice got lost in the machinery, and she was all set for the rôle.

"Gradually, directors are learning that they don't need players with stage experience. Lots of girls, who have been in pictures ever since they were children, have voices that record perfectly."

As though any voice had yet been recorded perfectly! To me they all sound pretty fog-horny.

"Lila Lee is being kept by First National for another picture, 'Dark Streets,' and by the time she finishes that one, they will be sure to decide they want her for another. Edna Murphy has been lent to United Artists for a rôle in 'Lummox.' Dorothy Revier is so marvelous in 'Burlesque' that Paramount is raving about her.

"Pathé is using a double to sing for Marie Prevost, but it won't be necessary by the time she starts her next picture. Marie is working hard at her vocal lessons. The one girl I am worried about is Janet Gaynor. Janet has such a tiny, erratic voice that it will take months of coaching to 'place' and develop it. And just to make life more difficult for her, the poor child is adding dialogue sequences to several old pictures right on the heels of making a new one. They are adding talk to 'Christina' and 'Four Devils.' Well, just so they don't tamper with 'Seventh Heaven,' I won't try to organize a rebellion."

"It's all too confusing," I complained in despair. "One minute you tell me that the old favorites are the only ones worth seeing in talking pictures, and then the minute some new players come on from New York your enthusiasm switches to them. It isn't like the old days. Then when I had seen all the Swanson and Garbo-Gilbert pictures, I was sure I wasn't missing anything worth much."

Fanny simply can't understand any one who hasn't the capacity for a new enthusiasm every day.

"I can hardly wait to see Armida on the screen again. She is to play in John Barrymore's first talking picture for Warner. She is the most

Photo by Hesser



The day she finished "Paris Bound," Carmelita Geraghty started rehearsing a stage play.

magnetic little creature, and just wait till you hear her sing Mexican songs!"

"Yeah?" I was frankly dubious. "That's what you said about Lupe Velez. I ought to sue you for the wasted evenings I spent at 'Wolf Song' and 'Lady of the Pavements.'"

"But Armida really is talented," she protested. "Anyway, those pictures shouldn't be entirely blamed on Lupe. I'm sure the recording was at fault."

"If you want to make any bets with me, I'll wager anything that by this time next year one of the leading favorites on the screen will be Barbara Stanwyck," Fanny went on. "She is to be the heroine of 'The Locked Door' for United Artists, and is sure to be great. She caused a sensation on the stage in New York in 'Burlesque,' and it was her very first dramatic rôle. She had been a nightclub entertainer before that. She is an amazingly clever girl. I heard a test of her made for one of the studios, and even though the photography was atrocious, she held your attention and her voice had marvelous feeling."

"Speaking of 'Burlesque,'" I began, but got no further.

"Isn't it marvelous?" Fanny interrupted. "I tell you, Hollywood is changing. A few months ago people simply wouldn't go to a regular theater out here. But now, with great stage actors in town, the theaters are doing a rushing business. Ever since Hal Skelly finished the picture version and opened on the stage in 'Burlesque,' the El Capitan Theater has been jammed. I hope the picture is as good as the play."

"I've heard it's better."

"And it must be," she went right on. "Anyway, Paramount is so enthusiastic over Hal Skelly they have a lot of writers working on new vehicles for him. He is so big and homely and lovable, it would have been nothing short of criminal if they hadn't postponed making 'Burlesque' until they could get him for his part."

"That reminds me. Have you heard about the marvelous show Hedda Hopper put on? She didn't do it all, of course, but she was the moving spirit behind a great show. She and Neil Hamilton were impresarios, masters of ceremony, call boys, ticket sellers, and practically everything else for a benefit for the Mothers' Clinic. They had Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll, in a specialty from 'Burlesque,' Buddy Rogers, in his 'Close Harmony' act where he plays five more or less musical instruments, Gary Cooper playing a steel guitar, and Peggy Wood giving a dramatic reading. What I can't understand is how Hedda's old friend, Marie Dressler, ever escaped performing for her. For some thirty years Marie has been the one dependable entertainer, who would give and give and give at benefits from here to the Riviera."



Photo by Autrey

While making a new picture, Janet Gaynor is adding dialogue sequences to old ones.

"You really aren't in polite society this year if you haven't collapsed from overwork and spent at least a week in a sanitarium. Betty Compson, Marie Prevost, and Laura La Plante are the latest to go to a hospital to rest. I don't wonder at Laura. She had to cry so much in 'Show Boat' it must have wrecked her nerves and practically blinded her."

"And hasn't Mary Nolan been on the sick list, too?" I asked.

"Yes." Fanny seemed to be hesitating. "She collapsed on the set one day, and had to be taken home. But people who know her well diagnosed her trouble as pain in the contract. You see, she is under contract to Universal, and every once in a while they give her rôles that are sort of deadly. And all the time other studios are trying to borrow her for big productions. You can't blame her for being a little dissatisfied."

"But what is as rare as a satisfied player at Universal? Reginald Denny is fighting with them, as usual, about his stories, and Joseph Schildkraut doesn't care who knows that he isn't happy."

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Marie Prevost will be content to stay on the ground for a while when she finishes "The Flying Fool."

Adolphe—As He Is

Unlike his screen personality, Mr. Menjou is brisk and forthright in manner, and after work he sheds his sophisticated air and spends the evening in seclusion, with a few friends—or Russian literature.

By Margaret Reid

HE is the one box-office star who has steadily made really good pictures. He has more well-executed and intelligent program pictures to his credit than almost any other luminary in the business. Without being dolefully Russian in feeling, Menjou productions are food for adults. His comedies offer no belly laughs, but are designed to amuse and satisfy the more intelligent audiences. Despite which, they consistently make money.

He knows, and willingly admits, that he has several good pictures to his credit, but does not delude himself into thinking they are great pictures. He thinks that great pictures occur on an average of once every couple of years, and then only accidentally. He scoffs at the notion of movies being rated an art. They are, he says, a mechanical contrivance, a fine business for the financially ambitious.

Menjou is distressed when he finds he has made a bad picture, and alludes to it quite as frankly as he does to a good one. He is guilty of neither false modesty nor undue self-satisfaction. He views himself with unprejudiced clarity, and similarly does he view his friends and contemporaries. He often wounds tender Hollywood vanities by his candid criticism, and when he discovers this, is impatient rather than regretful. When, on the other hand, criticism is offered him, he receives it with interest.

He has an extraordinarily quick mind, and expresses himself rapidly and concisely. His opinions are more radical than otherwise, and tenaciously retained in an argument, but presented with disconcerting logic. It is difficult for slower minds to keep pace with his swift trains of thought. Like all people who are mentally a jump ahead of others, he is inclined to be irritated by this seeming sluggishness, but never allows his impatience to become chronic.

His nervous energy is unflagging. It is this with which he generates his company so that Menjou pictures are turned out, polished and meticulously detailed, in a schedule usually identified with quickies—twenty days being his average shooting time. In spite of this production speed, every Menjou film is more carefully done than many which are two months in the making.

Menjou is conscious of the limitations of his appeal, claiming that, since he is not handsome, romantic, or juvenile, he depends on stories for success. Preferring light comedy-drama, he tries always to appear in stories of definite charm and sophistication.

The studio gives him power of veto on stories, and of selection of cast and director. He likes new blood in his troupe and con-

siders it worth his while to take a chance on promising newcomers, because of their pristine enthusiasm. Discovery by Menjou has catapulted more than a few players and directors to success.

Discerning and intelligent, he deplores the impossibility of making better general use of moving pictures as a medium, but admits that the impossibility is an economic fact. He has schooled himself to accept conditions as they are and to do the best he can under difficult circumstances, such as ignorant supervision, moronic public demand, and the confusion of studio politics. He is an ardent disciple of talking pictures, and has just finished his first, "The Concert."

By those who come into close contact with Menjou, he is tremendously well liked. By casual acquaintances, who do not understand him, he is often disliked. Amiable and friendly, yet he is not a back-slapper. In Hollywood, where a point has to be got over with a hammer, his affability is not insistent enough to prove itself to the professional democrats of the Boulevard. He knows this, but does not exert himself to swing popular opinion in his favor, finding it not of sufficient importance.

He does not keep open house, as is the custom in Hollywood. It does not amuse him to entertain large gatherings of comparative strangers who would use his home for a stamping ground. Nor does he make a practice of attending big parties. When he has been inveigled into going, he spends a miserable evening, leaving as early as is civil. He and his wife have a small circle of intimates, and he is happiest when confining his social contacts to this circle.

Mrs. Menjou is Kathryn Carver—blond, beautiful and a tranquil balance for his more excitable temperament. After being a charming foil in several of his pictures, she has retired more or less permanently from the screen.

His chief aversion is ostentation in anything. Included is a distaste for those Hollywood manses patterned after the Grand Central Station. His own house in the Los Feliz hills is relatively small, ten or twelve moderately sized rooms, compactly arranged. It is a little gem of taste and discrimination, furnished throughout with objects chosen by Menjou himself for their correctness and authenticity.

Contrary to the expectation that the suave gentleman of Paris might fancy Borzois, he has an extensive kennel of prize Aberdeen terriers. And in the house are two large and raucous parrots, to whom he is devoted.

He is given to enthusiasms which consume all his interest for the length of their duration. Innately serious, he is carried away by the possibility of a new discovery and concentrates all his thought

Mr. Menjou's ability to work rapidly, yet carefully, has resulted in a long list of well-executed pictures.

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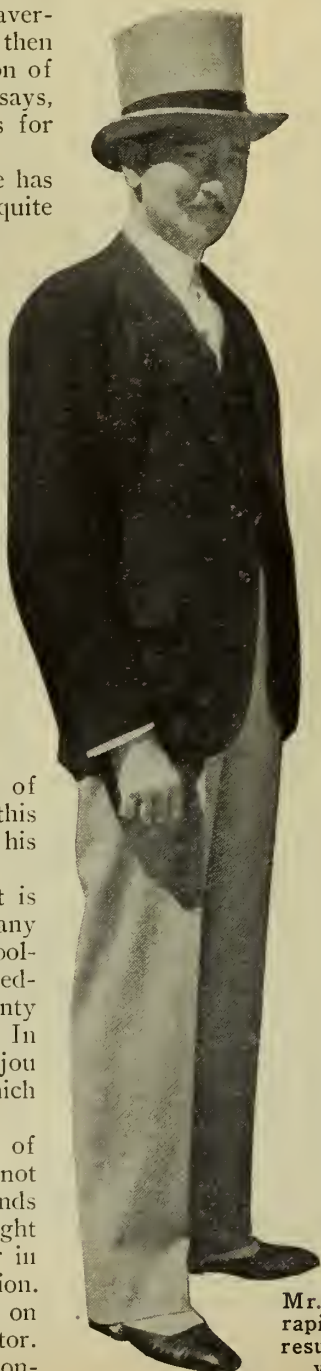




Photo by Hommel

A DOLPHE MENJOU is much liked by those who come in close contact with him, but back-slapping acquaintances often dislike him cordially, says Margaret Reid in her story opposite, which catalogues the Menjou preferences and prejudices deftly.



Photo by Hal Phylfe

***E**NNUYANT* with marriage and foreign travel, Constance Bennett has forsaken both to return to her first loves, the movies and the good, old United States. Both welcome her, and she will pay back the compliment in "This Thing Called Love."



Photo by Elmer Fryer

IS it the nibble of a minnow, or just because the water is cold, that causes Alice White to think first before taking a chance? It isn't like her, to hesitate at anything, but who shall say this isn't a cute picture?



Photo by Strauss Peyton

IAN KEITH progresses from one good rôle to another, the most striking of all being *Stephen Ghent*, in the revival of "The Great Divide," with music, dialogue, and everything. Yet he tried to forsake the movies for the stage!



Photo by Ilommel

THERE is justice in this world after all! Here is William Powell, long a star by right of brilliant portrayals, who belatedly receives the accolade of actual stardom at last. He will show you why in "The Greene Murder Case."



Photo by Russell Ball

YOU don't find Margaret Livingston dimmed by dialogue pictures. Far from it. She ornaments the best of them and remains as arresting and vital in speech as in silence. But, ah, you should see her in color! There'll come a day.



Photo by Hal Phyle

YOU ain't heard nothing yet"—no, not until you have seen and heard Eddie Dowling, in "The Rainbow Man," have you spent all your smiles and tears, for there are some that he alone can coax from you by tenderness and charm.



Photo by William E. Thomas

FROM the interesting story about Carol Lombard opposite, you might think that her beauty has given her all the breaks to be had, but you need read only a little further to learn that there has been bad luck, too.

A Fire-alarm Siren

One stops, looks, and listens when Carol Lombard comes on the scene, for her beauty enjoys the benefit of sound effects.

By Louise Williams

WHEN the movies were lisping their first words, an air of chill foreboding developed in the studios—particularly among the beauty squad who had had no stage experience. And even more particularly among the newer players who had not established their names at the box office.

Carol Lombard came under both classifications, but she was far from subdued. She didn't grow wistful or plaintive, nor did she hide herself in quiet corners, there to bleat "mi-mi-mi—" in the traditional manner of vocal artists warming up. She strode about the Pathé lot, where she had recently been placed under contract, swaggered into the sound-test room, familiarly known as the torture chamber, and swaggered out again. As the door closed behind her, Carol gave vent to a loud whoop, followed by a whole-hearted laugh that had a ring of triumph in it.

"We dumb artists don't know what will register on the microphone," she announced to the morbidly curious who had wondered if perhaps Carol would not be wilted by this crushing experience. "But we're in good company. None of those experts in there does, either."

And with that wise pronouncement, she strolled unconcernedly over to her dressing room, answered ten or twelve telephone calls, and made her choice of the suggested diversions for the evening.

Carol's radiant beauty is arresting even in the film colony, where beauty is commonplace. Were it not for her unflagging high spirits, she might have been relegated to the ranks of the merely beautiful and left to pose around prettily, while some one else did the acting. But Carol has such an abundance of vitality, that she commands attention. No one would think of stultifying her in orchid rôles, though she has the exquisite beauty of one.

To find a girl who at twenty has survived the biggest upheaval the industry has ever known, and won for herself a lucrative contract and an assured future, suggests that she has had all the breaks. Well, Carol has had the breaks—a good many of them bad ones.

For instance, a few months ago Cecil DeMille borrowed her from Pathé, and planned to give her the leading rôle in "Dynamite," his first production for Metro-Goldwyn. Interviewers swarmed about her, photographs by the gross were taken, costume plates were submitted. People grew more cordial and even deferential, which annoyed Carol a little. She didn't want that kind of friends and attention.

She just wanted her old gang who were all for Carol, whether she was Lombard out of a job, or Lombard elected by the mighty.

And after the first burst of publicity and congratulation had abated somewhat, Carol waited anxiously for the picture to start. She had a good, long wait. The story wasn't quite right, so there were revisions, conferences, and various delays. After several weeks Pathé decided she couldn't be spared any longer. They figured that if she made three or four pictures this year, she would be potential star material next year. But if she spent most of this year making one picture at another studio, she would still be just a novice in the eyes of the public. So she was recalled, and cast in "High Voltage" opposite William Boyd.

There were no tears nor temperamental rages. Carol assumed that men who had been in the picture business a long time knew what they were about. They had money invested in her, and she knew they would manage their investment wisely.

Maybe, when she was alone, she shed a tear or two over the lost chance to be displayed among the lavish fripperies of a DeMille picture, but I doubt it. Hers is a breezy good nature, well fortified against hurts. Experiences that don't give her a laugh pass quite unnoticed. And when Carol laughs, you need no loud speaker to broadcast it.

There was a time when she did not laugh audibly, but she retained her high spirits through an experience that would have withered a less hardy nature than hers.

Just as she was getting along well in Sennett pictures she was in an automobile collision. For a while it was believed that she would be permanently disfigured. For weeks she lay in the hospital, swathed in bandages, her future in doubt. And when she was discharged, assured that her beauty was not marred, she was told that she would have to spend eight or nine months in seclusion to repair the shock sustained by her nervous system.

Now a year out of motion pictures, after once being established, is as good as a one-way ticket to oblivion. Casting directors, without looking into the story behind a name, pass it by, saying that So-and-So can't be much good, because they haven't been in pictures lately.

Carol spent those months reading plays aloud. Propped up in bed, frequently racked with nervous pain, she had to concentrate on something to take her mind off herself. A complete list of her reading would comprise almost the entire Samuel French catalogue. But it was in the works of Shakespeare that

Carol Lombard's real name, Jane Peters, didn't suit her lovely face.



Photo by Thomas

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Photo by Russell Ball

Gloria Swanson, in calling herself pig-headed, adds that once she gets an idea she cannot sleep until she has accomplished it.

SOME time ago Gloria Swanson said, "I guess I'm pig-headed. Once I get an idea in my mind, I can't think of anything else. I can't even sleep until I've accomplished it. Yes, I guess that's what you would call being just pig-headed."

And about the same time in the apartment of her Park Avenue hotel, Jetta Goudal explained, "I always insist on having my own way, because I know it is intelligent. I can't tolerate stupidity."

My own experience with Miss Swanson, other than the casual acquaintance of the studio, began when "The Love of Sunya" was about to be released.

She was making a valiant struggle for both her economic and her histrionic life. "The Love of Sunya" was her first independent production. Her money and that of her friends and associates was tied up in the picture, which had cost far more than it should. Moreover, there was a great deal of her own pride and independence in the many reels of that first picture of hers, coming as it did after her secession from the vast organization she had served so long.

The success of the venture from a financial viewpoint depended entirely on its reception at the Roxy Theater, where it had been booked as the opening attraction. . . .

Weighed in

Gloria Swanson and Jetta Goudal, might be supposed, are judged by the screen on occasions that dis
as the

By Aileen

When the picture had been cut and titled, Miss Swanson invited those whose interests were vitally wrapped up in it to her apartment for dinner, after which the picture was to be shown. The party included S. L. Rothafel, impresario of the new theater, Herbert Lubin, whose brains built it, and Joseph M. Schenck, who was to release the picture. There were also various backers and participants among those who gathered about Miss Swanson's dinner table, none of whom had yet seen the film.

Miss Swanson presided over the function in cream satin, never by so much as the batting of an eyelid betraying her nervousness, nor her knowledge of the importance of their verdict. For failure meant not only a blow to her bank balance but she knew that should she fail, Paramount would have a laugh at her expense up their opulent and expansive sleeves. And Miss Swanson hates to be laughed at.

After dinner, while the magnates gnawed their cigars, and the picture was being shown in her drawing-room, she went into her boudoir, where I found her studying French verbs.

I asked her how she could concentrate on anything so abstract at such a crucial moment, and she answered, "Oh, I know the picture backward,

and I must memorize these verbs for my lesson tomorrow."

She returned to the drawing-room just in time for the final fade-out.

There was no need to ask any questions. Miss Swanson knew by the deadly silence what the verdict was. The picture was a flop. Everybody liked Gloria, and no one had the heart to put the sentence into words. It was Miss Swanson's pluck that carried the situation. She didn't ask for praise, or commiseration. She asked for criticism, and she took it like a soldier. Whole sequences were unmercifully wrenched out—her favorite ones, of course—but she never flinched.

All during those weeks before the opening she worked as hard as any day laborer to assure the successful presentation of her picture. She never asked a favor, but she gave unsparingly of herself, her time, and her co-operation.

She was tireless in her efforts. She accepted every suggestion. She posed for innumerable photographs—with workmen, with electrical appliances, with visiting members of women's clubs from New Jersey. She was never late. She never failed to keep an appointment. She was always accessible, agreeable, responsive. Noth-

the Balance

who have more in common than means of their amazing behavior off closed character as widely separated poles.

St. John-Brenon

ing was too much trouble, and never once did she complain as she emerged from the building covered with plaster, after having climbed to the utmost height of the scaffolding to carve her initials on the gilded dome. Nor was she ever out of humor, nor did she ever so much as suggest that she knew that the picture had been weighed in the balance and found wanting. She brought to her task that greatest of all gifts, enthusiasm.

She bought her tickets for the opening night like any outsider, and quietly and unostentatiously brought her friends to witness the picture she had slaved to make notable. She received an ovation, and the reviews of "The Love of Sun-ya" were for the most part extravagant in their praise of her work, if not of the film itself.

Pig-headed, or intelligent?

Consider the case of Jetta Goudal, or *la Goudal*, as she prefers to be known.

La Goudal has much in common with her histrionic sister, Miss Swanson. She has the same singleness of purpose, the same knowledge of acting which forestalls a weak performance, the same flair for striking and effective clothes, and the same enigmatic quality which makes each an interesting and haunting personality.

But in their methods of attaining their object each is as different as chalk from cheese. In place of Gloria's forthright persistence, her straight-from-the-shoulder methods of attaining her object, you have the catlike, feline ways of *la Goudal*. She purs her way along, and toys with a subject until she has torn it to bits. Her methods are circuitous to a degree, and while one moment she may reject a piece of satin as unsuitable for her wardrobe, and all unwittingly praise it the next, it is just her devious mode of creating an impression—of having her way ultimately. But it is difficult to follow her mental process while attaining her object.

When "White Gold" came to the Roxy Theater, *la Goudal* journeyed from California to be on hand for the opening. It was a splendid picture, and everything was done to create advance interest worthy of the merit of the production.

La Goudal swooped upon the scene, exquisitely groomed to her finger tips, which were sharpened to scratch her way into the spotlight. For before she had been in town twenty-four hours, it became apparent that a spotlight she was determined to have. Some one had told her that on the opening night of the theater Gloria



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Jetta Goudal always insists on having her own way, because she says it is intelligent and she cannot tolerate stupidity.

Swanson had sat in a box, while for five minutes a spotlight played entrancingly about her as the audience gasped. In vain was *La Goudal* informed that there were no boxes in the theater, and that Gloria had been far too busy attending to business to be concerned with her place in the calcium's glow—if there had been any.

During the ten days which preceded the showing of her picture, *la Goudal* was so concerned with the ephemeral spotlight that she was invariably late for the photographers, she could never be reached on the telephone, and she never seemed to grasp the fact that if she wanted to witness the first performance of "White Gold," it would be wise for her to attend an early showing as there were no reserved seats at the Roxy Theater.

Roxy's message to Goudal, when told of her eagerness to be present at the opening was, "Tell Miss Goudal to be a good little girl. To come to the theater on Sunday like every one else, only to come early in the day. And there is to be no spotlight."

Continued on page 112

Old Sol's Harem

These nine beauties don backless bathing suits in eager rivalry for the sun's caresses.



Doris Hill, above, left, and Nancy Carroll, are proud of their beach rompers, and feel that lasting tan will be their reward.

Evelyn Brent, right, makes a brave show for the sun's favor, but takes the precaution to coat her back with olive oil.

Dorothy Gulliver, below, paints the cat's whiskers on the back of Lo Rayne Duval.



Dorothy Sebastian, standing, left, dares Anita Page to take a plunge.



Raquel Torres, upper right, exceeds all the others in baring her back, probably because she's Mexican, and fears not the sun.

Alice White, right, not to be outdone in such a trivial matter as scant attire, does her best to keep up the average of exposure.



The Drawing-room Clara

It seems there are two Bows, one the naughty flapper, and the other a serene, sensible girl who charms the interviewer.

By William H. McKegg

REGARDING Clara Bow my mind was full of bizarre ideas as to what she was like. I had heard this, I had heard that. In short, I had the impression that she was a cross between original sin and Lucrezia Borgia.

Now, while succoring beauty in distress, I might add that useless efforts have been spent in trying to prove that Lucrezia Borgia was not as bad as reputed. The Victor Hugo drama, and the Donizetti opera, depict her as a criminal murderess, as well as being not all a lady should be. After four hundred odd years, historians have discovered that the poets and scholars of her day praised the Borgia for her beauty, her virtue and her brilliant mind. In fact, Machiavelli said she was "the fairest maid in all the world."

But I don't see why Clara Bow's reputation should wait four hundred years before screen chroniclers begin their investigations.

Clara could never be accused of murder, but she has been damned for almost everything else—especially hectic love affairs, greater in magnitude than any ever attributed to Borgia. Clara Bow, it is said, used to be so wild that when she kissed a chap he stayed kissed for a long time. Her list of suitors outdid Cleopatra and Helen of Troy.

While still disposing of legends gravely open to doubt, I can state that Helen of Troy also suffered through unjust publicity. Some of the ancient Greek and Egyptian manuscripts vow that Helen never was faithless to her husband—that Paris, dabbling in magic, took on the physical likeness of Menelaus, after Helen had spurned him—so how could poor Helen know the difference?

But to get back from Helen and Borgia to Bow.

One young fellow, very ardent in his pursuit of Clara,

Clara's screen personality reflects her ideal of a dazzling, happy girl.



Photos by Richee

The gay abandon of the "It" girl has been confused with Clara Bow's real self.

essayed a chorus-girl trick of feigning suicide, causing a lot of notoriety for Clara. Later, lovers too numerous to mention, according to reports, fanned the Bow legend of wildness to dangerous heights.

Out of this whirlpool of purple passion and modern youth, I felt sure I could get a good story. Approaching Julie Lang, of the Paramount publicity office, I said,

"I want to write a story about Clara Bow, and have her tell me what has so calmed her down."

Julie gave me a steely glare and frowned. "Calmed down from what?" she demanded, in seeming perplexity.

"Well, from her fiery, wild life——"

"You're mistaken," said Julie. "Clara Bow never was wild."

With my "hot" angle lost, my mind distracted, I felt put out.

"What? Not wild? She never went to hectic parties? She never—you mean she always stayed at home evenings and read?" In my despair I had become what Barry Norton would call "sarcastic."

"Yes, Clara has always been a home girl. I've known her ever since she came here—nearly four years ago."

There you are! That's what I was told about Clara Bow, the girl reputed to ensnare all males who came in contact with her!

With my first belief still uppermost, I went to Miss Bow's home, expecting to find my version of the girl. What it was to be I can't exactly say—surely nothing less than a slum-





Miss Bow is watchful of her chin and waistline.

placed in any conspicuous position to attract attention. A photo of Elinor Glyn was in a frame on the center table. The auto-graph said something about Miss Bow's "oneness"—whatever that means.

Eventually Clara appeared, looking very alert and fresh. She had, she explained, spent the morning in the gymnasium she had had built at the back of her home. Her red hair was still slightly damp from the shower.

She sat down beside me on the davenport and spoke as only an intelligent girl can speak. Thus one of my first opinions of her was shattered. Miss Bow is not in any sense dumb.

One writer, obviously annoyed at her, stated that once upon a time Clara dropped her "h's," and used bad grammar, and seemed to resent the fact that to-day she no longer does so.

Clara has never pretended to be an offshoot of aristocracy. Nor has she ever denied the poverty of her early days. That she has improved herself is surely worthy of praise, rather than censure.

I don't believe such reports trouble Clara one bit. The only thing that seems to worry her is that she is becoming rather plump. This has made necessary the gym at the end of the Bow garden.

bering cyclone of blazing passion that would leave me emotionally shriveled to a cinder when I tottered from her home.

I waited in the quiet of the drawing-room, waited for the worst—the girl herself, and her smoldering "past."

I must admit that the room gave no hint of wildness. The Harvard classics were sprawling over the poems of Oscar Wilde. Several expensive magazines were lying on a small stand. I took it that they were read, too, for they were not

"I've always had a round face since I was a child," Clara said. She placed her hands under her chin and smoothed the roll of flesh there, which showed signs of increasing. "Something must be done about it. I'll have to have it massaged, for I don't believe in dieting. In some scenes of my last picture I had a fright when I saw myself. Yet I'm not really fat. I only get plump here"—pointing under her chin—"and here," placing her hands on her waist.

But ignoring the flesh as a subject not necessary for the moment, I asked Miss Bow to explain why she is generally believed to be the wild, unbridled replica of her film self.

"Oh, *that!*" Clara exclaimed. Then, leaning back she took a deep breath, and stared ahead for a moment. "I'll give you my version, if I can make myself clear."

Clara swallowed hard and said, "I had a very unhappy childhood. I knew nothing but poverty. My ideal was a girl who is always happy, full of life, dazzling—a young thing men admire and run after."

"When my first chance came to play such a rôle, I unconsciously acted my ideal. I made all the little gestures she would make, for I had often gone over them in my mind, but I never used any of them in everyday life. Surprisingly, my brain



Clara displays the kind of dress she would wear at a real party.

child met with favor. The public took her to its heart. To-day elderly women see me as their naughty, little daughter. Elderly men think me that, too. Girls look upon me as visualizing their own romances. Boys regard me as the girl they like to be with.

Continued on page 111.

Criticism has n't troubled Clara at all.



Pal to Pal

Touching moments in recent films have come from a man's love for a little pal in need of a big brother.



Maurice Chevalier, above, befriends David Durand, as *Jo-Jo*, a waif, in "Innocents of Paris," and the boy wins the acting honors of the picture.



Al Jolson, left, with Davey Lee, in "The Singing Fool," started the vogue for infant aids to stellar greatness.



William Haines, above, in a touching scene from "Alias Jimmie Valentine," gives Billy Butts some brotherly advice, and the boy becomes his brother-in-law!



Eddie Dowling, left, made a big success in "The Rainbow Man," his first picture, and you have only to see Frankie Darro in it to learn one of the big reasons.

James Murray and John Hanlon, below, helped each other to fame in "The Shake-down."

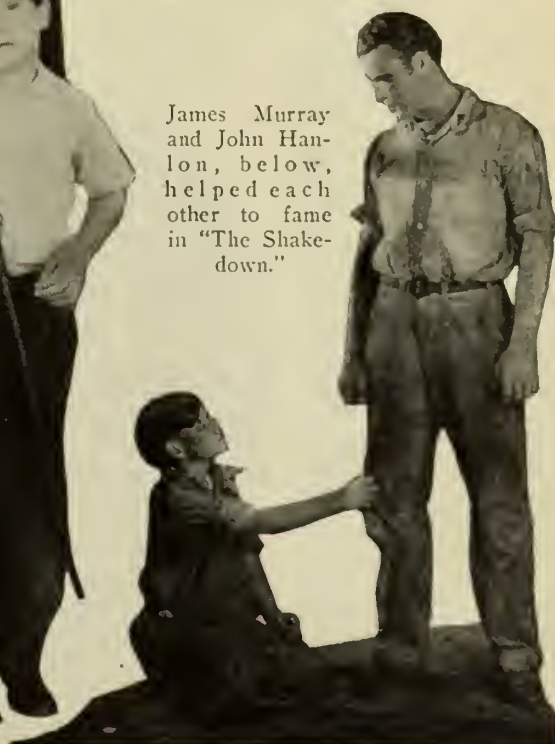




Photo by Autrey

Will Helen Twelvetrees' intelligent, expert voice and clever acting make her a real favorite of the fans?

THERE is a new song being played along Tin Pan Alley these days. It is called "The Broadway Malady." Its tune is more infectious than "You Were Meant For Me" and more contagious than spring fever. There is only one cure for it—Hollywood.

Unfortunately, the cure is not always a permanent one, sometimes it is merely a temporary anodyne, depending upon the careful ministrations of two mysterious strangers called Mr. and Mrs. Fan.

Thus Broadway may send all her prize packages to Hollywood, but if Mr. and Mrs. Fan do not approve of them, they are apt to be returned, marked "Opened By Mistake."

To be more specific, let's get down to facts.

Did the fans give Texas Guinan a great, big hand—and then forget her?



Are These

Have the fans taken to their hearts any of the merely to admire the brilliant performances some the question, but the ultimate

By Radie

Acclaimed by the critics as a brilliant artist, Ruth Chatterton still awaits the verdict of the fans.

Photo by Richee



The talkies have just celebrated their first birthday. During this year of experiment, derangement and general upset, new names were signed with all the recklessness of a profiteer and the extravagance of a Cræsus. With what result? The question has already been answered by that estimable gentleman, William Shakespeare. Producers soon learned that an actor in the movies by any other name would be just as sweet, without the sugar coating of Broadway prestige.

A few examples will suffice.

Ruth Chatterton descended on Hollywood, with all the hauteur of a visiting potentate. Her theatrical season in New York was over—she had some leisure on her hands. She might, if the remuneration were sufficiently compensative, do a few pictures. It was.

And so Miss Chatterton and her Mayfair accent were introduced to the screen. She has made several dialogue films, some of

Your Stars?

visitors from the stage, or have they been content of the newcomers have given? This article answers answer must come from you.

Harris

Lola Lane has beauty, but has she screen personality?



them highly meritorious—"Madame X," in particular—and others not so worthy of note. But, so far, the reactions of the fans have been more or less tepid. "I haven't had a single letter of comment about her work," an editor of a fan magazine told me recently.

Jeanne Eagels, another "first lady" of the stage, transferred her affections to the screen, and in so doing added more than several gray hairs to her Paramount mentors. But enough of the lady's much publicized temperament. She may be "difficult," but she's a superb actress, as "The Letter" will testify. And yet, as fine as this picture is, and as stunning a performance as Miss Eagels gives in the leading rôle, it failed to inspire any fan clubs in honor of the star.

After all, who are Jeanne Eagels, Herbert Marshall, O. P. Heggie, and Reginald Owen when Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll are playing across the street?

In casting "The Hole in the Wall," the script called for "an aristocratic mother."



Photo by Autrey

Mary Duncan has every talent an actress should possess. Is she, then, your favorite star?

An actress known to fans everywhere for her many years of work on the screen in just such rôles, applied for the rôle. She was given a sound test. She was

Lee Patrick made one picture, but she has appeared in many plays.

told that her voice recorded perfectly and she was just the type needed, but a stage actress was assigned to the rôle. When the picture was released, Louise Closser Hale was ignored in the reviews. Yet she had been engaged for the rôle on the strength of her stage reputation. In the same picture were two other prominent stage recruits, Claudette Colbert and Edward G. Robinson. Both superlative artists in the theater, the screen in some unfathomable fashion lessens rather than heightens their artistry.

Although "Alibi" served to introduce Chester Morris, an





Photo by Miehl

Eleanor Griffith returned to the stage after playing the heroine in "Alibi."

actor destined for great screen popularity, it didn't do so much for its leading lady, Eleanor Griffith. Handicapped by a colorless rôle, coupled with the fact that she photographs poorly, this young actress was robbed of the success anticipated for her. She is now back with her first love, the stage, in support of Mrs. Fiske, in "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh."

Another disappointment was Lee Patrick. Hailed by Pathé as one of the "finds" of the year, she was featured with several other stage players in "Strange Cargo." Despite her stage training, her voice didn't record well and the camera proved unkind. She, too, is now back in the "legitimate."

Not even the expert ballyhoing of the Warner publicity offices could convince any one that Texas Guinan,

Will Jeanne Eagels' superb acting make her a favorite of the sororities, or a topic for highbrow discussions?



in "Queen of the Night Clubs," was a screen actress to arouse enthusiasm. And Fannie Brice in "My Man" didn't prove the sensation her admirers had hoped. One may willingly spend \$7.70 to see her on the stage in a revue, but even a fifty-cent admission fee at a movie theater didn't bring out the S. R. O. sign.

Mary Duncan, highly touted and publicized, was ushered into stardom with her very first picture. She was costarred with Janet Gaynor, in "Four Devils." Miss Duncan's name was emblazoned in electric lights, her rôle magnified out of all proportion to Janet Gaynor's, but it was little Janet who wrapped up the picture and took it home with her.

Another victim of "The Broadway Malady" is Helen Twelvetrees, also from the stage. In "The Ghost Talks," her first film, she revealed a dainty personality and a voice that bespoke experience, intelligence, and charm. But to date I have heard of no fan clubs being formed in her honor, nor have I read any enthusiastic recognition of her work such as, for example, followed Betty Bronson's début in "Peter Pan."

"Speakeasy" was a swell picture. How much Lola Lane and Paul Page in the leading rôles had to do with it, is a matter of conjecture. It is my opinion that Lois Moran and Nick Stuart could have done equally as well, if not better, in the same rôles. But then of course they haven't had any stage experience!

And now, lest you think that "The Broadway Malady" has confined itself exclusively to members of the fair sex, we hasten to tell you of several of the male contingent, who also

have fallen victims to its charm. Raymond Hackett, Paul Muni, Fredric March, Charles Eaton, Russell Gleason, and Charles King, to mention just a few, have flashed across the cinema horizon, with none of the overnight popularity attendant upon the débuts of such heroes as Charles Rogers, Nils Asther, Gary Cooper, or Charles Farrell.

Paul Muni is a magnificent actor. One has only to see him in "The Valiant," his first picture, to give him the palm. But will Mr. Muni roll up a fan following on the score of good looks, or sex appeal? It remains to be seen.

And yet, in the face of these facts, the casting director of the Metro-Goldwyn studio in the East informed me only recently that he was not sending any one to Hollywood without stage experience.

We wonder whether the gentleman ever heard of Norma Shearer, Bessie Love, and Anita Page, who have scored three of the

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His Big Secret

One side of Richard Dix is little known—his fondness for concerts and so-called highbrow music, which he has tried to “keep under his hat.” And you will find much else that is new about him in this story.

By Alma Talley

HUNDREDS of words have been written about the frivolous side of Richard Dix—his gallantry, his success with women, how Lois Wilson, Alyce Mills, Charlot Byrd, and other girls played in Richard's pictures, fell in love with him, and nursed their broken hearts in the end.

No wonder Richard is skittish about interviews. No wonder he worries about the impression fans have of him. A philanderer, a trifler—this is the side of him that makes for snappy reading in magazines.

But he has another side, too—an intellectual side. But he has to keep it, literally, under his hat. How many people know, for example, that Richard is a great music lover, that his Hollywood home contains a large collection of phonograph records of the very best music? Brahms, Beethoven, and Wagner.

When he comes to New York, much of Richard's leisure is spent at concerts, but he is very quiet about his enthusiasm. He has to be. It's an enthusiasm the public doesn't understand, and because they don't understand, they resent it. They consider it highbrow.

“I almost have to slink in to hear a concert,” Richard admitted once, in a frank moment. “Just because I'm big and husky and athletically inclined, people seem to think I shouldn't have any intellectual interests. Not long ago a newspaper writer recognized me at a concert, and the next day published a kidding comment about it. You'd think I had been caught stealing pie off the pantry shelf, or beating up ‘my old mother,’ as they say in the tabloids. Yet music would certainly appear a harmless preoccupation.”

America has an odd intolerance of an intellectual man. He's a man set apart. He is popularly supposed to be frail and bespectacled, and to have a shy, bookworm look about him. In college pictures, with which we have been deluged recently, isn't it always a gaunt, cadaverous gentleman who is cast as the professor?

That's just because culture and brawn are not supposed to

Because Richard is big and husky, people don't think he has any right to intellectual interests.



New impetus has been given Richard Dix's career by talking pictures.

be teammates. But they can be. In Richard's case they are.

The Dix whom the fans know is a hearty, breezy Westerner, a former football, baseball, and hockey player of St. Paul Central High School; an athlete with big, broad shoulders and a massive physique; a man whose virility appeals to every feminine heart.

He is all these things. A good sport, a man who is popular with his own sex as well as with the women. Ask the electricians, the prop boys, his fellow players at the studio about him. “Dix? Gee, he's a great guy.”

And he is. He quite justifies the opinion of him held by the public. That's one side of his personality. But there is that other side, the side he keeps under his hat.

It was not inapropos that Richard was christened Ernest. Ernest Carleton Brimmer, as every ardent fan knows. It is that very earnestness in his nature, that undiscouraged determination, which has made him the successful actor he is to-day. It has kept him at the peak of popularity while other stars have waxed

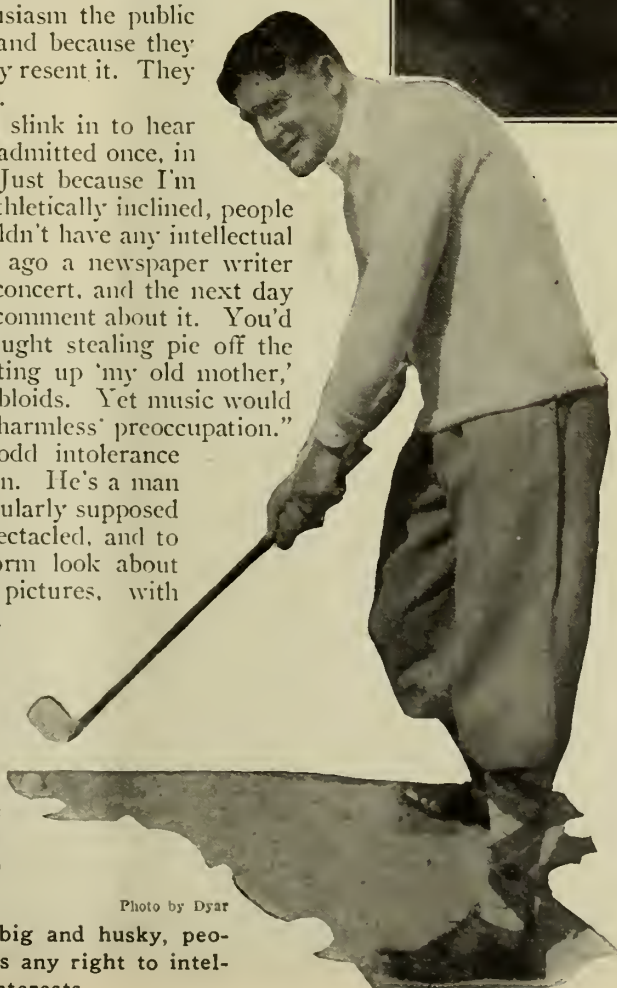


Photo by Dyar

and waned. The Buddy Rogerses, the Charlie Farrells, the Dick Arlens, find their niche in the hearts of the fans and the windows of the box office, and older players sink back into semiobscurity. But not Richard. His popularity goes on through the years.

It's his earnestness which keeps him on top. You never heard of Richard's getting a swelled head, did you—"Going Hollywood," as so many stars have done before him and since?

Richard keeps both feet firmly on good, hard terra firma. I remember about six or seven years ago when he told me gleefully, "Paramount has offered me stardom, but I've turned it down. I don't think I'm big enough to carry a picture. And I've seen too many stars do a quick fade-out, because they accepted the crown prematurely."

Now that was common sense. Dix realized that popularity can be a little something that creeps up overnight, and flies away as speedily. He waited for his to "jell."

That's part of Richard's serious side.

This quality in him has developed from his childhood days when he wanted, with all the fervor of a boyish heart, to be a minister.

"When I was only four," Richard says, "I had the dramatic urge. At that time it took the form of preaching. When I came home from church I used to set up a box for a pulpit and try to imitate the pastor. You know—the deep, serious voice. All that, with gestures. I was damned serious about it, too. If any one laughed at me, I would put aside the box and the prayer book, and looked all kinds of ministerial reproaches at them."

Richard came of a very religious family. So religious, indeed, that the theater was taboo. He never saw the inside of a theater until he was fourteen, when his father took him to see "The Christian." Because this had a religious theme it was given parental approval. Oddly enough, it was this very play in screen form which gave Dick his first boost to stardom, after he had fought very hard for the rôle.

It isn't at all ironical that a boy who wanted to be a preacher should grow up into an actor. The two professions are so similar. Both have their dramatic aspects; both require elocutionary skill.

Richard's detour in ambition occurred at the St. Paul Central High School. And very appropriately, too, in view of the public's idea of Dick. He joined the dramatic club, because all the prettiest girls in school belonged to it. His frivolous side again!

Dick comes of a very religious family and never saw the inside of a theater till he was fourteen.

And at sixteen he decided on comedy as his forte when, with his brother, Doctor Archie Brimmer, he saw several skits on the program with a boxing match.

Richard was devoted to Archie. It was this older brother who helped finance him for a stage career against his father's opposition, though the doctor did not live to see the success of his efforts.

There was consternation in the family when Dick announced that he would be an actor. His father wanted him to be a surgeon. But fond as he was of Archie, Richard had no wish to follow his profession. Unknown to his father, he joined a dramatic school. Archie encouraged him, and so did his mother.

"All I ask," she told him, "is that you be a *good* actor."

In a small way he evidently was, even then. For when he was playing in the dramatic school's "Richelieu," the advance man for Sothorn and Marlowe saw him, and arranged to have him meet the great Shakespearian stars. He was offered eighteen dollars a week to travel with the company as prompter.

And then, at home, the storm broke. How the thunder clouds did let loose!

"No Brimmer has ever been an acting fool," said his father, "and I won't have our name connected with the theater." Now you know why Richard doesn't use his real name.

His earnestness, his determination won out, backed by his mother and Doctor Archie. His father finally gave in. There were guests for dinner that night, and Mr. Brimmer broke the news to them.

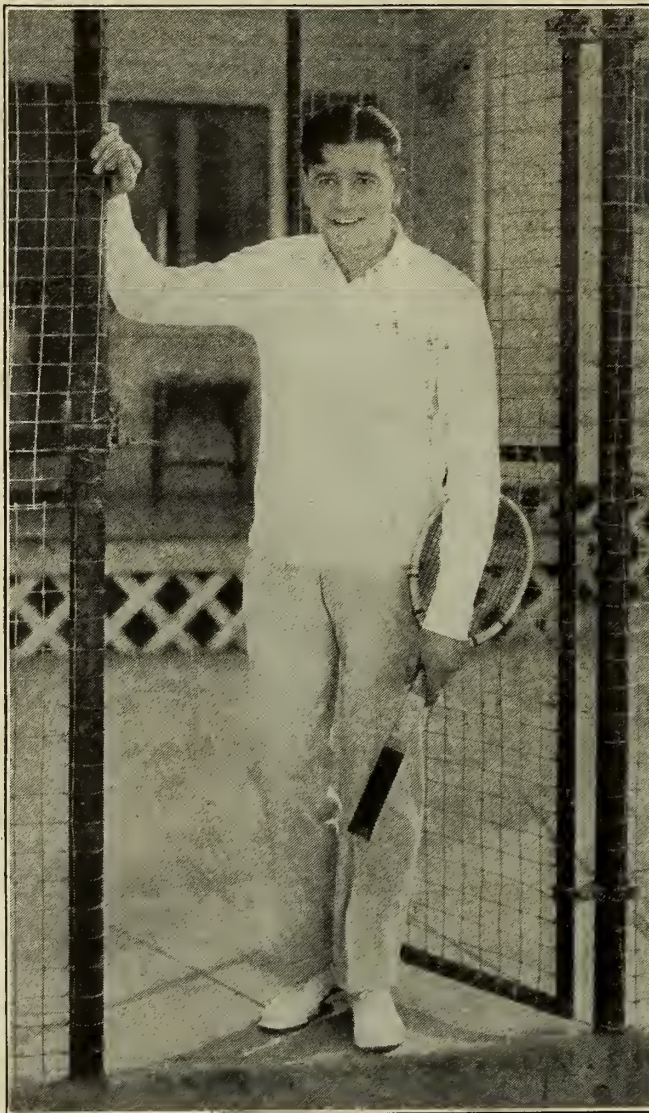
"My son is going to be an actor," he told them, with great sarcasm, "but at least he's condescended not to use my name. We've been trying to select a suitable one for him. I've got a *good* one picked out—Arthur Foote. Because when he comes home to us it will be a-foot."

Our very earnest young man determined that the threat should not come true, and emerged into the world as Richard Dix. Dix is a family name, and his favorite aunt supplied the Richard.

The rest is an old, old story to readers of movie magazines. A story of struggles; jobs at fifteen and twenty dollars a week, weeks without any job at all; months of haunting managers' offices, with the same old answer, "Come around next week." And always this determined young man kept in mind his brother's fond parting words, "I know I'm going to see the name of Richard Dix in electric lights on Broadway."

And had he lived, Doctor Archie *would* have seen the name in letters several feet high, reaching, in lights, just halfway across a New

Continued on page 100



My Gal Sal

At least five Hollywood mothers point proudly to daughters with the old-fashioned and very feminine name of Sally.



Of the several well-known Sallies, Miss O'Neil, above, has been on the screen longest, but that doesn't mean that her mother is prouder than parents of other Sallies.



Sally Starr, above, with a twinkling face that matches her name, will make her bow in "College Days" that you may welcome the newest addition to the Sally sisterhood.



Sally Eilers, below, is liked by every one in Hollywood, it seems, and is progressing from one good rôle to another, including one in "Broadway Babies."

Sally Phipps, below, isn't seen nearly often enough to suit her fans, but Fox promises to do better by her in future.



Sally Blane, above, was christened Betty Jane Young, but the movies changed her name.



38
A SWIFT, tumultuous courtship and a cyclonic marriage!

Who would expect less of John Gilbert?

He lived up to precedent, tradition, and personal celebrity as one of the screen's most ardent romancers, in his marriage to Ina Claire, the stage actress. In a word, he did not disappoint his public.

John is a splendid chap, for all that he has a gayly whimsical disposition, and Miss Claire is very human and regular, so "Marry in haste, repent at leisure" may not apply in their case. Indeed, there are, perhaps, patent possibilities of their being very happy together.

They met hardly more than two weeks before the ceremony was performed at Las Vegas, Nevada. They were introduced to each other at a party at the home of the Benjamin Glazers, who attended their wedding. It was love virtually at first sight, for John immediately began a zealous suit for Miss Claire's affections.

Although it was known that they were deeply enamored, nobody really expected the attachment to culminate so speedily in marriage. John had been in love before—frequently. This particular burst of devotion must be like all the others, his friends believed.

But it wasn't. The Las Vegas ceremony proved it.

The reason for going to the Nevada city was to avoid the three-day delay required by law in California, between taking out a license to wed and the performance of the ceremony. Nevada having no such law, John and Ina went there by rail, and flew back by airplane, so that they might as quickly as possible tell the news in person of their happiness. Perhaps this reflects the impetuosity of Gilbert.

And please, John and Ina, do stay man and wife—at least until this is published.

Auf Wiedersehn, Emil.

We bade Emil Jannings good-by. It was a sad parting. Jannings was sorrowful and broken—not disappointed, because he regarded his experience in America as of inestimable value, but regretful at leaving. Emil had tears in his eyes. He left quietly—without fanfare of trumpets, but with the expressed hope of returning some day.

The most cherished possession he took with him was the gold statuette awarded by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the finest acting performances given during 1928. He won this with "The Way of All Flesh" and "The Last Command," two unquestionably important contributions to screen art.

What irony that the actor so honored, and so generally admired for his work, should find it necessary to leave Hollywood, because of the changed conditions caused by sound pictures!

Jannings told us that receiving the award had particularly touched him, because it proved conclusively that those responsible for the vote had taken no regard of nationality, but had freely tendered the prize to a European.

Hollywood

Loud-speaking the news
and soft-speaking the
gossip of the studio
colony.

It is a pity that so human and fine an artist could not have been kept in this country.

Jannings plans, he told us, to make one picture a year in the future. It is possible that occasionally he may appear in a production in Hollywood.

Progressive Home-making.

Norma Shearer might be called a nomadic home-maker. We discovered this on attending a delightful party which she and Irving Thalberg gave following the premiere of "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Norma, by the way, was a great hit in this picture, gaining hearty plaudits when she was introduced by Fred Niblo from the stage immediately following the fade-out.

At the party Norma related how she and Irving had continually kept moving from place to place since their marriage. They lived for quite a while in Pauline Frederick's residence—one of the fine, old manses of Beverly Hills. Later on they dwelt at Gloria Swanson's, which is another home replete with the atmosphere that dignifies only the maturer establishments of the film suburb.

After one or two trials of less celebrated habitations, they now find themselves in a pleasant, modern abode on Linden Drive, street of poetic name. But even that is not permanent.

"It must be the Scotch in me that helps prevent us from making the investment necessary to have a house we can call our own," said Norma. "Irving also is very conservative, and the combination is terribly inhibiting.

"However, we have a lot at the beach, and maybe we'll build there soon, provided we're not tempted to sell at a profit."

By virtue of her sprightly conversation, Norma proved herself a most engaging hostess. This was one of the few occasions on which she and Mr. Thalberg have publicly entertained.

Advancement for Hackett.

Our introduction to Raymond Hackett, the young stage actor whose star is rapidly rising in filmdom, occurred at the Thalberg-Shearer function, and we found him a most unassuming chap.

Hackett is headed for great success. His work in "The Trial of Mary Dugan" and "Madame X" has already established him, and it is probable that Metro-Goldwyn, with whom he is under contract, will cast him for some big rôles during the

Is there no limit to the versatility required of actresses? Here's Fay Wray, erstwhile swansdown heroine, seemingly at ease in a speakeasy. The film is "Thunderbolt."



High Lights

By
Edwin and Elza Schallert

current year. They seem strongly convinced of his ability, and strangely enough, he is one of the few among the many stage actors imported to Hollywood since the talkies, who has scored a decided hit. The next picture that he will be seen in is "Eva the Fifth."

Hackett's wife, Myra Hampton, is also likely to be favored since she made a decided impression with her lisping chorus-girl impersonation in "Mary Dugan."

Lost in the Big City.

"New York exiles"—that is a name given to many of the stage players who are at present residing in Hollywood. At all events, it is the name Arthur Caesar, sometimes known as the wit of Broadway, originated for them.

It is applicable in certain instances, for many of the players from the Eastern footlight world find themselves "lost souls" in the totally different environment of Hollywood.

The screen people themselves are inclined to be slow in "taking them up," which is natural, since the majority of them are regarded as intruders.

After all, there is a note of tragedy in the fact that the industry, which seemed to belong to Hollywood's people for many a day, now appears to be slipping away from them into new and alien hands. All that really compensates is that, so far, very few of the visiting stars are attaining the bigger sort of popular recognition that belonged so indisputably to the older favorites.

Thrones Are Wavering.

The spell of change in filmdom is even hitting in some of the highest places. The recent dissolution of the Pickford-Fairbanks studio corporation was, for example, symbolical of the era of upheaval.

Doug and Mary may soon be working for Warner Brothers—a strange anomaly!

By degrees the studio which they held as their own has been divided and partitioned with other stars and producing companies. They used to have its whole range to themselves. But no longer. The place is crowded with stages, dressing rooms and offices—has been for some time, in fact. Doug and Mary are joined with a throng of other workers.

The Americanization of Lily Damita is complete with her chic conception of what the well-dressed gold digger will wear.



Only Chaplin has remained in ideal seclusion. He still occupies the solitary, little English retreat where he has long made his pictures. The cutting through of a street will soon disturb this, and demand the setting back of the buildings, but Chaplin will nevertheless be able to retain these quarters.

Evidently he intends to go on maintaining his independence, for he has refused to have any part in studio or other industrial mergers. He remains his determined, and if you like, rebellious self come what may in the nature of revolutions in the picture world.

Scandinavian Partnership.

Mention of John Gilbert's marriage should have inspired some comment anent Greta Garbo. Curiously, we almost overlooked this. The oversight may be attributed to the circumstance that their romance has been "off" for some time. Indeed, the "offing" started before Greta sailed for Europe, and there was never a resumption upon her return. John meanwhile was seen with certain other charmers, among them the blond Virginia Cherrill, Chaplin's leading woman.

The outlook is that John and Greta will not be teamed professionally so much in the future. Nils Asther seems to be the rising romantic partner for the beautiful Swedish Calypso, and there is, naturally, a homogeneous aspect to this association, since they are both from the same country.

The future of Nils and Greta might only be considered doubtful, because of overwhelming advances of dialogue pictures.

Will they wed? Ah, give us the gift of prophecy!

Freakish News Account.

One of the most amusing occurrences during the Gilbert-Claire wedding excitement was when one of the Los Angeles newspapers saw fit to print adjacent to each other, a photograph of Miss Garbo and a headline announcing that a "Film Star Attempts Suicide Because of Gilbert Nuptials."

It turned out that the photograph and the story didn't bear any direct relation to each other. The would-be suicide was a lesser light of filmdom.

Mix In Grief Again.

Poor Tom Mix. Will his troubles never end?

His latest difficulty over income tax seems to be a sorry mess, judging from all the complicated facts and figures presented in indictments filed against him by the government.

We have never had a chance to condole with Tom, or to find out his side of the case since he has been in the East, but it looks as if he were going to have to pay a good sum to settle the contention. The total sum estimated due was something like \$500,000.

Most surprising were the figures divulged on the Mix income. It was shown that during the latter part of his association with Fox he was receiving only \$7,500 a week, at the highest. And this was the time when it was frequently reported that he was getting close to \$15,000. Yes, stars' salaries are sometimes *slightly* exaggerated.

For Sake of Euphony.

Here's a new one. Character names in pictures have to be changed, because of recording in the "mikes." Certain blumpy-sounding names won't register.

In "The Marriage Holiday," for instance, alterations were made as follows:

Constance Gurney became *Kathryn Miles*. This was the rôle played by Ruth Chatterton. John Gurney, Clive Brook, became *Robert Miles*; Marie Louise Bernham, Mary Nolan, became *Anne Marie Whitley*, and Ernst Krafner, William Powell, *Karl Krale*.

Here's hoping that it doesn't become such a mania that when "Hamlet" is produced he is called *Prince Harry Omelet*, or *Othello* becomes *Mr. Johnny Oldfellow*.

Serial Revivals.

The serial habit is coming on again, and talking serials are the form in which this addiction will manifest itself in future. Grace Cunard, famous in the old days, is playing in one for Universal, and Allene Ray, who has become something of a serial queen, with Pathé.

Probably, now, instead of stopping in the midst of the most exciting scene, and continuing over to the following week, the serials will fade out on the most climactic sentence, as follows:

The heroine: "Unhand me, villain; I know where the gold is hidden."

Villain: "You do, do you? Ah-ha! Now wait, and I'll tell you something."

Whereupon, there flashes on the screen the words, "You can hear the end of this thrilling conversation next week at the Squawky-bijou Theater."

Noble Warriors Meet.

Hollywood announced the appearance of John Barrymore and Lowell Sherman in the same picture as "The Meeting of the Gladiators." Both were known to be gifted with the ability to use words scathingly to the disadvantage of all comers, and if they ever matched verbal powers, something very interesting was anticipated.

Sherman received a very high salary for this engagement. It was reported to be \$5,000. Perhaps this kept the atmosphere peaceable.

The Barrymore film is based on the novel "General Crack," and is one of the first talkies with a period setting. The peculiar title evolves from the name of the principal character, which in full is *Christian Rudolph Augustus Christopher Kettlar*. The first letters of these names form the word "Crack."

Alan Crosland, director of the picture, told us that the title afforded too many opportunities to smart-crack—no pun intended—hence the reason for altering it.

A Doggy Investment.

King Tut cost thirty-five cents, and he has earned \$50,000. King Tut, you may remember, is the not very doggy dog who played in Harold Lloyd's "Speedy." So

successful has his film career been, that he has already run up a very high total of income.

Now, too, he is learning to act for the talkies. More of an ordeal this is than you might think, because his master can no longer give him audible directions, but has to pantomime the signals.

Lupe's Pensive Repartee.

Is Lupe Velez's career blasted? Reports of a little row between her and Director Herbert Brenon emanated just about the time work was being started on "Lum-mox." And later on Lupe was replaced by Dorothy Janis in the picture featuring Winifred Westover, Ben Lyon, and others.

We met Lupe when she was in one of her down-hearted moods. She had asked for a cigarette, and while it was being offered to her it was dropped on the floor.

"Here's another," somebody suggested.

"Uh," exclaimed Lupe, tossing back her head tragically. "Give me the one from the floor. I am no better than that cigarette."

Anyway, Lupe has her Gary.

What a Girl Should Avoid.

Sally Eilers is authority for the statement that it isn't advisable for girls to get the reputation in Hollywood of being engaged too often. Consequently, she says that she's not going to contemplate marriage for a long while.

The occasion for Sally's statement was the breaking off with her fiancé, William Hawks, one of the several Hawks brothers. "Plans for our union simply did not work out," she said.

Sally was once previously reported engaged to Matty Kemp, the young actor.

Beery in New Pastures.

Wallace Beery has made a jump—and it isn't just one of his frequent airplane hops, either. Wallace may now be addressed in care of M.-G.-

M. He left Paramount and joined the other concern a month or two ago. Which gives M.-G.-M. something of a corner on character actors, since they have Lon Chaney and Ernest Torrence already.

We ran across Ford Sterling at the Metro-Goldwyn studio not long ago. He played there in "Eva the Fifth." Sterling had been an absentee for fully a year, following the expiration of his Paramount contract, before being cast for this picture.

Wholesale Slaughter.

Separations, rumored separations, and divorces—there seems to be a new flurry in the Hollywood domestic unhappiness mart. Among those affected are Douglas MacLean, Anne Cornwall, Gladys McConnell, Blanche Sweet, Lloyd Hamilton, Constance Bennett, Charlotte Merriam, Gardner James, Noah Beery, William Farnum, Renée Adorée, Sue Carol, Hoot Gibson, Jeanette Loff, Ethlyn Claire, Lowell Sherman, Pauline Garon, Jean Arthur,



Nils Asther can stir up a stew with the best of them, but he is careful to taste the seasoning before offering it to others. These foreigners are so considerate, don't you think?

and various others. With a number of these, legal action has already been taken, and they are simply awaiting final decrees.

The separation of the MacLeans has been reported, but also denied. They have been husband and wife for thirteen years, which is more than enough in filmland to cause a couple to be referred to as "ideally wedded." Those were the words generally applied to the MacLeans.

Blanche Sweet and Marshall Neilan are to be divorced. Anne Cornwall and Charles Maigne, scenarist and director, are living apart. Gladys McConnell has announced her separation from her husband, Arthur Q. Hagerman.

The average of domestic break-ups the past year has been nearly one a week, which is high, even in Hollywood. This average, of course, has to do with only the better-known players and directors in the films.

Horses, Horses, Horses!

Who were the early film actors? We found out recently that they weren't men at all, but horses. And their names were Occident, Wildflower, Sunol, and Electioneer. They performed at Palo Alto, California, in 1878-79.

We discovered this on attending the Stanford-Muybridge Memorial Exposition in northern California, commemorating the first photography of motion. Horses were the subjects used in these early experiments. There were no movie cameras as such, but the pictures of the equine Thespians were shot with a series of twenty-four still cameras. The horses were their own camera men. In trotting past the battery of cameras they pulled the threads attached to these, causing themselves to be photographed.

The fiftieth anniversary of the event was held at Stanford University, a number of film executives attending. Alec B. Francis spoke on behalf of the actors, and said that he took his hat off to Occident, the first horse photographed. A tablet was erected in memory of the pioneering achievement in the midst of a pasture, and during the unveiling, a number of horses in the vicinity commenced neighing vociferously, probably also to salute Occident.

Making Matrimony Comfortable.

A marital vacation twice a year—this is the announced plan of Wallace MacDonald and Doris May, who have been reconciled. They plan a two-weeks separation every six months, in order to avoid domestic monotony.

MacDonald and Miss May obtained a divorce seven or eight months ago, but found that they didn't really want it after they had it. So they have reunited. However, the vacation clause is incorporated in their new domestic pact.

The MacDonalds have been married seven years.

Fairbanks Twins Naïve.

The Fairbanks Twins, Madeline and Marian, playing in "On With the Show," were discussing with Alan Crosland, the director, the merits of the East and the

West, on the eve of their departure for New York. In the course of the argument, the individual attractions of the Pacific and Atlantic oceans came up for discussion, and somebody remarked, "Well, anyway the Pacific isn't as salty as the Atlantic."

"Humph!" said one of the twins, "that's no recommendation. Who's going to drink the salt water anyway?"

"Ma-a-a-m-my!"

Al Jolson's production, "Little Pal," introduced an innovation in studio attire. Everybody working on the sets wore a "Mammy" sweater, so-called. The color of the sweater was black, and the front was embroidered with the semblance of Jolson doing his most famous song number.

The word "Mammy," by the way, has come to be an expression of derision around the studios. Every time anybody commences to whoop it up to a grand crescendo in singing, somebody is always sure to shout at him "Ma-a-a-m-my!"



Photo by Hill
Mrs. John Gilbert, née Ina Claire, gazes starry-eyed into the future and discovers only bliss.

She Would Love; He Would Not.

What is one to make out of this, anent the reported engagement of Prince Louis Ferdinand, son of the former German crown prince, and Lily Damita, the voluptuous film siren? Lily remarked, "You might say there is a romance."

The prince said, "I first met Miss Damita in Paris, and like her very much, but I am not contemplating marriage at present."

These two statements appeared side by side in a published account of their possible marriage.

Carlotta King Signs Up.

Carlotta King, who played the rôle of the French *fillic du régime* in "The Desert Song," has signed a five-year contract with Metro-Goldwyn. Almost immediately after the première of the Warner Brothers' comic-opera production, advances were made to her by the executives of M.-G.-M., and the intention is to feature her very prominently in

the forthcoming musical films.

Carlotta is living proof of the fact that radio singing is one royal road to a chance in the talking pictures. She was engaged for "The Desert Song," because her voice had a pleasing quality when broadcast. Lest we haven't mentioned it before, Carlotta is the wife of a talented writer and poet, Sydney King Russell.

Pertinent Names and Titles.

Sally Starr is the name of a new film discovery. She shouldn't have any trouble qualifying, with the name "Starr." It gives her a big headstart over her sisters.

Also—though there is absolutely no relationship of ideas—we note that Mary Nolan's first big picture is called "Mademoiselle Cayenne." Sounds decidedly peppery!

Laurels to the Victors.

Hollywood had one of its largest turnouts to celebrate the awarding of prizes by the Academy of Motion

Continued on page 106

Oh, Thou

Talking pictures are bringing to the screen the sister act vaudeville, and some of



Mavis Villiers and Marguerite Andrus, left, also appear in "Burlesque," illustrating the correct deportment of Hawaiian twins.



Bo Ling and Bo Ching, below — no, we don't know which is which—are the only Chinese twins in pictures, and appear in the miniature revue, "Climbing the Golden Stairs."



The Russian dancers in "Burlesque," at top of page, left, comprise one of the most attractive sister acts.

Arline and Charlene Aber, left, are really sisters, you know, and danced their way to fame in "Close Harmony" until now they're fixtures in Hollywood, with more calls for their act than they can possibly answer.



Happy Twain

that has survived generations in musical comedy and the sisters are twins.

Another sister act in "Burlesque" is danced and sung by Alberta Hamblin and Peggy Durand, right, as little Dutch girls in silver sabots.



Still another sister act in "Burlesque" is seen, above, the "sisters" being Gladys Delzell and Mary Frances Taylor.

The most famous sisters of all are the Fairbanks twins, below, Marion and Madeline, who used to play leading rôles in pictures when they were children, and now dance in "On with the Show."



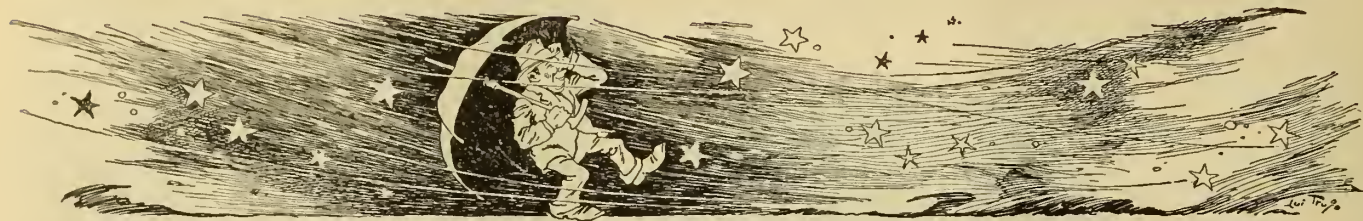
Armida and Lola, left, Mexican sisters, add liveliness to "Mexicana," a novelty picture filmed in color, with plenty of singing and dancing.



The Stroller

Our roving scribe collects some rare Hollywoodia.

By Neville Reay



Illustrated by Lui Trugo

CLARENCE HOPJOY, JR., was one of our most successful screen authors.

He had an idea which kept him wealthy for several years.

It was a good idea, the only one Clarence ever had. I'm wrong, he had two ideas—the story, and the way to sell the story.

Two years ago he went to Fox with this brilliant idea. Fox took a sixty-day option on the idea for \$1,000 and Clarence was to develop the story along certain lines. He did, but he talked better than he wrote, and found that his story was refused in written form. Hopjoy had eaten his cake and still had it.

He tried three other major studios and collected \$1,000 from each, and still had his story. He could talk it, but he couldn't write it. Whereupon Clarence made a thorough canvass of all the studios until he had collected everywhere from \$100 up to develop the idea. And, happily, he always failed to sell it. He bought a car, rented a trick home on a hillside, hung by his knees from the porch rail, and wondered how he could raise his brain child to its full maturity.

Alas, poor Clarence, I knew him well. He changed the title, and started round the studios again. But the fourth was his end. A talented writer was assigned to work with him. The story was written—and sold.

O, Hollywood, cruel city, hath thou no mercy on thy sons? I saw Clarence working as an extra for five dollars yesterday.

"They changed my story so much in production that I didn't recognize it," he muttered feebly. "And they changed the title. They might have let me keep the story for just another round."

"Why don't you get an idea for a backstage story?" I suggested. "No one has made one for hours."

That was yesterday. To-day Clarence accosted me. He had a \$1,000 check. It was a retainer on a backstage story.

"What is the plot?" I asked.

"Plot? Plot?" he said vacantly. "Oh! I have sixty days to develop that."

Thousands of dollars in research work are being expended by motion-picture studios to deal with the scourge of crickets.

On sound stages where absolute quiet is required, the intrusion of even one cricket is in the nature of a calamity. The so-called music of this insect is apparently continuous,

and its raucous note registers infallibly upon the sensitive mechanism of sound-recording devices.

Furthermore, the cricket seems to possess ventriloquous powers of throwing its voice, thus thwarting the searchers. One studio has been working with the idea of a divining rod that will locate the music of the insect.

Experiments are being conducted with a cricket trap invented by a prop boy. This consists of a cage about three inches square, with a door that swings inward. The trap is baited with lettuce flavored with Thousand Island dressing, this bill of fare having been selected after long experimentation by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

It is an open secret that the cricket menace must be dealt with to insure the future of the industry. There is a rumor that recently a disgruntled actor, under the cover of night, let loose scores of crickets on a sound stage, with the result that production was held up three days while the troupe ferreted out the pests.

Perhaps it's funny—I'm not a moralist, but—

I was at the Coconut Grove the other night, and there were other celebrities there, too. Celebrities are, after all, just celebrities. It isn't their fault.

On the dance floor I heard a piercing feminine shriek—oh, it was very piercing, I assure you. It must have torn the insides out of the microphone which was broadcasting the music to the hinterland.

Concurrent with the yell, a feminine figure leaped into the air, and came back to the floor with a dull thud. There was an echo of ribald laughter.

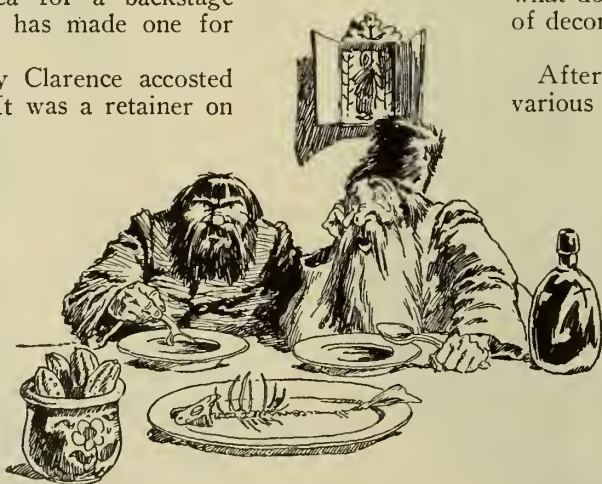
Closer investigation revealed Lily Damita as the jumping bean. William Haines was dancing with her. Now, what do you suppose caused this breach of decorum?

After reading the love-life stories of various famous and near-famous people,

I suffered from a fixation. I wanted to write a love-life story. So I have just interviewed a famous studio cat.

Henrietta is not beautiful. Her nose is too big. Her coat is of the alley variety, but she has a body which must seethe with "It."

"I was less than a year old," said Henrietta, "when I was seduced by Clara Bow's tomcat, when Clara was working here. I was just a little scrub, and I believed his endearments. He edged up to me, his eyes gleaming



Heavy eating of cucumbers and sturgeon causes the gloominess of Russian films, according to the art-and-diet theories of Henry, the restaurateur.

in an insinuating way. Ah, what an awakening that was! I, an unknown, was completely bewildered by greatness.

"My second love affair was with John Barrymore's pet. You see, I craved greatness in my loves.

"But my third affair taught me not to trust any man. I was introduced to Mary Philbin's Persian. There was a gentleman! He promised to marry me. I was thrilled. But he ran away. To think that Mary, of all people, would own such a beast!

"After that I sort of let go. Life is so difficult and studio atmosphere is so charming, that I no longer cared."

Henrietta blushed as she wagged her tail. Two black kittens, a white one, a spotted one, a gray one, and a couple of others approached.

"My family," Henrietta purred proudly, "that is—my latest family. You see, I am not ashamed of my children.

"Two of my earlier offsprings have had big rôles in pictures, and I have worked before the camera, too. Little Willie is being trained to meow for talkies.

"I am five years old, and I've had eighty-three children. So many of them have moved to other studios, or been adopted by stars!

"A mother's lot is a hard one. My philosophy is that a bit of scandal in the family makes for greater popularity with the fans."

Houston Branch, who is not a railroad, but a clever playwright-scenarist, was working one night when his doorbell rang.

He admitted a mysterious individual, who asked, "Are you a Manxman?"

Branch replied that he was neither a Manxman nor a Knight of Pythias.

"We Manxmen are singers. We are lonely people in Hollywood, who get together to sing. I am collecting \$100,000 to make the movement world-wide."

Branch wondered, and then thought, "One of Tom Reed, the dialogue writer's, sculduggerous gags," and proceeded to sing for the man. The Manxman was exceedingly pained.

"Stop," he said, "you'll not do."

"Then go to Tom Reed. He's a lonely sort," said Branch. "I often hear him driving over the pass alone, singing his Alma Mater song."

But it wasn't a gag. I saw Tom Reed yesterday and asked him if he would play bridge.

"I can't," he said, "I'm going to the Manxmen's meeting. A candidate for mayor of Toluca Lake must encourage the voters."

I have just seen "The Desert Song" on the screen. I am certain that only Warner Brothers could have made it.



The urge to expose her love secrets swept over Henrietta, the studio cat, so she naively told all to her "ghost" writer.

It merely proves that the intimacy of the screen will not permit musical-comedy treatment. Every time a character turns around he goes into a song.

Maybe we who live beneath the Mulholland Dam are crazy—I don't doubt it. Soon we will be going into songs on the Boulevard, and it may not be long before a scene of this sort is an everyday occurrence.

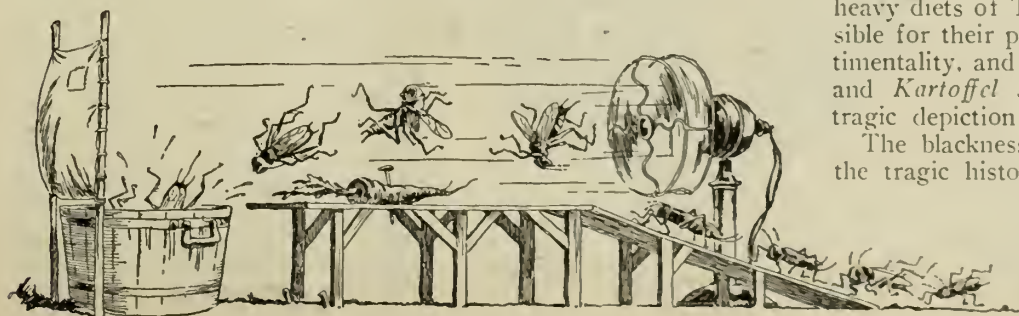
John Boles enters the Roosevelt Hotel with a girl. He sings "Tea for Two." The waiter clears his throat, and warbles "A Cup of Coffee, a Sandwich, and You-hoo." The waiters line up and sing the chorus of "Yes, We Have No Bananas," while Boles and the girl do a dance. The girl sings "You're the Cream in My Coffee" as Boles performs the act of pouring.

Superstition is rampant in theatrical circles, as every one knows.

Now that stage people are coming to Hollywood, it is worse than ever. I casually leaned against a tree in front of Bungalow Row, where the dressing rooms are. I thought I had chosen a cactus tree, I leaped away so quickly. But investigation showed that the tree was covered with hairpins and pins of many sorts, some bright and new, others old and rusty, but all beautifully sharp. And then I went on a set. While I was there some one conducted a priest through the studio.

The director saw him and moaned, "Now we're sunk. This picture will never be box office."

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences is applying itself to the problem of ridding the studios of chirping crickets.



Food has its effect on directors as well as on players.

According to Henry, the restaurateur, the heavy diets of Teutonic directors are responsible for their pictures. Beer makes for sentimentality, and too much salami. *Kalbfleisch* and *Kartoffel Salad* are responsible for a tragic depiction of life.

The blackness of Russian films is due to the tragic history of the nation, and heavy diets of cucumbers, cabbage soup, and sturgeon.

The weakness of France is an enigma. Lightness

Continued on page 117



Like most Englishmen, Mr. Warner's life centers around his home and garden and family. Here he is seen with his youngest daughter, Loraine, aged six.

Unto the Sixth Generation

In many respects H. B. Warner stands alone in Hollywood, one of his claims to distinction being his long line of ancestors who, without a break, have been leaders on the stage.

By Myrtle Gebhart

TO know H. B. Warner you must know his actor ancestors. They interlace the Englishman's customarily strong family ties with charming traditions. His inherent trait of meticulous convention is lightened by their jolly spirit.

There is something of that first troupier, five generations back, sack slung over his shoulder, his sole possession of value his mastery of Shakespeare, who wandered from shire to shire and plied his art of mimicry for a few pence, in the cultured, polished gentleman of today.

He is Belgravia and Broadway, cowslip meadows and a crisp fall breeze, a haberdasher's pride and the heart of the theater—all blended, yet each impression assertive like carefully formed exclamation points.

A tall, wiry man, precise and dominant, he has at once a flexible manner. With springy step, he shows you his house and his garden, keeping up a fluent monologue couched in a sharp humor. He has an easy formality, making you at home immediately. The very air is somehow quite jaunty.

In repose his face is harsh and furrowed. A smile, flashing with his enthusiasms, erases those lines until only their shadows remain, and his face glows. Seldom have I seen crevices so deeply worn—by concentrated thought, more than by turbulent emotion—vanish under an inner exhilaration. It fascinated me, that lean, tanned face, boldly criss-crossed, of a sudden young and alight. Even his eyes would seem to swim in it, as he shed the years, some fifty-odd.

His tastes and hobbies are simple. Rows of flowers, planted and tended by himself. Foxglove and tube roses and poinsettia, pansies and gladioli, bordering the deep, shady back lawn. He weeds and spades in white-flannel trousers, black patents, dark coat, handkerchief in cuff. But he knows his tulips!

One of those set-purposed people, he will see anything, however trivial, to a finish. The type who, chained to a regimen of small duties, thrives on them. Though ordinarily genial, he is quick to accept an argumentative blade; when real heat is aroused, he lapses into an exasperating patience. His absorbing



In repose Mr. Warner's face is severe, except when his enthusiasms are touched upon.

love for his son is shown in his strict discipline. And his friends are mostly of the commercial world. Only a few professionals are intimates—the Edmund Lowes, Lionel Barrymores, Joseph Schildkrauts, and others formerly of the theater.

His range of reading includes French romanticists, biography, travel tales, and everything pertaining to the stage. O. Henry and Sabatini are favorites. Accused of being a romantic idealist, he protests; presented with proof, he pleads the handicap of Byron for a middle name.

"He is a creature of habits," his wife sighs. "Tea must be served promptly. His setting-up exercises have not varied for fourteen years. And no matter what the hour of his return from theater or studio. I must sit with him in his study for five minutes, while he has a cigarette.

"He would rather ride with the children than attend any function. Joan, ten, H. B., Jr., eight, and Loraine, six, must have thorough educations. Though his great pride is his boy, he is terribly fond of the girls, and became quite chesty over the maternal manner Joan adopted when he took her abroad, on location for 'Sorrell and Son.' She would send out the laundry, and order meals and boss him."

Mrs. Warner, American, of English and French ancestry, is a brisk, concise woman, with an engaging candor and humor.

"It is up to the wife to keep a marriage happy. Men must be handled with care. Even so, we like to believe that ours is a bit exceptional. We quarrel nicely, without losing our tempers. I must give him an argument occasionally—but never when I really want my own way. One of our main beliefs is that the most precious part of the day is the glorious early morning. We ride and play tennis, and start the day gayly."

She was Rita Stanwood, successful in musical comedy. Seeing him with his first wife in a restaurant, she got a crush on him. Four years later, when playing in theaters across the street from each other, they met. He made her his leading lady, taught her the drama and promoted her progress in serious plays. They rode together, and talked of the theater, books, and sports, for two years. During a vacation at Coronado, he found a rival in attendance. Orchids from one, gardenias representing the other. Need one ask if Mr. Warner sent the orchids? He isn't the type. She made a "to-do," finally, of wearing the gardenias—as if she hadn't known all along!

"Adjustment to domestic life was difficult, but I realized that one career would be sufficient. I am occupied with Harry, the children, and his business."

Though he prides himself upon his acumen, it is really she who has built up the Warner fortune, reputed to be half a million. Her principal job is fending off people from whom he would buy anything.

"I was terribly jealous. He was a great idol, and loved feminine adulation—what man doesn't? I countered it with an assumed nonchalance until I saw that they meant nothing to him, individually. No, he has never been jealous of me. 'I would not want a wife whom other men did not admire,' he says, 'and I trust you.' That seems to close the matter. Never once has he questioned me. Though social life bores him, he will drive me to a party and call for me, and consider it quite right. When he isn't working, I must lunch with him every day. That makes me feel very necessary.

"At times irritatingly persistent in small matters, he is magnificently generous in important sacrifices, and extremely attentive. His reserve renders 'scenes' impossible. He can be boiling and never show it."

The Warner home, an unpretentious frame house,



Mr. and Mrs. Warner, with their children, Joan, H. B., Jr., and Loraine.

greets you with the oddest, friendly handshake—the welcome of a hundred hands of the past. The ancestors' portraits look so real and hearty. Treasures are *used*; the old blends its mellow charm with the new; each belongs. Some are rare and priceless, others of no monetary value.

He is no "curio collector," yet you run across chipped ivories, two hundred years old.

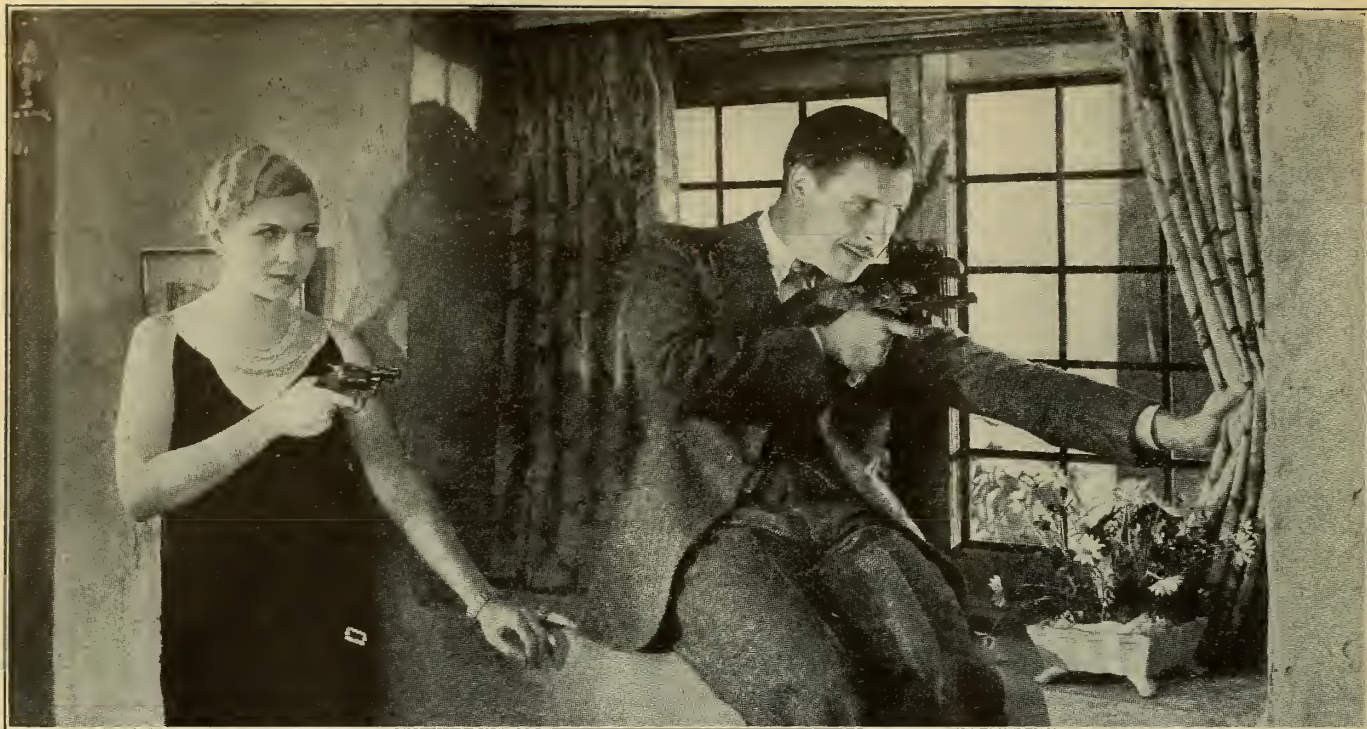
Beneath crossed rapiers is a cup proclaiming Mr. Warner champion of a famous London fencing club. Framed letters from Roosevelt and Taft are cluttered among Napoleonana; dog-eared scrap books started by his grandfather contain old handbills, first manuscripts of Charles Reid's and other authors' early plays, notated with stage directions, and a water color which H. B., at nine, made and sent his father, touring in Australia.

His study would be somber, with its old paintings in shadowy tones, were it not warmed with crimson velvet curtains, and deep chairs of well-worn tapestry.

With the screen articulate, training tells. His grandfather was huge and bald; stroking his long gray beard, at ninety-five he fascinated the boy with dramatic stories in which *his* grandfather figured. Heroic, those Warners; personal matters achieved a sort of folklore glamour.

His father, Charles W., was the idol of his day. At six, H. B. first trod the boards, the stage where father and grandsire had first acted and, a tale perhaps embroidered by tradition, where the two generations before them had presented their itinerant art. Though thrilled

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Lilian Tashman gives whole-hearted support to the triumph of Ronald Colman, in "Bulldog Drummond," his first talkie.

The Screen in Review

By Norbert Lusk

For the most part the new films constitute a triumphal pageant toward perfection in the talkies—with a few staggers along the line of march.

TALKING pictures are not as they were last month, or even week. They didn't have Ronald Colman then, but have him now! By reason of his appearance in "Bulldog Drummond" the entire aspect of the talkies has changed. For there hasn't been a picture quite its equal, nor a silent player more completely vitalized and remade by speech. Mr. Colman shines with the effulgence of a constellation instead of the dim, single star he used to be. You will look vainly for more satisfying entertainment than he and "Bulldog Drummond" provide, for it is perfect. Think of it! The fretful critic disarmed for once!

While it is largely Mr. Colman's voice that is responsible for this seeming miracle, the voice itself is not one that rends the screen with organ tones. Far from it. It is a "mental" voice, if you know what I mean. A voice that reflects an alert mind and a humorous, sophisticated point of view rather than an actor's skill in making points for his own enjoyment. In short, Mr. Colman becomes, through the medium of speech, a human being instead of the often immobile and rather worried hero which silence imposed in the past. All at once his old-time repression is lost in a manner that combines gayety, charm, and jauntiness. I assure you he is a joyous revelation, even to those who may have discerned these very qualities in his silent acting.

As *Captain Hugh Drummond* he finds an ideal rôle for the display of his light mood. Though a melodrama, and a wild one, too, it doesn't take itself seriously, but

there are all the elements of good melodrama to be found in it—suspense, thrills, and fiendish villainy. *Hugh Drummond*, nicknamed "Bulldog," makes his way through it, debonair, bantering, a brave man with a sense of humor and bearing of casual ease. His adventures begin when, bored with inactivity after the war, he advertises for adventure. Presently he finds himself aiding a maiden in distress, her mission being the rescue of her rich grandfather from a band of crooks who hold him a prisoner in their pseudo-asylum. Of course *Drummond* succeeds, but not without hairbreadth escapes from the machinations of the villains, among whom is Lillian Tashman at her best, and that's saying a great deal, especially when there is dialogue such as falls to her lot. The heroine is Joan, most beautiful of the Bennett sisterhood—so beautiful, in fact, that words fail in telling you just how exquisite she is. Montagu Love and Lawrence Grant are also greatly in evidence, with no one to dispute their skill in dialogue. "Bulldog Drummond" has the speed of a silent picture and the fine, expressive photography that we had come to regard as impossible in the talkies. Incidentally, some of the most appealing singing heard on the screen comes from Donald Novis, whose voice in the drinking song from "The Beggar's Opera" and the theme song, whatever its title is, will charm away the memory of all the other singing you have heard in pictures. If I haven't already made it clear, you must see "Bulldog Drummond." If you don't, I shall retire in despair. Can you bear it?

This Vale of Tears.

"Madame X" can still wring tears! Though the years are many since the French melodrama of mother love was first seen on the stage, and ten more have passed since Pauline Frederick brought *Jacqueline Floriot* to the screen, the story has not lost a whit of its hold on the emotions. That hold is enormously strengthened by dialogue in the present revival, that and the breath-taking acting of Ruth Chatterton. Her magic causes one to overlook the familiar story and antique situations, and to forget all else but the woman who, on trial for murder, is defended by the son who has been taught to believe her dead. Nor does Miss Chatterton stand alone in receiving honors and the tribute of tears. There is Raymond Hackett, as the son. He ably defended his sister in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," and for his mother's life he is twice as generous of eloquence, persuasiveness and the touching charm of a young lawyer conscious of his first case.

For the sake of younger fans unfamiliar with the story, it might be interesting to remind them that it begins with the divorce of *Jacqueline* by her husband and his refusal to permit her to see their infant son, who is ill. Step by step the degradation of the woman is shown as she roams the world, finally to return to France in company with a black-mailing paramour who has learned something of her history, the item most important to him being that her former husband is now attorney general. When suddenly *Jacqueline* realizes that *Larocque* plots to expose her shame to her husband and perhaps her son, she shoots him dead. And thus the famous trial.

In the course of the picture there are moments of brilliant acting so numerous that their description would consume far too much space to give this month's other fine pictures a fair chance. Enough to say that those who know "Madame X" of old, have never seen it in the full plenitude of its draft upon the emotions. And you, to whom it is a new story, may well heed it.

Capitally acted by the entire cast, which includes such favorites as Lewis Stone, Holmes Herbert, Eugenie Besserer, and Mitchell Lewis, in my opinion the most brilliant support is provided by Ulrich Haupt, as the scoundrel *Larocque*.

Introducing Paul Muni.

Another newcomer from the stage, Paul Muni, is introduced in "The Valiant," a grimly uncompromising picture with continuous dialogue. Both the picture and the actor are important because they are honest, straightforward and finely moving. Incidentally, Mr. Muni provides an example which should be heeded by screen players essaying dialogue. It is the complete absence of accent from his speech. His English is pure and is neither provincial nor stogy, yet this really is the result of his stage training. His flawless speech is all the more a credit to him, because it was cultivated for his debut on the English-speaking stage a few years ago, after he had distinguished himself as Muni Weisenfreund in the Jewish theater.

The story of "The Valiant," which Bert Lytell played in vaudeville as a one-act piece, centers around the powerful situation of a man condemned to death for murder, who denies his identity to his sister rather than have their mother know of his disgrace. He sends the girl away believing that her brother died a hero in the war. It is to the credit of the director, William K. Howard, no less than to Mr. Muni, that the picture is



Ruth Chatterton, as *Madame X*, and Raymond Hackett, as her son, play the most touching scene of the month.

wholly devoid of the mawkish heroism such a situation usually drips with on the screen. In fact, the entire story is developed with such fine restraint that, for all its tragedy, it becomes one of the most entertaining examples of dialogue films so far seen. Of hardly less importance than Mr. Muni is Marguerite Churchill, as the sister. Seen heretofore in only one short film, a Clark and McCullough comedy, she revealed herself to me as one of the visitors from the stage who would achieve distinction on the screen. She does. And watch her hands—they are skillful aids to her acting as well as very beautiful. John Mack Brown, also heard to advantage, gives a sincere and pleasing performance.

Ramon Novarro Sings to His Fans.

Victory for Ramon Novarro, a treat for his fans! In "The Pagan" he has a picture that is worthy of him; and in his singing fans will find not only their dreams come true, but complete justification of every word they have read of Mr. Novarro's voice. It is exactly the voice that should be his, and he sings with ease the simple theme song. But it is the ease of an accomplished singer more than the informal vocalizing most often heard on the screen. Needless to say it is a delight to listen to, because Mr. Novarro pours forth his voice with the spontaneity of a South Sea Island youth, and in one scene he lifts it in joyous song as he floats beside a boat.



"The Desert Song."



"The Bridge of San Luis Rey."



"The Squall."



"Not Quite Decent."

The picture is admirable, because it has the beauty of authentic landscapes, it is a searching, yet charming, portrayal of native character, it is replete with naive comedy and mounts to a melodramatic climax. Altogether it is the strongest offering Mr. Novarro has had in several years, and it affords him legitimate opportunity for the lighter acting in which, in my opinion, he excels.

His rôle is that of *Henry Shoosmith, Jr.*, a half-caste, who prefers to recline in the sun rather than boom business in his little store. A predatory trader enters the scene with the native girl he is hypocritically civilizing. She and *Henry* fall in love, while the trader utilizes this to make a contract with *Henry* for the exploitation of the latter's property. To circumvent *Henry*, the trader forces the girl to go through a marriage ceremony, but at the critical moment the youth snatches her away and takes her to his hut in the woods, where she is abducted by the trader who, in the course of *Henry's* rescue, is devoured by sharks.

This bare outline gives no idea of the charming touches abounding in the picture, nor, for that matter, of Mr. Novarro's sensitive and ingratiating performance. Dorothy Janis is wholly delightful as the girl, and Renée Adorée gives one of her best performances in a sympathetic rôle, while Donald Crisp is equally effective in a villainous one.

A Backstage Medley.

In a class by itself is "Close Harmony." If that isn't strong enough, then let me say it is a gem of lively, up-to-date entertainment which under no circumstances should be let pass unseen—and unheard. There's quite as much to hear as there is to see, for dialogue is continuous and music nearly so. The performance of Charles Rogers combines both, with such happy results that his erstwhile critics are forced to give the boy the applause they have hitherto withheld. He really earns it on the strength of more than a pleasing personality. Of more subtle appeal is Nancy Carroll, as the leader of a chorus in a big movie theater, whose weakness for Mr. Rogers causes her to manage his career as a band leader. Hers is a joyously perfect performance and her voice, both in song and speech, is a delight. Not only is she provided with dialogue characteristic of her rôle, but she delivers it with the skill of one whose logical means of expression is the spoken word. For Miss Carroll is that comparative rarity on the screen, an actress.

The story is simple enough, but it is rich in the atmosphere and detail of backstage life, and the dialogue so neatly fits the characters that they take on a realism not to be expected of a light picture of this sort. It begins when Mr. Rogers, as *Al West*, is ejected from his boarding house for rehearsing his orchestra in his room. He is befriended by *Marjorie Merwin*, of the theater, who persuades the manager to give the boys a try-out. So successful is *Al* and his band that they are offered a season's booking, but *Marjorie* makes *Al* insist on more money. Incensed by the boy's demands, the manager looks upon the coming of *Barney* and *Bay*, successful song and dance men, as a means of eclipsing and humiliating *Al*. At this point *Marjorie* thinks fast and puts into operation her plot. It consists of flirting with *Barney* and *Bay*, separately, until each discovers the other's supposed duplicity and decides to break up the act. When this happens *Al* is made doubly valuable to the manager and, goaded by *Marjorie*, the young man in a burst of temperament snatches one instrument after another from his musicians, plays them, and the act goes over as it never did before.

Besides Mr. Rogers and Miss Carroll, Jack Oakie and "Skeets" Gallagher are vaudevillians to the life, and I thought Harry Green, as the manager, also true to type. Everything considered, "Close Harmony" is one of the best pictures of the month, and in a period less rich in successes it would rate as the best of all.

Emil Jannings' Swan Song.

Gloomy, somber, and slow, "Betrayal" nevertheless offers Emil Jannings at his best—if any star can be said nowadays to be at his best in a totally silent picture. Furthermore, he finds able support in the popular Gary Cooper and Esther Ralston, so his farewell to America is by no means lacking in appeal. It is merely less exciting than his other characterizations, though I fear it is too tragic

to be popular even among those who place great acting above superficial entertainment. Mr. Jannings' rôle is that of *Poldi Moser*, a Swiss burgomaster, gentle, merry, devotedly domestic, who discovers after his wife's death that one of their two boys is not his own. A moment charged with drama occurs when *Poldi* takes the children to the hospital where *André*, his wife's lover, lies dying from injuries in the accident that cost *Vroni* her life. *Poldi* demands to know which is *André's* and which is his own, that he may wreak vengeance upon the poor child who he thinks is to blame for the deception. For the sake of sustaining whatever interest you feel, I shall not tell you how it ends. Enough to remind you again that Mr. Jannings remains the greatest actor on the screen, even though you may have your favorite juvenile; that Mr. Cooper, in a rôle devoid of sympathy, plays with that repressed eloquence which is so wholly his own; that Miss Ralston is tender and lovely, and that the children, Jada Weller and Douglas Haig, are lovable. So it's up to you.

The Idol of Paris.

Maurice Chevalier, the French singing comedian, comes to the screen for the first time in "Innocents of Paris," with dialogue and songs. He is a highly individual artist, with a personality quite unlike that of any one else, and a method of delivering his French and English songs all his own. He is slim, good looking and his manner is gay and jaunty, but his début is handicapped by a picture that hardly does him justice, though it certainly exploits his talents.

The story is utterly unbelievable, and for the most part the acting is undistinguished, if not mediocre. Mr. Chevalier plays the rôle of a junkman, who becomes a musical comedy star! He befriends a waif, a Parisian *Sonny Boy*, whose hard-hearted grandfather will have none of him, but his daughter falls in love with the junkman. His pushcart and her beautiful dresses constitute no barrier at all. When the junkman's songs attract the attention of an impresario, his good looks attract the impresario's wife, and thus we have a menace to the happiness of *Louise*, the girl, whose jealousy of madame keeps things going until the happy ending.

Despite the juvenile story, there are appealing moments and one of real brilliance. The latter occurs in a scene between *Maurice*, the junkman, and *Jo-Jo*, his protégé, played beautifully by David Durand, except in those unfortunate moments when the boy is made by the director to act like a melodramatic grown-up. The scene worth waiting for comes when *Jo-Jo* is crying bitterly and *Maurice* claps on a Napoleon hat and marches to and fro, singing a martial air to cheer him. The child's changing expression, no less than the star's singing and acting, make this scene memorable and, in comparison with the rest of the picture, like a flash of lightning.

Besides Mr. Chevalier and his appealing young friend, the cast includes Sylvia Beecher, Margaret Livingston, John Miljan, and in a rôle much too small, Jack Luden.

William Boyd Comes Back.

The best picture William Boyd has had in æons is "The Leatherneck." Despite its title, it is not another of those wise-cracking comedies. Another claim to note is found in the fact that it marks Mr. Boyd's début as a speaking actor. Very good is the picture; very good is the star when he breaks his long silence. His voice is low and pleasing, its quality of reticence and self-containment matching Mr. Boyd's quiet, sincere acting.

By means of flashbacks the story is told of three marines stationed in China, who are believed to have deserted. *William Calhoun*, the hero, brings back his two companions, one of them dead, the other insane. Accused of murder, his testimony at the court-martial reveals the fantastic, tragic story of a great wrong done *Calhoun* and the loyalty of his two companions in setting forth with him to avenge it. His story shows his marriage to a beautiful Russian girl, his call to duty immediately after the ceremony, the seizure of her father's property by *Heckla*, the villain, the latter's abduction of the girl and his flight to China with her. It is the discovery of *Heckla* by one of the marines which causes the trio to forsake duty to wreak vengeance. Considerable suspense is developed at the court-martial by the uncertainty of the verdict, but

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"Eternal Love."



"The Pagan."



"Desert Nights."



"Close Harmony."



A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE

"Trial of Mary Dugan, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Courtroom drama glorified in baffling mystery murder of a chorus girl's lover. Norma Shearer excellent in talkie debut, as accused girl. Raymond Hackett, a newcomer, Lewis Stone, H. B. Warner, Lilyan Tashman give fine support.

"Coquette"—United Artists. All dialogue. The "new" Mary Pickford, in fancy frocks and bob, essays a flirt whose actions create drama in a small-town Southern family. John Mack Brown, John St. Polis, Matt Moore.

"Rainbow Man, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. An irresistible picture, with finely balanced sentiment and fun, with Eddie Dowling, the stage star, and his young partner, Frankie Darro, in minstrel-show settings. They find Marian Nixon and love and trouble. Dowling is a knock-out.

"Divine Lady, The"—First National. Silent. A series of exquisite paintings animated with poetic feeling and a little drama. Lovely presentation of "Lady Hamilton" by Corinne Griffith and finely modulated "Lord Nelson" by Victor Varconi. H. B. Warner, Ian Keith, Montagu Love, Dorothy Cumming, Marie Dressler.

"Alibi"—United Artists. All dialogue. Crook picture, played and directed with distinction. A cop's daughter sympathizes with underworld, marries a crook, but is soon disillusioned in a thrilling climax. Chester Morris, Eleanor Griffith, Pat O'Malley, Regis Toomey supply high lights in action and talk.

"Wild Orchids"—Metro-Goldwyn. Silent. Greta Garbo in her best rôle, rather slow, but impelled by adult emotions. Java beautifully pictured. Nils Asther and Lewis Stone. Triangular love situation, a wife's admirer punished.

"Letter, The"—Paramount. Entertaining eloquence and dramatic situations make this a milestone in all-dialogue films, and bring to the screen the gifted Jeanne Eagels. A civilized picture showing the wrecked lives of an English couple in Singapore. Stage cast devoid of cuties includes O. P. Heggie, Reginald Owen, and Herbert Marshall.

"Iron Mask, The"—United Artists. A picturesque tapestry, sequel to "The Three Musketeers," superbly exploiting Douglas Fairbanks. Story from Dumas revolves around the throne of seventeenth-century France. Marguerite de la Motte, Dorothy Revier, William Bakewell, and Ulrich Haupt.

"Canary Murder Case, The"—Paramount. The great "Philo Vance" screened by William Powell, unravels a mystery with fine suspense, and talks entertainingly. Louise Brooks seen, Margaret Livingston heard, as the

murdered "Canary." James Hall, Jean Arthur, Eugene Pallette, Lawrence Grant. Powell takes the honors.

"Broadway Melody, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. An extraordinarily entertaining musical-comedy picture, human in its appealing story of stage life, with dialogue, song and spectacle. Concerning two sisters with ambitions to make Broadway, and a song-and-dance artist from their home town, and their careers and loves. Bessie Love, Anita Page, and Charles King top-notch.

"Doctor's Secret, The"—Paramount. Talkie version of a stage play with Ruth Chatterton achieving distinction in her talking-celluloid debut. Old-fashioned story of bridge-building lover and frustrated elopement with dramatic situations. Excellent support by H. B. Warner, Robert Edeson, John Loder, Ethel Wales, Nanci Price.

"Redskin"—Paramount. Richard Dix in a dramatic rôle, pictured in color. Story of an Indian boy's yearning to find his place, and his disillusionment, but prospects of happiness in the end. Gladys Belmont effective as heroine; also Jane Novak, Larry Steers, Bernard Siegel, Noble Johnson, Tully Marshall.

"Weary River"—First National. Richard Barthelmess as a melodious convict, in a well-directed, well-acted ordinary story of a man who sings his way out of prison shadows, slips, and is saved by his old sweetheart. Betty Compson, Louis Natheaux, George Stone, Gladden James.

"In Old Arizona"—Fox. An all-dialogue picture, most of it occurring in the open, it is in a class by itself—superlative. Story of a calico "Carmen," her passing love for a Portuguese cattle thief, and her betrayal of him to an American soldier. Gripping, picturesque, amusing, tragic; superb performances by Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe, with interesting support from Dorothy Burgess, a newcomer.

"Shopworn Angel, The"—Paramount. Simple story of ingenuous soldier in love with sophisticated chorus girl who gradually responds to his idealistic worship, but hasn't courage to tell him truth about herself. Acted with rare feeling, delicacy and intelligence by Gary Cooper, Nancy Carroll, and Paul Lukas, with complete absence of the maudlin. Mr. Cooper heard for first time in talking sequence. He's there!

"Barker, The"—First National. Exceptional picture of carnival life, moving, gripping, thrilling, with splendid dialogue sequences adding greatly to "punch" of the film. A veteran barker permits his innocent son to travel with the show, thus arousing the jealousy of the barker's girl, who bribes another girl to take the boy away from his father. Milton Sills, Betty Compson, Dorothy Mackaill, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

"Interference"—Paramount. The first all-dialogue picture produced by this company is more polished and believable than any of the other talking pictures, though slow and only tolerably interesting. Story of a blackmailing adventuress and her tragic end at the hands of her former lover. Evelyn Brent, William Powell, Clive Brook, and Doris Kenyon.

"Alias Jimmy Valentine"—Metro-Goldwyn. Expertly played story of likable young crook who reforms for love, routs detective who tries to break down his alibi, then sacrifices it all to open safe in which child is smothering to death. Capital entertainment, brilliant performances by William Haines and Lionel Barrymore. Leila Hyams, Tully Marshall, Karl Dane. Don't miss this!

"Singing Fool, The"—Warner. Al Jolson as singing waiter, with "Sonny Boy" the theme song. Thin story, but the star's voice is excellently exploited. There are good speaking parts for Betty Bronson and Josephine Dunn. David Lee, a child newcomer, is nothing less than a sensation.

FOR SECOND CHOICE

"Show Boat"—Universal. Part dialogue. Life aboard a river theater traced on a wide canvas. Stirring musical accompaniment, but well-known story does not gain in film version. Laura La Plante, Joseph Schildkraut, Emily Fitzroy, Alma Rubens good.

"Hole in the Wall, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Claudette Colbert, recruited from the stage, speaks beautifully in melodrama in which a kidnapping, figures. Spiritualists and séances introduced. Edward G. Robinson, Alan Brooks, David Newell, Louise Closser Hale, all from the stage.

"Wild Party, The"—All dialogue. Clara Bow's first talkie, set in a moviesque college. A prank of the peppy girls, headed by Clara, shows how life is not in institutions of higher learning. Frederic Marsh, Shirley O'Hara, Joyce Compton.

"His Captive Woman"—First National. Part dialogue. Dorothy Mackaill at her best, opposite Milton Sills. Silent episodes on charming island, where love blossoms. Murder trial with surprising sentence. Beautiful photography, excellent acting.

"Shady Lady"—Pathé. Part dialogue. Phyllis Haver's last picture, and one of her best, as American exile in Havana, who falls into clutches of Louis Wolheim, as a rum runner. Robert Armstrong and Russell Gleason.

"Through Different Eyes"—Fox. All dialogue. Courtroom drama uniquely developed in three episodes, ending with happy reunion of man and wife. Mary Duncan, Warner Baxter, Edmund Lowe.

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On the Up and Up

Arthur Lake has all the exuberance of youth, and his enthusiasms range from the girl of the hour to his weakness for hamburgers.

By Samuel Richard Mook

STAR-SPECKLED dust settling heavily over a campus studded with undergraduates industriously engaged in settling the momentous girl question; long, underslung roadsters; ice-cream sodas; college proms; rakish cars speeding through the darkness, with girls nestling close to the man of the hour; whispered nothings and—oh, well! all the things you think of in connection with yourself and your college days.

The things you recall, with a smile and a tear, are the things you think of when Arthur Lake breezes into the room with his hair tousled, sticks out his hand, and gulps nervously as he notes that his ever-present press agent is, for some unfathomable reason, not there.

"Gosh! Where's Jimmie? Oh, gee! Say, listen! I'm not used to being interviewed. Don't do me dirt and ask me a lot of questions I shouldn't answer, will you?"

"Gee whiz! I thought sure Jimmie'd be here to sort of help out. I was interviewed only once before, and that was by Ann Sylvester, and I've known her so long it didn't seem like an interview." He looks at you with an engaging smile that makes you want to say, "Aw, come on and let's forget this business of being grown up, and rough-house a little."

"Well, anyhow"—he rambles on like Fanny the Fan—"I almost had to renew my contract with Universal before they would let me do 'Harold Teen' for First National; but I finally got to do it without renewing. I had a great time making that picture. And then when I finished that and didn't renew, they put me back into one and two-reelers, because they thought



Photo by Freulich

Arthur Lake has a swell time making pictures, taking girl friends up in planes, and things like that.



there was no use promoting me, if I was going to leave them. Then they farmed me out to do 'The Barker,' and thought they could also have me do 'The Air Circus' before 'The Barker' started, because 'The Air Circus' was originally intended for only a program picture. But after we had been working on it for a couple of weeks, Fox decided to make a feature of it, and they worked so slow it took a whale of a time to finish, and so they had to put Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in 'The Barker.'"

He paused a moment for breath, and rushed on. "It's just as well, though, because Doug was absolutely perfect in the part and, boy, howdy! Maybe you think Sue Carol, Dave Rollins, and I didn't have a picnic making 'The Air Circus'! We worked only a few hours a day and the rest of the

time we used to take rides in the planes, and Sue was the cutest thing. She'd go up and they'd stunt and stunt and bring

Arthur as he appears in "On with the Show."

her down, and she ate it up and loved it. I had about six or eight hours instruction in landings and take-offs, and I thought I'd solo afterward, but I bought a motor boat with an outrigger motor, and got all wrapped up in that.

"Boy, when I was making *that* picture, I could have been a sheik for fair. I used to tell all the girls I knew, 'Come on out and I'll give you a ride,' an' one sweet, little mamma came out five times and lost her nerve every time, but I comforted her all right. When the picture was finished, the manager of the theater put on a special matinée for Boy Scouts, and asked if I would come and I said, 'Sure.' He said I wouldn't have to *do* anything, but when I got to the theater, there was my name in a big streamer across the front—'SCOUT ARTHUR LAKE, in person.' After the show, all the scouts came up to shake hands to see if I knew their grip, and if I really had been a scout."

He stopped to spread half a pint of mayonnaise over his chicken sandwich. Finally, by a superhuman effort, he got his mouth empty again, gulped down a swallow of coffee, and continued. "We've just finished 'On With the Show' and, while I've only a very small part in it, I think it's a peach of a picture and it will help to keep the fans from forgetting me, until I finish this darned contract and can get something else to do besides these one and two-reel comedies that nobody ever sees."

As there was no mayonnaise left to go with the ham, he passed that up, and devoted himself to demolishing a chocolate éclair.

"Where'd you ever get hold of that flat-footed run of yours?" I asked him.

He paused a moment as he looked tentatively from the sugar bowl to me and back to the sugar bowl—he had put four lumps in his coffee already—decided against more, and sadly picked up his spoon. "That run? Oh, yes. I did that in one of the early comedies, and the director liked it, and whenever things got slow, he'd say, 'I like that run. Let's have more of that.' And I'd get chased by somebody, or something—sometimes only a truck with a camera on it—for three or four blocks and, say! If anybody ever tells you that isn't work, don't believe them."

Somehow the éclair had disappeared, and with a yearning glance toward a strawberry tartlet, he followed us outside.

"Some bus you've got," I murmured as we piled into a big sedan.

"My Christmas present to mother."

"Last Christmas?"

"No, this coming one. I just bought it a little early."

"Oh, I see. How long have you had it?"

His brow wrinkled thoughtfully. "About eight payments, I think."

Down at Santa Monica we lolled around on the sand while

his dog, Bummer, came up intermittently to have her ears scratched.

He was telling me about a circus scenario he had written, and which must be good, because Universal gave him two of their staff writers to help him out with it, when a dreamy look stole into his eyes and his voice trailed off into nothingness. Following his gaze, I saw a pair of one hundred per cent legs a short distance away. There issued from the depths of his soul one of the most dolorous sighs mortal has ever heard, as he murmured, "My secret sorrow."

"Secret, me eye," yelled his chum. "Your suppressed desire, you mean!"

"'Str-rue," muttered Mr. Lake inelegantly. By exercising will power, I managed to get my eyes up high enough to recognize Dorothy Mackaill. We sat in silence and admiration for a few minutes, until Dorothy spoiled the afternoon by going into the clubhouse.

"Well, anyhow," continued Arthur, pulling himself together, and his thoughts back to earth, "this story is all about a circus family, and they've got to get the grandmother out of the way, somehow, because you can see for yourself, there's no sense having an old lady of eighty for a bareback rider and——" By this time we were in the clubhouse, too, and a waiter interrupted.

His friend, Bert Richardson, and I ordered tea and toast. "The hamburgers here are sure elegant," Arthur informed me hopefully.

"Yeah, but they're a meal in themselves," Bert cut in, "they'll spoil your appetite for dinner."

"Yeah, I guess you're right. Just bring me tea and toast, too."

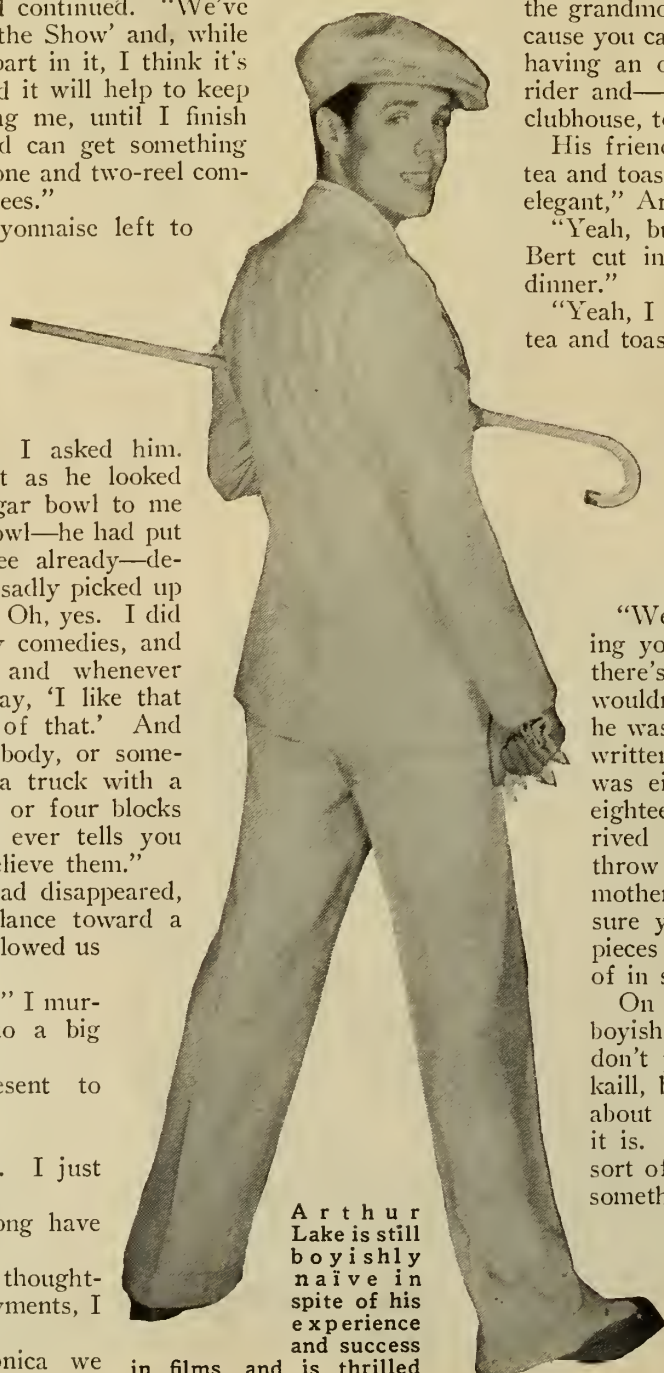
Another silence enfolded us as Miss Mackaill got into her car. When even the tail light was no longer visible, we sighed and turned to the tea. "Gee whiz," said Arthur plaintively, his Spartan forbearance crumbling, "I can't help it. Waiter, bring me a hamburger."

"Well, anyhow, I never did finish telling you about my story. Now, you see there's also a kid in the family, but they wouldn't let him in the act at all, because he was too young, but long ago they had written him a letter telling him when he was eighteen they would, and now he's eighteen and——" The hamburger arrived at this juncture and I cannot yet throw any light on the fate of the grandmother bareback rider, although I can assure you that the hamburger and eight pieces of cinnamon toast were disposed of in short order.

On the way back to town he burst out boyishly, "Look here, Dick. Say listen, don't put anything in about Miss Mackaill, because she doesn't know anything about all this, and well—you know how it is. She mightn't like it, and I'd feel sort of foolish and, well—let's talk about something else."

"Do you get a kick out of meeting all these people you've seen on the screen? Gee, I do. You've no idea how many important people I've met. All these newcomers. Big actors

Continued on page 111



Arthur Lake is still boyishly naïve in spite of his experience and success

in films, and is thrilled at meeting "big" actors.

Like a White Flame

That is Jeanne Eagels, taut, restless, erratic, as if charged with some inner fire, but you should know her, because she is thought by many to be the supreme discovery of the talkies.

By Evelyn Gerstein

JEANNE EAGELS is not very tall, though she seems so; slim, with an angular grace that one would call legginess in a young girl; short, blond hair pushed back off her forehead; dark-brown velvet dress, with immense, fur-banded sleeves that seemed to accent the thin oval of her face and the exotic line of her eyebrows. That was Jeanne Eagels of "Jealousy," the *Yvonne* of Verneuil's play, which is soon to be released as a talkie. And while the great sound-proof vaults that shelter the cameras were being shunted into place, she stood away from the noise and confusion, a taut, nervous figure, pacing back and forth.

She is always like that, restless, erratic, as if charged with some inner fire that will not let her pause. Some call it temperament, and some temper. It all depends on who has it. With Jeanne Eagels, it is probably only an excessive nervous sensibility, a tempestuous heritage from a Spanish father and an Irish mother. She herself says that it is almost impossible to get still photographs of her, because she can't stand or sit still long enough. She thinks and acts in flashes; nothing premeditated or deliberate.

She will tell you that she prefers to let things happen to her, rather than seek them out. But she really does both.

But the next time I saw her, she was no longer the tragic *Yvonne* in dark, voluminous velvet. As she tripped down the stairs of her Park Avenue apartment, which she has taken from Ouida Bergère for the season, because the daily trek from her home on the Hudson to the studio proved too exhausting, she was Jeanne Eagels, resplendent. Jeanne Eagels, a vision in carmine, from her tiny suède hat to her large, flat, red purse; lush, red velvet, relieved only by the long, light-fur scarf that she played with as she talked. A dull gold and green and maroon apartment—with Spanish mirrors, Oriental rugs of chaste blues and reds, a great, sprawling white-bear rug at her feet. And as she sat there, slumped against the dark cushions of the sofa, dull-gold brocade curtains behind her, she was like some brilliant tropical bird that had somehow alighted in that somber New York living room to lend it some of her fire.

Restless fingers; cool, husky voice; legs so slim that they seemed hardly firm enough to carry her; dark eyes, deep set; and the piquant nose and chin that give her that elusive and provocative elfin look. Beautiful? Not really in

It was only with a great effort that Jeanne Eagels stood still long enough to be photographed in "Jealousy."





Miss Eagels is keyed too high to survive the noises of the city, so her home is in the country at Auburn-on-the-Hudson.

any conventional sense, but strangely exotic and disturbing. Not particularly soft spoken, or any of the subtle things that an actress is supposed to be, but full of the flashes of wit and the dark ironies that are at once Spanish and Gaelic. A sense of humor that is not always gentle or kindly, but cool and mordant. And yet at times she is almost naïve in her enthusiasms, despite that smooth sophistication.

One saw, in flashes, a little girl sitting there, cross-legged, smiling softly to herself as she talked about her weakness for red glasses with gold rims, rather than the formidable Jeanne Eagels who had set the Actors' Equity Association agog by her caprices. A gentle, swift smile, but Jeanne Eagels is all metal and fearless. She is Broadway and white lights, and an actress who is a trouper.

They tell this story about her, that when she was making "Jealousy," her police dog, Mika, was supposed to be in some of the scenes with her, but he proved too ferocious and had to be tied, and guarded by a "Beware of the Dog" sign. This was cited as sheer temperament on the part of the star who thought even her dog too nice to associate with the rest of the studio. They told her about it, and she laughed and said that *she* hadn't minded, but that the dog had felt terrible about it.

She "loves" the movies—she made pictures long ago, before the talkies discovered her for "The Letter," but they are only an incident in a theatrical life that began when she was seven, as a toe dancer touring the Middle and Southwest.

"I've acted ever since I was a little girl." She pronounced "girl" as if it were "gel," an English accent acquired through several years abroad. "In tent shows, in vaudeville, in stock companies. I was born in Boston, though, and then my family moved to Kansas City when I was two. Yes, my real name is Eagels.

"I had a terrific nerve when I first came to New York. I went round to all the producers. They couldn't tell me anything I didn't know. When they asked me for letters of introduction, or telling about what I'd done, I assured them that wasn't at all necessary, because I had 'great experience.' You couldn't touch me then. I could play anything. Why, by the time I was sixteen, I had played everything from *Little Lord Fauntleroy* to *Camille*. What I didn't tell them, though, was that I had always played the last act in curls and a long muslin dress trimmed with marabou!"

Dancer, horseback rider with Buffalo Bill, Jr., playing in tent shows—everything to expedite her appearance on Broadway, moving swiftly up, so that it wasn't long before she was playing on tour with George Arliss, in "Disraeli," "Alexander Hamilton," and "The Professor's Love Story"; replacing Elsie Ferguson, in "Outcast," with amazing success; and then the vivid, picturesque figure of *Sadie Thompson*, in "Rain," for four years, until she could stand it no longer.

"I've always said that *Sadie Thompson* was the only Christian in that play, and sometimes people don't even know what I'm talking about."

It seemed, then, as if she was to be cast forever in such rôles, until she insisted on playing the provocative and dalliant lady of "Her Cardboard Lover," a delicious bit of verbal fluff.

Her battle with Equity ended with suspension from the New York stage until September, 1929. So she laughed at them all and went movie, played the tortured murderess in Somerset Maugham's "The Letter," and overnight her name was put in letters six feet high above the Criterion Theater on Broadway. Jeanne Eagels was a movie star!

But there is something restless still in her. She is not

Continued on page 100



In her first dialogue picture, "The Letter," Jeanne Eagels won more enthusiastic praise than had been meted out to any newcomer from the stage and revealed a vibrant, highly individualistic personality. Evelyn Gerstein's story opposite describes the woman as she is.

Roland Young, right, with Dorothy Sebastian, Natalie Moorhead, and Ernest Torrence.

Claude Fleming, below, as *Sir James*, of Scotland Yard, makes an astonishing deduction which eventually explains the mystery of the seeming murder of an entire regiment.



Ernest Torrence, below, as *Doctor Ballou*, plays an important part.

John Miljan, center oval, as the shell-shocked *Mallory*.

Bottom of page, left to right, George Cooper, John Loder, Gerald Berry, John Roche, Roland Young, Philip Strange, Richard Traversers, Lionel Belmore, and Richard Tucker.



"The Green Ghost"

One of the strangest stories is played by one of the most notable casts.



Marion Davies, right, as *Marianne*, a French peasant, entertains American officers.

She is seen, below, with Oscar Shaw, as *Stagg*.

And, at bottom of page, with Robert Ames and James Bradbury, Jr.



A Marion Davies comedy would not be complete without her famous impersonation of a boy, in which she is seen, below.

While in the center oval Miss Davies plays a tender love scene with Mr. Shaw.

"Marianne"

She is Marion Davies, in her first picture with dialogue and song.





Betty Compson—think of it!—above, as *Nita*, the prima donna, whose rich boy friend saves the show from financial ruin at a critical moment.



Music's in

You will hear it all in thanks to the Vitaphone tried and

All's well with the merry merry, at top of page, as the chorus drinks a rousing toast to love in chocolate ice-cream soda.

Louise Fazenda, left oval, as *Sarah*, a typical Fazenda show girl.

Arthur Lake and Josephine Houston, below, lead the chorus in one of those collegiate numbers.





the Air

"On With the Show,"
and a cast of favorites
true.

Betty Compson, right oval,
departs from her usual dra-
matic rôle to play a tem-
peramental star.

Sally O'Neil and William
Bakewell, below, are *Jimmy*
and *Kitty*, the hero and
heroine.



At top of page is seen a fantastic cos-
tume pageant in the manner of the most
lavish stage revues, with Miss Compson
on the throne and Mr. Lake seated by
her side.

Mr. Lake, above, attempts to be dra-
matic while Joe E. Brown, as a comic
jockey, scoffs at his seriousness, this be-
ing one of the many moments in the
show when the skill of the performers is
sure to add to the realism of musical
comedy on the screen





All's Well That Ends Well

The truth of that adage is brilliantly brought out in "The Marriage Holiday," a picture pointed off with pungent dialogue and shrewd characterization in the mood of modern sophistication.



Ruth Chatterton, at top of page, discovers Mary Nolan and Clive Brook in one of those English drawing-room flirtations where emotions are taboo.

Miss Chatterton, above, as *Kathryn Miles*, entertains William Powell, as a former suitor, and finds that she still likes him greatly.



Miss Nolan and Mr. Brook, above, continue their perilous flirtation and soften somewhat under the influence of mutual attraction.

Miss Nolan, as *Anne-Marie*, left, feigns an injured knee on the pretext of enticing Mr. Brook to examine it.

The Understanding Heart

These scenes from "The Wonder of Women" necessarily give only a clew to the beauty and tenderness of the story.



Lewis Stone, above, as *Tromholt*, a composer, is attracted to Peggy Wood, as *Brigitte*, in a German railway compartment.

Tromholt, right, is infatuated with Leila Hyams, as an opera singer, after his marriage to *Brigitte*.



Brigitte, at top of page, introduces *Tromholt* to her children, and he realizes for the first time that she is a widow.

Harry Myers, above, as *Friedenthal*, observes with misgivings *Tromholt's* susceptibility to Bess Flowers, left, and Ethlyne Clair.



Love and Laughter

That is the prescription for "Twin Beds," as shown in these scenes from the farce.



Jack Mulhall and Patsy Ruth Miller, top, and, left, with Knute Erickson, and, right, with Armand Kaliz and Gertrude Astor. Again they are seen, below, left, and right.



Ennobled by Dirt

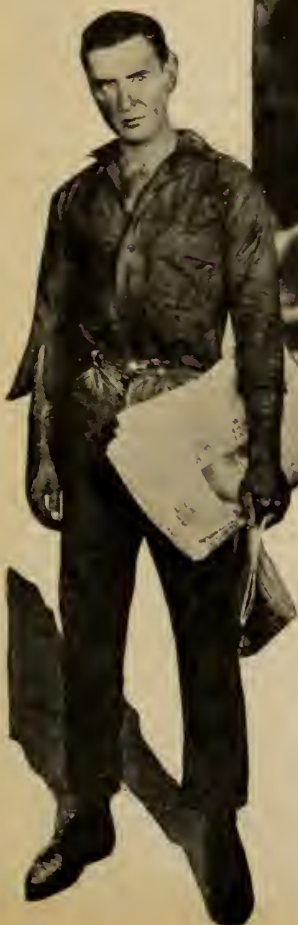
John Gilbert never hesitates to mar his looks to make his rôles more convincing, as these reminders of some of his successful ones testify.



As *Jerry Fay*, left, John Gilbert played a rum runner careless of his appearance.



Mr. Gilbert, above, as *Jim Apperson*, in "The Big Parade," endured the horrors of war with the grime that was collected by every soldier.



Mr. Gilbert, as *Lukasha*, above, in "The Cossacks," suffered the humiliation of having mud flung at his face by his companions.

In "Man, Woman, and Sin," left, he played *Al Whitcomb*, a printer besmudged with grease and ink.

Whiskers and sand cloud his clear features, right, in "Desert Nights," with Mary Nolan.



They Learned About Kissing From Us

An amusing and penetrating discussion of the effect of our films upon the Japanese and other foreigners.

By Elsi Que

Illustrated by
Lui Trugo



NOT long ago PICTURE PLAY published an interesting and somewhat disconcerting article by Kimpei Sheba on the tremendous effect of American films in Japan.

Our pictures, said Mr. Sheba, are not only "an influence greater than any other in altering the daily mode of living of the people of Japan," but "no other people are being more immensely impressed or rapidly transformed by the movies than the Japanese. Even the national psychology has been, to some extent, affected. The attitude of the people toward, and their knowledge of, the American and European races have improved to a startling degree."

Whether or not we are willing for the world at large to form its estimate of us by the offscourings of certain of our studios, there is, apparently, nothing we can do about it.

The tendency to swell with pride at the thought of wielding enormous influence by way of the humble movie is occasionally pricked by outpost contributors, who send in amusing accounts of the reactions of native audiences in distant lands.

We are told, for instance, that in equatorial jungles unemotional cannibals blush with shame at some of the pictured antics of the white man; Eskimos of the sterner sex rigidly bar their womenkind from arctic film houses, unwilling to subject them to the cruel spectacle of female

seminudity so characteristic of our films. To their untutored minds it is a form of punishment, unthinkable even to the severest disciplinarian of the below-zero belt. Inscrutable Arabs, schooled by centuries of repression to a seemingly impenetrable repose, have hysterics when viewing our sheik pictures. The English, at home and in the far-flung possessions upon which the sun never sets, sneer at our crudities. The French dismiss us with a shrug, as barbarians deifying the great god hokum.

It has remained for the Japanese, due to a peculiar circumstance—the lack of a robust sense of humor—to take us seriously. Of all the races and nations on earth, they—God help them and forgive us!—visit our pictures to study, and in a measure ape, the manners, customs, and morals of Americans as exemplified on the screen!

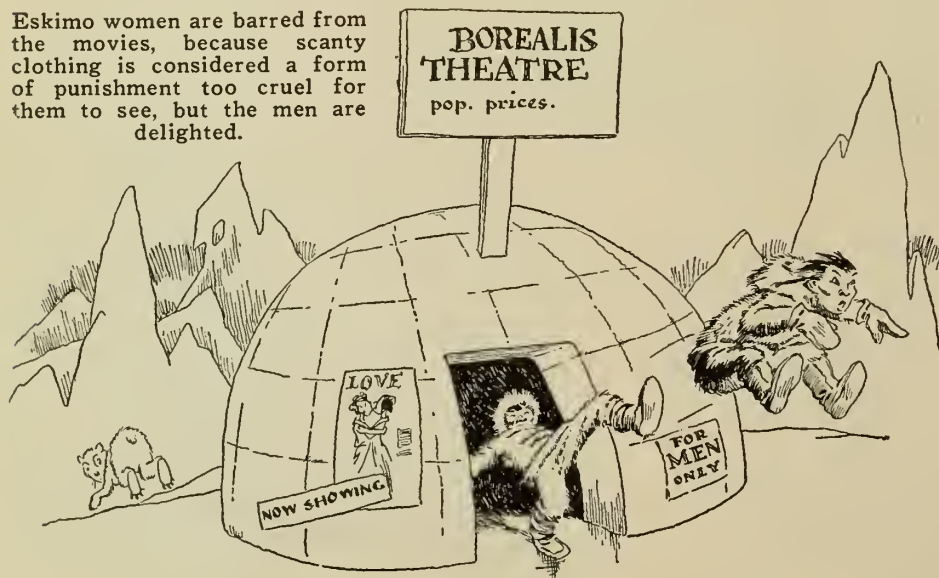
For just what are we responsible? Admitting that the national psychology has not yet been undermined to the point where the happy ending is considered necessary—their own Gilberts and Garbos still have the good taste to commit suicide in the last reel—Mr. Sheba called special attention to the fact that the gentle art of osculation, unknown in the Far East before the advent of American pictures, is to-day widely practiced in Japan, and while "not yet indulged in publicly, is done with considerable fervor and frequency in private."

To one whose memories of Japan are ten years old, this comes as a shock. It proves, indeed, that terrific upheavals are in progress.

Short skirts, and probably suspenders, on dainty, but bow-legged cherry-blossom maidens must be bad enough. Even ten years ago one saw some devastating combinations, such as derby hats on bare-legged ricksha boys, but it is almost too painful to reflect on the decadence of dignity which must have set in, if kissing has actually become an indoor sport among the descendants of the Samurai and the disciples of the Shoguns.

The single consoling feature of the *débâcle* is, that in taking up kissing, with characteristic thoroughness, our little brother in the Land of the Rising Sun has instinctively picked the best models that the world has to offer. In

Eskimo women are barred from the movies, because scanty clothing is considered a form of punishment too cruel for them to see, but the men are delighted.



plain and fancy kissing our American technicians take place second to none, and in no period of history have the subtleties of the smack been brought to finer flower than in present-day Hollywood.

It is doubtful if the Gilbert, or predatory manner, will become popular in the Orient so long as enameled complexions are fashionable. Right up to the exciting moment when the lady is released from a typical wild-eyed Gilbert embrace, one is never sure whether Jack really meant to kiss her, or tear off a chunk of white meat. Noncrackable cosmetics may already have been introduced in Japan, but if not, and pending this improvement, it might be well for students with Gilbertian leanings to take a preparatory course in Conrad Nagel.

Since Elinor Glyn playfully tagged him that time, and he has had Dolores Costello and Greta Garbo to practice on, Conrad has made wonderful strides in the art.

Where before one sensed a certain diffidence in his clinch, a sort of inhibiting consciousness of the little wife and child at home, this sterling actor now leaps Paulike from the shrubbery—note particularly the garden scenes in "Glorious Betsy"—and falls to his work with an abandon that reflects enormous credit, not only upon his industry and grasp of detail, but upon the astuteness of the lady who saw "It" lurking behind a seemingly innocent smile. Speaking personally, however, I still prefer my Conrad chaste, that is, without a marcel.

The Colman kiss must always hold a high place among those best able to judge osculatory perfection. Although a native of England, Ronald would doubtless be the first to admit that he owes his remarkable development along this line to American tutelage.

True, his directors had unusually promising material to work with; the instinct was there, and it remained only for them to excavate for it. Having blasted away the well-known hardpan of British reserve and restraint, pay dirt was revealed in "The Night of Love." The loss to the world would have been incalculable had not happy chance—or rather, Samuel Goldwyn—brought Ronald to our shores at a still impressionable age. "Two Lovers," his last costarring vehicle with Vilma Banky, was a fitting finale to what may be called the boom period of his exploitation; it is now up to Lily Damita, the Parisian importation, to show what can be done with modern refining methods. Meanwhile, we await the as-sayers' returns on Walter Byron, Sam's latest prospect.

The athletic, red-blooded, all-American kiss will always have its adherents, and no better exponent of this form can be found than Richard Dix. A profile that looks well with the hair mussed is almost essential for success in this school, but the student should not be deceived into believing that this is the only necessary qualification.

An ingratiating awkwardness in the presence of the girl, a shy, whimsical smile, and a husky punch are fundamental ingredients. By far the greater number of our young leading

men began in this department, and although many have developed along original lines, and in some instances founded new branches of the profession which bear their names, they all show the thorough, meticulous training of their Alma Mater.

Charles Farrell exemplifies the homespun kiss, the sensation of last year. Despite the fact that Charlie soared to fame on a series of what we may call "wop" characterizations, an almost tangible aura of codfish balls and Boston baked beans followed him into the apache underworld of "Seventh Heaven," the Neapolitan attics of "Street Angel" and the overripe harems of "Fazil."

Only the stern, rock-ribbed poise of a native New Englander could have carried him without flinching through those delicate scenes with Janet Gaynor, when, after a hard day in the Paris sewers, he climbed up to the conjugal nest and Janet removed his shoes and socks. Can one ever forget little Janet fondling those enormous woolen-clad feet? Frank Borzage, the director, must have loved that touch, because Charles wore the same kind of socks—if not the same pair—in "Seventh Heaven's" follow-up, "Street Angel."

John Barrymore is a university in himself. Chapters might be written about his technique, of which, of course, "Don Juan" will forever stand as the classic example.

However, this film, splendidly as it illustrates practically every known form of kissing, is not recommended to the novice. The difficult clutches and holds executed so smoothly and with such apparent ease by the master, are apt to prove not only discouraging, but actually dangerous when attempted by a beginner. Balcony climbing and kindred arts should be left to the advanced student.

A final word of advice to the ambitious young Japanese, as regards the fresh, or rough-stuff kiss exemplified by William Haines.

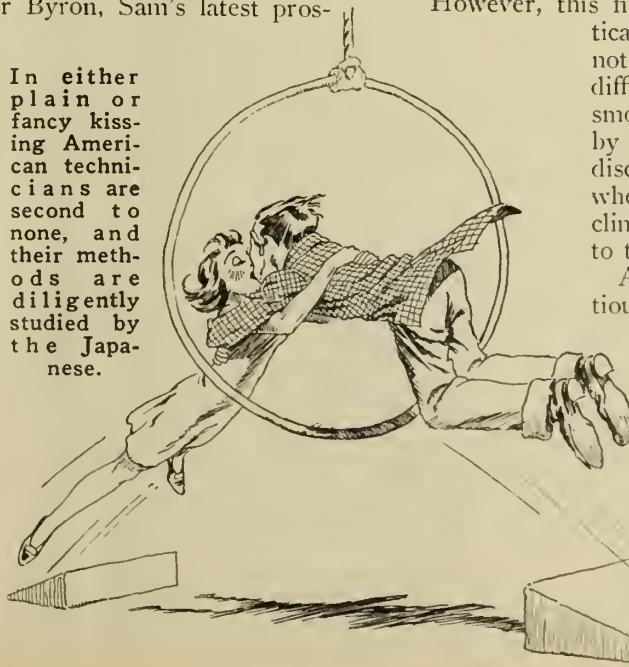
This form should be practiced warily in a land where girls as well as boys are proficient in jujitsu. Only for purposes of plot advancement is Billy permitted to get away with the unprovoked manling of his leading ladies, which has disfigured nearly all

Continued on page 115



Balcony climbing should be left to advanced students of American love-making, or romance may come to a sad and untimely end.

In either plain or fancy kissing American technicians are second to none, and their methods are diligently studied by the Japanese.



Lest We

In her comparatively short career Norma Shearer achieved a wide variety of characterizations, some

When Norma Shearer, left, appeared as a shady lady and a crook as well, in "Lady of the Night," she startled her admirers by the boldness of her characterization, and it paved the way for her subsequent proofs of versatility.



Miss Shearer, outer left, as she appeared in "His Secretary," perhaps the deftest of all her rôles.



In "The Demi-Bride," above, Miss Shearer played the part of an aristocratic French girl just home from school, romantic, innocent and charming.



For contrast consider her, left, as a Norwegian girl of the farm, in "The Tower of Lies," in which she played Lon Chaney's erring daughter.

Quite Forget

has played many rôles, and delicately but surely she has of which are pictured on this page as a study in contrasts.

Norma Shearer, right, essayed something different when she played a traveling saleswoman quite capable of putting up a logical argument to convince a reluctant customer, in "The Latest from Paris."



When Miss Shearer chose to play the cigarette girl in "After Midnight," below, left, she started the vogue for cigarette venders on the screen.

She was a bareback rider, below, right, in that memorable picture, "He Who Gets Slapped."



Though perhaps not among her most striking rôles, Miss Shearer, above, played *Kathi*, the innkeeper's daughter, in "Old Heidelberg," with no little skill and a great deal of wholesome sentiment.



Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall quietly enjoy the days they can spend at home together.

Pity the Location Widows

They are the wives of actors whose frequent absences from home are responsible for groups of well-dressed, pretty women in Hollywood with nothing to do. This story reveals their problems, dangers, and pastimes.

By Myrtle Gebhart

THE muttering movies may accomplish some good after all. With work concentrated in the studios, husbands may become acquainted with their homes, to the joy of the location widows.

A unique situation is that of the wives of actors whose work necessitates long absences. No other community is so drained of its men. There are weeks when Hollywood seems to be populated only by the Amazons of the species. They attend the theater in pairs or groups. And probably in hotels in other cities you would never see so many pretty women dining without escorts.

The business man closes his desk, and spends his evenings with his family. The actor knows no definite hours. He belongs to his career. His wife and children may have the scraps of his time.

Were the dream of the feminine fan of being a star's wife realized, it would bring many a heartache. Instead of romantic hours before the cheery hearth with the handsome hero, she would sit there alone.

For those wives who act, the problem is less bothersome. After a trying day's work, they are not in the social mood, and retire early, thus conserving their complexions for the camera, and the party energy for occasions when their actor—or director—husbands may accompany them. You seldom see

Billie Dove, Laura La Plante, Vilma Banky, or Jobyna Ralston abroad in the evening incandescence without their respective husbands.

It is the nonprofessional wife, or one who has renounced her career, who suffers the ignominy of a location widow's life. For weeks, and even months, work takes Monte Blue, Warner Baxter, Bob Armstrong, and other heroes from their *casas of stucco*. With servants to perform menial tasks, the hours drag, slipping tonelessly into dull, gray weeks for many wives.

They have money to spend, a great deal of idle time to employ, and they must exercise exceptional care in avoiding even the most harmless association with men. Inertia is a virulent disease. Denied much social life, and the little duties which the expected presence of a husband at dinner makes inevitable, the location widow must resort to a round of petty occupations.

And thus a class of well-groomed, idle women has sprung up. You see them strolling through the shops, looking at furniture half

Happily united between location trips, Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver face the camera with a smile.

apathetically, or their cars parked before beauty parlors. An operator in one shampoo salon



told me that their patrons include more "wives of careers" than stars.

Sheer ennui drives them to the embellishment of self. That old theory that women dress and primp only for men's eyes has been long exploded; they decorate themselves to arouse other women's envy. And it affords the location widow an amusement. "Give me everything," one young wife instructed, boredly, as she stepped into the booth I was leaving. To my remark that she looked freshly laundered, she yawned. "Oh, well, it's something to do."

True, they could tend the rosebushes or the children. Most would wreak havoc with the hoe, however; and experience has shown that the children are better off in the care of nurses. So the wives make hooked rugs, shop for frivolities they don't need, search for antiques, lunch at Montmartre and gossip of the studios, or have bridge marathons. One group, astonished to have acquired an actual interest, played from one o'clock



Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills look forward to evenings when both are free to be together.

etching will be succeeded by excitement over the finding of a Flemish tapestry, and the problem of hanging it occupies more time. Any excuse for a party is hailed with pathetic joy. There are engagement showers, wedding-anniversary showers, stork showers, kitchen showers, linen showers. And when nothing else offers, somebody has a birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Armstrong have no love for enforced separations.

One young wife has had at least six this year.

Two careers under one roof seldom proving harmonious, many have sacrificed their gifts, and the inevitable realization that dormant talents are ever blanketed, coupled with the question as to what in their empty lives compensates, induces discontent.

Many have executive ability, and are vital, restless women. They organize drives and "weeks." Fads, mostly, for they usually have slight personal interest except as an occupation. The annual community chest drive, however, is welcomed. Each "colonel" can give lunch-ins for her "captains." They work hard, too; and, curiously, there is no friction over rank.



Wallace Beery is accompanied on location by Mrs. Beery, who prefers hardships to the lonely routine at home.

of an afternoon, all night, and to six the following evening.

They read, but one cannot keep one's eyes glued to a book. A menu of spicy foods drives them to the reducing cabinets. I really believe they enjoy both, for both are pastimes.

A momentary enthusiasm over an





William Seiter, the director, is enthusiastically welcomed by Laura La Plante, his wife.

In the name of charity, they do things they could not do otherwise. Dressed in simple *tailleurs*, they ring the doorbells in sections of town where they are not known, and get their quota. Hundreds of housewives never dream that the pretty women who call for their donations are wives of stars.

A visiting artist commented on the beauty of these wives, comparing it favorably with that of the actresses. Indeed, many are lovelier, for the wives are freed from the devastation of a career's worry, of nerve-racking work, of a public figure's duties. They retain youth and charm, because they dare not often be seen out in the evening. At ten, the sidewalks are deserted, splashed with colonnades of palm shadows; lights dim, and houses creep into the infolding blackness.

These separations are the cause of many divorces. Each grows accustomed to his or her own ways, through rarity of self-sacrifice. Therefore slight irritations lead to quarrels, marring the weeks together to which each has looked forward. These skirmishes leave scars, and after a while hubby moves to the club, and reconciliation is difficult.

Absence *may* make the heart grow fonder, but companionship stabilizes marriage in Hollywood.

As Mary Pickford once pointed out, the real tragedy in separation is not that one may

become interested in another, but that of adjustment; that each realizes he or she can get along without the other. Companionship alone keeps up that sweet illusion of needing each other.

An additional factor is the peculiarity of Hollywood's spotlighted position. Basking in the pale reflection of their husbands' movie success, wives have myriad unseen eyes focused upon them. Whispers are churned to a froth of babble. They sense and resent this undercurrent of spying, lest some chance and meaningless event may be used as a kernel of gossip, but what can they do? Rumors rustle along the grapevine of the satellites and envious near-great, who, chagrined, await only an excuse to spread suspicions. As Madame Necker said, "Woman's tongue is her sword, which she never lets rust." The blades of the lesser fry are sharpened and polished for the stars, and if *they* can't be reached, their wives are sometimes vulnerable.

The clatter of tongues ripples through the bright pleasantries of Montmartre, where the wives of the less important mingle with the wives of the stars; the bridge table takes the place of the back fence for dirt-dishing. Chance meetings on the Boulevard, a chat between a lovely wife and an executive, such moments become events of significance, after they have been rolled off several tongues.

It isn't the big things that wreck lives; it's the little ones. Often some tiny, foolish thing is the foundation of a tragedy. The word "jealousy" is from the French *jealousie*, signifying originally a blind or shutter made of slats of wood to admit air, but to exclude the sun. The definition applies to the antics of the knocker brigade, who aren't important enough to be hurt themselves, but who are able, through the power of rumor, to trample others' reputations.

Mountains of gossip grow from incidental molehills. One pretty and spirited young wife accepted an invitation to a party, to which she went with a group of

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Glenn Tryon bids his wife good-bye and good luck with her bridge until he returns from location.

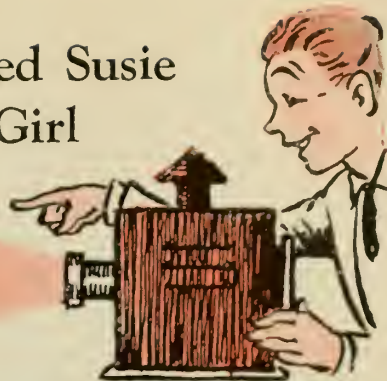
A happy reunion for James Murray and his wife, who is Lucille McNamee in the movies.





**"Save me, Cyril!" Cried Susie
the Sewing Machine Girl**

You don't go to see magic lantern shows any more, do you? Then why waste time and money on ordinary talkies? M.G.M., in marvelous pictures like "The Broadway Melody" and "The Trial of Mary Dugan," has made the early talking pictures seem just as old fashioned today as the old stereoptican pictures of our grandfathers' day.



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From the play by **Alexandre
Bisson**. Dialogue
by **Willard
Mack**

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out of
100 people
who see it proclaim
it the most stirring picture
they have ever experienced**

She sinned, and the world exacted a heavy penalty. Follow the tragic, heart-breaking career of the mysterious woman known as "Madame X."



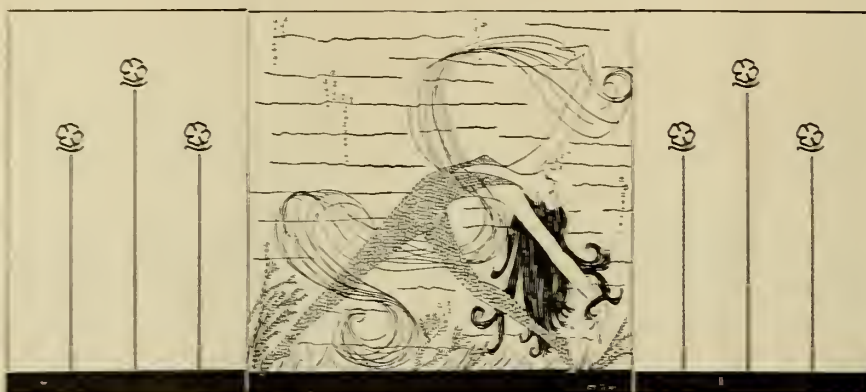
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AT ALL NEWS DEALERS

Between Two Fires

That is the fate of these poor men, though you can't tell us they aren't enjoying being objects of rivalry between such charming contenders.



Lilyan Tashman, right, gains a momentary advantage over Nancy Carroll in their claims on Richard Arlen, in "Manhattan Cocktail."

George Bancroft, below, goodhumoredly prefers Betty Compson to Baclanova in "The Docks of New York."



Hal Skelly, the stage actor, above, on his arrival in Hollywood to play in Paramount's "Burlesque," was besought by Babs Norman and Theresa Berber for the first kiss.

Trust Jack Oakie, below, to handle the dames to the satisfaction of all concerned, even when they are such beauties as Arline and Charlene Aber.



Fredric March, below, doesn't know what to do about Ruth Taylor, left, and Marcella Arnold, right.



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the sudden appearance of the girl *Tanya* reverses the charge of guilty and reunites *Calhoun* with his bride.

Excellent direction characterizes the picture, and the really notable speaking-cast comprises Alan Hale, Robert Armstrong, Fred Kohler, Mitchell Lewis, Lloyd Whitlock, Philo McCullough, and numerous others, with Diane Ellis, as the heroine, beautiful to the eye, but to the ear just another foreign character with a provincial American bur.

Laura La Plante's Voice.

Judging from the revelations of the audible screen, almost every player learned to speak west of the Mississippi. There is, of course, no good reason why the talkies should bar accents which identify various parts of the country, but unless an accent belongs to a character it will strike discordantly upon ears attuned to cultivated speech. An accent in a "straight" rôle is a crudity not expected of those who speak publicly, and almost never occurs on the stage, especially among players who have progressed beyond the amateur class.

All this brings us to the point of inspecting "Scandal," and more particularly Laura La Plante's part in it. Like many others, she has a bur in her voice which, though agreeable enough, is not in keeping with the heroine of a society story. True, provincial speech can and does come from the mouths of persons who are in society, but it is not compatible with representation of society on the stage or screen. There speech is idealized, for there is no such thing as really natural speech; it is the skill of the player that makes it seem so. After this lengthy peroration in the interests of pure speech which, incidentally, is possessed by few who have been heard in the talkies, it is high time that "Scandal" were reported a rather good picture, more because of the acting than the story.

The latter is all too true to the pattern of many others, but it has two good, dramatic situations. Many pictures have none. The first occurs when Miss La Plante, as a young wife, spends with her old flame an evening that ends in the murder of his faithless wife by her lover. Should a gentleman offer an alibi that will compromise a lady? Heavens, no! So he is convicted of homicide. Whereupon Miss La Plante tells all. You can imagine what society thinks of her, especially when you hear its voices! Just the same, these voices are very effectively used in the scene where Miss La Plante goes to see her husband play polo, and the whispered comments of dowager and ingénue are megaphoned

from the screen. I'm willing to wager there are lorgnettes in this scene, too, though you couldn't find one outside a collection of antiques these days. But in this episode Miss La Plante contrives to be genuinely moving, because of the sincerity that always characterizes her acting, and the happy ending is just around the corner. John Boles, Huntly Gordon, Jane Winton, and Eddie Phillips play the other rôles, all of them dialoguing now and then.

In Old Peru.

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey" is a surprisingly faithful transcription of a notable novel. Silent except for brief episodes at the beginning and end, when Henry B. Walthall, as *Father Juniper*, points out the lesson of the mountain disaster and the collapse of the ancient Peruvian bridge, it is dignified and beautiful. These qualities constitute its strongest appeal, and will be emphasized for those who have read the book, even though these very spectators may severely challenge some of the casting. But for those who are unfamiliar with the novel it is likely that "The Bridge" will seem somewhat dull, and its implications will be lost.

It tells the strange story of a group of unrelated characters, all of whom have problems from which there is no apparent escape. Therefore, when the bridge collapses and they are plunged to death, the inference is that the solution of their troubled existence will be found in the hereafter.

Lily Damita, as *La Perichole*, is picturesque, but is obstreperous rather than glamorous, and is curiously lacking in sympathetic appeal. Raquel Torres, as *Pepita*, is sincere and earnest, while Don Alvarado and Duncan Rinaldo, are the brothers *Manuel* and *Esteban*. To Emily Fitzroy go my major honors for her *Marquesa*. Jane Winton, Paul Ellis and Ernest Torrence are others, the latter playing *Uncle Pio*. If you have read the book no comment is necessary to deplore that.

The First Operetta.

The historian of the movies, if there is such an individual, will record "The Desert Song" as the first operetta to reach the audible screen exactly as it was sung on the stage. This naturally places it in a class by itself. With all the talk and song that have been heard on the screen none of it has taken the form of authentic musical comedy, in which a story is told chiefly in solos and duets. Without doubt there will be worthier efforts than "The Desert Song," just as there have been pictures far more artistic than the first dialogue film.

As it stands, it is tedious because of its interminable length—a veritable "Gotterdammerung" of the musical screen. A full two hours to tell the ridiculous story of a musical comedy is a tax on one's patience, no matter how interested he may be in milestones of screen history.

The story in question has chiefly to do with a mysterious leader of the Riffs in Morocco, known as "*The Red Shadow*," who eludes the French army at every turn, makes love to *Margot*, a visitor at the camp, and turns out to be the general's supposedly simple-minded, cowardly son. Through this tale scamper a society reporter from Paris and his feminine secretary, who supply what is known as comedy relief, and there is also a desert dancing girl called *Azuri* who, in love with an officer, is spurned and vows vengeance. So, you see, the story is merely a caramel. Its justification lies in the singing, which is very good. John Boles, as *The Red Shadow*, reveals a pleasing baritone, and Carlotta King is the heroine, vocally efficient, but uninteresting as a personality. On these two falls the burden of song, such standbys as Louise Fazenda, Johnny Arthur, John Miljan, and Myrna Loy sustaining the acting horrors. There's no denying "The Desert Song" is quite a bore, but it shouldn't exactly be scorned for that reason—if you have an ear for music rather than an eye for acting.

Will They Never Grow up?

According to the screen, youth is just as jazz-mad as it was ten years ago. One wonders if youth in real life hasn't found new ways to let off steam. There should be less strain than the screen shows in "Girls Gone Wild." One would think that practice in jazz-madness would have resulted in some ease. But no. The characters in this newest indictment of the younger generation strive so hard to be reckless, that you feel sorry for all the wasted energy. However, the picture probably will be liked by many. For one thing, the policeman's son marries the millionaire's daughter. Who can resist such delicious fiction?

It begins with the introduction of *Babs Holworthy*, a wild virgin given to cocktails, tap dancing, and speeding, who has always had plenty of money and her own way—both given her by smiling parents. She chooses for her sweetie a traffic policeman's studious son, who is in line for a scholarship. This paves the way for the "big" scene. It occurs when the policeman enters *Babs'* home with a summons, and finds his son cavorting

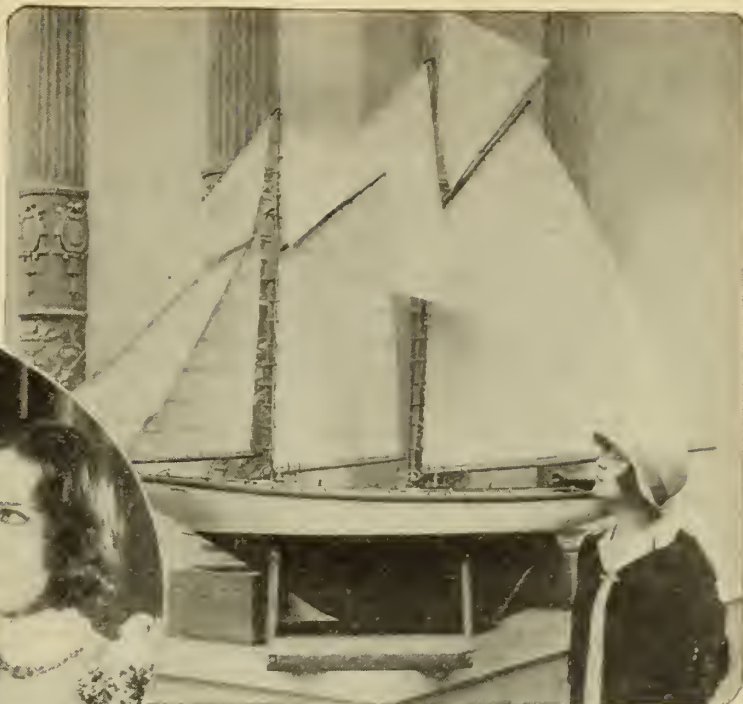
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The Sea Urge

Lives there a star with soul so dead who hath not to himself said, "Gee, to get away from it all"? These pictures illustrate the yearn.



Mary Brian, above, inspired by her ship model, gazes into space, probably to see herself captain of a pirate crew—or perhaps its fair treasure.



Renée Adorée, above, can't explain her great interest in ships, because her childhood was spent with a circus which traveled inland. But anyway ships are to her a symbol of freedom.



Hobart Bosworth, above, who knows the sea through experience on the bounding billows, has a large collection of ship models.



Joan Crawford, left, so hankers for life on the ocean wave at times, that one of the windows in her home glorifies a ship in stained glass.



Dorothy Gulliver, below, dresses up in a costume supposed to represent Queen Isabella, but the geography lesson she is giving the class is confused, because she points to the Isthmus of Panama.

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with the idle rich. Oh, yes, *Babs'* father is a professor, or something scholastic. Which means that if *Babs* is arrested the boy will not win the scholarship. How this soul crisis is solved really doesn't matter, because in the end the boy's value to *Babs* and her parents is proved when he rescues the girl from an entanglement with a bootlegger. So all is, as I suppose jazz-mad youth would say, hotsy-totsy. A good time had by all and no harm done.

I found Sue Carol, as *Babs*, not photographed as nicely as usual, and her alternate pouts and pirouettes rather monotonous, because of constant repetition. Nick Stuart, as the boy, is good enough. The cast includes Leslie Fenton, in an effective bit, Roy d'Arcy, Hedda Hopper, John Darrow, Mathew Betz, and the late William Russell. Properly enough, there's a lot of noise, but no talking.

Honors for Myrna Loy.

Storm is followed by sunshine, according to the platitudes uttered in "The Squall." So it behooves us to see good in a bad picture and declare that Myrna Loy is its redeeming feature. Her rôle of *Nubi*, the gypsy, is dangerously near comic, because of the unbridled vamping required to fit the speeches put into her mouth, but Miss Loy succeeds surprisingly in making *Nubi* not a caricature. She negotiates her speeches with expressiveness and constant change of mood, her accent always remaining with her. Exactly why a gypsy should display an accent in the midst of Hungarian characters played by Americans, is something that cannot be explained. It is just a quaint stage custom, without rhyme or reason. But Miss Loy makes it interesting, as she makes interesting every word and gesture, and she has a lot of both. For *Nubi* enters the lives of farm folk and puts everybody at sixes and sevens. Beginning with the easiest conquest, she ensnares *Peter*, a servant, and separates him from *Lena*. Tired of him, she next fascinates *Paul*, son of the family, who steals to buy her trinkets, and estranges him from *Irma*. Given only a little more time, she would number *Josef*, the husband and father among her conquests, but at his moment of weakening *Nubi's* transgressions are bared and her gypsy husband comes to drag her away.

All this is told slowly, by means of set speeches in florid terms, and a good deal of obvious symbolism dealing with the significance of squalls, both barometrical and emotional, and the triumph of "lahve" over sinister elements outside and inside the home. Together the players, some of whom

are disappointing when heard the first time, the acting and the production are artificial. Hungary, according to the screen, is a land of painted backdrops, where even the sunflowers are unreal. The characters upset by Miss Loy are played by Alice Joyce, Richard Tucker, Carroll Nye, Loretta Young, Harry Cording, Zasu Pitts, Nicholas Soussanin, Knute Erickson, and George Hackathorne.

Richard Dix Speaks At Last.

One by one all the old favorites are being heard, some of them rather late. Of these Richard Dix is a tardy arrival in the realms of speech, and the picture that brings about his début is "Nothing But the Truth." It is a comedy, quite as light as any he has ever appeared in, and is moderately entertaining. Its farcical structure may best be appreciated when the fan is told that the story concerns *Robert Bennett*, who bets \$10,000 that he can tell the truth for twenty-four hours. His risk is made all the more dangerous by the fact that the \$10,000 in his possession doesn't belong to him, but to the charity for which his sweetheart has collected it. She has turned it over to him with instructions to double it, because her father, *Robert's* employer, has promised to duplicate whatever amount she succeeds in raising. Out of this, comic mishaps develop, some of them laughable, some of them a bit tedious, because of leisurely pace and the stage players who support Mr. Dix. Some of these are effective, notably Helen Kane and Wynne Gibson, but others are zero personalities. Among the strangers are Dorothy Hall, Madeline Gray, Nancy Ryan, and Louis John Bartels. The reliable Ned Sparks is, as usual, a vast help in conjuring laughter, and Mr. Dix speaks easily and well, though his Western accent, while pleasant enough, is a limitation. The finished player has no accent at all.

A Convict's Escape.

"The Voice of the City" is only moderately urgent, but as it is an all-talking picture, it has the value of timeliness. If voices from hitherto silent players fascinate you as they do me, any picture with continuous dialogue is worth seeing. This one was written and directed by Willard Mack, who also plays the leading rôle, yet it is not an all-Mack picture. There are other players, chiefly Robert Ames, John Miljan, Duane Thompson, and Tom McGuire, who are already known on the screen, and Sylvia Field, Clark Marshall, and Alice Moe, who are not. Mr. Ames is especially good as *Doyle*, whose escape from prison is anxiously

awaited by Sylvia Field, as his wife, and their friends. The story is given over to their efforts to conceal *Doyle* until the excitement of his escape dies down, and the efforts of Mr. Mack, as *Biff*, a plainclothes man, to discover the convict's place of hiding. There are surprising developments in this conflict, considerable suspense, and some excellent acting. Yet the fact remains that it is not altogether satisfactory entertainment, because it follows too closely the technique of the stage. It is exactly as if the camera were turned on a play in the course of its representation behind the footlights, whereas the best talking pictures are those that favor the screen while embodying the speech of the stage. However, I think you will find "The Voice of the City" worth while if you like crook-detective melodramas—and if you don't expect too much.

What the Desert Does.

John Gilbert had better keep abreast of the times, if he would hold his own with the speaking stars. Here he is in "Desert Nights," a silent picture without so much as a bit of last-minute dialogue. It is good enough as silent pictures go, but a little goes a long way these days. Just the same, Mr. Gilbert's old-fashioned picture is good, if not important, and is so excellently acted by the star, Mary Nolan, and Ernest Torrence that it takes its place among the best of the survivals. As in "A Woman of Affairs," Mr. Gilbert relinquishes the best rôles to others. He is *Hugh Rand*, manager of an African diamond mine, who is hoodwinked by a couple of crooks masquerading as a British nobleman and his daughter. They gain possession of a fortune in gems by a clever ruse, and compel *Hugh* to accompany them in their flight into the tropical desert. There, on the verge of death from thirst, the crooks quarrel and come to hate each other, while *Hugh* becomes more and more master of the situation and of them. In the end he has regained the diamonds, and turned over one of the crooks to the authorities and the other, the lady, somehow is sufficiently absolved to become his wife. This is the weakness of the story, but it is the penalty demanded of the stark realism of the earlier episodes. Excellently directed, convincingly acted, it remains among Mr. Gilbert's lesser contributions.

Ivan Petrovich and Gerald Fielding.

Judging from letters to The Oracle and "What the Fans Think," any picture is important which enables certain fans to see Ivan Petrovich and

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Her First Love

Anita Page studied commercial art before she became a player, and drawing is her hobby now.



She sketches Conrad Nagel, above.

Anita, below, finds many willing subjects for her pencil at the Metro-Goldwyn studio, where the stars wait their turn.



Isn't Josephine Dunn, above, pleased with Anita's sketch of her? Ungrateful! It's autographed, too.

John Mack Brown, in all his manly beauty, below, obliges with just his profile for Anita's inspiration.



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do. But then Jack is such a dashing personality, and at times so engagingly volatile, that his utterances are not always taken too literally, while his demands, if he made any, on the subject of contract terms were justified by his personal popularity.

That is an important consideration. How much can a star afford to require of the company to which he is contracted? Obviously a great deal, if he is rated among the more successful. It is understood, for instance, that Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith, Al Jolson, and others were able to make very fine terms, because they are big winners with the public, and their organizations needed such winners.

The wise star generally chooses the time when he is in high favor with audiences to demand more compensation, better stories and direction, and all the prerogatives that come with access to fame. If favorable auspices do not exist, he will bide his time, and he may even take a cut in salary when the occasion requires. If Conway Tearle, for instance, had done this several years ago, he might have been much more active.

Miscalculations cause most of the trouble. Celebrity is a fleeting thing, and the star realizes this much less clearly, usually, than the producer. The producer's attitude oftentimes is that there may be somebody just as good around the corner, and that attitude is at times both logical and advantageous.

Then, too, conditions change. The arrival of the talkies has made the upheavals extremely violent. At a single swoop, for instance, they have shattered the prestige of the foreigner. This has hit in the very highest places, as the departure of Emil Jannings for Europe demonstrated.

Western stars were hit *en masse* by an earlier wave of public ennui. Comedians, too, have suffered, though most of them brought this on themselves. Many have foundered, because they tried to be the captain and the crew.

There is a peculiar thing about foreigners of notable reputation. I don't know whether it means anything or not, but there is a legend that the first picture a foreign star makes in this country is generally the most successful. Pola's popularity, for instance, steadily drooped in America, though naturally she was a big drawing-card in European countries—indeed, she remained so. No Jannings picture aroused more interest than "The Way of All Flesh." The European who enjoyed fame before coming to America never seemed to benefit greatly by transplantation. It may be said, on the other hand, that no pictures Jannings made abroad revealed quite as fine acting as those he made in this country.

Are stars ever blacklisted? No, I think I can safely say that they are not, either officially or semiofficially. This statement is subject to some latitude of interpretation. Although the capital of the cinema is assuming a metropolitan aspect, it is still a small place. The neighbors hang over the back fence and gossip, and the dignitaries of the town continue to meet with great solemnity to indulge in informal tête-à-têtes about studio affairs.

At these meetings casual comments about players, and differences with players, directors, and others, are perhaps related, which are not ignored by the listeners. Prejudices may or may not be incited. There are just as many instances to prove that they are not, as that they are.

Frequently a player who has severed relations with one studio, because of reported temperamental pyrotechnics, is engaged by another. Miss Goudal, for example, had had trouble with Paramount at the time that she was secured by DeMille for the Producers' Distributing Corporation. John Gilbert was energetically negotiated for by United Artists, it was understood, at the time it was considered unlikely he would remain with M.-G.-M. I do not mean to put Miss Goudal and Mr. Gilbert in the

same class as box-office favorites, but simply to show that there is much freedom in the trading for the services of players. Often, too, I have heard producers say very sincerely that they would give Miss So-and-So a job, regardless of the fact that the organization with which she formerly worked found her temperamental, and more than once they have made good in this assertion.

Nevertheless, "give a dog a bad name" is a phrase that may be applied to some extent to a player's problems.

One can't dodge the issue that the diplomatic handling of one's affairs in the studios—provided one happens to be a star—is far more remunerative in the long run than any form of open warfare.

Norma Shearer stressed that to me once in conversation. She said that one had to use the utmost discretion in dealing with all people in the picture business. "It is a task in itself to do this, but the results fully repay the effort," she continued. "I have seen too many people spoil their chances by not being diplomatic—or let us say not being courteous and sensible. For that is what it really amounts to." Miss Shearer's intelligent management of her career is proof of the benefits of the system. The smartest stars are often those who are the most excellent diplomats—or if you will have it so, politicians. There is actually no slur implied in that name, although it is often spoken of with sardonic accent in the studios.

The trouble is that Hollywood is inclined to be supersensitive, and is not able to laugh at itself. Maybe it will when a few years older. Various famous humorists have put themselves terribly in Dutch there because of their alleged smart cracks. Whenever somebody tries to make a bright remark at some one else's expense in the film colony the pent-up wrath of the gods may descend on his head at some time or another.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 70

"Christina"—Fox. Silent. Quaint, pretty, though sirupy picture, with Janet Gaynor as Dutch girl, and Charles Morton her circus sweetheart. Troubled love, but certain to turn out right from the first. Rudolph Schildkraut, Lucy Dorraine.

"Shakedown, The"—Universal. All dialogue. Prize-fight film in which James Murray gives a fine performance. Story has unexpected touches, and befriended lad, Jack Hanlon, causes a reformation. Barbara Kent, Wheeler Oakman, Harry Gribbon.

"Godless Girl, The"—Pathé. Part

dialogue. A strangely unreal attempt to be realistic about school and reformatory life, with marks of good direction distorted. Lina Basquette, George Duryea, Eddie Quillan, Noah Beery, Mary Jane Irving.

"This Is Heaven"—United Artists. Part dialogue. Your old friend, the story of the waitress who falls in love with a chauffeur—and he's a millionaire! Vilma Banky shorn of pretty costumes. James Hall, Fritzi Ridgeway, Lucien Littlefield, Richard Tucker.

"Speakeasy"—Fox. Melodrama, in dialogue, of newspaper office, the ring,

and fringe of underworld. Has interest, but weak in thrills. Noises of New York caught. Two newcomers, Paul Page and Lola Lane, in leads. H. B. Walthall, Helen Ware, Sharon Lynn.

"Lady of the Pavements"—United Artists. Old screen friends in new trappings, but familiar situations. A haughty countess, Jetta Goudal, spurned by her fiancé, counters by making him fall in love with a café girl, Lupe Velez, picked up and made a lady overnight. The affair gets out of hand, the girl flees, and the lover

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The Sawdust Strain

It unites many of the stars in a common bond, because of their experiences as circus performers early in their careers.

Belle Bennett, below, grew up as a trapeze performer in the circus owned by her father, Billie Bennett.



Wallace Beery, below, knows more about animals than any other star, because he once had charge of the menagerie in Ringling Brothers' circus.



The skill of Tom Mix, left, as a trick rider, is explained by his experience as a star performer in this capacity, with Barnum and Bailey's circus and Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch Show.



Frankie Darro, right, was born during a tour of the Sells-Floto circus, and later performed with his mother and father.

Buck Jones, above, became a rider in Miller Brothers' show when he left the range.



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sued to her temperament, in which she can put her whole heart.

I have a complaint, and I do not care what stir it creates. It's all very well to say the public wants youth in pictures, but there must be a good many, and not a minority, either, that prefer good acting to watching children barely out of the nursery playing at dramatics. Give us Baclanova, Gary Cooper, Gaynor and Farrell, Dolores del Rio, Lupe Velez, Greta Garbo, Ronald Colman, Clive Brook, Swanson, and others that know what acting means, and less of the leg-kicking Clara Bows and Alice Whites. The producers should find people that can act, and not star those who have merely something unusual in face or figure.

J. ERNEST BROWNE.

Cairo, East Molesey,
Surrey, England.

About British Humor.

I was amused when I read in PICTURE PLAY of the "dazzling surprise" Jetta Goudal gave William H. McKegg. Surely one expects Jetta to be different. Wasn't it Jetta who went right through "If the Gods Laugh"—"Fighting Love" in America!—without trying to outstrip other stars? Wasn't it Jetta who showed us that it was possible to put over a dramatic scene with half-closed eyes, instead of staring like a throttled cat? I'll say it was! Long may she reign!

A recent contributor to this department referred to an Englishman with a sense of humor as though he was a *rara avis*. Sense of humor? My stars! Don't we always laugh when we see the Statue of Liberty on the screen? And don't we get a laugh out of Joan Perula, who stays at home and knits when a Ramon Navarro picture is at the local theater, and yet imagines herself fully qualified to criticize his acting? You don't know the half of it!

BERT H. KING.

36 Court Street, Woodville,
Near Burton-on-Trent, England.

Debunking the Sheik.

When I read Clara A. Bell's letter concerning Charles Farrell and Barry Norton, and sheiks, I wondered how she ever had the nerve to write it, because she so obviously knows nothing about them. I have been to Hollywood and seen both Charles Farrell and Barry Norton. I also have been in Arabia and seen some real sheiks. The pictures, I agree, were poor, but the acting was good.

It was not Charles Farrell's fault that the picture was not good. He is very good looking, and a marvelous actor when given the right type of picture. As for Barry Norton, he is every inch a man.

And, oh, those "handsome" sheiks! More filthy, fat, unromantic pieces of heehecked humanity I would not care to meet. They have four or five equally dirty wives who may have the "pleasure" of their company for all I care. The sight of them, even in their Americanized forms, still makes me positively ill.

LEE KAUFMAN.

225 Fifth Avenue,
New York, New York.

Admiration, or Love?

I must express my enthusiasm for Gary Cooper. He certainly is an actor worthy of praise, and, while I can't say I "love" him, still I derive a keen enjoyment from his picture, and seldom pass up an opportunity of seeing him. But why, oh, why, must people confuse admiration with love. One fan said he was her "king of hearts." Such girls are surely mentally deficient.

I shudder for the consequence should *real* love come their way. Nevertheless, Gary is certainly a splendid chap, as far as pictures are concerned.

What I now anxiously await is a picture starring the beautiful, exotic Goudal. How I should love to see that lady in person! Her air of deep mystery fascinates me; and how I love to watch every movement of her hands, her beautiful, fragile hands, the eloquent, tapering hands of an aristocrat. She can express more with them than some stars can express with their whole body.

With so many great artists to choose from, why all the fuss over such half-baked actors and actresses as Clara Bow, with her much-praised "It," and Clive Brook, with his air of bored indifference and frozen face? Can the man smile?

M. WATSON.

71 Runnymede Road,
Toronto, 3, Ontario, Canada.

Ramon Indifferent to Fans?

I have been reading letters of the lucky people telling the fans about the autographed photographs they receive from stars.

I want to register a complaint. I have also made a collection of photographs, but since I came to live in Africa, nearly four years ago, I have been rather unfortunate in receiving answers to my letters. Being unable to get American money, I always inclose international coupons to defray the cost of postage; but whether it is because these coupons are useless, or because I live so far away that my favorites cannot be bothered to reply, I do not know; but it is disappointing when so many letters fail to get an answer. Joan Crawford and Ramon Navarro are my chief offenders, especially Ramon. I have written to him repeatedly, but have never had any luck. I wonder if any of the overseas readers have had the same experience. Perhaps they can supply a remedy.

IRENE SHARP.

729 Pretorius Street,
Pretoria, South Africa.

Hasty Conclusions Unfair.

Just a word to the lady signing her letter "Holly." I have never met Gary Cooper, but still I think you are unfair in your opinion of him. Perhaps that so-called friend whom Mr. Cooper is supposed to have passed up, high-hatted Gary before Gary became a favorite. You see, you cannot return an honest verdict unless all sides are heard from. Personally, I believe Gary is really reserved, and not all people can make artificial whoopee simply to please a foolish public.

Though my fan letters remain unanswered, I must be fair enough to admit I wrote some crazy ones just to see if I'd receive a personal reply, but I did not. However, I did succeed in writing a fairly intelligent one, and was rewarded with a lovely autographed photo of Gary.

I, for one, give Gary Cooper credit for being a man first, and one not easily fooled, at that.

Fame, fortune, and fans by the score are pretty hard to handle, and at the same time please every one the star knows.

KAY McMORRIS.

41A Brent Street,
Boston, 24, Massachusetts.

Movies Unkind to Latins?

In a recent issue of PICTURE PLAY, Edwin Schallert said in an article that "Mexicans cannot tolerate anything shown against them in the movies." It is beyond our comprehension how a sane writer, as he seems to be, can write such a thing. He wonders at the patience of

the American directors in dealing with the intolerant attitude of Mexicans concerning films which they think insult them. We wonder, too, how the Mexicans have allowed these directors to treat them as they have done.

All the films that we have seen concerning Mexicans have always shown these poor people as philanderers, evil, dirty, and treacherous, with greasy faces and leering eyes.

Why must always the Latin or Mexican be a bad man? Perhaps they may not be half as good as the thrice-glorified American cowboys, but we are sure that there is good among them. Why cannot some ambitious author try to be original, and write about an intrepid young Mexican who goes to an American town, fools the inhabitants, and wins the heroine? It is said that a film about a good Mexican cowboy attracted great attention, because it was unique, the only one of its kind. We have not seen it.

Mr. Schallert also says that "Americans don't fuss about being portrayed in an unfavorable light in the movies," but we wonder what would happen if Mexicans dared to ridicule Americans just one tenth of what they have suffered. They would certainly rue the day they thought of doing it.

CARMENCITA AND LOLITA.

Manila, Philippine Islands.

Eva von Berne Championed.

May we request that Metro-Goldwyn publish some explanation of the treatment to which they subjected Eva von Prentzler, whom they renamed Von Berne?

Here is a case that calls for inquiry. After having found her sufficiently skilled to play the lead opposite John Gilbert in "Masks of the Devil," they sent her home. Why?

It certainly cannot be for want of natural ability, for she showed us that she is one of the most interesting and convincing ingénues the screen possesses.

Her performance, in view of her complete lack of previous experience, her youth—she is only seventeen, *really* seventeen—and her lack of acclimatization to conditions in a strange country, was considered at four trade showings we attended as promising a big future, and all were unanimous in acclaiming her one of Hollywood's most beautiful girls. She made a big hit and gathered an appreciable following.

She was in Hollywood six months or more. Except for a couple of publicity men, nobody asked her out once during her stay. She was never invited to a party. Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, who discovered her, ignored her and did not once ask her to tea. In a whole half year the Thalbergs could not spare a single half hour. She was treated as we should be ashamed to treat a dog. If ever Hollywood deliberately made a young girl miserably unhappy, they did so to Eva von Berne. She was subjected to the most despicable and caddish treatment that has ever been offered to a player. They handled her with the air of one throwing a piece of dirt about. Their inhospitality was contemptible. And all this was while young cubs like Sue Carol and Ruth Taylor were licking cream off the cake. Pretty treatment, if you like! Eva will always remain to me as the most charming girl Hollywood ever had.

It just goes to show how much truth is in the idea a few demented fools have that stars are "good and beautiful." They were too wrapped up in their own selfish pursuits. Or perhaps Miss von Berne

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Here Comes the Bride

Although the vows are different, the bridal costumes are essentially the same in most countries.

The Spanish wedding gown worn by Jane Winton, left, in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," is most elaborate of all.

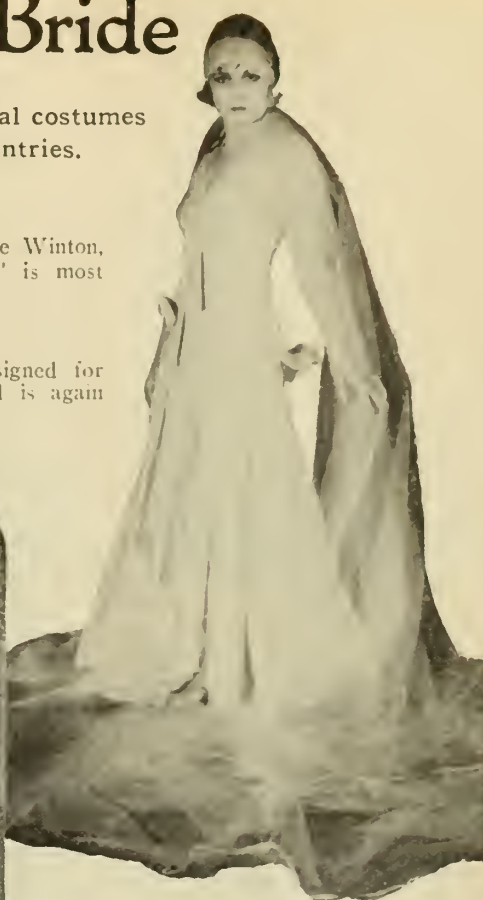
Jeanette Loff, right, displays a gown designed for the American bride. The long tulle veil is again fashionable.



The Russian bride of the old order wore an immense veil, as does Diane Ellis, below.



The ceremonial costume of the Chinese bride is becoming to Marilyn Morgan, above.



Carol Lombard, below, borrows the bridal costume of an Argentine belle for an interesting pose.



satisfied yet. She finds herself a little cramped in pictures, always having to think of the microphone and her position with relation to the cameras. She thinks the talkies distinct and separate from both stage and screen, and that they will be most effective when there are two directors for each picture; one for the talking sequences, a stage director, and the other trained in movies, to combine the advantage and methods of both.

"One has to be so exact in the talkies," she said. "You can't improvise as you go along the way I always used to on the stage. Why, I never played the same scene twice in the same way. I always made up lines as I went along. But you can't do that in the talkies.

"I like to play my scenes through, without having them cut up into little parts. You just get all worked up for a big emotional scene, and then some one calls 'cut,' and you have such a ghastly, let-down feeling. And then, of course, you do things backwards. That is, you do your last scene first, and then work back to the beginning. It's much more difficult, because on the stage you begin at the beginning and by the time you've got to the third act, you're worked up for it. Yet I don't feel conscious of the camera at all the way you do if you're not used to it."

Broadway and white lights and all that they suggest, from the tips of her highly polished nails to her slim suede slippers. Yet she is keyed too high for them. She can't bear noise. The tapping of feet on pavements, automobile horns, drills, and carpenters' hammers, subway excavations—all those sounds that are such an ineradicable part of metropolitan life. So she lives in the country, at Auburn-on-the-Hudson. Before that it was Ossining, but it has always

been out of town. She is even now building a great wall about her place, so that although, she says, it probably will look like Sing Sing when it's finished, it will keep out noises.

She would even like to make her pictures at night, in Astoria, when the carpenters have all gone home, and the sounds of street and city have subsided, and the monk's cloth hangings will deaden the sound of feet. The change from night to day is not easy, after so many years of the theater, with long nights and mornings when one sleeps.

"I'd probably have much more sense, in fact, I know I would, if I could work nights, instead of getting to the studio at six or seven in the morning." But she does it though, and despite seven attacks of the flu while she was making "The Letter" and "Jealousy," she was at the studio every morning, on call.

"But now that I have a few weeks' rest before making my third picture, I'm being an interior decorator for a change. You should see my house! It's way up on the top of a cliff. Just like Jack Gilbert's in Hollywood, only it really isn't like his. It's up in the air like his, so high that even if the Singer Building were put down under it, it would still be far below me. And this time I haven't any farm. It was too much bother. I had hens and cows and a stable and kennels. Now I just have a few fruit trees and Mika, my dog, and my eight Schnauzers, and a box of pansies. That's as rural as I am now. It's really only a town house in the country.

"And I suppose you'd think it was wild inside. There isn't anything that matches, there's no particular style. I just bought things as they appealed to me. I've got Madame Recamier's furniture, the real pieces that are more than two hundred years

old. When I bought them they were covered with a worn yellow brocade, so of course I had them recovered. I picked out nice, antique-looking damask, and it looked so lovely and old in the shops. Now that it's on, it's such a bright pink that I guess I'll have to rub cold cream over it to antique it. I've got all sorts of colored pottery, Italian tea sets, glasses with gold edges—I suppose the reason I'm so crazy about them is because I didn't have them when I was a little gel."

Yet one couldn't see Jeanne Eagels living with dull greens, and discreet colors. She is above all an individualist, and her love of rich colors and appurtenances is all of a piece with her penchant for emeralds and crystals and warm, tomato-colored gowns.

It is the same sort of thing that makes her go ahead and study a rôle so intensely, not only what it seems from the script, but in all its implications that lead back to the reasons why the person was such and such. She says, "I even knew what color *Sadie Thompson's* panties were when she was a little gel, I knew her so well by the time I had started to play her, and how she swung her books when she went to school."

No restrained passions for Jeanne Eagels. She demands highly wrought moments, intense drama; not the vampire, but a decisive, tortured woman, fighting conventions and restraint. She isn't predative, or slinky, although she is an adventuress of a sort, a gamin grown older. And all the time she talked the long, slim hands were restless, the face just a splotch of white in the shadow, impaled by the red velvet of her costume.

No, not beautiful, but quite fascinating in a slightly different way.

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York block. And though Richard has gone home many times since then, he did not make his father's prediction come true; he did not have to go back afoot.

The talkies have given Richard's career a fresh impetus. He was getting rather distressed about his pictures. One light comedy after another. No opportunity to justify his mother's faith in him—"If my boy is to be an actor, I know he'll be a *great* actor." Dick was rather fretful. How can one be a great actor, or even a very good one, with a series of trivial films?

He was on the point of announcing his retirement—a graceful retirement while he still had a following among

the fans. And then the talkies came along. Richard registered very well. And it gave him a fresh start, a chance to rejuvenate his work.

This is the earnest side of Richard!

You have heard many times, perhaps, of how thoughtful and kind he is to the extras in his company. How he likes to give some promising youngster a chance to show what he can do. His own early struggles taught him this, for Dick, unlike many stars, has not forgotten those impoverished days. He remembers, in one of his first jobs in a Pittsburgh stock company, how much it meant to him when the stars, Mary Hall and Bob Gleckler, tried to see that he had

every opportunity to make good. He remembers how William Faversham took an interest in his career and spurred him on.

And because he remembers these things he is considerate and kind to newcomers, to those who work around him at the studio. Yes, the carpenters and electricians will tell you, "Gee, Dix is a great guy!"

But underneath this carefree manner which the fans and his coworkers know, is the same little Ernest Brimmer, grown up, who wanted to be a minister; who likes music, and reads highbrow books, and who faithfully keeps his promise to brother Archie to "take care of mother and sis."

His Big Secret

The Primrose Path

Many stars choose it in an effort to show the fans how easy it is for a perfect lady in Beverly Hills to be no lady at all on the screen.



Ruth Chatterton, above, as irreproachable as a Roman matron, fairly sweeps the dregs of the world into her cup of dissipation in "Madame X."

Corinne Griffith, below, as the street-walking heroine of "Outcast," is a dainty lady of the pavements.



Nancy Carroll, above, in "The Shopworn Angel," though neither maid, wife nor widow, contrives to live through the experiences of all three.

Mary Astor, below, to make sure of her naughtiness, calls her picture "The Woman from Hell."



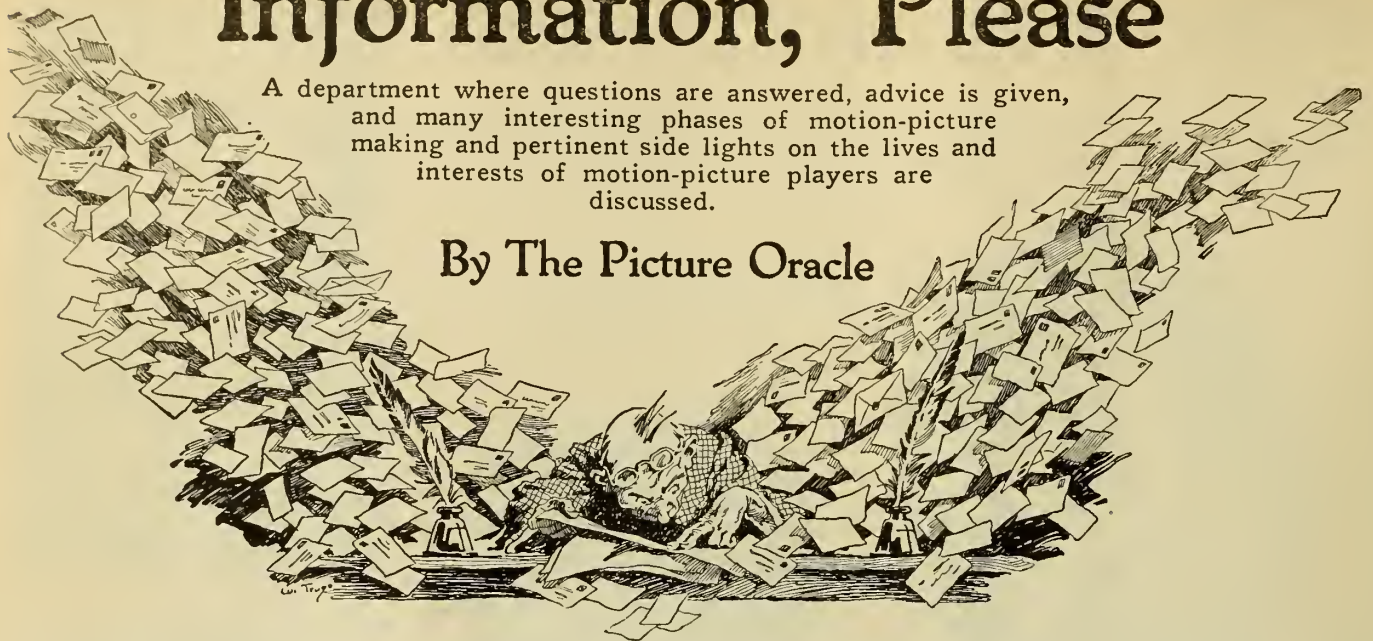
Betty Compson, left, in "Skin Deep," shows that shady ladies have not always a sense of humor, or they wouldn't wear costumes like this.



Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle



THE MYSTERY GIRL.—So if I answer all your questions, I deserve a putty medal. All that work, and all I get is putty! As to the story in **PICTURE PLAY**, "How Stars Are Made," you needn't be alarmed that interviews are dictated by publicity departments. Interviewers are usually quite honest in giving their real impressions—and frequently their articles are a source of great annoyance to the subjects! The publicity departments get in their work of building up a studied background with the pictures of the stars they send to magazines, the little paragraphs they send to newspaper movie columns, and so on. The romance between John Gilbert and Greta Garbo was quite genuine. As to why Buster Collier has never been starred, probably it's because he is not dashing enough to appeal to the romantic fancy of the fans. I forget on what grounds Leatrice Joy and John Gilbert got their divorce, but incompatibility is usually mentioned in a Hollywood divorce suit, whatever the private reasons are. Lya de Putti's husband was Ludwig Christensen, now dead. She is not married now. Lya is in her late twenties.

H. F. P.—You can reach Leo Kelly in care of William H. McKegg, 6233½ De Longpre Avenue, Hollywood. Sorry I have no record of his description.

INQUISITIVE.—And you underestimate yourself with that adjective! If I answered in detail all the stars' nationalities you ask about, I'd have to devote the whole page to you. They're all American in your list except Norma Shearer and Pauline Garon, who are Canadian, from Montreal, though Pauline is a naturalized citizen. David Rollins is five feet ten and a half.

MATT-LUKA.—Ah, my missing Japanese valet! Mary Nolan was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1904, and christened Mary Imogene Robertson. She was a famous Ziegfeld beauty later, as Imogene "Bubbles" Wilson. Then she went on the screen in Europe under her real name, was "discovered," and given a rôle in "Sorrell and Son," which began her American screen career. Yes, Nazimova played in "The Redeeming Sin" for Vitagraph, in 1924. Al Jolson signed up with Griffith a few years ago to make a picture, but there was a disagreement and the contract

was called off by both of them before the film was started. Leslie Fenton is twenty-six. He was married two years ago to Marie Astaire. He made six films for Fox before "What Price Glory?"—"Havoc," "Thunder Mountain," "Road to Glory," "Sandy," "Shamrock Handicap," and "Black Paradise."

MIRIAM MINTENER.—Is Clara Bow a snob? I should say not! Bebe Daniels is twenty-eight and is of Spanish descent. No, she is not married, but is said to be engaged to Ben Lyon. She weighs one hundred and eleven pounds. Her next film is "Number, Please." She has several fan clubs: Dorothy Helgren, 146 Bal-lou Avenue, Dorchester, Massachusetts; Evelyn Bode, 2745 Myrtle Avenue, Glendale, Long Island. Mary and Doug divorced? That's just ridiculous. Bill Boyd is thirty-one and married to Elinor Fair. Billie Dove has brown eyes. Next!

A GEORGE DURYEA FAN.—Yes, indeed, I'll keep a record of your new club, but George Duryea has not yet been seen enough to acquire many fans. And he is not under contract, so I have no permanent address for him. He doesn't give his age.

C. E. W.—Rudolph Valentino was born in Castellaneta, Italy, May 6, 1895. Your latest "crush," Don Alvarado, was born in Albuquerque, New Mexico, November 4, 1903. He is married, and has a little daughter, Joy. Ralph Forbes is not under contract at present, but as you say, with his stage experience I shouldn't think he would have much trouble keeping busy in the talkies. He is now at work in "The Green Goddess," for Warner.

JUST EIGHTEEN.—Why doesn't Stan Laurel have big rôles like Chaplin and Keaton, because he's your favorite comedian! I think it's because not enough movie fans agree with you about that. The reason you see so little in print about Estelle Taylor is that she plays in pictures only now and then. She has not been cast for anything since "Where East Is East." Charles Rogers' next film is "Magnolia"; Janet Gaynor's "Lucky Star"; Eddie Quillan's "Joe College"; Dorothy Sebastian's "Squads Right."

DIMPLES.—Think of being born with dimples; some girls have all the luck and others just complain. The leading

man in "Mademoiselle Modiste" was Norman Kerry. Madge Bellamy's supporting cast, in "Ankles Preferred," were Lawrence Gray, Barry Norton, Marjorie Beebe, Allan Forrest, and Joyce Compton. Bellamy is pronounced *Bell-a-me*. Short a. Yes, it was undoubtedly Nancy Carroll's sister you saw in vaudeville.

BOY OF WINONA.—Well, I've never been called a prophet before! The future is just a closed book to me. Or even such things as your question, "Does Mary Brian answer her fan mail?" Sue Carol is in Hollywood, working for Fox. Loretta Young is seventeen. And questions about stars' religion are barred.

ERLINE OF SOUTH DAKOTA.—Shucks, you are an inquisitive girl, aren't you? But it's all right; I have to work, anyhow. The leads in "The Kentucky Derby" were played by Reginald Denny and Lillian Rich. Ben Lyon was opposite Gloria, in "Wages of Virtue." Ramon's supporting cast in "Flying Fleet" were Anita Page, Ralph Graves, Edward Nugent, Carroll Nye, Gardner James. The difference between a featured player and a star is that a star's name appears over the name of the picture in programs, and that the story is built around him, or her. For instance, "Gloria Swanson, in 'Sadie Thompson,'" rather than "'Sadie Thompson' with Gloria Swanson." Mona Palma was the heroine in "The Canadian." The leads in "Adventure" were Pauline Starke, Tom Moore, Raymond Hatton, Wallace Beery, Walter McGrail. Lane Chandler comes from Montana, and attended Montana Wesleyan College. He was a passenger agent in Yellowstone Park when he played his first movie bit, in a two-reel Western being made there. When this turned out well, he went to Hollywood. Richard Arlen was formerly a newspaper man in Minneapolis; he went to Hollywood and did odd jobs for years before he made good on the screen. No, I don't know of any stars with birthdays on September 10th.

A LAD OF TWENTY-FIVE SUMMERS.—And how about the winters, or do you crawl in like the ground hog? No, Mae Murray is not on the screen at present, but is due to return. The last address I have for Florence Lawrence—four or five years old—is 1938 Argyle Street, Hollywood.

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Are These Your Stars?

Continued from page 52

most individual hits of the season in "The Trial of Mary Dugan" and "The Broadway Melody," both M.-G.-M. pictures. Norma Shearer and Anita Page have had no stage experience whatever, and with the exception of a few months on the road in vaudeville, Bessie Love has spent all her acting years behind a camera lens.

Clara Bow is another player whose knowledge of acting has only come via the silver sheet. But in "The Wild Party" she proves that she can hold her own with the best of them. Her voice is exactly suited to her personality, a fact which should make her a bigger box-office attraction than ever.

Corinne Griffith, William Haines, Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, Eleanor Boardman, Norma Talmadge, Billie Dove, and Charles Rogers are other screen favorites without benefit of stage training, who have no need to fear the Broadway invasion.

Add to these such established stars as Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Ronald Colman, William Powell, Jean Hersholt, Richard Barthelmess, Evelyn Brent, Clive Brook, Conrad Nagel, and Baclanova, all of whom have had stage experience, and one finds that the competition between stage and screen isn't as ominous as the alarmists would have us believe. It is the favorites developed by the screen who will survive.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 98

was not yet sufficiently famous for their company?

The truth is that Hollywood has shown its true colors. Well, those responsible for this outrage will suffer.

In justice to Miss von Berne, we hope you will see fit to call for an explanation of something that has left a dark smudge on Hollywood's escutcheon.

PAT O'DONOVAN.

MICHAEL MALACHY DOYLE.

London, England.

Audiences Go to Gary.

Gary Cooper has greater possibilities as a dramatic player than any young actor in Hollywood. Why? Because he does not throw himself to his audience in large gestures, but makes his audience *come to him*. In music the tones we have to listen for are the most fascinating. In great pictures those whose outlines are not quite clear make us look more deeply and hold us more strongly. So with moving pictures, so with Gary Cooper. And more than this is his ability to show by a fleeting gesture, a twist of the mouth, a change around the eyes, the whole gamut of human emotions as plainly as by capital letters on the screen. And under all a magnetic personality shining through every characterization, a serene spirit that rings true.

Continued on page 107.

"Even outdoor girls come to me with this problem"

—Says a woman athlete about this phase of feminine hygiene



Not even the outdoor girl is free from fear of offending others at times. She now learns with relief of a new process which deodorizes this modern sanitary pad.

NO woman is sure, when she learns the possibilities of this offense against daintiness, that she, herself, may not be guilty at certain times. But she is sure, today, that *she need not* be guilty. Kotex Laboratories have discovered (and patented) a process which deodorizes perfectly. Each Kotex sanitary pad is now scientifically treated by this formula. The results, in peace of mind, are vitally important to women.

The fear of being conspicuous

Equally important is the fact that the new pad is shaped to fit. Corners are rounded and tapered to permit no evidence of sanitary protection when worn. All the clumsiness of old-fashioned methods is overcome.

Nothing is like the softness and delicate protection of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. The identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals, it *must* be hygienically superior and comfort-giving to the utmost degree.

Greater softness of texture; instant disposability—no laundry; and the fact that you can adjust the layers of filler—these things are of great importance for comfort and good health. And the remarkable absorbency is still one of the important advantages of

Kotex. Cellucotton absorbent wadding takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture—5 times more than cotton itself.

Buy a box . . . 45c for twelve . . . at any drug, dry goods or department store. Also in restroom vending cabinets by West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Co., 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Such Fleecy Softness

can come only with this downy filler.

The fleecy, delicate folds of Cellucotton absorbent wadding offer a type of softness that no substitutes can equal. Because of its downy white cotton-like structure and its correct absorbency, surgeons insist upon Cellucotton absorbent wadding.

KOTEX
The New Sanitary Pad which Deodorizes

Continued from page 43

she found the greatest surcease from pain.

Little did she know that those months of reciting lines would prove more valuable than all the picture experience she might have had during that time. Carol read plays, not from any devotion to duty, or any desire to shine among the culture-hungry, but simply because she enjoyed doing it.

I did not know Carol at that time, but I knew many people who did, and I was always impressed by the way they spoke of her. When she was well enough to see a few visitors, no one ever thought of going over merely to cheer her up. An expedition to her house was always in the nature of a party. "Let's go over to Carol's and have some laughs," they would say. As a matter of fact, they didn't say "Carol"—they said "Jane." Her real name is Jane Peters, and many of her school friends still call her that. She would have gone on being plain Jane Peters, if studio executives hadn't objected to such a prosaic name for such a beautiful girl.

"I just want to be happy," Carol told me one time when I pinned her down long enough to ask her a few questions about herself. "Just now I am crazy about the studio. I can't stay away from it. If they call me for four in the afternoon, I can hardly stay away at nine in the morning. I like to come over and see everybody, and feel that I am a part of what's going on.

"I've always wanted to act. I went to dramatic school for three years

after I finished high school, and they couldn't hold classes too late for me. Then for a while I was crazy about dancing and swimming and yachting and riding horseback.

"Now I can't imagine wanting to do anything but make pictures. Later on, maybe, it will be something else. Whatever it is, I'll do it. I always have a lot of fun.

"When I finished 'High Voltage' I didn't have a day off, because they used me in making tests. They wanted to make tests of stage actors, and thought it would be easier if they had some one opposite them. I made a test with a chap who had been playing in 'Candida.' One night they handed me a copy of the play, and the next day I did a scene with him. It was all so new to me and such an old story with him, I almost burst out laughing. I thought the test was terrible, but the studio liked it, so it's all right with me.

"I am going to do a picture with Robert Armstrong next. It is called 'For Two Cents,' and it's a newspaper story. But I *don't* play a sob sister. That's a distinction for me. I'm one of the few girls who hasn't played a sob sister this year."

Carol might be called a siren type, if the word hadn't become confused with languid ladies, who recline on tiger skins and say "Yes" with alacrity. It's the fire-alarm sort of siren that suggests her personality. Legend has it that in her school days she was a prim little lady, until she noticed that she was being relegated to the background. Suddenly she bloomed into a flamboyant, hilarious, companionable sort, and she has

never suffered from lack of attention since.

Diane Ellis and Sally Eilers were schoolmates of hers, and they are still good friends. They are always hoping to work in the same studio. Carol has never found another studio playmate as congenial as Daphne Pollard, with whom she palled during her Sennett days. Daphne was always ready to join her in any effort to upset the dignity of the leading man.

Carol is scrupulous about remembering engagements and being on time for them. She has never been known to complain of being tired. Her wardrobe is a model of smart sports wear for the young girl. But take it from Carol, she can always be counted on to make the wrong impression. When Joseph P. Kennedy, the big boss of Pathé, came out from New York every one in the studio was anxious to have him see Carol. They were eager to know that his judgment coincided with that of Edmund Goulding, and others, who had proclaimed her the greatest "find" of years. They hoped that he would wander out on a set just as Carol tore into a big dramatic scene, her lovely, sonorous voice making chills run up and down every spine.

But instead she ran into him just as she was leaving the studio. Her hat had seemed tight, so she had given it a shove until it rested on the back of her head. Her blond hair was straggling in the breeze, her coat was half falling off her shoulders, and hands in pockets, she was slouching along whistling.

Even at that the big boss thought her marvelous.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 94

Gerald Fielding. Well, they are visible in "Three Passions," and there is Alice Terry, too, though the picture is hardly one to make you consider these favorites in luck. Minus dialogue, it is an old-fashioned movie with a cumbersome story that isn't interesting. Its hero is *Philip Wrexham*, son of a rich factory owner. The young man has no sympathy for his father's business methods, so he becomes a lay brother in a religious order engaged in redeeming sinners in the slums. *Lady Victoria*, with whom he is tepidly in love, assures his father that she will go slumming too, and her allure will awaken *Philip* to the possibilities of love and bring about his return to the world. She does, and everything happens as it has in many another picture directed by far less important men than Rex Ingram.

Mother Crucifies Herself.

Mother love again has its innings, much in the same way that it has been dramatized before. This time it is called "Not Quite Decent," and we have the night-club hostess saving her chorus girl daughter from the talons of the very villain who amused himself with ma twenty years before. The situation is complicated by the daughter's ignorance of the relationship and her disgust with ma's feigned drunkenness. Point is given the revelations by playing the scene in dialogue, though the long silence which prevails in the picture up to this point only emphasizes the old-fashioned story, and makes the sudden lapse into speech seem like an after-thought on the part of the director. Dialogue in "big" scenes is rendered more effective when it is led

up to by speech in scenes of less importance.

Be that as it may, this story begins when *Linda* leaves her home town with the chorus of a show and is seen by *Mame Canfield*, the night-club queen, who overhears a chance word which identifies *Linda* as her daughter. Provisionally they meet in the city, where *Mame* becomes aware of the peril which threatens *Linda* through the attentions of *Al Bergdon*. When things have gone just so far, *Mame* intervenes and shows up *Bergdon* before the girl's very eyes. In her supposedly drunken ramblings she proclaims her relationship, but when she succeeds in separating her daughter from *Bergdon* she laughs off her assumed motherhood. That's just her sacrifice. Mothers always sacrifice themselves on the screen.

All this is moderately effective, though never as heartrending as it is supposed to be. Louise Dresser, as *Mame*, is a more convincing actress in the silent medium than when she attempts speech, and June Collyer smiles prettily, and with refinement, in the course of daughter's agitations. Unfortunately, Marjorie Beebe, that vigorous comédienne, has no chance to speak.

When the Lights Go Out.

Whether you are thrilled by "The Donovan Affair" depends entirely on how many pictures like it you have seen. If you are one to drop into the movies occasionally, then it may strike you as novel. But, alas, your reviewer has seen so many similar plots, that the only original detail of this one is found in its cast. At least the same players have not appeared in the same story before. For instance, there is Jack Holt, who makes his début in dialogue, with Dorothy Revier, who does likewise, and Agnes Ayres, who returns to the screen for this dialogue festival. Altogether it is quite a minor occasion, and the acting makes it more so. The "affair" revolves around the question, Who killed *Jack Donovan*? He is a gambler, a guest at the home of a woman he is trying to blackmail, and in order better to display a Hindu ring of which he boasts, the lights are turned out. Under cover of darkness *Jack Donovan* is knifed, *Inspector Killian* is summoned, all the guests are suspected, until the person least likely to have murdered *Donovan* is revealed by a trick. Mr. Holt's rôle of the inspector is unusual for him, *Killian* being a comic blusterer. He does it well enough, I suppose, but not in a way to rouse the enthusiasm earned by his acting in "The Water Hole" and "Submarine." William Collier, Jr., John Roche, Virginia Brown Faire, and Ethel Wales are some of the numerous others.

Abyss.

Far down on this month's list is the new John Barrymore film, "Eternal Love." A handsome production of a story of the Swiss Alps, it is tedious and reveals Mr. Barrymore as a mediocre actor, for the most part artificial and strained. The period is 1815, which permits fancy costumes and adds to the unreality of the proceedings. It seems that *Marcus* is forced to marry *Pia*, a wild mountain jade, though his true love is *Ciglia*. When she is jilted, *Ciglia* marries *Lorenz Gruber*, and the rest of the story permits the lovers to pine for each other, which makes the lives of their lawful partners anything but

Continued on page 107

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	COLOR OF LASHES	SKIN
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Ruddy		Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow		
Other	Answer in spaces with check mark	AGE

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Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 59

Picture Arts and Sciences for the best screen efforts of the past season. The winners included Janet Gaynor, Emil Jannings, and Charlie Chaplin, with honorable mention given to Richard Barthelmess and Gloria Swanson.

The affair was a dinner, with speeches. The victorious stars were tendered symbolic gold statues, and the honorable mentionees were presented with diplomas.

Neither Jannings, Chaplin, Barthelmess, nor Swanson were present, but Miss Gaynor received a big tribute. She was also kidded by the master of ceremonies, William C. DeMille, for not being a member of the Academy, but he did not suggest joining. Prizes of the Academy are awarded both to members and non-members of the organization, the membership being officially limited to those who have registered some distinctive achievement.

William DeMille also took occasion to comment on Chaplin's non-appearance at the affair. "Mr. Chaplin is absent for a variety of reasons, I understand," he said, "most of which are probably cold feet." This was greeted with general laughter.

Several university professors were guests at the meeting, and because of their attendance, emphasis was laid on the importance of good English in the talkies. Al Jolson furnished one of the brighter moments when he said that he had been in the talkies for three years with Warner Brothers, and hadn't learned to speak English yet. He also jollied Sir Gilbert Parker, the novelist.

Parker had remarked that he had just seen a picture which had converted him to the new form of expression. When he got up, Jolson said, "I'll tell what the picture is that made such a big impression on Sir Gilbert; it was Tex Guinan's 'Queen of the Night Clubs.'"

Jolson also inferred that the meeting was inclined to be highbrow, and took occasion to ask what the expression "liaison officer" meant, somebody having used that during the evening.

The Academy cited for honors not only actors, but also directors, camera men, technicians, and several picture companies. The films that received special mention during these awards were "Wings," "Seventh Heaven," "Sunrise," "Two Arabian Knights," "The Jazz Singer," "The Circus," "The Crowd," "Underworld," "Speedy," and for their art direction, "Tempest" and "The

Dove." Various other productions were prominently recalled.

Princelings of the Movies.

Nobody need seriously worry about the welfare of Charlie Chaplin's children. Exactly \$10,792.21 was spent on their rearing last year, according to a statement of account made by their mother, Lita Grey Chaplin. Among the larger items was their contribution to the rent of the \$100,000 Beverly Hills residence in which they live, the household expenses, and to the upkeep of an automobile in which they take their daily constitutional. Clothing is listed at \$766.12 for the year, food, at \$2 daily; laundry, \$10 weekly; nursemaid, \$2 daily; cook, \$2 daily; picture books, \$68.75 yearly, only one child, Charles Spencer, Jr., being interested in these. Doubling of the picture book expense may therefore be anticipated.

Charles is four years old and Sidney three.

Also Acquires Title.

Acquiring titles through marriage isn't limited only to the major celebrities of the screen. Now it is Adamae Vaughn who becomes a viscountess. She is wedding Joseph Valentine Raoul Fleur, Viscount d'Anvray, of Anvray, France, and will live abroad with her husband. Adamae Vaughn is the sister of Alberta, and if amplitude of names means anything she has done as well, if not better in her marriage, than Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, and Mae Murray.

A Villain Pleases.

Chester Morris, sly young villain of "Alibi," seems to be a high favorite at the studios. He is getting a steady run of engagements, and his salary is reported to have jumped from \$1,750 a week to \$2,500.

Morris is a new type, brought to the fore solely by the talkies. He is one of the few winners so far secured from the stage.

Originally he was to have played in "Crime," in which he scored success in the East, on the stage, but plans to make that production were abandoned. However, when "Alibi" was produced, Roland West, the director, remembered him from the play, and decided he was the ideal type for the rôle of the gunman.

Morris has been offered contracts, but won't sign up because he is doing so well free lancing. He played in "Fast Life" for First National, and is now in "Brothers" for Paramount.



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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 105

pleasant. This is really a gross injustice, for *Pia* and *Lorenz* are the most interesting characters and are played by the best actors, Mona Rico, a newcomer, and Victor Varconi. But finally they are in luck when *Marcus* and *Ciglia* die together in a landslide, which hurls them presumably to "eternal love." Anyway the scenery is superb and uplifting, even if the drama is not.

Printer's Ink.

Because it is an all-dialogue picture, "Gentlemen of the Press" entertains more through the power of speech than the inherent drama of the piece. The latter, strong as it is intended to be, never registers fully. Yet the characters are played by capable actors with interesting personalities. It is the special audience, with a knowledge of newspaper life and types, that will find what the casual moviegoer may not. Its humor is sardonic, its tragedy is marked, and over all is futility. Surely not the prescription for a snappy movie, with plenty of laughs and no afterthoughts. The central character is *Wickland Snell*, night editor and veteran newspaper man. He is absent from home when his daughter is born, again absent when she marries, and is too busy getting out a special edition to be present when she dies. The irony of his life is stressed when, in the face of all this, his advice is sought by a hero-worshipping youth who wishes to be a great newspaper man. *Wickland Snell* advises him

to get out of the game before it poisons him.

The cast is comprised of stage players, all of whom do well, particularly Charles Ruggles, as an inebriated reporter. Others are Walter Huston, Kay Francis, Betty Lawford, and Norman Foster.

The "It" Girl of Africa.

The picture once known as "The Woman Who Needed Killing" has become "A Dangerous Woman," but that doesn't save it from my murderous instincts. Told entirely in dialogue, it is a rococo story of an Englishman in Africa, whose Russian wife exerts such a fatal fascination upon the lives of his young assistants, that suicide is the only way out for them. Yet all she does is to dress scantily, play the piano coolly and sing with a tremolo. It's enough, however, to make the Englishman's young brother no exception to the rule. So the husband poisons his wife's lime juice and confesses his supposed crime. But a venomous snake supplies the needed poison, which leaves the brothers free to return to England. Perhaps there's no necessity to harp on the shortcomings of the picture, especially as the director and players have done well in other ventures. So it is more in anguish than reproach that I implore Clive Brook, Baclanova, and Neil Hamilton not to be bad any more. To Leslie Fenton goes a low bow for contributing the grain of good that can be found even in the murk of a picture like this.



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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 103

My second choice is Charles Farrell. He is a whimsical, lovable youth. So adorably real, so human, that he might break all the Ten Commandments, and we'd love him just the same.

MRS. ALICE H. OSBORNE.

Y. W. C. A., Billings, Montana.

The High-hat Complaints.

If only the fans would stop crying "high-hat stars"! Now Gary Cooper is getting it. It's too bad a star has to continually bear the sign, "I'm the friendliest person on earth"! One fan writes something about "spending money on those who are not worth it." Oh, well, I guess the stars had better quit the picture business and look up the fans, give them long, friendly chats and wide smiles.

A real fan goes to the theater to see So-and-so act. If, later, she reads, or has occasion to find out personally, that So-and-so is high-hat, she will continue to go to the theater and pay her fee to see him act. Anyway, how can a fan judge whether or not a star is high-hat?

I'd like to know that. Gary Cooper isn't high-hat with Lupe Velez or Lane Chandler.

120 Broadway,
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Neighbor Marian Nixon.

I'm very much interested in Marian Nixon. She is a neighbor of mine, and just about the cutest trick off screen there is. I say off screen, because Marian is much more beautiful in real life. Naturally, living close by, I see her often, and some day I hope to meet her. I had occasion to visit Universal City about a year ago. I mentioned that I would like to meet Miss Nixon, but she was not working that day. I was very disappointed. Later I wrote Marian a little note expressing my disappointment. One afternoon, about two weeks later, my doorbell rang. I opened the door, and there stood Mrs. Nixon, Marian's mother. She had brought me a very beautiful autographed photograph of her daughter. She came

Continued on page 118

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Buddy Looks at Love

Continued from page 21

I go down to the Grove with Mary, or June, or Flor—Miss Hamburger, it only costs me about ten dollars. The cover charge is a dollar and a half, I think. Then we have dinner, and dance.

"I have never bought a cigarette for myself. I have for girls, though. My dad—he's my ideal—never smoked, or took a drink. And I want to be like him. Yes, there are some temptations here. But—oh, I don't know—I guess I was brought up right—with good principles, you know. Somehow it seems as though I always liked nice people and the right sort of things best.

"I'm just crazy about music. Even back in college my ambition was to lead a jazz band. I saw a fellow on the stage when I was about eight years old. He played all the instruments in the band. I always wanted to be able to do that. I can play six of them, now, and it won't be long before I master the whole lot.

"Lately I've been longing more and more to go to New York and get in musical comedy. I had an offer for twenty weeks in vaudeville at \$10,000, which is a whole lot more than I'm making now. But, of course, I couldn't accept, because of my picture engagements. Being able to play instruments is going to help me in sound pictures, though. Don't you think so?

"And speaking of pictures, have you seen 'Coquette'? Isn't Miss Pickford grand? She certainly is a peach. She was awfully kind to me. I'll always believe that when I worked with her in 'My Best Girl,' my real chance came. Ever since then things have been great. My fan mail keeps growing, and that certainly makes a fellow feel good. It comes from all over. Fellows who want to be my 'buddies,' and girls who—well, you know—they seem to kind of like me. One of the nicest, though, was from an old lady eighty-seven years old. She must be a honey. It was an awfully sweet letter. Last month there were 23,000 letters sent to me. And do you know something? The most

Valentino ever got was 16,000. Gee, I certainly try hard to please all those people. That's another reason I don't even think of getting married. My fan friends don't want me to. I get oodles of letters telling me not to.

"I'm an awfully fortunate fellow, I guess. I never had any misfortune. No, sir, not during my whole life. Almost everything I wanted has come to me. It just makes me feel awfully thankful. It seems almost too much good luck for one fellow.

"I've got some fine boy friends, too. I guess I see Dick Arlen and Greg Blackton most. Greg was in the Paramount School with me, so we're sort of old college chums, eh? I used to see a lot of Charlie Farrell, but I don't see much of him lately. He's a great fellow. A little worried lately, though. Funny, isn't it? Although he's made three pictures lately, none of them has been released yet, and Charlie hasn't been on the screen in a year and a half.

"Lloyd Pantages is another awfully good friend of mine. The Pantages are awfully wealthy you know, and Lloyd is great to me. I go a lot of places with him and his crowd. There's another chap I'm meeting this afternoon. He quit an awfully good job in the insurance business to try to get into talkies. I'm trying to help him. Kind of foolish of him, don't you think, to quit a good job just for a possibility? But then you never can tell."

And by this time the last orange roll had disappeared. The milk was gone, and most important, the check was paid. The slim, redheaded, Bow-like waitress approached, with a big book.

"Won't you write in our guest book, Mr. Rogers?" she cooed, dimpling. Buddy did.

Then he bundled his big, fuzzy coat up over his face to hide those sideburns and stepped out into the rain—most unusual weather—to help his friend get a job in the talkies, or to kid Mary Brian, or consult June Collyer, or perhaps to telephone Flor—Miss Hamburger.

A HALLOWED SPOT

Oh, little meek-eyed mother,
With bands of silvered hair,
With gentle smile in wrinkles hid,
Your kerchief folded fair,
You stood at opened doorway
All welcoming and sweet
And patient watched, as mothers do,
The shaded village street.

Oh, gentle little mother,
I would that I might pass,
An eager youth and carefree
Through lane and country grass.
To find you at the doorway
And all that it could mean.
You live in misty movieland,
I saw you on the screen.

L. B. BIRDSALL.

Ah, Those Were the Days!

Continued from page 25

stage and the printed story, were completely incapable of ever attaining.

That this condition is temporary and will not continue, as the technical side of sound reproduction advances, is a certainty. Those directors incapable of adapting and expanding with the ever-changing growth of the screen will vanish. In their places will come new and progressive workers, and those already-established directors able to keep abreast of the times will remain. They will conquer the technical difficulties which now appear mountain high, and go on to a new position of importance and prominence.

But never again, if Hollywood knows what the Sunset Boulevard literati calls its onions, will they ever scale to the childish and completely unreasonable importance which marked the golden age of the pre-Vitaphone era.

With the decline in importance, if not in emolument, of the director has come the correspondingly sudden ascension of the writer to prominence and esteem.

For the scenario writer, ridiculed and sneered at—and often by the director—has lately assumed a position of tremendous importance, and quite justly so. In the dark ages of the movies just past, his was a more or less indefinite position. He was blamed for bad pictures, but received little praise for good ones.

The director invariably wandered from his script. If the result was good he said, "The script was terrible, but I used my own ideas and saved the picture."

If it was bad he said, "I tried my best to save it, but the script was impossible."

The weeding-out process which is decimating the ranks of directors is going on among writers, it is true, but the casualties are less heavy, probably because the average intelligence is higher.

That the intellectual status of movie plots has taken an amazing turn for the better with the rapid growth of talking pictures, is undeniable, and one cannot help but feel that the increased power and importance of the writer have had something to do with this.

After viewing the more recent pictures with dialogue, one may venture to hope that some day pictures may not always insist that right and virtue triumph, that sin always meets its punishment, and that heroines be always chaste and heroes spotless and strong.

"The Letter" never would have been made a few years ago without drastic changes, nor would the characters in "The Barker" have come through with all their flavor of the carnival intact. "The Doctor's Secret," by no stretch of the imagination, would have been considered screen material. Even "Speakeasy" and "The Wolf of Wall Street," conventional and melodramatic as they were, probably would not have had precisely the same plots in the silent versions of but a few months ago.

To become both editorial and prophetic in the same breath, the talkies, despite their present shortcomings, have done and will do in the future a great deal toward eliminating from the movies much of the arrant stupidity which has been rampant in the past.

And that, boys and girls, is quite a feat.

They Will Help You

Continued from page 18

tastes, certain preferences, which are essentially part of you. You must express them in the right way. You can't slavishly follow certain styles and expect to be yourself—and if you aren't yourself, you can't expect to get what you want out of life. I am telling you to select the channel in which you want your life to flow, and that the stars you like best are buoys that mark that channel.

To tell you to imitate them would be as absurd as it is to say that all dark-haired girls can select the same color scheme, and look their best in it. Some dark girls, Lupe Velez, for instance, can wear gray; others should avoid it as a pestilence. It

would be as silly as if I were to urge a man who is the strong, silent, Gary Cooper type, to emulate Eddie Nugent.

There is not space here for me to go on and tell you how you can use this system of self-analysis still further; how, for instance, you can make it help you in interesting people of the kind you like best. But I have told you enough to make it serve you as a very satisfactory course of treatment with an analyst would.

Please don't hesitate to try it. Don't let yourself be kicked around on the bargain counter of life, when you ought to be among the special importations!



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Unto the Sixth Generation

Continued from page 65

by the legendary stories, the boy resented being pushed into the theater. College was followed by business and the study of surgery; both grew irksome. Eventually heritage asserted itself, and he became assistant stage director of his father's company, trained to qualify for the male rôles of every play. Parts would be switched. If he failed, wrath fell upon him—of those forbears to whom a mispronounced word, or an eyebrow at an improper angle, was heinous.

His official début occurred at twenty-three. He and his horse fell through the stage. History doing an encore. Years previous, on that very stage, his father was grappling with a villain on an iceberg, when both disappeared through a trap door. From the depths—while above the scenic ice heaved—boomed his father's voice, "Dirty dog! You meant no good by her!" He renders such reminiscences doubly droll by acting them.

Thespic heritage and such training could not but result in success, in England and this country. Twenty-eight stage years preceded his movie début three years ago—if one charitably excepts, as he asks, a term in 1914.

He likes to entertain, but everything must revolve about his home—except when he is memorizing a talkie. The screeching screen, incidentally, is a pet abomination. The adored children are barred from his study, and he mumbles soliloquies like a distracted *Hamlet*. A pastime of keen interest is the coaching of young actors, who are petrified by the microphone.

To such a veteran, might not the orders of some director prove annoying? Yet one never hears of Warner temperament.

"Patience wins. There is so little use in fighting. I wait, and when the moment seems propitious, suggest my ideas. Feeling, or technique? The heart, but not riotous emotion. Tempered to suit character and circumstance. Sincerity alone counts in all things—work, love of children, gardening, whatever you do. If it isn't genuine, you can't express it convincingly.

"The studios cast me as a villain, because I don't look like one. Quite right, too. A man couldn't be a villain if he resembled one." The personal pronoun is absent, despite

that inherited "we." To only two dramas did he refer, and mention of them was but preamble to a reminiscence. Of his own work he says nothing, though of the stage he talks with that tense exhilaration peculiar to all bred to the theater.

The producers liked him so well in "Sorrell and Son," "The King of Kings," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "The Gamblers," "Conquest," and "The Argyle Case," that they are paying him thirty-five hundred a week. "The Green Goddess," with George Arliss, will be followed by "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," for Fox.

One of his best recent performances, in Corinne Griffith's "The Divine Lady," resulted from an act of kindness. This is not generally known, even in Hollywood, and he asked the studio not to publicize it. Another actor had been engaged, at a salary far less than Warner's, to play the ironic *Lord Hamilton*. Afflicted with sudden hallucination of wealth, he ran up debts and had to be sent to a sanitarium. Warner offered to fill the rôle, at the other's salary, and used the money to pay the man's debts.

Perhaps the fact that he has known sorrow awakens his response to human hurts. The loss of his father was a blow. His first sweetheart, at twenty-one, died in his arms, and his first wife was killed in an automobile accident.

An odd, yet beautiful, thing about his marriage is the intangible presence of her memory. Shortly after the second wedding, they visited her parents, who accepted Rita heartily. For four years the first Mrs. Warner's photographs hung in their country home, and were removed by H. B. himself only when the first child, Joan, was born.

"If I should go, I would wish my successor to speak kindly of me." Mrs. Warner explained her views. "We each have our place and our happiness, as time gives them to us. She would want me to make him happy, and I respect her. I cannot understand why people regard as odd my preservation of his memories of her."

On several counts Mr. Warner is an unusual man. He has an exceptional wife, and he's not so ordinary himself.

The Drawing-room Clara

Continued from page 48

You see, my ideal won me a public right away."

Clara glanced to see if I had accepted her explanation, drawing strands of hair behind her ears. Then, seeing that I was attentive, she expounded further.

"I am not at all like the girl on the screen—my ideal. She lives only in my mind, that one. I don't suppose I'd ever have played her again, except that I was made to. In fact, I want to do character rôles—something like I did in 'Ladies of the Mob,' for example."

Many have said, "I could do as well!" I have my doubts. One or two would-be flapper players have attempted to steal Clara Bow's stuff, but have been more or less dismal failures.

Clara pondered a few seconds when I spoke of this.

"Others have mentioned that to me," she remarked. "They have said, 'Tell me, Clara, why is it that So-and-So, who is better looking than you, and has a finer figure, is such a flop on the screen? What is it that you have that she lacks? Why can't she get over to an audience in the way you do?'"

"I can't say why others fail. I can only speak of what I do. I always act my flapper girl. I am not she; I only portray her, and feel and act as I know she would feel and act.

"My screen girl is never vulgar. Whenever I commence one of those undressing scenes, or run about with next to nothing on, I do it in a mischievous manner, as a naughty little girl would. The camera reveals one's mind, always. The audience sees that I am not trying to be merely vulgar. They share the fun with me and laugh, too. If a player is really vulgar before the camera, she looks ugly. She loses her audience, for people do not like to see deliberate vulgarity."

Clara went on talking along these lines very convincingly. That I was

surprised to hear her philosophize in such a strain, is putting it lightly.

On a recent trip East she visited her home town, Brooklyn, and made a personal appearance. On the way back, the train stopped early one morning at a certain city. Yells for photos roused Clara from her sleep. "I had only a few dozen pictures with me," she said, "so I threw them out of the window without being seen myself, for I was still in bed. Peeking out, I saw Clara Bow being torn in halves and quarters."

Before the last ungallant doubt left my mind, I glanced about the room, wondering if I could see a large picture with a curtain drawn across it, which, according to a young actor who has visited the Bow domain, was reputed to be a portrait of Clara's one and only real love. But such a picture was nowhere in sight. There was Psyche being carried up to heaven by Eros, and a print of Lord Leighton's "The Return of Persephone."

Clara listened enrapt while, at her request, I related the tale of Persephone. In return, while escorting me down her rose-bordered driveway, Clara told me a story just as interesting, and far more amusing. It could, in fact, even be printed here, except that space forbids. Before meeting the Bow and listening to the varied topics she discussed, I would have expected a story from her only with a Boccaccio or Rabelaisian flavor. But see how low one's mind can fall, and how mistaken one can be!

I must tell you once more, in case you doubt it, that the screen girl—Clara Bow's ideal—is one thing, and Miss Bow in private life is another. Like Lucrezia Borgia, the Bow child has been the victim of circumstances.

Furthermore, to prove that she is a charming person, devoid of pose—to indicate once and for all that she is different from popular legend—I like her.

On the Up and Up

Continued from page 72

from New York, too. I went down to a party at Charlie King's the other night and met a bunch of them there." It never occurs to him that he may be as important as any of these "big" actors.

By this time we were at my hotel. A couple of girls standing in the entrance looked at him longingly as he drove off. "The skin you'd love to

touch," one of them confided. I don't know about that, but I do know that any man would be proud to have this chap for a kid brother. His naiveté and utter naturalness, his lack of sophistication in the face of the experience and success he has had in pictures, are little short of amazing. Here's one lad, anyhow, who has not "gone Hollywood."

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Weighed in the Balance

Continued from page 45

La Goudal plied her dainty and effective way all week, unmindful of the frustrated photographers, with whom she had invariably differed in the most effective method of taking pictures, and remained unresponsive to Roxy's advice in regard to her presence at the first showing. By the time the picture was ready to open, it became a matter of self-preservation among the attachés to avoid the persistent clamorings of *la Goudal* for a spotlight, and she never was convinced that Miss Swanson had survived her opening night without one.

On the Sunday "White Gold" was first shown, Miss Goudal did not appear early in the afternoon, as she had been advised, but it was afterward learned that an exquisitely gowned lady had edged her way disconsolately through the crowd at the height of the crush at nine thirty in the evening, and, unable to gain admittance, had been obliged to return to her hotel.

Pig-headed, or intelligent?

Recently a noted artist returned from the Coast after having painted all the famous beauties of Hollywood. I asked him whom of all these alluring ladies he, as an artist, had found most interesting. He replied, "Gloria Swanson."

And why?

"Because she is so competent. She can do anything she puts her mind on. She's the *grande dame* one moment, the poised Marquise de la Falaïse de la Coudraye. A little later she's the shrewd business woman."

That same afternoon a famous writer, who had just arrived from Hollywood, remarked, "Yes, Jetta Goudal is an artist, but how she complicates life!"

An artist? Of course she is. She brings to the screen the rare, golden glow of the aurora borealis.

There is true nobility in her poise, the nobility of perfect calm and self-possession. Her taste is impeccable, and she wears her gorgeous garments, the product of her own fertile imagination, with true aristocratic grace and mien. And she always belongs to them.

Who can deny her right to voice her will and to dictate her fancies? Only recently, to the tune of \$31,000, the courts of Los Angeles upheld her rights of artistic self-assertion in the studio, and her old-time favorite and advocate, "Papa DeMille," as she calls him, was ordered to pay the piper.

But when the results of these studio bickerings and feuds mean months of idleness; when they prevent Miss Goudal from attaining that niche at the top of her profession, hers by the gift of her great talent; when it means that her magnetism is restricted to relatively subordinate rôles; when it means that her career is ever hampered by the setbacks of personal antagonisms—would you say that her behavior is, as she describes, intelligent?

Would you say that her conduct is intelligent, and that it is Miss Swanson who is pig-headed?

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 33

Fanny's voice dwindled away. Obviously she was thinking of something else. In fact, for some time she had had the nervous air of an arch-plotter.

"You might just as well tell me what is on your mind," I advised. "I'll find it out some time anyway."

"Well," she began slowly. "I suppose I can't keep it from you any longer. There is just about time left for you to pack your trunks."

Inwardly I shuddered. Fanny would be capable of getting me into anything from an expedition to the South Seas, to an airplane tour of the Mexican trenches.

"You are leaving for New York with me to-morrow," she announced quite casually.

"But why?" I protested. "I like it here, and why go to New York?

when all New York is trekking out here?"

"Well——" Fanny hesitated as though she were trying to think of an adequate reason. "I sort of like frontiers. And now that all theatrical New York has migrated to California it will seem like a quaint little town. Besides"—and now I felt that I was getting the real reason—"we really ought to go there and see this Rudy Vallée. Apparently he is the greatest sensation of the age, and it wouldn't do for us not to know him."

Fanny left me gasping. I've heard of women thronging Rudy Vallée's night club and pelting him with orchids; I've heard of women sending him mash notes, inclosing diamond bracelets. But I'll bet that Fanny is the first to rush across the continent just to get a look at him.

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Pity the Location Widows

Continued from page 90

friends. She danced once with a handsome, unattached youth, about whose head rumors fly thick and fast. Her married friends escorted her home. But what a surprise she had a few days later—and what a shock it was to her absent husband—to read in the papers a “report” that she was to divorce her husband and wed the young actor! She vowed she would never stick her nose outside the door without her husband.

“I wouldn’t even accept a man’s invitation to have a sundae with him,” another declared, “or tea. Once, when I was away, my husband took my girl chum to luncheon. We had been friends for years. I hadn’t the slightest objection. But the back-fire did us all three tremendous harm, magnifying the incident into a drama. Hollywood does so love its own pyrotechnics. It would be amusing, except that some one gets scorched by the sparks.”

After a few sessions of the bridge brigade, Mrs. Wallace Beery announced that she was going along with her husband. She endures the hardships of location life in tents on the sweltering desert, or in mountain cabins without a complaint. Indeed she finds roughing it exhilarating and far preferable to the vacuity and meaningless routine of a location widow’s existence.

Likewise, Mrs. Neil Hamilton often accompanies her husband on location to Riverside, Victorville, or Lake Tahoe, enjoying these outings.

The wives of the foreign clique, who have their own social circle, meet for coffee and conversation. This group includes Frau Jannings and Mrs. Lubitsch. The sense of isolation among strangers perhaps draws them closer together. And the European woman finds more of interest in domestic duties.

The British crowd, including Clive Brook, all have children, who occupy the mothers’ time, with spare hours for tennis and tea. Household matters and attending the polo games make the days when Jack is away pass swiftly for Mrs. Holt. She goes mostly with a country club crowd of nonprofessionals’ wives. Besides, there are three little Hols. Mrs. George Bancroft, wrapped up in her husband and child as she is with an extreme devotion, seldom goes out socially.

During the seventeen years of their marriage, the Harry Gribbons traveled the stage circuits together and had never been separated until recently, when he went alone on a Balboa Beach location, a two-hour drive.

The first day was endurable, but on the second morning the phone rang.

“C’m’on down!” Harry wailed. “It’s too lonesome. And the food’s awful.”

Already bored herself, Mrs. Gribbon hastened down and found an apartment from the window of which she could watch the company at work. When he came up, grinning broadly, for dinner, it was ready, his bath was drawn, his lounging rope and slippers laid out. Never again, both declare, will he go without her, be it only to Santa Monica.

Mrs. George Fawcett occupies herself in helping their literary daughter write plays. However, during the actor’s last trip, she stole a march on him. Deciding to resume the career from which she had retired upon his emigration to the movies fifteen years ago, she had a voice test and secured the rôle of his wife in his next picture.

One could not imagine the sophisticated Lilyan Tashman sewing fine seams while he whom she diplomatically calls her boss, Edmund Lowe, is away. Her own celluloid activities do consume much of her time. Premières, however, do not seem properly embellished without her, sheathed in some brocaded stuff. When Ed is emoting over the countryside, she attends with another married couple, or the wife of an equally invisible actor.

“Cat parties,” or “hen cackles,” answer the problem of very young temporary widows. Jobyna Ralston entertains her “deserted” friends and herself, when Dick Arlen is heroing along the aerial aisles, by giving “The Regulars” a party. They enjoy bridge luncheons, theater parties, showers, and such games as “Doug,” ping-pong, golf, and billiards. I mean that they pretend they enjoy them when the boys are away.

The problem becomes a trifle more acute when the wife is a number of years younger than her husband. Mrs. Robert Edeson, an attractive South American, becomes practically a recluse when her husband goes on location. Sometimes she gives bridge parties for women on Friday evenings, when the men in town are at the fights. Then she turns to her writing.

So the remark of one wife that, even though her husband goes about muttering lines with the abstraction of a *Hamlet* immersed in soliloquy, and really has little to recommend him as a human being and companion, at least the talkies seem likely to keep him at home for a while.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 96

follows, William Boyd is the man. Lupe sings and sings.

"Spieler, The"—Pathé. Realistic story of carnival life, its petty intrigues and loves. Two crooks join a side show to fleece the girl owner, but fate steps in. Melodramatic thrills. Alan Hale, Renée Adorée, Fred Kohler, and Clyde Cook. Brief dialogue.

"Sonny Boy"—Warner. David Lee, of "The Singing Fool," in his own picture, which has appeal if you like infant stars. He is the son of estranged parents, and lisps prayers and the like. A kidnaping plot brings things to a simmer. Betty Bronson and Edward Everett Horton.

"Flying Fleet, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Exciting incidents in the life of naval aircraftsmen, with Ramon Novarro flying a plane. Aviators work hard, with little chance for outstanding rôles. Impressive photography. Ralph Graves, Carroll Nye, Edward Nugent, Anita Page.

"Noah's Ark"—Warner. A spectacle of more eye than ear interest, unsurpassed in its Deluge scene. Modern sequences culminating in a hopeless tangle in the World War, which fades to the biblical sequences, where the same characters appear. George O'Brien, Dolores Costello, Guinn Williams, Noah Beery.

"Wolf Song"—Paramount. Love versus wanderlust in the heart of a trapper, played by Gary Cooper, and Lupe Velez, the siren who would have the roistering woodsman forsake the open spaces. Beautiful scenery; singing not quite that.

"Bellamy Trial, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Much about who killed "Mimi Bellamy," with tabloid flavoring with tricky ending. Fans likely to be concerned with Betty Bronson and Edward Nugent instead of the burning question of the drama. Leatrice Joy, Kenneth Thomson, Margaret Livingston, George Barraud.

"Case of Lena Smith, The"—Paramount. Esther Ralston splendid as tragic heroine of "the biography of a woman," an artistic success for the minority. Story of an humble mother's frantic struggle to keep her child despite humiliation and persecution, and her eventual sacrifice of him to his country. James Hall and Fred Kohler.

"River, The"—Fox. Romantic, poetic and slow picture of siren's untiring effort to win an innocent country boy, who doesn't know what it's all about. Magnificent backgrounds of forest and stream and best acting of

Charles Farrell's career. Mary Duncan unusual as persevering siren finally sublimated by love.

"Woman of Affairs, A"—Metro-Goldwyn. Elaborate picturization of Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat," skillfully equivocating censorable incidents and achieving moderate interest. Story of a promiscuous heroine, her flagrant affairs, and the one true love of her life—another version of "Camille." Greta Garbo finely effective, John Gilbert sacrificed to her; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Lewis Stone, Hobart Bosworth, Dorothy Sebastian, and John Mack Brown support them.

"On Trial"—Warner. Heavy melodrama of a husband accused of murdering his man friend, and his justification shown by means of cut-backs, though he is saved from conviction by a last-minute courtroom confession. Entirely in dialogue, some of it very good, the picture is entertaining without being anything to rave over. Pauline Frederick, in subordinate rôle, Bert Lytell, Lois Wilson, Jason Robards, Richard Tucker, Johnny Arthur, and an appealing child, Vondell Darr.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS

"Syncopation"—Pathé. All dialogue. Combination of song and speech and jazz band which takes the honors, if any. A dancer deserts her husband, the new man refuses a wedding ring, and she goes back to hubby, who has been pining away. Barbara Bennett, Bobby Watson, Morton Downey.

"Chinatown Nights"—Paramount. All dialogue. Society girl falls in love with boss of Chinatown, and moves in. Florence Vidor is the girl, and Wallace Beery her diamond in the rough, who finally bids good-by to tong wars and moves uptown.

"Strong Boy"—Fox. Silent. Amusing, if not taken seriously. Victor McLaglen inspired by the girl, Leatrice Joy, seeks bigger things than hustling baggage, and luck is with him. Clyde Cook, Slim Summerville supply laughs.

"Spite Marriage"—Metro-Goldwyn. Silent. Buster Keaton's adoration of the leading lady, and her marriage to him to spite the leading man, is the inspiration for supposedly hilarious moments. Dorothy Sebastian the girl. Civil War burlesque good. Edward Earle and Leila Hyams.

"Girl on the Barge, The"—Universal. A good-bad picture of life on the Erie Canal. "Eric," dominated by a hard father, falls in love with a deck hand,

Continued on page 118

They Learned About Kissing From Us

Continued from page 85

his films to date. "Excess Baggage" may have been an exception.

It is to be hoped that the traditional etiquette and charming courtesy, which formerly marked all social contacts in Nippon, have not been

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Adolphe—As He Is

Continued from page 34

on it. A short time ago it was Russian literature. He precipitately decided that here were the Elysian fields of writing. To fit himself to full appreciation of it he began a comprehensive study of the country itself, the people, political conditions and history, and had an instructor on the set every day to teach him the language between scenes.

An accomplished linguist, Menjou speaks French, German, Spanish, Italian, and Russian fluently. With the advent of talking pictures, he will probably turn this to practical advantage. He is convinced that the foreign-market difficulty confronting the talkies will be solved by the big organizations establishing branch studios abroad. He hopes to do a foreign talkie on his next trip to Europe.

He dislikes California as a place to live, and would prefer to reside in New York and spend two or three months of the year in Hollywood. He likes to take an annual trip abroad, having a dread of the mental torpor which afflicts residents of the film colony who are content with vacations at Santa Monica.

The public appearance of Adolphe Menjou is a thrill of which all but

the most observant fans are deprived, his presence along the highways seldom being suspected. Because it makes him uncomfortable to be pointed at, as if he were a choice zoological treasure, he defends himself against recognition by wearing smoked glasses and assiduously chewing gum.

Although his pictures have a leisurely, suave tempo, Menjou himself is brisk and forthright in manner. Unlike his cinema personality, he is given to candor rather than innuendo, to simplicity rather than subtlety. Inherently of a nervous disposition, he is restless and finds extreme satisfaction in travel, movement, new vistas.

It is his contention that the business of living has come to be neglected and, particularly in Hollywood, is it a lost art. In two or three years Menjou will have accumulated enough money to satisfy his ambition, and he plans to retire then. He will devote his energy to savoring life at his leisure, and with the complete appreciation impossible when there are the demands of business to be considered. And, being Adolphe Menjou, he will be a success at it.

Her Prayer Was Answered

Continued from page 19

novel. This is Bertha, an odd, clumsy creature, with a song in her heart that never reaches her lips. In the heart-stilling tale she suffers betrayal, bears her child in solitude and is a pariah scorned by the Pharisees.

Before it reached book form, the story was published serially in a magazine. The first installment somehow found its way to Winifred's hand. She never missed a single one of those that followed. She found absorbing interest in "Bertha the LummoX." As chapter followed chapter, she found an astounding similarity between this fictional being and herself. Slowly it dawned upon her that she *must enact the rôle*. She prayed to be shown the way, and light came. That year the court granted her permission to resume her career. This was before any producer had purchased the motion-picture rights to "LummoX."

She watched as, step by step, "LummoX" progressed haltingly toward the screen. First it went to a company which scheduled Belle Bennett for *Bertha's* rôle. The night this news came, Winifred's heart was

near to breaking. Things looked pretty definite. There was to be no "LummoX" for her. And she had wanted it so much—more than anything, she thought. She had asked Heaven's help so humbly, but her prayers had not been heard. For the first time faith faltered.

It was the boy who renewed it. He found her sobbing, and did his best to comfort her. Failing, he reminded her, "Why don't you pray, dearest?" he asked. "I'm sure your prayers would be answered. They always have been. You have a pull with God, I know."

It seemed as though a message had come to her through his lips. As such she accepted his words, and acted upon his advice. A little later she heard that through one of those buying and selling complications which arise in the picture business, the rights to "LummoX" had been transferred to United Artists. Now United Artists has its own stars, too. For one, Norma Talmadge wanted to be *Bertha*. But somehow the situation didn't seem so irrevocably settled. There was a chance. And it

was then that Winifred remembered that God helps those who help themselves.

Herbert Brenon lives next door to her. But, as is frequent at Malibu, where picture people go to be alone, they had never met. Word came that tests were being made for "Lummox." Rumors, printed as facts, stated that Belle Bennett, Bodil Rosing, Louise Fazenda, Anna Q. Nilsson, Louise Dresser, Pauline Lord, would be the final choice. Winifred Westover was never mentioned. No one thought of her, no one considered her. Only she and God knew what was in her heart—no one else in all the world. When it was announced that Mr. Brenon was in New York to scrutinize the stage for "Lummox" candidates, it seemed time for quick and concrete action.

Winifred packed—and prayed. Before she followed the director East, she sought aid. Arrangements were made so that the Unity Prayer Center in Kansas City, Missouri, sent the united supplications of its members along with her own.

"I've followed you from Hollywood to tell you that I am 'Lummox,'" Winifred told Mr. Brenon. Then she explained why—told of her tragic romance, her son, her aloneness, and how every crisis of her life had found her unable to voice the thoughts that struggled in her heart for utterance. One may imagine the director's thrill after months of search and the haunting fear that he would finally be forced to accept a makeshift *Bertha*. Here she was, come out of the night to him! Winifred Westover was *Bertha* personified. It was uncanny. For once the director, discoverer of a score of stars, doubted his own judgment. Had he been carried away by this girl? Her story, her earnestness,

her intensity? A phone call to Fannie Hurst followed the interview.

"I'm sending some one to see you," he told her. "I'll reserve my opinion until I hear yours."

And of course Fannie Hurst recognized her *Bertha* in Winifred Westover. But she preserved her poker face, and so did Mr. Brenon. Winifred wasn't told.

She left for Hollywood without word. But she wasn't worried, because she knew. And as she held again her sturdy, manly son, fervent thanks went Heavenward. Now came a time of waiting. While the pot of rumor boiled regarding all her rivals, she kept her own counsel. And while she waited, busied herself with thread and needle fashioning the costumes *Bertha* was to wear. Then Mr. Brenon's decision.

There must have been other prayers, you say? What of them? Why were Winifred's answered? She will tell you. Because of faith. She believed. Because her prayers were unselfish. Her supplications pleaded that all the others might have their disappointment mitigated by the joys and triumphs of even greater rôles. Another *Stella Dallas* for Belle Bennett—good things—better things for all. But for her "Lummox," just "Lummox," only "Lummox." Because all of her life she has prayed for one chance for self-expression—to express at last that which fate had stifled within her. That which had been denied when its liberation might have changed her tragic life to one of happiness. Home, husband, lighted candles, love. It is, perhaps, her reward for a cross bravely borne. A crown of thorns transformed to laurel leaves.

I called upon the Lord in distress; the Lord answered and set me in a high place. PSALMS 118:5.

The Stroller

Continued from page 63

and sanity in eating should make for excellent farces, but the French consider the idea of working hard to be incompatible with their diets. Film masterpieces probably will result when a German director hires a French chef, or vice versa.

A fiction writer, dialogizing for the nutmeg graters, was called into his producer's office, faced with the prospect of having to work for his money.

"Write me some dialogue," said the producer.

"For what picture?" inquired the writer.

"For what picture, you ask me!

For any picture. What do I care? Write some good, snappy stuff."

"Yes, but—who's the star, what's the situation, or something?"

"For a fiction writer is that necessary? You write something good, and I'll use it in any picture. What do I care? I gotta have good dialogue. You gotta gimme it."

So the following week he got some racy dialogue. The scene was a gin party, and the characters *Cesar*, *Hammurabi*, *Queen Elizabeth*, *Joan of Arc*, *Madame Du Barry*, *Xantippe*, *Moses*, and *Isolda*.

He's going to use it in a college picture, 'tis said.



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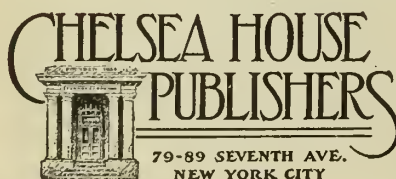
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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 115

and sees her first flicker of happiness, which is all but spoiled by the father. Jean Hersholt, Sally O'Neil, Malcolm McGregor good.

"Geraldine" — Pathé. Denatured Tarkington story of jazz youth, developing from a girl's notion of acquiring charm for the man she loves. Marian Nixon attractive. Eddie Quillan clever as the young man who brings the girl out of the ugly-duckling stage.

"Lone Wolf's Daughter, The" — Columbia. Bert Lytell in an old-time sort of film as a gentleman crook who tries to reform, and shows up some real crooks. You'll feel sorry for the crooks for being so easily trapped. Gertrude Olmsted, Donald Keith, Charles Gerard, Lilyan Tashman.

"Lucky Boy" — Tiffany-Stahl. Much singing by George Jessel, who is constantly encouraged by rest of cast. The singer cannot be curbed by his father, a jeweler, so he journeys to San Francisco, where fame needs only the plucking. Players who ask for more songs include Rosa Rosanova, William K. Strauss, Gwen Lee.

"Younger Generation, The" — Columbia. Ricardo Cortez in audible début portrays unsympathetic rôle of young Jewish snob of East Side who achieves Park Avenue and spurns his family. Lina Basquette his sister. Rex Lease, Jean Hersholt, Rosa Rosanova have their fling at talk.

"Queen of the Night Clubs" — Warner. Machine-made night-life film, with Texas Guinan's voice drowning out rattles and other joy-making noises of the early hours. A murder trial and a family reunion. Eddie Foy, Jr., and Lila Lee.

"Redeeming Sin, The" — Warner. Sonorously tragic talk and overdone

horrors turn out to be a farce. An underworld girl, played by Dolores Costello, captivates a doctor for revenge to satisfy an unreasonable grudge, and the "fun" starts. Conrad Nagel is the doctor. Warner Richard and George Stone.

"Naughty Baby" — First National. Alice White shows hotel-check girls their romantic potentialities, if they have good figures. The man is ensnared, complications set in, but in the well-known nick of time all is saved. Jack Mulhall is the man.

"Show Folks" — Pathé. Backstage vaudeville life à la mode, reminiscent of "Excess Baggage" and similar pictures. A hooper trains girl to team with him, but when she succeeds he becomes jealous and fires her. His Broadway début a failure, she leaves her rehearsal and joins him to make his act a success. Mildly interesting, with little suspense and poor dialogue sequences. Eddie Quillan, Lina Basquette, and Robert Armstrong.

"Manhattan Cocktail" — Paramount. This is warranted nonalcoholic. There isn't a kick in it, but it is pleasant to take because of Richard Arlen, Nancy Carroll, Paul Lukas and Lilyan Tashman. The machinations of a hateful theatrical producer to get a young fellow out of the way, so that producer may have a free rein with young fellow's girl, a chorine.

"Outcast" — First National. Brightly done story of streetwalker befriended by whimsical society man, whose sweetheart has jilted him for a richer catch. When married sweetheart tries to resume liaison, the ex-streetwalker shows her where she gets off and grabs the man for herself. Shallow, but not annoying. Corinne Griffith, Edmund Lowe, and Kathryn Carver.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 107

inside, and we had a delightful chat. Wasn't it a lovely thing for her to come to my home? She seemed so young, really more like an elder sister of Marian's. The resemblance between the two was so striking that I will never forget the shock of reading, a few weeks later, that she died after an emergency operation. Poor little Marian! How she must miss such a wonderful pal!

MILDRED JANE WIST.

117 South Citrus Avenue,
Los Angeles, California.

One Man's Meat—

Rather than indulge in the conventional pasquinading of the foreign colony in Hollywood, or even to participate in the now-popular pastime of deriding the promoters of talking pictures, I have chosen to eulogize a few of my favorites, under the belief that "it is better to boost than to knock."

Just what and how much satisfaction others find in perusing one's personal preferences and prejudices is a difficult thing to ascertain. Whether or not the stars themselves glimpse these outbursts of opinion of their fans, and revel or become incensed, as the case may be, would be

another laborious undertaking if an answer is to be forthcoming. Regardless, however, of all this, one thing is certain. We ourselves derive no little gratification from impressing our convictions upon others.

For instance, in my opinion there is no actress who is quite so captivating as Olive Borden. If I were to say she is the greatest star on the silver rectangle, I would receive a barricade of reproachful scorn from fans all over the country, saying that I am slightly damp. But when I say she is the greatest in my opinion, I can defy ridicule.

Olive Borden has been subjected to undue criticism for the manner in which she conducts her private life. Take it from Richard Barthelmess, that is nobody's business. If she wants to have a golden chariot, inlaid with jewels, transport her to and from the studio, with a brass band to herald her coming, she has just as much right to do so as President Hoover had to go by-by on the U. S. S. *Florida*! *C'est leurs affaires*.

Olive had more provocation than mere salary differences with Fox for falling out with them. Featured in quickies for a period long enough to make any star an-

gry, Olive took her punishment bravely, earning every cent she received. At present, I believe she is free-lancing. Eventually she will be signed to work among the best of them. Personally, I hope she rises to the very zenith of the cinema heavens!

In closing, I want to praise the one and only movie magazine that contains candid and unbiased reviews of the new pictures. Its constructive criticism and its novel features are not to be found under any other cover.

DONALD MACCAMPBELL.

1010 South Forty-fifth Street,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Haines the Perfect American?

It is my belief that every person has favorites or ideals in various lines of activity. Every fan, of course, likes a certain player best, because that player pleases him. Being no exception, I should like to add my few words of praise to the tributes being given William Haines.

All his pictures are sure fire. If the story or plot is poor, his superb acting makes the picture amazingly interesting. It is beyond my comprehension that more people cannot see the genius behind his acting. His facial expressions are flawlessly incomparable. In drama or comedy, he is perfect to me. Recently I had the good luck to see "Alias Jimmy Valentine," which I enjoyed more than any spectacular, million-dollar epic ever produced. It is artistic in its simplicity—a picture all real Americans will enjoy, because it is so American. It makes you feel—oh, well, you know—just good.

When Haines makes love to the girl, it is warm and so American—more of the tender sort of love.

I like to read the letters from the fans, but I see so darn little about Bill, who is one of Metro-Goldwyn's best bets, that I just can't understand it. In a year or two everything will be Bill Haines.

ELMORE A. SMITH.

178 Kingsland Avenue,
Brooklyn, New York.

Loud Cheering for Goudal.

Bravo, Jetta! I think Miss Goudal deserves a long cheer for her sensible views on acting, as well as her independence. She is one of the most interesting personalities on the screen, and as a character actress is unsurpassed. I do not think she should try comedies, however, for she is not the type. I first noticed her in "The Bright Shawl," with Richard Barthelmess, and I still believe it was her best performance.

If Jetta Goudal decides to free lance and chooses her rôles with a great deal of care, she will be one of the five or six big names in pictures within two years.

FRANKIE.

68 Washington Street,
Hartford, Connecticut.

Those Villainous Mustachios.

Why this fad among actors of allowing their mustaches to grow? Almost every actor to-day has a mustache, whether it fits his appearance or not. Of course, there are others that simply must—John Gilbert, Ronald Colman, Adolphe Menjou, Lew Cody, and Jack Holt. But to think of Conrad Nagel, Warner Baxter, and James Hall! What a sight they make. Consequently, they look more the villain than hero. What if Buddy Rogers, Neil Hamilton, Larry Gray, and Richard Dix should adopt the fad?

Although in almost every part of the United States the talkies are rapidly replacing the silent drama, here in the Phil-

ippine Islands our theaters will always be minus the speaking movie. It is due to the fact that our language is English and Spanish, not to mention the numerous native dialects. I like talking pictures, because they bring our favorites, whom we have wanted to hear, to our home town.

What is the matter with Raymond Griffith? Why did he disappear all of a sudden, when he was such a good comedian? His "Paths to Paradise" and "Hands Up" were hilariously funny. Every movement he makes never fails to draw laughs from the public. With proper care in his pictures, I think he can easily rise to the Chaplin and Lloyd class.

JUAN JAMORA, JR.

35 Severine Street,
Manila, Philippine Islands.

Youth Rules the World!

It is true, as the producers are saying, "The industry needs youth, and the public wants youth."

Mary Frances Cooney said in her letter that we are "fed up" with youth. I, for one, am not! I'm all for it! With actors like Buddy Rogers, who could be indifferent to youth? People don't go to the theater to see old actors, who are *passé*. Still I agree with Miss Cooney in thinking that it is wrong to have Loretta Young, only sixteen years old, playing leads in sophisticated pictures. She certainly has got that "look-who-I-am" air about her.

But here is an altogether different type—Buddy Rogers. He's marvelous—a genius—and is he blasé or conceited? No! Then Richard Arlen, another unaffected genius, too. There's lots of 'em. And we want more pictures starring them.

Wake up, fogies! Youth rules the world, and always has.

MARY M. JAMES.

Charge—But Send Photos!

Collecting photographs of actors has perhaps been the hobby of most fans, but now that the studios have broadcast the news that no free pictures will be distributed, I wonder just how many will be able to continue their hobby.

What is the matter with the men who run the studios, and what will they do next? They please themselves, instead of the public that supports them. Perhaps they will discover that they are wrong—how I hope so!

People of average means attend the movies, and it is they and their children that write to the actors. If a quarter is charged for every photograph sent out, I am sure that there won't be very many letters written, for a quarter buys two loaves of bread, a good magazine like PICTURE PLAY, et cetera, and those who don't earn their own living—where will they get the money?

It would be all right if the stars would really send photographs for the quarters they get, but how many do? I know that I have written to some more than once, but they never acknowledged the letters nor returned the money.

During the past few years it has been my pleasure to get letters and photographs from some of the stars, and to those who have been good to me in the past, I shall understand if they charge for pictures. I shall know it is the high cost that prohibits mailing them out free, but to the others—let them have their pictures. I'm past caring.

HELENE C. BRAEUNER.

210 French Street,
Buffalo, New York.

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Information, Please

Continued from page 102

MISS ELIZABETH RUDOLPH.—No, indeed, Olive Borden is not leaving the screen. She has a new contract with RKO and her current picture is "Love in the Desert."

M. M.—The picture you referred to was "The Legion of the Condemned." Lane Chandler played *Charles Holabird* in that. See *ERLINE OF SOUTH DAKOTA*. Albert Conti was the German baron in this film—was that the spy? I didn't see the film, and I can't tell by the synopsis. Albert Conti is not a featured player, and I know little about him, except that he is a foreign actor. Nancy Carroll was born in New York; her real name is Ann La Hiff. She went on the stage, and when she was appearing in a play in Los Angeles, she was "discovered" for the screen. Jack Holt is from Virginia, the son of a minister. He was on the stage for four years before he got his chance in pictures.

JOYCE FAN.—Your star shines only intermittently. Alice has a husband and family in New York, so she only goes to Hollywood and plays in a picture now and then. She is now making the sound version of "The Green Goddess," and recently finished "The Squall." Alice has been in pictures about fifteen years, or more. Eve Southern has appeared in "The Haunted House," for First National, since "The Naughty Duchess" was released. Tiffany-Stahl has announced "The Loves of Sappho" for her, but she is ill at present. Gladys Brockwell is Mrs. William Scott. Renée Adorée has been married to William Gill and separated, since she was Mrs. Tom Moore. Bebe Daniels is to make films for RKO. Constance Talmadge may retire on her marriage to Townsend Netcher.

MARGARET H. HEINZ.—Yes, indeed, I shall keep a record of your H. B. Warner club. Unfortunately, I get few inquiries about this very excellent actor.

ANXIOUS.—Don't tell me you're anxious because you don't know the height of William Haines, and so on! He and Edmund Lowe and Conrad Nagel are all six feet. Malcolm McGregor is an inch shorter. Malcolm is thirty-two; he's married and has a daughter, Joan, about seven. May McAvoy is four feet eleven; Sally O'Neil, five feet three and a half. Clara Bow is two inches taller and weighs 109.

CHICKIE.—No apologies needed, Chickie; your questions are neither numerous nor difficult. Barry Norton came to America with a group of young men to see the Dempsey-Firpo fight. While here he decided to see the country, and reached Hollywood as a tourist. He liked it, and determined to try his luck on the screen. His parents are still in South America, though one brother is with him. To join his fan club, write to Robert Chastain, 1002 Brushy Street, Georgetown, Texas.

ELLA C. BARNETT.—At your service! Charles Delaney played Sue Carol's brother in "The Air Circus." He's a free-lance player, but he plays frequently in First National films. Try him at that studio. Thanks for the bouquet for PICTURE PLAY.

MOLLY NAGLE.—Yes, there is a Doris Kenyon fan club. Write to Evelyn Jackson, Finchfield, Kew Gardens, Southport, England. Or, if you prefer an American club, Doris is one of the stars honored by the Stars Friendship Club, Harold Nash,

94 Ledyard Avenue, Groton, Connecticut. Buddy Rogers Club is in charge of Randolph Tye, 708 South Central Avenue, Chanute, Kansas. Jane La Verne is about four and is a brunette. Philippe de Lacy, also brunet, was born July 25, 1917. Philippe's latest film is "Four Feathers," and Jane's is "Show Boat." Myrna Loy was not in the cast of "Hero of the Circus." Her latest film is "The Squall."

JACK JENNISON.—Thanks for the information that the Dick Arlen Club has to be disbanded. But don't blame me for giving the address. Fan clubs are only too eager to announce their formation, but they never bother to tell me when they have been discontinued.

LAURA.—Sorry, so many fan clubs asked to be announced there was no longer space for answers. But I'll keep a record of your Laura La Plante Club and refer her admirers to you.

MISS ANNA STENDER.—Your favorite, Maurice Flynn, has not been active on the screen lately, but Hollywood, California, would probably reach him. He and Viola Dana were divorced last February.

MISS KATHLEEN HUNT, Palmer Street, Guildford, New South Wales, Australia, would like to hear from other fans, especially those who have met or seen any of the stars and could tell her about them. Kathleen Myers has not appeared on the screen in about six months. Lola Todd played recently in "Taking a Chance," for Fox.

VIRGINIA PARKER.—There are already several Ramon Novarro clubs through which you can get in touch with his countless fans. Write to Dorothy Wollaston, 1155 West Third Street, Dayton, Ohio; or Nicoletta di Pietro, 241 West Otterman Street, Greensburg, Pennsylvania; or Henry Daviero, Route 1, Box 62, Sebastopol, California; or Marguerite B. Steins, 101 Richlawn Avenue, Buffalo, New York. Yes, I have met Ramon, and he looks about the same off screen as he does on. The Charles Rogers Fan Club has headquarters with Randolph Tye, 708 South Central Avenue, Chanute, Kansas; Nick Stuart, Katheryne Berry, 2315 North Thirtieth Street, Tacoma, Washington; Barthelmess, Ralph Weddle, Box 9, Elfers, Florida; Joan Crawford, Helen Cohn, 3628 East First Street, Long Beach, California; Charles Farrell, Pauline Megerlin, 40 Brooklyn Avenue, Jamaica, New York.

D. A. R.—Ivy Harris, I'm afraid, is not on the screen now. In fact, at last accounts, she was staying with her aunt in New Orleans—your own city.

CHARLES FARRELL FAN.—You'll never be lonesome with that hobby! Your list of Charlie's films seems already quite complete, except for his first one, "Wings of Youth," and those in which he was an extra before then. "The River" is his newest release. As for the others you mention, they were probably just "working titles," changed when the films were finished.

S. HALL.—Yes, you asked only three questions, but what long ones to answer! The Wampas baby stars for 1922 were Colleen Moore, Patsy Ruth Miller, Lois Wilson, Claire Windsor, Jacqueline Logan, Bessie Love, Lila Lee, Pauline Starke, Mary Philbin, Helen Ferguson, Louise Lorraine, Kathryn McGuire, and Marion Aye. For 1923, Evelyn Brent, Eleanor

Boardman, Laura La Plante, Dorothy Devore, Betty Francisco, Pauline Garon, Virginia Brown Faire, Kathleen Key, Helen Lynch, Jobyna Ralston, Derelys Perdue, Ethel Shammon, and Margaret Leahy. Audrey Ferris was born in Detroit, August 30, 1909. She has auburn hair and brown eyes, and is five feet two. If you wish to hear from Sue Carol and Clara Bow admirers, why not write to their respective fan clubs? Sue Carol, Marie Berry, 2315 North Thirtieth Street, Tacoma, Washington; Clara Bow, Louise C. Hinz, 2456 Sheridan Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, or Romulus Gooding, 93 Broad Street, New Berne, North Carolina.

JENNIFER ANN MARLAY.—You've probably seen the answers to your previous questions by now. It isn't that I'm slow, but that printing a magazine is a long process; and sometimes I have a long waiting list of letters. Ruth Chatterton doesn't give her age, but she's somewhere in her thirties. She has blond hair and blue eyes. Nanci Price is not cast for any picture at present, so far as I know.

ARTHUR LEONARD.—I understand that the Mickey McGuire series of shorts is finished. The Hal Roach studio is at Culver City, California. There is no casting director there, but the casting for "Our Gang" pictures is done by the vice president, Warren Doane.

R. TRUTER.—Miss Jeannette Mendro, 4939 Gunnison Street, Chicago, has an in-

terview with Barbara La Marr clipped from the March, 1926, PICTURE PLAY, and some pictures cut from magazines, which she would be willing to trade with you.

BURTON SIGLIN.—The fan clubs you ask about are as follows: Richard Arlen Club, Frank W. Leach, 4 North State Street, Concord, New Hampshire. Sue Carol, Marce Berry, 2315 No. Thirtieth Street, Tacoma, Washington. Charles Rogers Club, Randolph Tye, 708 South Central Avenue, Chanute, Kansas. There are no clubs for Jobyna Ralston, Neil Hamilton, or David Rollins. Yes, I think Dick Arlen is also certain to be starred eventually; his popularity is enormous. He has played in too many films for a complete list here; since "Wings," however, his pictures are "Sally of Our Alley," "She's a Sheik," "Figures Don't Lie," "Feel My Pulse," "Under the Tonto Rim," "Ladies of the Mob," "Beggars of Life," "Manhattan Cocktail," and "Four Feathers." Arthur Lake is twenty-three.

PICTURE PLAY READERS, ATTENTION!—The New York Public Library is in need of back numbers of PICTURE PLAY, which the publishers cannot supply. If you have old issues of the magazine, in good condition, which you are willing to donate for the enjoyment of other fans, they will be gratefully received by The Director, New York Public Library, 476 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Addresses of Players

Richard Arlen, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Warner Oland, Ruth Chatterton, Florence Vidor, Clara Bow, Chester Conklin, Clive Brook, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, Gary Cooper, James Hall, William Powell, Evelyn Brent, Doris Hill, Nancy Carroll, Jean Arthur, Olga Baelanova, at Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

Greta Garbo, Lola Hyams, Bessie Love, Edward Nugent, Gwen Lee, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Renée Adorée, Marion Davies, Eleanor Boardman, Karl Dane, Dorothy Sebastian, Lionel Barrymore, James Murray, Charles King, Raymond Hackett, Wallace Beery, Raquel Torres, George K. Arthur, Joan Crawford, Nils Asther, Conrad Nagel, Josephine Dunu, Anita Page, Buster Keaton, John Mack Brown, Lewis Stone, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Chester Morris, Gilbert Roland, Don Alvarado, Lupe Velez, and John Barrymore, Dolores del Rio, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Doris Kenyon, Milton Sills, Billie Dove, Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Mackaill, Corinne Griffith, Alice White, Ian Keith, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Eddie Phillips, Barbara Kent, Barbara Worth, Glenn Tryon, George Lewis, Dorothy Gulliver, Fred McKay, Ken Maynard, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Robert Armstrong, Alan Hale, Jeannette Loff, Carol Lombard, and Junior Coghlan, Russell Gleason, at the Pathé Studio, Culver City, California.

George O'Brien, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, Janet Gaynor, Richard Walling, Barry Norton, Charles Farrell, Madge Bellamy, Victor McLaglen, Lois Moran, Nick Stuart, Sally Phipps, Frank Albertson, Farrell MacDonald, Charles Morton, Sammy Cohen, Lola Lane, Paul Page, Helen Twelvetrees, Louise Dresser, David Rollins, Marjorie Beebe, Sue Carol, June Collyer, Warner Baxter, Sharon Lynn, and Mary Duncan, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Audrey Ferris, Dolores Costello, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, Edna Murphy, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Sally Blane, Hugh Trevor, Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Olive Borden, at the RKO

Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Allene Ray, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 6356 La Mirada Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Maleolm McGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1421 Queen's Way, Hollywood, California.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, California.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Johnny Hines, Tee-Art Studio, 5360 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Theodore von Eltz, 1722½ Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.

William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.



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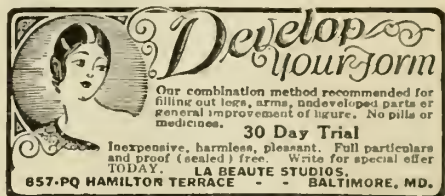
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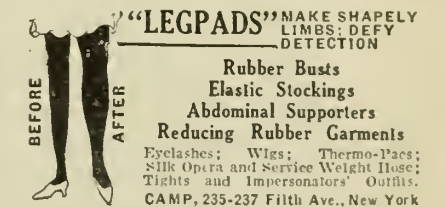


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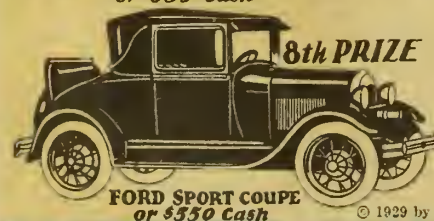
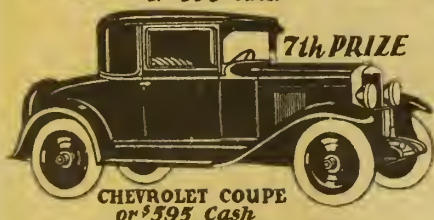
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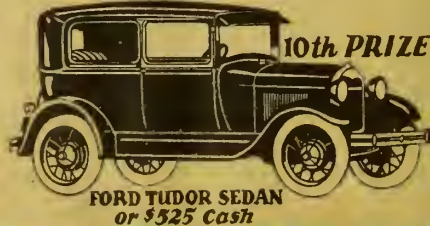
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Volume XXX

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Answers to readers' questions.	

STARS WHO ARGUED TOO MUCH



NOT too much to be amusing, you understand, but too much for their own good. There are many such, and the consequences of their freedom of speech have invariably been the same—loss of stardom, demotion, and sometimes even obscurity. The history of Hollywood yields many instances of disputes and wrangles among the stars and their employers. These arguments, in turn, reveal conditions in the movies of interest to every fan, because they disclose reasons for the disputes which have cost the stars so dearly. You will learn all about them in the August PICTURE PLAY by means of Edwin Schallert's illuminating article, which covers the subject as only Mr. Schallert can.



AND WHAT IS MORE

THE next number will contain such an array of features that you will wonder how so much can be crowded between the covers of one magazine. Famous for giving its readers more information than any other fan magazine, PICTURE PLAY next month will place before them a veritable embarrassment of riches. One morsel will be Aileen St. John Brenon's astonishing comparison of Jetta Goudal and Gloria Swanson, a story sure to arouse controversy among the respective fans of these stars. Another will be Herbert Cruikshank's interview with Charles Rogers, in which the dark-haired heartbreaker discusses details of his private life hitherto avoided. Still another is Inez Sabastian's advice to those who wish they resembled their favorite star. In substance, the writer says, "Fate gave you your rôle in life; let the stars teach you how to play it." And she proceeds to outline a campaign of emulation. But with all the unusual items in store for readers next month, favorite contributors will not be crowded out. Margaret Reid, Myrtle Gebhart, and William H. McKegg vowed to excel themselves in the August number. We'll say they have! And so will you when you see how splendidly PICTURE PLAY is surpassing its winter record in its summer blooming.



VITAPHONE

SINGS "The Desert Song"

*with all its Original
Stage Enchantment*



.. LOVE'S HEART BEAT ..

SET TO THE GOLDEN NOTES OF THE MOST
FAMOUS MUSIC-PLAY OF OUR GENERATION

Love's immortal melodies—in the enchanting
atmosphere of moonlit desert nights
Romantic wild Riff horsemen—weird, fleeting
shadows in a land of mystery and fascination.


Haunting beauty of desert vistas—scenes—ac-
tion—romance—stirring martial airs—that get
into your blood—hold you entranced through
every glorious moment of song and story.

"The Desert Song" thrills you with its chor-
us of 132 voices. 109 musicians add their match-
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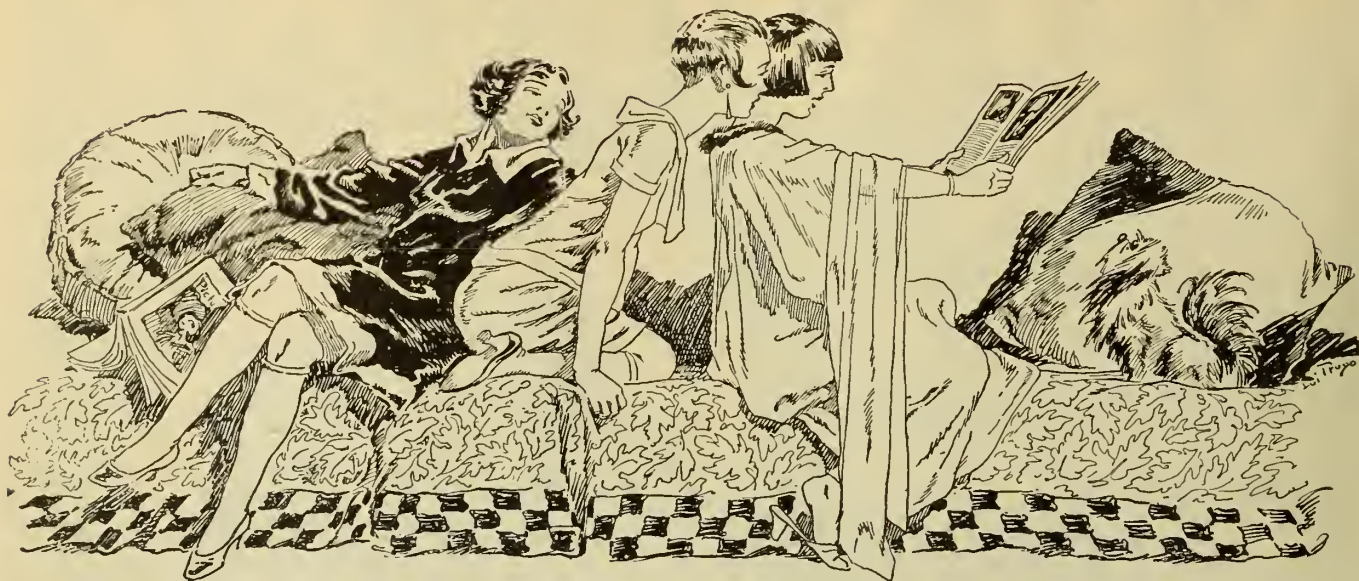
"The Desert Song" is Warner Bros. supreme
triumph—the first Music-Play to be produced
as a complete talking and singing picture.

See and hear "The Desert Song" via VITAPHONE.



 You See and Hear VITAPHONE only in Warner Bros. and First National Pictures

What the Fans Think



Gary's "Friends" Too Hasty.

HEAVENS! Gary Cooper upstage? Holly, I hardly think you know what you're talking about. I'm afraid "former friends" and "old acquaintances" are too hasty to find snobbishness in their acquaintances whose destinies bring them face to face with Madame Success!

I have admired Gary Cooper since the very first small rôle I remember him in, the aviator who crashed in the beginning of "Wings." I have admired him in all his later pictures. Each time he seems to grow dearer, and his success is greater and more permanent.

Recognizing, as I can, a genuine product of the real West, I am sure that Gary Cooper is *not* upstage, nor will he ever be. I saw him once, as he was coming to work at the Paramount studio in Hollywood. I was perhaps fifty yards away, but not too far to hear the cheery greeting he gave the watchman, accompanied by an affectionate slap on the back. Gary did not have a car whisk him to the studio gates, and descend from the chariot *à la royale*. No, if he had a car, it must have been driven by himself and parked on the lot, for he was walking when he appeared in sight. Does this seem upstage?

Too many "former friends" endeavor to take advantage of former friendship, which, after all, may be only the slightest acquaintance, and capitalize it. I imagine many even become pests and try to force themselves upon those who have won a place in any of the many fields of fame.

Now, might not this so-called friend of Gary have been of this type? Might there not be two sides to such a story? Holly, why not try to get an angle upon Mr. Cooper's side of it? Busy people do not have time to notice snubs. As a matter of fact, very few people minding their own business are ever snubbed. And surely the well-bred person who is ever unfortunate enough to be snubbed will hesitate to tell others about it. There's something degrading in being snubbed, even though it is one of the silliest, cheapest, and most unworthy of human reactions! I'm sure I'd feel ashamed to shout it from the housetops.

After all, how can we expect such busy people as the stars to remember us of years gone by, with new people, new work, new ideas, and vast popularity that constantly surrounds the famous at all times? Would you, Holly, be level-headed under such pressure?

If this friend whose indignation was so great at a supposed slight were really a friend, in the true meaning of that word, I doubt that he would have thought of the snub. No, indeed; the love of one friend for another *forgives* all. Or else he is not worthy of being called a friend. Unless he is a fair-weather friend, he will suffer no indignation or slight.

It just may be possible, you know, that Mr. Cooper was preoccupied with business and was really unconscious of slighting any one. There are none of us above this, I am sure, and often we may slight people we know well, because our minds are deeply centered upon something else.

Yes, former friends—and I can see no reason for such wholesale abuse of the word "friend"—are like leeches. They are parasites on the lives of persons who gain in the world of fame. Every famous person has this type of parasite to combat. Every star has this type of "publicity" to contend with, so we are not greatly worried about Mr. Cooper. We also feel sure that Gary is too big a man to allow anything so cheap as this sort of ga-ga from envious "friends" to interfere with his peace of mind.

It is unfortunate that the papers and magazines play up Gary Cooper's name with that of the sensation seeker, Lupe Velez. If there is a real romance here, the press might at least respect Mr. Cooper's silence, even if Lupe, in her excitable way, hasn't the good taste to use the soft pedal now and then.

Here's a great big bundle of good wishes to Mr. Cooper, for his continued success and happiness. If the Gary Cooper that the fans love is upstage, then our cry is for him to stay that way! But we know he is not.

GENEVIEVE A. LARRIEUX-LOUDANCE.

P. O. Box 272,

Wilmington, California.

In Chico's Home Town.

Gather round, Charles Farrell fans, and read about my visit to his home town. Onset, Massachusetts, is very proud of its famous son; its affection for Charlie was demonstrated to me many times. I first visited the New Onset theater, owned by Charlie's father. Its lobby is a veritable shrine to the actor. On one wall is a large picture "Old Ironsides," with the familiar *Chico-Diane* picture beside it. On the right wall is the

Continued on page 10



Now through the Magic of Fox Movietone, Broadway's greatest song and dance entertainment comes to the screen of your nearest theatre.

WILLIAM FOX presents FOX MOVIE TONE FOLLIES

A gorgeous extravaganza, dazzling with beautiful girls and a brilliant ensemble of 200.

Cast of Story:—JOHN BREEDEN, LOLA LANE, DEWITT JENNINGS, SHARON LYNN, ARTHUR STONE, WARREN HYMER, STEPIN FETCHIT, ARCHIE GOTTIER, ARTHUR KAY.

Principals in Song and Dance Numbers:—SUE CAROL, DAVID PERCY, SHARON LYNN, DAVID ROLLINS, DIXIE LEE, MURIEL GARDNER, JACK WADE, MELVA CORNELL, PAULA LANGLEN, CAROLYNNE SNOWDEN, JEANETTE DANCEY, HENRY M. MOLLANDIN, FRANK LAMONT.

Words and Music by
Archie Gottler
Con Conrad
and
Sid Mitchell

Story and Direction by
David Butler

▼
Dialog by
William K. Wells

Revue Directed by
Marcel Silver

Ensembles by
Archie Gottler and
Fanchon & Marco

What the Fans Think

most gorgeous life-size head of young Farrell I've ever seen. Forcibly dragging my gaze away, I viewed a lovely photograph of Janet Gaynor, inscribed, "For Charlie's mother, with love from Janet." The personal atmosphere radiated by these two portraits enamored me so that I all but floated with thrills across the lobby to the left wall. This is devoted to two bulletins giving the latest photos of Charlie and gossip from the Fox and M.-G.-M. studios.

From the theater I sped across the street. Within thirty seconds I was at the Farrell home. It is easy to find. Everybody in Onset knows where Charlie Farrell lives. The Farrell home, and that of his married sister, are set in a sea of thick, green lawn that extends almost to the water's edge. A strand of yellow sand, blue water, and bright bathing-suited figures compose the view from the Farrell veranda. No wonder Charlie was the hero in "Old Ironsides," with Onset Bay his back yard.

My quest for information led me to a soda fountain. The clerk, a combination of Doug, Jr., and Buddy Rogers—imagine it!—gave me my prized information.

"Sure, I know him," was his quick reply. He went on to say that Charlie Farrell was a regular fellow. "High-hat? Oh, nothing like that! You meet him, and five minutes later you call him Charlie. He came back here last summer for a ten-day vacation. He went sailing with the fellows and played tennis and baseball with us. I'll say he's all right! Do you know that he even collected tickets at the theater one night? His father owns three theaters here. At the New Onset, Mrs. Farrell sells the tickets, his sister plays the piano, and his brother-in-law runs the projector. Talent runs in the family, you see. Furthermore, that little scar on Charlie's chin—well, it's real." With that parting bit of news, "Mac," the soda clerk, returned to business.

Another half hour spent in questioning native Onsetters brought me to the conclusion that Charlie Farrell is, and always has been, held in the highest esteem by his home-townners. Enthusiasm lighted their faces, from the rich lady on the hotel piazza to the youngster selling popcorn, at the mention of Charlie Farrell. My tour over, I motored away, content with having talked with the same people, trod the same ground, and breathed the same air as that unforgettable *Chico*.

JANE DE WOLF.

Stanton Hall, Wheaton College,
Norton, Massachusetts.

From Gary's College Friend.

Holly's letter in April *PICTURE PLAY* says that Gary Cooper is high-hat or upstage, since becoming a screen star. Undoubtedly this impression was gained by persons who have never met or personally known Gary.

Having spent two years in college with him, and later met him again in Hollywood and continuing our friendship, I feel able to say whether or not Gary is upstage. I know he is *not* upstage, and never has been.

If you consider that Gary acts through repressing his emotions, rather than expressing them, you can see that his manner might be considered upstage. And as for Gary's high-hatting a friend, I can safely say that is not the truth. A fellow of Gary's character doesn't do that. Just because he never runs up and slaps you on the back is, in my opinion, no reason why one is to consider him high-hat.

Holly states that he was aloof and bored while making a stage appearance. I would suggest that next time she gets a seat near the front, and notice that the alleged "snobbishness" is just plain stage-fright and nothing more. It takes more than three successful years in pictures to make a Montana rancher at home on the stage, and it takes more time than that to make one of them upstage anywhere.

Therefore, if you are sincere in wanting to know the true side of Gary Cooper, you are now informed. He's not upstage, high-hat, or snobbish. He's a regular fellow, and, despite several years' exposure to Hollywood manners, is still bashful and sincere.

LYNN DOYLE.

445 South Western Avenue,
Hollywood, California.

Disgusted with Alice White.

Whether Grayce M. Tether meant to be amusing or not in April's *PICTURE PLAY*, she succeeded. It appears she has much time on her hands. So much, in fact, that she sees a picture through twice, and then goes to the lounge to get a few strangers' viewpoints, the picture being "Dream of Love," the abused one Joan Crawford. Well, Grayce, no matter how many times *some* people see a picture, they're either too dumb to recognize a beautiful and talented actress, or they're just so catty they won't admit it. Joan Crawford is one of the most beautiful actresses of the screen and a marvelous actress. I'm not the only one who thinks so.

Yes, Corcella Mullen, you are absolutely correct in your opinion of Alice White, and I'll bet you didn't have to sit through any picture twice to figure it out. One look, and one's plenty. It's written all over Alice—a conceited, self-centered little flapper who should learn the value of silence. I've read loads and loads of interviews, but never have I been so thoroughly disgusted with any as with her interviews. I'm willing to bet that a few of the male stars could cheerfully strangle her for so childishly broadcasting her love affairs.

Vancouver, British Columbia,
Canada.

Must Gary Grin Always?

Holly, you rile me! Your attack on Gary Cooper seems a bit out of taste. How many times have you seen Gary, that you know what you're talking about? How do you *know* he hadn't something to think about besides grinning? I venture to say I've seen nearly as many stars as you have, and I've talked to quite a few. Bessie Love was unostentatious, intelligent, and charming. Irene Rich acted more like a diffident schoolgirl, shy, charming, and well bred. Charles Rogers was as unconscious of the boorish stares of those about him as he well could be. Harrison Ford blushed and looked miserable, in spite of his screen work, when on the stage. Esther Ralston got into her car, and a group of grown men and women ran into the street, peering into it! Would you have smiled in a delighted mood? I wouldn't, and I doubt if you would, Holly.

Of course I've seen and met stars I wasn't fond of—one famous actress so chilled me that I felt like the proverbial two cents' worth of dirty ice. And the beloved Mary Brian failed to impress me. But how can we expect stars always to be gracious and smiling, when they have only their own homes to turn to for privacy? How would you like to be stared at, set apart, made the subject of unthinking re-

marks every time you appeared in public, Holly? Would you like to make a purchase and hear the salesgirl sniff, "There's that high-hat Holly person; I just can't stand her pictures"?

But lay off Gary! I suppose you even want Clive Brook to go around with a Cheshire-cat grin! Go home and try grinning steadily for half an hour before your own mirror!

JACK JENNISON.

1515 Orizaba Street,
Long Beach, California.

Photo Policy a Blunder?

To me the rule of the Motion Picture Producers' Association to prohibit sending photographs to fans free of charge is one of the most foolish blunders ever made.

The fan has always been the supporter of the star, and, although I realize that the cost of distributing these pictures runs into good figures, I can't help but think that it was a sound investment on the part of the star.

Clive Brook brought this new rule to my attention. I wrote for an autographed photo, and received a printed card quoting prices on different styles of photographs. I answered this by saying that I had made it a rule not to pay for an autograph, no matter how badly I wanted it. He then sent me a copy of the new ruling, and wrote at the top, "Sorry, too. C. B." Possibly he was, but not as much as I.

I note that one fan sent two quarters to Lon Chaney, and did not receive either a photo or the stamps in return. Well, I haven't had the same experience, but a similar one. For two years I sent Chaney a shower of letters requesting his autographed photo. Nothing was heard from them until June, 1928, when I received a letter from his secretary advising that at no time would Lon send his photo. Well, what was there to do? Nothing. So I shut up and saved postage.

Sue Carol was the first one I ever wrote to for a photograph. Since 1925 I have had eight autographed photos, two Christmas cards, and a letter from her. That's a record, isn't it? Patsy Ruth Miller sent me an autographed photo of herself, but it arrived in such a tattered condition that I told her of it when I acknowledged receipt. She immediately sent me another just like it. That's not a sign of high-hattedness, by any means.

Then Bill Powell and Evelyn Brent honored me with signed pictures of themselves, and so did others. By sending these to me, all the people mentioned have decided my following. I shall do everything in my power to boost their acting ability. But what about the fans from now on? Will they be willing to accept a "no" when asking for such a small thing from the actor or actress?

BILL BATTY.

74 Mill Street,
Middletown, Connecticut.

Holly Has Her Say.

Why do Warner Brothers persist in giving all their choice rôles to that beautiful but dumb girl, Dolores Costello? One is almost certain to see Dolores Costello in a Warner picture, and all she does is to pose and try to look important. Now that talking pictures are assuming first place, she just about ruins a perfectly good picture. I have seen her in many of them, and until lately thought that with experience she would overcome her artificial, affected way of speaking. But it looks as though *she* thinks her voice is one hundred per cent perfect. I

can't see where she is improving it a particle.

Take, for instance, "Noah's Ark." The advertisements say, "Dolores Costello, in 'Noah's Ark,' with George O'Brien!" Well, of all the *nerve*! Why, that picture wouldn't be of much interest if it weren't for the splendid acting of George O'Brien. In one scene, where the lovers appear to be ready for a sweet love scene, you see Miss Costello's blue eyes slowly lift to his—you can imagine the rush of color to her cheeks, for she knows her sweetheart is about to tell her he loves her. All this rushes through one's imagination—and then she *speaks*! It is like having ice water dashed in one's face! Of all the cool, impersonal, not-too-close-young-man attitudes! She doesn't put one grain of feeling, of depth, into her lines. You jerk yourself up in your seat in the theater, and gone, gone is all the glamour of the love scene. It will always be a wonder to me how in the world George O'Brien was able to act the part of her sweetheart at all; she was enough to freeze any of his efforts at realism.

Dolores Costello is the one flaw in an otherwise great picture. Not for one moment does she even endeavor to put a spark of earnestness into her acting. Consequently, she misses a fine opportunity to make her rôle a big one. She is counting too much on Warner Brothers' willingness to advertise her. Her sister, Helene, does better than she in talking pictures. And, at that, there is room for improvement for Helene to consider. She, too, fails to speak naturally. And that is the keynote to an interesting voice. Naturalness and warmth will make a good voice; that doesn't call for voice lessons at all.

The big secret of Conrad Nagel's splendid voice is that he doesn't try to speak affectedly. He puts friendliness into his words, warmth, and feeling. Louise Fazenda also has that genuine ring and good fellowship in her voice. So has Gladys Brockwell, who stole the honors in "Lights of New York." Miss Brockwell had a chance for a great dramatic moment in that picture—and she made the most of it. She stirred in one a feeling of pity and sympathy for the woman she played. Had we not heard her voice, with all its tragedy of lost love, we never would have been aroused to the point of compassion for the hardened character she portrayed.

HOLLY.

Los Angeles, California.

Stamps Wasted on Joan.

I am like Phyllis Walter of Baltimore, Maryland, whose letter was printed in the April issue of *PICTURE PLAY*, as I, too, wonder what becomes of the quarters sent in for photographs. I should think the stars would be glad to send their pictures to fans who are interested in them.

Twice I sent twenty-eight cents in stamps to Joan Crawford for her picture, but didn't receive a picture or the stamps. Then I wrote to Doug Fairbanks, Jr., thinking I could get one, since they're reported married, but still I haven't received the photo. I also sent money to Alice White and received no photo. Where, oh, where, do the quarters go? They must think we love to send money to the stars, with nothing to show for it. But don't think all the stars are like the ones mentioned above, because they're not *all* high-hat.

I wrote to Billie Dove, asking her to send me her picture, and it came and didn't cost me a cent. It certainly shows that she is as much interested in her public as they are in her.

I have heard that Billie Dove takes care of her own correspondence. Maybe if the other stars followed in her footsteps they would be more popular. B. F. U.

601 Union Street Bank Building,
Omaha, Nebraska.

Photos, or Money Back!

In the April *PICTURE PLAY*, Phyllis Walter, of Baltimore, had a letter in "What the Fans Think" on "Who Gets the Quarters?" This is exactly what I should like to know.

If we want a photo of a star, we are asked to send twenty-five cents. But I can't understand why one can receive photos free from some stars, and one can send quarters galore to others and receive nothing in return.

Take, for instance, Irene Rich. She sent me a photo for nothing, while I have sent numerous quarters to Conrad Nagel, and I haven't received a photo, or my money back. I don't blame the stars for not sending photos when there is no money sent, but I do blame them for not sending us their photos after we have sent our money. I, too, think the stars should send better photos to those who send money.

BLANCHE GETCHELL.

Bartlett Street, Box 70,
Chelmsford, Massachusetts.

The Play's the Thing.

I humbly suggest to some of the players that they indulge in an occupation that has been too much of a trial for their minds.

They need to do some thinking, for, take it for what it is worth, *we* are the ones to be pleased; and no amount of pull, publicity, or what have you, can forever keep unwanted players on the screen. A person's own mind is the best guide to pictures that he should attend.

The players who are most in earnest show it on the screen, and those who think show it. Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen, Janet Gaynor, and Fay Wray are doing the most thinking. They are directing their whole souls into grooming themselves to become fixed planets, and I certainly believe they will succeed. Alice White, Sue Carol, and Charles Rogers will be only passing fancies. When I see Alice White, I can almost see the director tearing his hair in desperation, for all of her movements and expressions are purely mechanical, and lack any sort of real feeling. I wish she would become an interior decorator in some distant State.

To me, Norma Talmadge and Thomas Meighan are the most profound players on the screen, and I believe that for years and years, in spite of the fact that now the story counts and not the star, they will be leading lights. I am glad to see so much star worship cease. It is not sensible or natural. Appreciation of work and mere worship of every act and movement are two different things. The fans are slowly beginning to think, and we now want sincere, honest work, and we care not what Jack Arlen or Richard Cooper do after working hours.

JACK WESTERVELT.

Box 462, Greenville, South Carolina.

In Memoriam.

I have just read of the death of Larry Semon. We have our Valentinos whose deaths command headlines and extra editions. And then we have our George Beban and our Larry Semons whose pictures accompany a short paragraph when death comes.

I am sorry about Larry Semon. He was

my most dependable favorite for a long time, when I was young and under the impression that feature pictures were only displayed to make the program longer, after running the all-important comedy. He wore funny clothes and made funny faces and kept me howling with delight, even when I felt sorry that the jokes I laughed at were played on him. I'm sorry about George Beban; he was a fine actor, but my appreciation of him came later. Mostly I'm sorry about Larry. I associate him in my mind with my youth. I dare say there are many others who feel as I do about his death. I wish I had written him a fan letter, in the days when he meant so much to my Saturday-afternoon enjoyment. It isn't that I will miss him as I would have a few years back, when his death would have been a terrible tragedy in my life; it is only that one hates to see these funny fellows go before one has had a chance to shake their hands and thank them for the happiness they have contributed.

I am not trying to write coherently. I write this because I am so afraid no one else will think to pay him a little tribute in *What the Fans Think*, and he *does* deserve it. I couldn't bear to see him shown any neglect.

He finished making comedies a long time ago, and that was all the interest I had in him, but, all the same, I'm sorry. Maybe all the little kids that have died meanwhile, that used to like him, were there to give the funny man a hand, while we that stayed are here waving a regretful good-by to a well-loved Pagliaccio.

NANCY KEOUGH.

830 Powell Street, San Francisco.

Agrees with Fanny.

After I read *What the Fans Think*, I usually turn to what Fanny thinks in "Over the Teacups." I admire Fanny's line and her opinions are great. In a recent issue Fanny raved over Olga Baclanova and hopes the public is also enthusiastic over her, saying if they are, it will prove the public has grown up and learned to rate ability more than beauty. If I may speak for the public, I would say, "Yes." However, to me Baclanova not only has ability to act, but has a magnetic attraction and possesses a rare individual beauty. When I first saw her in "The Street of Sin," with Emil Jannings, I did not think she was beautiful; but when I saw her in "Three Sinners," with Pola Negri, I decided at once she was very chic and smart looking, and I agree with Fanny she is more than a doll-faced girl. She is wonderful—too wonderful for me to describe with my limited vocabulary. I have only seen her in the two pictures mentioned, but she impressed me as an honest-to-goodness, real actress in both of them.

ROSE BORIS.

104 Waldorf Avenue,
Bridgeport, Connecticut.

A Rose for Camilla.

I have followed Joan Perula's discourse on Ramon Novarro and I would like to thank her for her courage and cleverness in arousing the Novarro fans out of their lethargy. I believe that I will plan a similar letter on Betty Compson—her fans seem to be asleep, also.

I would like to express, through this department, my appreciation for the appearance of a new satellite—a very beautiful and talented actress, Camilla Horn.

Her acting in the Ufa production "Faust" was finely done, but her treatment of the rather unsympathetic rôle

of the *Princess* in John Barrymore's "Tempest" was nothing short of miraculous. Fraulein Horn seems to prefer the medium of stark feeling for expression rather than the ordinary tricks and mannerisms so often used. You will notice, fans, that her love scenes with John Barrymore were uniquely satisfying in their repression, rather than like this "Gilbo-Garbage," as one flapper fan so neatly calls this too-forward love-making so often seen.

FLORENCE F. DOSTAL.

Box 95, Mercer Island, Washington.

Britain Can Make Films.

I felt extremely angry after reading William Mitchell's letter. He says Britain cannot make films. Let me state here and now that Britain can. I think Mr. Mitchell's letter was very unpatriotic and disloyal. He speaks of our being forced to see our own films. Possibly a regiment will be spared, with fixed bayonets, to do the forcing and the theaters will be supplied with chains to each seat to hold us through the entire program. In spite of all this, I am going to make a request to American fans. John Maxwell, Chairman of British International Pictures, Ltd., has just completed negotiations for a gigantic distributing concern, which will handle an unlimited number of British films in America and Canada. This will be a great help to our films, and I ask American fans to give welcome and appreciation to them and to our stars, as we English fans have given to American pictures since films began. I can assure you they are not nearly so bad as Mr. Mitchell would have you believe.

ESTHER MARTIN.

4 Burton Street, Leicester, England.

A Plain Tomb for Valentino.

Do you want to know why the fans are reluctant to give money for a tomb for Rudy? I'll tell you! They all adored him, just as I did, but in their adoration for the wonderful rôles he created on the screen, for his wonderful acting and his artistic ability, they did not forget that beneath it all he was a man—just a human, living man.

When that plea for money went forth, they wanted to give, for the memory they had of the screen Rudy, but movie fans are human beings and have homes and relations to consider. They stopped to think of their own people. Murmurs that the several thousands contributed were too little to create a suitable tomb for this beloved hero irritated them just a little! In their hearts they knew that the grave they would be able to give any of their loved ones would be worth much less than that, and they could not help but think what they could themselves do with *that* much money, were it on hand to use. Do you see the implication? A grave, costing, say, twenty-five hundred dollars was not good enough for Rudolph Valentino—after all, a man! And yet a grave of five hundred dollars or less was good enough for the people who went to see his pictures, who were expected to give enough money to raise that twenty-five hundred dollars to five thousand or more. It is a rather difficult subject to talk about, and one that is rather hard to face.

There is the question: Would Rudolph have wanted an expensive tomb at the expense of his fans? If he lived as humbly and as simply, and was as perfect and gentle as his life story leads us to believe, would he have desired an imposing memorial, devoting vast sums of money given by people who could ill afford a

grave for their own people at approximately a fifth of the cost of his? I don't believe he would have, this dear, dreamy Rudy of ours. I'm more inclined to think he would have been pleased to rest at peace in his beloved Italy, in a grave such as his fathers had, where he could be remembered and adored just as much as if he were in the most magnificent tomb of imported marble. Why leave him in a borrowed tomb? With the small amount of money already given, why not begin the making of a memorial suitable for the remembrance of a man who was regarded as a living person, a man who lived humbly, died peacefully, and whose greatest show in life was his love for his beloved Italy, and his desire to please the world? With this in view, what fan will not desire to help? None could refuse. But in the request for fabulous amounts for a tomb worthy of kings, the plea is a step in the wrong direction.

PEARL H. McLAUGHLIN.

137 Wilson Street, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

A Good Word for Gladys.

My praise is for Gladys Brockwell, an actress who has deserved a good break for a long while. She can act and talk, and proved it in "Lights of New York."

I'm for talkies as long as Gladys plays in them. She proved her worth in this picture to a greater extent than ever before.

She will prove a valuable actress if she is given more good rôles. Could any one have spoken, "He was my man!" with more sincerity and real meaning than she did? She claimed the sympathy of her audience.

ROSEMARY HEDEEN.

927 Liberty Street, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Taste Misplaced.

My choice

Is a Rolls-Royce.

The new Ford

Is more in keeping with my hoard.

My burning desires

Are for sapphires.

Instead, while my desire cools,

I'll inherit grandma's "jools."

I love coats of mink and sable,

With a smart Parisian label.

I have a taste for sunken tubs

And Arab horses and dogs and lion cubs.

But what's the use?

I can't induce

Any one to star me!

JULIANNE ASQUITH.

Box 373, Manassas, Virginia.

Why Slight Leslie Fenton?

Can any one tell me why, after a career of fine portrayals, Leslie Fenton has not been made a star? John Gilbert, Ramon Novarro, and John Barrymore are all "much of a muckness" as the *Mad Hatter* said, but Leslie Fenton occupies a niche all his own in movieland, and it is a perfect shame that he has been overlooked all these years. In "Havoc," "The First Kiss," and "The Dragnet," Leslie Fenton played but short parts. He gave simple, moving performances in each picture.

Believe me, talent is not appreciated in Hollywood. I sent to four different studios for a picture of Mr. Fenton, and each time my letters were returned. Can some one please tell me *where* I may obtain a photo of him?

"The Big Parade" and "What Price Glory?" were two of the finest films I ever saw. They were not, thank goodness, accompanied by this awful din of

canned music, yet they were big hits. May we soon get over the craze for talkies! We go to the movies to lose ourselves in the beauty and drama unveiled before our eyes, to the accompaniment of well-played music. Who can lose oneself in beauty, when voices break the enchantment of our dreams and sound disturbs and jars our nerves?

ANNE W. CASSIDY.

285 West Tenth Street, New York.

Correcting a Juvenile Error.

The verse signed "Jill Merrick" in PICTURE PLAY calls for a comment.

The writer calls herself a reporter. Surely a very embryo specimen. When Miss Merrick has been a film reporter as long as I have, she will know that to express her private opinions as publicly as she has done, is in the very worst taste.

Experience will teach her that to manifest her temper is a breach of etiquette. And she will also learn that to be ignored by a prominent star, who does not depend on fifth-rate publicity for her position, is the treatment to be expected by insignificance.

I am not defending Miss Corda. I am endeavoring to correct a juvenile mistake.

CORDITE.

London, England.

New Battleground Seen.

Well, the guy that started Vitaphone and Movietone certainly was out to raise Cain! The only good that will ever come out of it, is that it may make the fans stop wrangling over Novarro and Gilbert, or mourning Valentino, and rise up, either for or against, the talkies.

Can't something be done about it? The producers seem to think talkies are here to stay. The talking picture is just an effort to combine the stage and screen and make a mess of both. Talking slows down the action of a picture and wrecks it. I would really have enjoyed "Tempest" if it had not been for those ridiculous squawks from the mob. Deaf people say they cannot hear them, and thereby they lose all enjoyment. They are fortunate in not being able to hear this form of annoyance.

A little goes a long way! I wouldn't object so violently to the Movietone news, or the short selections, but when it comes to jamming it in a feature, I draw the line!

C. HENRY.

Baltimore, Maryland.

A Motto for Grouches.

Richard Dix is my favorite. He is, without doubt, one of the outstanding actors on the screen to-day. Now, as seems to be the custom of writers to this department, I should pick three to five other actors of repute, and tear them to pieces, vainly trying to find an excuse for their existence, much less their success, as stars. Silly, isn't it? But as you read through some of the letters, isn't that exactly the idea they convey? "Don't be satisfied with naming *your* favorite, but try to knock the pedestal from beneath some one else's," seems to be the motto of many contributors.

Why can't the fans send in *helpful* criticisms, instead of seeing who can say the cattiest things about the stars? Too, if they would restrain their criticisms to acting alone, it would not be so bad, but when it comes to including the way the stars dress, how big their feet are, the way they wear their hair, how much they show their teeth, and even probing into private affairs, which are none of their business, *then* is the time some of the fans should quit.

In closing, I want to speak a word of praise for Nick Stuart, Richard Arlen, Glenn Tryon, Lupe Velez, Sally Phipps, Sally Eilers, Charles Morton, and Martha Sleeper, and to that accomplished little actress, Mona Ray, who made a sensation as *Topsy*.
CLAYTON J. LOTT.

4063 Hyde Park, Kansas City, Missouri.

Disgusted with O'Brien.

When I read of the hanging of Edward Hickman, at San Quentin, California, I was surprised to find as among the witnesses, the name of George O'Brien, the actor. I had always seen Mr. O'Brien portraying a character just the opposite of one who would want to see such a gruesome spectacle. I always liked his face and his acting, but nothing could ever drag me into a theater to see him again. I herewith register my supreme disgust for any man who wishes to witness such a hideous scene for atmosphere, or any other reason. The free advertising he received through this display of callous conscience, will only put him on the wane. Had he no thought of that boy's poor mother and father? He displayed the instinct of a gorilla.
FRED J. GIESER.

Ebenezer, New York.

A New Glorious Apollo.

Will you give space to my opinions in What the Fans Think? Gloria Swanson—I have never liked her till I saw her superb performance in "Sadie Thompson." She was wonderful! Jacqueline Logan—Why don't we see her more often? That rare beauty is so often hidden. Elinor Fair—Why are people prejudiced against her? She has ability and she is beautiful. She reminds me of the most beautiful woman the screen has ever revealed, Barbara La Marr. Eve Southern—Superlatives fail me. Oh, those eyes! John Gilbert—I have often wondered why people care for him. I hate his films. Richard Arlen—He is a charming boy. I'll never forget his delightful, though sad performance, in "Wings." William Boyd—He was superb in "Two Arabian Knights." William and Elinor, what a charming couple they are! But above them all I place Ralph Forbes. Has nobody noticed that he is the handsomest man on the screen? I like him tremendously, not only because he overshadows all the other handsome men, but because he proved himself to be a fine actor in his best rôle, that of *John*, in "Beau Geste." Long life to this glorious Apollo!

CARMEN SOWNES.

Balarce 854, Rosario, Argentina.

Drama for Clara Bow.

When I signed my name and address to one of my letters I never dreamed some of the readers would take such an interest in Los Angeles! Whew! I have seven letters right here before me.

And I am ashamed to say I have been so busy that so far only two have been answered. I answered one right away, because the writer was just my age, height and weight, and is coming to live in Los Angeles shortly, and I want her to look me up. She's from Lima, Ohio, and I am from Michigan.

The others who wrote will please forgive my negligence, on the promise that just as soon as I have time I am going to answer every one. Almost everybody had something to ask about a favorite actress, and believe me, Clara Bow has her stanch admirers—plenty of 'em! And how they do defend her, even after Mr. Oettinger's interview in which he said she was be-

coming the "rather bored, indifferent, pert star," like most of the others!

I adore Clara Bow. Of course I have some reasons! A principal one is that a relative of mine lived where Clara did, once, and she said Clara deserves every bit of praise and success that is hers today. It is due to sheer stick-to-it-iveness, which Clara Bow possesses one hundred per cent! You can just picture her gritting her teeth in the face of disappointment, and wading in for what she is after with a smile on her face and grim determination in her heart. That's why we love Clara Bow. She's a symbol—not of "it," to me—but of what a person with little to start with in life, *can* accomplish in this day and age.

Let's see more of Clara Bow in drama, and less of her in low-necked dresses and sporty apparel, for she's really got better things in her than cheapness. I don't mean for her to suddenly turn haughty, demure, or minus that famous smile of hers. All I mean is, remember people judge by the way you dress, as well as how you act, and I hate to hear any one call Clara common—but, those too-low-necked dresses of hers recently! Nay, nay, Clara.
FRANCES S.

Los Angeles, California.

Too Many Mexican Girls.

Dolores del Rio was my favorite among the newcomers until she divorced her husband and began running around with her director. I still think she is a great actress. Some say that the private affairs of the stars shouldn't influence our opinions, but I can't see it that way, so Dolores has gone a long way down the scale in my estimation.

All these Mexican girls are becoming boresome. Just as soon as Dolores del Rio became popular, we were swamped with Mexican stars. We much prefer girls like Mary Brian, Marceline Day, Joan Crawford, and Jean Arthur. They seem typical of the spirit of wholesome romance.
VERDA COLLEEN BUNCH.

Centrahoma, Oklahoma.

What is a Fan Club?

I have often seen fan clubs mentioned, but never was interested enough to inquire what they were all about.

Now I'm interested and wonder if any of the readers will enlighten me as to what the functions of such clubs are?

L. HARDER.

6241 Sansom Street, West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Random Thoughts.

Just a few bouquets, and one brickbat, to hurl.

It isn't often that I see a movie which so impresses me as the much-heralded "Legion of the Condemned." After its extravagant previews and extensive publicity, I made up my mind that it was but one more of these "specials," and nearly forgot it. Only the presence of Fay Wray in the cast changed my mind when it played here recently. May I say right now that I hope we have more and more of these Cooper-Wray duos? They fit perfectly. Their characters must be especially congenial, I suppose, but, anyway, it's goodness knows how long since we've seen two young people—or old either—paired off on the screen with such complete success. Cooper is admirable, but my real bouquet is for Miss Wray. She was exquisite, and any one who could manage to look beautiful and altogether desirable in the pre-war costume inflicted

on that star, *deserves* credit. She played her scenes most understandingly, and left nothing to be desired, as far as I was concerned. Here's to you, Miss Wray.

Barry Norton also deserves credit, I think, for the nicety with which he played his bit. We wished it had been more of a bit. This young man is climbing rapidly.

This film also brought to us Voya George. Where has he been all this time? Save for a single picture and article in *Picture Play* a short time ago, we've never heard of him before. Hasn't he personality? Trust *Picture Play* to make the discoveries, every time.

My brickbat is hurled with a steady hand at that flapperish person, Clara Bow. She's not the Clara of "Down to the Sea in Ships" and "Black Oxen," and even "Rough-house Rosie." She's getting not only flapperish, but sophisticated—almost we can term her high-hat. It's really most discouraging. We used to like Clara. Evidently the fact that she draws the largest load of fan mail at Paramount—since Negri's departure—has turned our fair one's head. We even read in *Picture Play* just a bit back, in one of Mr. Oettinger's best articles, that the Bow now "permits herself to be seen." Well, all well enough—we'd probably do the same if our trifling heads were the subject of such sundry bouquets as are constantly thrown Clara's way. But a word to the wise—we've heard not a few say lately, "Clara? She's well enough, but just a bit tiresome."

As a parting shot, we want more and still more of Louise Fazenda, and *not* the "Five-and-Ten-Cent Annie" sort. Give us another "Ladies at Play."

S. GARVEY THOMAS.

43 Summer Street, Montpelier, Vermont.

A Big Collection.

So many fans have written to me, asking me to tell more about my movie treasures, that I am depending on the generosity of *Picture Play* to grant me further space to describe them.

In my famous autograph album I have the following new autographs: "Smilingly, Eddie Peabody"—the famous banjo king who played to packed houses for a season in Seattle, and who has now gone to New York; "Sincerely yours, Janet Gaynor"; "To Elinor Garrison, with all good wishes, Colleen Moore"; Isabel Jean's autograph—a famous English actress; "Sincerely, Marion Davies"; "Most Sincerely, Norma Shearer"; Vilma Banky's autograph; "Los Angeles, California. My best wishes to Elinor Garrison from Harold Lloyd"; Clara Bow's autograph; "To Elinor, with my best wishes for your happiness, Sue Carol"; "To Elinor Garrison, sincere best wishes, Dorothy Mackaill"; "Best wishes, Milton Sills"; "To Elinor Garrison, George Fawcett"—I'm mighty proud of that!—"Sincere good wishes to Elinor Garrison, Thelma Todd"; "To Elinor Garrison, wishing her every happiness, Doris Kenyon"; "To Elinor Garrison I send my sincerest personal regards and best wishes. Always, Jeanette Loff"; and "To Elinor, with kind thoughts and good wishes, Anna Q. Nilsson."

A beautiful photo came autographed, "To Elinor Garrison, with best wishes, Billie Dove"; one from Colleen Moore, autographed; one of Sue Carol, also personally autographed. A beautiful one of Anna Q. Nilsson was autographed, "To Elinor Garrison, with my good wishes, Anna Q. Nilsson," and one of Loretta Young, autographed to me; a large, beau-

Continued on page 101



HELLO EVERYBODY

In my next picture, "Smiling Irish Eyes", I'm actually going to—
TALK to you—**SING** for you

**HEAR HER
Sing These
Witmark Hits**

"A Wee Bit of Love"
"Then I can ride Home
with You"
"Grandma O'Moore"
"Darlin' My Darlin'"

JOHN McCORMICK

PRESENTS

COLLEEN MOORE

"SMILING IRISH EYES"

**100% TALKING AND
SINGING PICTURE**

Directed by William A. Seiter

FIRST NATIONAL VITAPHONE TALKING PICTURES

Folks you ain't heard nothin' yet!
Wait—you have a big thrill coming.

Imagine the excitement when you
HEAR the voice of the *greatest of*
all screen stars—when you meet the
real Colleen for the very first time.

That's the treat the next First National
Vitaphone TALKING Picture —
"Smiling Irish Eyes" has in store for you.

Colleen not only TALKS all through
it, but SINGS four songs you'll
whistle for days, and DANCES like
only she can.

Watch for the date in your home town!



From now on every appearance of Jeanne Eagels on the screen will be a major event, no matter how many stars spring up to compete with her. For who will forget her in "The Letter," and the history she made with eloquence such as the screen had never given us before? She is seen here in "Jealousy," her new picture in dialogue, with Anthony Bushell, also from the stage.



Billie Dove detained an interviewer for hours while her guests lunched in an adjoining room.

Photo by Carsey

IN the sweet past the most gracious gestures in dear Hollywood were those exchanged by the stars and interviewers. But what has happened? Why is all that old-world grace transformed into tense, snarling antagonism? Is there war between them?

A couple of years ago they were great events, these interviews. The stars would figuratively receive the scribes with open arms. The one outstanding gesture above all others was lunch. Food was the indispensable touch, without which no interview could proceed. But gone are the golden days, with their old Spanish customs.

Gradually during the past year, players have ceased asking writers to lunch or dine with them. A few may still continue this old-fashioned custom, but I am speaking of the majority. Most of them will grudgingly give you half an hour, or an hour, of their valuable time, making you sense their eagerness for your early departure.

In so doing they err.

In most cases writers have a certain unwritten code. They will not break bread with the stars, then ridicule or revile them. The players probably know that. "Poor things," they used to think. "we must feed them. It makes them good natured." They would smile and smirk, though inwardly they regarded their visitors as troublesome intruders.

Pity the Poor

His lot is not the merry one it used to be the sweet nothings he wrote. Now the players grant one at all, and the magazines want facts, the great change that has

By William

Perhaps it was the stars' fault in not being sincere, and treating the interviewers as something necessary, but annoying, to their high positions. Most of the players condescended and posed.

When upbraided by another writer for calling Marie Prevost "a little roughneck," after having partaken of her hospitality, Alma Whittaker, a Los Angeles newspaper woman, said, "What? A guest? Don't imagine things. No interviewer is ever treated as a friend by any star, so why pretend? They don't regard us as guests, so I am free to express my real opinions."

And don't forget Phyllis Haver. Beautiful Phyllis, with her hair so blond. Phyllis gave a party some time ago, so huge that she hired a top floor, the roof, of a large apartment building to entertain her guests. One writer, who had done a great deal for her when Phyllis had her comeback a few years ago, wondered why she had been left out.

"But I didn't invite any writers, because I didn't want any publicity about my party," Phyllis naively

Dorothy Dwan objected to an interview that mentioned her smoking.

Priscilla Dean had good intentions toward a writer, but forgot them.

Photo by Seely



Photo by Hoover



Interviewer

when the stars feasted him in exchange for grudge him the time for an interview, if they not flattery. This article amusingly sets forth come over scribes and stars.

H. McKegg

confessed, as only she can, thus proving that writers are asked only when they can give the player publicity.

Nevertheless, the party was duly publicized. And the lady scribe left out in the cold has a merry laugh nowadays when friendship with stars is mentioned. She should know.

You know the humorous Neil Hamilton. So do I. He and his wife, Elsa, look me up now and then to see if I'm still breathing, and, finding that I am, generally give me a good time.

Once Neil said to me, "I don't know how you writers can be so polite and patient with us. You must think, 'You poor sap. You've got no brains—only your looks!'"

"Yes," I put in, "and not always that."

Neil looked sharply at me, then after short deliberation, said, "Yes, sometimes not even that."

Perhaps I should state here whether the convivial

Gilbert Roland is a favorite of Mr. McKegg.



Photo by Bulloch



Photo by Ball

A writer justified herself for calling Marie Prevost "a little roughneck."

don't know whether the ban has been lifted yet, after the bell, book, and candles had been used against him. The last time I met Cedric, he was still outside the pale, but as pronouncedly cynical about everything as ever.

While mentioning this gentleman, I might add that he is a man of the world, picking cynical morsels off the bones of human weaknesses. Hollywood is a good hunting ground for him. Cedric has caused several stars to squirm, when they have read his interviews with them—yet we can't always go on smiling without being smiled at, as you will plainly see.

Mr. Belfrage many times has poked fun at the so-called "true confessions" the stars relate with amazing eagerness. So funny and incredible did Cedric find the movie people, that he surprised many when he married one. Virginia Bradford was the bride. But when one knows Virginia, one can't wonder any longer at the erudite Mr. Belfrage's behavior—that is, in marrying her.



Photo by Spurr

Evelyn Brent's utter disregard for interviews caused her to let a visiting writer go from her home on foot in the rain.

Neil has, or has not, both brains and good looks. Instead, I'll let you guess. You'll probably guess right the first time.

"The trouble with the writers is," Richard Barthelmess said to Dorothy Wooldridge, one of my fellow scribes, "that they never write the truth about the stars."

Sweetly drawing in her breath, Dorothy replied, "God help the stars, Mr. Barthelmess, if they ever did."

The days of the "blah" interviews are over. Occasionally a few appear, but not many. Today, in order to sell stories to the magazines, the writers must put something genuine and true in them.

A few writers on the Coast have not been afraid to be truthful. One clever, young fellow, Cedric Belfrage, was so candid in his opinions that he was finally barred from the Warner, First National, and the Metro-Goldwyn studios. I



Virginia Bradford married Cedric Belfrage, whose cynical interviews have caused upheavals in Hollywood.

Photo by Spurr

More wonderment came to Hollywood when, a few months ago, *la* Bradford's own "true confessions" appeared in one of the fan magazines. "Virginia Bradford's Love Life," it was called, and it supposedly related her affairs of the heart, ending with her last—the said Cedric.

I defy Mr. Belfrage from now on to ridicule any "true confessions," or to make fun of the stars as of yore. He has been hit with a boomerang of his own making.

Diaries are other absurdities. It is astonishing the number of young players who have all of a sudden produced diaries. Ruth Roland, I believe, was the original and genuine diarist. Ruth had some of its excerpts published. But now every little girl keeps one. When brought to light, all have the flavor of the press agent, but so long as it gets the star into print, why worry?

"Sensationalism" is the word of the hour. No "blah" stuff any more. Only the "hot" yarns will be accepted. True—as they inform us—life stories have already appeared. Joan Crawford's made her out to be anything but a demure, young girl, consequently many people in Hollywood, and scores of fans, can hardly believe that Joan's "reformation" is really genuine. Her love for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and his for her, have been duly reported. It would

have been wiser had *la* Crawford not striven to be so revealing regarding her "past."

But to go back to interviews, especially lunchless ones, the sure harbingers of the present war between star and interviewer.

The beautiful Billie Dove was interviewed not so long ago. The lady scribe had been invited to visit the Dove home at eleven thirty a. m.

"I'm having luncheon with Billie Dove," she told me, gleefully, when I met her on the Boulevard.

"I hope you get more than I got at—well, be on your way," I added; "lunch will probably be at twelve."

The hungry interviewer arrived at the Dove estate. Miss Dove, having some friends there, could not concentrate right away. "But you might care to read the paper," she suggested, returning to her guests. Finally the interview began.

One o'clock came. A Japanese servant came, too. He whispered something to Miss Dove. He received a whispered answer. Then he drew together the curtains separating the dining room from the drawing-room. The guests could plainly be heard taking their places at table. The meal was served. The tantalizing smell of delicious food wafted into the drawing-room. Still Miss Dove sat there and replied casually to questions. Perhaps she was dieting, but there was no cause to inflict such torture on the poor scribe.

At two o'clock the interviewer rose to go.

"You must come and see me again," Miss Dove sweetly said.

"I'll bring a box lunch with me, if I ever do," the interviewer just as sweetly replied.

Had Miss Dove's caller been another writer the *contretemps* would have been avoided. This lady likes the sensational, and does not give a hoot for any star. She merely says she will be there for lunch, or dinner—whichever meal she believes will be in progress when she arrives.

Perhaps such enterprise has caused the stars to withdraw their hospitality. I only know that everything is changed.

It used to be another gracious gesture of the stars always to send a car for the interviewer. But to-day—the stars have forgotten that such old customs ever existed.

Perhaps Evelyn Brent should be admired for her utter disregard of all things pertaining to publicity. I don't think Miss Brent gives a darn for an interview.

One writer had an appointment at her home at two o'clock in the afternoon. No mention of a car was made.

Priscilla Dean was present. The writer was surprised, for she said she would see Priscilla at another time. But there she was at Miss Brent's abode, ready to be interviewed along with Evelyn. Two interviews in one,

without a bite to eat, or a wheel to ride on!

Around four o'clock the inter-



Phyllis Haver excluded a writer from her party, and ruffled feelings resulted.

viewer was ready to depart. It was getting dark and a fine rain was falling—it was during the winter season.

"I shall get wet," the perplexed scribe murmured.

"I've got to get to the studio right away," Miss Brent declared, as if she hadn't heard.

"I live only one block from Paramount," the interviewer put in, hopefully. But Miss Brent was on her way upstairs to change from silk pajamas into street clothes.

Priscilla, probably a little conscious-stricken, said, "I'll phone home and see if my car can be brought around," and followed Evelyn upstairs. She returned a little later, but not a word was said about the ear.

"Well," the harassed scribe remarked, her last shred of hope gone, "would you mind giving me directions as to which way I shall walk to the street car?" This was addressed to *la* Brent, who by now had reappeared, ready to leap into her limousine and be driven to the studio.

Abruptly Evelyn walked to the front door. "Walk three blocks south. Turn to the left. Two blocks farther on you'll come to the car lines."

Her tone was one she would use in saying, "Go to Halifax."

I imagine the interviewers are to blame, if Miss Brent feels any antipathy toward them. She has been sorely misrepresented on two or three occasions. But for an interviewer to have to ask her way home! Interviewers should never ask directions, but walk dazedly around in the rain.

I interviewed John Bowers a couple of years ago. I had been asked to do the story. It was hard for Mr. Bowers to suggest a meeting place. Finally it was fixed at the Athletic Club at three o'clock.

"Do you mind sitting outside in my car?" he asked. "I have several things in it, and they might be stolen."

I noticed a couple of phonograph records, which could easily have been carried, without taxing Mr. Bowers' muscles, into the club.

"I can spare only about half an hour," my subject stated. He was terribly busy, et cetera.

As far as time went, ten minutes would have been ample, for Mr. Bowers' information was not what one could call illuminating.

Some writers have an annoying and stupid way of believing they have become intimate friends with the players, once they have interviewed them. Possibly this has caused the stars to refrain from being in any way friendly. Perhaps it explains why to-day we get no rousing welcome, but only an icy reception.

Joan Crawford's "true confessions," reported by a writer, have done her more harm than good.



Photo by Louise

Richard Barthelmess complained that writers never tell the truth about stars, but one scribe thought otherwise and told him so.

The players are ever a race to themselves. There are a few cases where a writer becomes a friend, and a very good friend, of some of the stars; but this is rare. In my three years of steady interviewing, I must honestly say that, although I have met and known most of the players, there are only six or seven who like me for myself alone, irrespective of my writing for PICTURE PLAY.

Only two of these several I count as my intimate friends. They are Madge Bellamy and Gilbert Roland. The other four are Jetta Goudal, Janet Gaynor, Victor Varconi, and Barry Norton. There is also Mrs. Charles Emmett Mack. She is one of the regulars. Her humor is unexcelled. At the Warner studio she is known to every worker. "I don't know whether I'm getting popular or common," she told me when I last saw her on the set, and commented upon the greetings she received from all hands.

Madge Bellamy is one of my best friends among the screen celebrities. I like her for her capricious ways, her conscious unconsciousness of what she does, her intellect, and the gayety of her youth. I entirely forget pictures and the troubles of an interviewer, when I spend a day at the Bellamys' Beverly Hills home, or at her beach house.

Gilbert Roland is one of those fellows

Continued on page 9



Everybody's

Doing what? Why, stepping and singing in the on the screen. Just look at the pictures on this in which the stars

Maurice Chevalier, below, celebrated star of the Paris music halls, sings no less than eight songs in "Innocents of Paris."

Skeets Gallagher and Jack Oakie, right, are hoofers in "Close Harmony."

Cliff Edwards, above, better known as "Ukulele Ike" to radio and vaudeville audiences, is doing his stuff in Metro-Goldwyn's "Revue of Revues."

Sophie Tucker, below, center, is certainly surrounded by musical-comedy atmosphere in "Honky Tonk."



Polly Moran and Marie Dressler, above, center, are two ladies of the tintype age in the "Revue of Revues."

Glenn Tryon, right, as Roy Lane, the song-and-dance hero of "Broadway."

Doing It

musical comedies now visible and audible page and get a foretaste of the high jinks are indulging.

Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll, right, play the leading rôles in the screen version of the play "Burlesque."



Charles King, below, who made a hit in "The Broadway Melody," is the singing hero of the "Revue of Revues."



Eddie Dowling, above, deserted Broadway so that fans could see and hear him in "The Rainbow Man," and, judging from the hit he has made, only the fans will enjoy him for a long time to come.



Nick Stuart and Maria Alba, right, cut capers in "Joy Street" to the tune of a burlesque Spanish dance in the true musical-comedy spirit.



Alice White, above, left, will make her talkie début in "Broadway Babies," in which she leads the chorus, among other things, and promises to make herself heard.

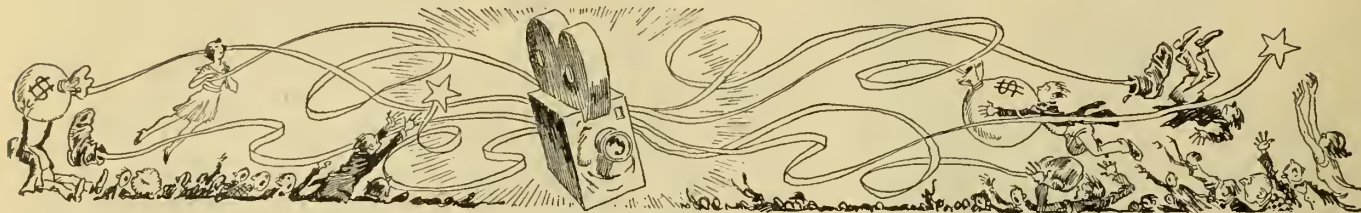
Charles Rogers, above, has the time of his life in "Close Harmony," in which he plays the leader of a stage band in a big movie theater.

Stranger Than Fiction

One doesn't have to use a magnifying glass to discover curiosities in Hollywood, because many of them are catalogued right here.

By Carroll Graham

Illustrated by Lui Trugo



A GREAT deal has been written, and a great deal more has been said on the general opinion that Hollywood is a funny place. I recall having written something of the sort once or twice myself.

Most of these astonished reactions, however, usually verge on the discovery by the newcomer, who observes—in print if he is able, or otherwise vocally—that nowhere else on earth does one see a man going to work at seven o'clock in the morning in a dress suit, or virile gents parading the streets in complete facial make-up, without catcalling crowds in their wake.

This is all quite true, but obvious, and by this time so oft-repeated that it is probable even the Fiji Islanders know, now, that scenes requiring evening dress are often made in the morning.

But a vast field remains untouched in cataloguing all the more subtle reasons why Hollywood is just Hollywood, and in a class by itself.

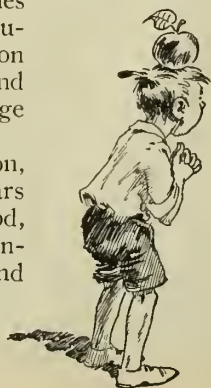
It has seemed to me for a long time that some reliable and exhaustive compendium should be gathered touching on the less apparent, but really more fantastic peculiarities and fancies and facts one may come upon in this quaint village, if one does sufficient poking and peering.

Now, in the first place, when one speaks of Hollywood one is referring to a place of no more concrete existence than Graustark, or the mythical kingdom of Boo.

For there isn't any town called Hollywood, and there never has been, so we are off to a good start already. However, the name Hollywood has come to mean an area of western Los Angeles. It rubs shoulders with the prosaic village of Sherman on the west, and with the downtown business district on the east, and is as far from either, judging by a mental and rational standpoint, as it is from Kamchatka.

Its fantastic proportions take on more impressive aspects, when one considers that the precise things for which it is noted are just the things which it does not contain, namely, the homes of movie stars, and the studios. With the exception of Fox, United Artists, and Paramount, all the large studios are out of town.

And without exception, the more celebrated stars reside not in Hollywood, but retire in solitary splendor to their early Grand Rapids castles in Beverly Hills and the surrounding holy land of moviedom.



So, taking this into consideration, we are really on our way toward proving my contention—and others'—that Hollywood is the most charmingly odd little place you ever saw.

One must consider that Hollywood itself, outside of a boulevard full of stores, a speakeasy or two, and, of course, Sid Grauman's theaters, is made up almost exclusively of apartment houses and bungalows, and these are filled with a mixture of entirely rational folk who don't work in the movies, semirational folk who do, and completely balmy folk who want to.

Every monomaniac with an invention for keeping actors' hair from falling out, every one who has the remotest claim to a phony European title, every cut-up whose home-town friends told him he'd be a scream in comedies, every trick actor or buttonhole maker from Europe, every prodigy who can wriggle his ears, or undulate his left kneecap while keeping his right shoulder blade stationary, every one who has engraved the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin, or built a complete ship inside a beer bottle, every one who can put forth the slightest proof of authorship, blows into Hollywood at one time or another to engage his or her talents in the movies and clean up a fortune.

Then there are the uncharted hundreds of persons possessed of petty rackets, who seem to be able to live indefinitely without working. There are sharpshooters who are continually selling something of no value to some one else. There are representatives of newspapers and magazines never heard of before. In short, there is every sort of person you'd normally find either in or out of Mat-tawan Asylum.

In addition, of course, there are the actors themselves, the profession never being particularly celebrated for its rationality; and there are the directors, most of whom used to be actors, and have managed to retain whatever mental abnormality they acquired in the profession.

All these folk, huddled together in a comparatively limited area and very rarely associating with any one outside the charmed circle, cannot but create a remarkable atmosphere.

They seem to work on each other. The man who is firmly convinced that he will revolu-



There's a man in Hollywood who makes a comfortable living by shooting apples off people's heads.

tionize the picture industry as soon as he can sell his patented device for projecting pictures upside down, meets the woman who wants a contract to write scenarios by the science of numerology, evolving her plots by a slide rule from the numerical movements of the stars.

They will exchange theories earnestly, and before you know it, the man will be mixing mathematics with his theory that the eye can distinguish objects more clearly when inverted, and the woman will be standing on her head to read the stars.

All this so far seems quite vague and general, so I shall try to produce concrete examples, not so devastating as the man who wants to show pictures upside down, but of sufficient leaning toward the picturesque to be peculiar to Hollywood.

I know a scenario writer, for instance, who is said to be a gypsy, and is a firm believer in the existence and power of the "evil eye." He is ever on the lookout to prevent its being fastened on him in Hollywood.

Still, looking back on it, I'm not sure this guy's so crazy at that.

And remaining in the scenario writers' cage, there is one who once contended, quite seriously, that he gets inspiration from eating peanuts, and is never without a large bowl of them on his desk while he is at work.

Lest you think I am imagining this, I will name him as none other than Carey Wilson, who in other respects seems as ordinarily rational as his profession will permit.

Whether Carey still holds to this contention I do not know. It may have changed to dried herring, or preserved waffles, by this time. But the peanut theory was true, for at his own instigation I once took a picture of him so doing, in my capacity as press agent for the studio in which we were both employed.

And surely no one would put forward such a statement, and have it registered by the camera, unless he meant it!

Then too, outside a circus, perhaps where could one find a man who picks up a comfortable living shooting apples and other objects off people's heads, and out of their hands? Hollywood has him, and his official name is "Pardner" Jones.

He is upward of sixty now, and has never hit anybody yet. I suppose directors will keep on hiring him until he does. Or perhaps they engage him out of mere speculative curiosity as to when it will happen.

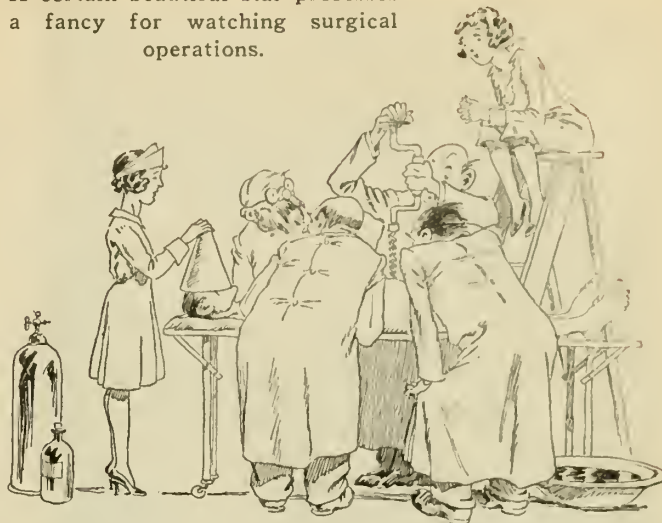
Then there is the star of Westerns, and a very prominent one, too, who has gone to such pains to convince the public and interviewers that he really is a product of the range, that he has utterly convinced himself as well.

It is pretty generally conceded that he was never on a ranch, until he stepped from the stage to the movies, but he has been playing "let's pretend" so long that he is his own best customer to the deception, and he actually believes that he came rightly by his drawling, Texas accent, quaint expressions, and similes of the range with which he enlivens his speech.

And in what other industry, I ask you, could a man draw a salary upward of \$40,000 a year, who can neither read nor write. Yet there is a star—and it is neither a child prodigy or a performing animal—who, I swear by whatever heathen spirits may rule over me, can do neither, to my knowledge.

I spent two years in the same studio

A certain beautiful star professes a fancy for watching surgical operations.



with him trying to find out, not from any malicious motives, but for my own personal satisfaction. But try as I could, I never succeeded in pinning that man down to writing something before my eyes, or reading something the contents of which I was sure he could not have known.

Then there is the man around the studios whose business card states solely that he is a chess player. He is attempting to make his living by serving as technical director on scenes in which actors play chess, and seems to be succeeding at it.

I once spent an evening with a gentleman who came all the way from Spain for the purpose of exhibiting his device for the revolution of motion pictures. He was not an ignorant man, either, but seemed highly intelligent.

His idea was, to say the least, thorough. It was his plan to make drawings to correspond to every foot of action in filming a motion picture. Thus one could plot out the entire picture, and see how it would look before recording it on film, and any weak spots could be changed.

He had made a model, too, some several hundred drawings which represented the first reel. He had been at work on them for several years.

He admitted that it might take a little longer to make movies his way, but thought the process might be speeded a little in time.

I recommended him to Erich von Stroheim.

We must not, of course, forget the man on Sunset Boulevard, whose sign in front of his office advertises him as an alchemist.

Then there are the hobbies of Hollywood! And I am convinced that most of them are not the creations of press agents. Reginald Denny is an enthusiastic archer, and went hunting bears with a bow and arrow; Colleen Moore, who is a big girl now, not only collects dolls, but admits it; Huston Branch, a prominent scenarist, collects dictionaries and has some forty assorted editions, though he rarely uses them, his profession being little concerned with either the spelling or definition of words. [Cont'd on page 118]

A well-known scenario writer believes in the existence and power of the "evil eye."





Photo by Spurr

Kenneth Harlan, who is now in vaudeville, says he will never return to the screen without a long contract.

"If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your will long after they are gone,
And so hold on, when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them, 'Hold on'! . . .
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And, which is more, you'll be a man, my son."

THIS is a short story about several favorites of a bygone day, whom the fans haven't forgotten and who have held onto their profession through sheer will power.

New faces crowding, jostling, pushing at the doors of moviedom. New stars crashing the gates. New hits. New favorites. What's become of the old ones? Favorites of yesterday—a short, short yesterday. One, two, three, five years ago, maybe. That, in the land of the cinema, is a long, long time. People speculating, wondering, surmising. "Answer Men" being harassed. First-hand information wanted.

At New York's Forty-eighth Street Theater the electricians read, "Bert Lytell, in 'Brothers.'"

What's Become

Kenneth Harlan, Charles Ray, Bert Lytell, and Cullen do they enrich the screen no longer? The writer of you have his report of

By Samuel

My appointment was for eight. Mr. Lytell greeted me at ten after, in his dressing room. Valet hovered close by. Pale-blue eyes pierced me. "What's on your mind?" he shot out.

"We—the public and I—have been wondering what's become of you? To be frank, if you don't mind, you were riding the crest of the movie wave for a time, and then all of a sudden—eclipse. There was no gradual diminution in your appearances; suddenly one just didn't see you any more. What happened?"

"After the expiration of my last contract, I made two pictures abroad—one in Europe and one in Africa. There was some difficulty about their release, so that in addition to the time it took to film them, about eight or nine months elapsed before they were shown. After that I made a few independent pictures which were released in the smaller houses, and then I began to realize that the public was tiring of me, which was natural."

"How's that?" What kind of a star was this, who openly admitted it possible for interest in his art and personality to wane?

"Well, here's what happens. On the stage, if you're lucky, you play a season in New York and a season on the road. If you're not lucky in getting a play that will measure up to those specifications, you probably appear briefly in two or three plays in New York. In this event it is unlikely that the same people will see you in all three, as most of the theatergoing public is made up of transients who wouldn't be in town long enough to see you in three plays. Or you'd play part of a season in New York and tour for the rest of the season."

"That could go on almost indefinitely, because people would only see you three or four times in the space of a lifetime, and that would not be enough to tire them if they liked you. Now, in the movies, when you are working steadily, you make anywhere from six to eight pictures a year. Multiply that by three or four, and you'll see that you

As a singing star in vaudeville, Charles Ray is irked by mention of his "hick" rôles on the screen.

Photo by Spurr



of Them?

Landis were once cream in the fans' coffee, but why this article sought them out for an answer and here them as they are to-day.

Richard Mook

can crowd a lifetime on the stage into three or four years in the movies. When you consider how small a percentage of hits fall to the lot of any actor and take into consideration the fact that, in addition to seeing you so often, the public sees you in so many rotten pictures—well, really, I think the public is pretty patient and long-suffering.

"Going back to the question of wearing oneself out with the public—you appear in so few plays that you can give thought to their selection. If I give a reasonably good performance and put honest effort into it, it stands to reason that the people who come to see me in this play will continue to come to see me in other plays."

"And the screen?"

"To be trite, the talkies, or squawkies, or what you will, are opening up a new field to us. I hope to be able to make a couple of pictures each year, either in the summer, or here in the East while I am appearing on the stage at night."

"I no longer sigh for the vast rewards that accompany screen contracts. Right now, if I had a suite at the Ritz or the Ambassador, I should be worrying for fear the time would come when I should no longer be able to afford it. I live modestly and know that by exercising a reasonable amount of intelligence I can go on that way."

The well-modulated tones stopped and I looked at him. Don't pity Bert Lytell, and the fact that he may have passed his zenith. He has intelligence, coupled with ability, and it is extremely unlikely that you will ever read of him in a home for aged actors. You'll be seeing him, either on the stage or screen, or both, for a long time to come.

Cullen Landis.

Here is one of the strangest anomalies who has ever walked the face of the earth. Though still youthful, he has crowded a lifetime of experience into the few years of his existence. A lifetime of bitterness and disillusionment.

Differing from Mr. Lytell, who admits that he wore himself out with the public, this likable chap is no longer seen on the screen for no other reason than that he dared be true to himself, and had the courage to live his life according to the dictates of his desires. Studio executives outside of business hours didn't interest him. Prizefighters, taxi drivers, men who had seen life in the rough, did. They formed his associates. His employers resented it, felt it a slap



Photo by White

Though a hit in vaudeville, Cullen Landis asks to be remembered to his movie fans.



Photo by Spurr

Bert Lytell is a success as a stage star.

in the face. Cullen went blithely on his way. They were paying for his talent; his talent was what they got. His companionship and his friendship were his own to give as he saw fit.

He found among the lower classes a loyalty to friends and associates and a regard for the given word, which was totally lacking in the men of affairs with whom he was associated. The promises made by these were manifold and glowing. It was a case of "Trust me, my boy, and you'll not regret it." Between promises and fulfillment lies a deep and rocky chasm. Somewhere in the depths of this is buried Cullen Landis' faith in human nature.

At the end of a year, instead of the bonus he had been promised by one company, he got the merry ha-ha. There was no swallowing the hurt and keeping going, somehow. There is no logic in him. He can't work for people he doesn't respect. His code is

"Stand on your merits, if you have any, and reap the reward to which you're entitled. If you have no merits, you take the consequences, but be true to yourself at all costs."

Sensing this, there was a gradual effort on the part of his employers to wean the public away from him, so that when his contract was not renewed he wouldn't be missed.

[Continued on page 98]

Mercy, It's Mary!

Woman, in all her reputed variety, never assumed more disguises than does Mary Brian in her impersonations of well-known jazz leaders.

Yes, it's Mary, right, showing there's no limit to her protean ability, for she's giving us her impressions of Paul Whiteman, the maestro of jazz.

Below, center, the eccentric Createore is Mary's disguise, shaggy hair and all, but not his frenzied motions.



Eddie Peabody, the banjo-playing orchestra leader, is the subject of Mary Brian's impersonation, above, and who shall say it doesn't look like him?



Paul Ash, left, the band leader with a flapper following, fan mail and everything, looks this way to Miss Brian.



The embonpoint of Henry Busse, right, thus appears to Mary when she takes a deep breath and holds it.



Pioneer's Luck

Although May McAvoy blazed the talkie trail for Hollywood stars, hordes of newcomers are now dangerously crowding *Sentimental Tommy's* sweetheart.

By Ann Sylvester

MAY McAVOY and the covered wagon have much in common. They've taken the bumps, shouldered the dirty work, and eased out the rough spots for those who followed in their tracks. Only their destinations were divergent. The grand old buggy trekked over a continent to settle a new world. May trekked through the first dialogue film to unsettle a whole industry. And what thanks did they get, May and the wagon? They were promptly forgotten in the rush of improvements and innovations that inevitably follow in the tracks of pioneers. The iron horse supplanted the wagon, and with history repeating itself, a horde of Broadway babies with imitation British vowels are dangerously crowding the future of *Sentimental Tommy's* little sweetheart.

"It's hardly fair," remarked May, dryly, but with an upward tilt to her gentle mouth, seeming to understand the whims of an ungrateful profession.

The simile of the pioneer isn't borne out in May, physically. She is too freshly youthful and delicate, her skin too clear, her tiny stature too fragile. If it weren't too hackneyed a phrase, "a Dresden doll" would fit her nicely. But that's a bit moth-eaten. A powderbox figurine might be more to the point—and slightly more original.

She wore red the day she lunched with me, and there was a vitality to her words that equaled her costume. "I'm tired of being idle, because certain critics didn't like the first Vitaphone picture I did," she said. She wasn't exactly complaining.

"I was the first Hollywood player cast in a talking picture. That was 'The Jazz Singer,' made more than a year ago. Everything was so rawly new. There was no time to prepare ourselves for either the production or the outcome. The tempo was speed, speed, speed. The producers were in the wildest haste to get the new toy on the market.

"The Vitaphone was far from being the clear recording machine it is now. It has made wonderful strides in a year. But at that time there was a slightly scratchy effect, which did nothing toward improving the human voice. Of course I was thrilled to do the picture. I jumped at it, before I realized what comparisons I was letting myself in for. I thought it would be perfectly clear to every one, as it was to me, that the picture was just an experiment.

Miss McAvoy has a delicacy of form and feature barely equaled in Hollywood.



Photo by Russell Ball

Miss McAvoy will not attempt to learn stage English, because she believes in the "natural" accent.

"But imagine my surprise to find, after the release of the picture, that I was being measured with the same rod as Ethel Barrymore, Jeanne Eagels, and even Jolson himself. Some of the critics realized my odd position, and made allowances for it. But not many of them. The majority carefully pointed out that my voice sounded weak and untrained, in comparison to Jolson's. It struck me as being rather funny."

Again that little smile of May's, which seems to understand and question at the same time.

"What voice in the world wouldn't sound weak compared to Jolson's? He is conceded to have one of the richest, deepest, and most appealing voices on either stage or screen. It's tremendous. Fairly rings in your ears, long after you've left the theater. Coupled with its natural vibrancy, years on the stage have strengthened it. Even with the marvelous strides made by the various 'phones,' no voice has equaled Al's. And yet I, without one whit of stage training, must equal his range and vibrancy in my first attempt at speaking, or suffer from the critics!

"Following 'The Jazz Singer' came 'The Lion and the Mouse,' in which I was teamed with another stage veteran, Lionel Barrymore. After that came 'The Terror,'

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Photo by Phyfe

Ina Claire is renewing old friendships in Hollywood preparatory to her début in the talkies.

AT last, after all these years, the film colony has another restaurant! Now, instead of fighting your way through the crowds at the Montmartre, it is quite possible to have luncheon among friends and still not hit the dishes on the next table with your elbows.

Of course, there have been dozens of new restaurants that tried to challenge the supremacy of Montmartre, but most of them died unsung. They never quite outlived the discouragement of being patronized by a single buzzing fly, or a few people who didn't want to be seen lunching together. But when The Brown Derby opened under the management of Wilson Mizner, the first wit of his time, every one flocked to it. Maybe they came, hoping to pirate a few of his priceless remarks, but it was the food that brought them back.

The Brown Derby hasn't the party air of Montmartre. There are no flower-decked tables, where twenty-five or thirty women bring presents and celebrate the birthday of some director's wife. There is no orchestra, no fashion parade. No photographer dashes in to grab a flash light of the exhibitor from Tonawanda surrounded by Wampas baby stars. There is just a big room, with booths around the sides, and a big table near the entrance where *hors d'oeuvres* are displayed.

Over the By The Bystander

It is just across the street from the Vine Street Theater, so Franklin Pangborn and his gang rush over between rehearsals. Sue Carol, Nick Stuart, and Lola Lane and most of the other youngsters from the Fox lot lunch there. It is a place where you can go dressed for the tennis court, or made up for work, and not be shamed by the swish of silk, or a blaze of jewels from near-by tables.

Of course, it was difficult to convert Fanny to quiet and corned-beef hash, after her years of devotion to the fripperies of Montmartre, but now—like almost every one else in town—her tastes have changed. She came rushing in, laden with bundles, just in time to wheedle the head waiter into letting us have the coveted first booth, where you can see every one coming and going.

"Well, at last I got into the theater to see 'Coquette,'" she announced with an air of triumph. "The only way to do it is to get up at the crack of dawn——"

"At eight o'clock or so," I interpolated.

"And be there when the doors open at nine o'clock. And what a thrill it is to see how many other people are early risers! It certainly seems silly to go to a theater at that hour, but you recover from being light-minded once the show begins.

"Mary gives a beautiful, touching performance. You love her from the minute she appears, not with that amused, slightly patronizing love you had for her when she was the little Cinderella with long curls, but a deep, respectful admiration.

"And her voice! I've forgiven a lot of other players for blaming their deficiencies on mechanical imperfections, but Mary makes you feel that it is her own voice and not a machine that you hear. And it is so nice to see her playing a grown-up rôle with real intelligence."

As for me, I will never quite forgive Miss Pickford for changing the play and whitewashing the heroine, but I saw that Fanny had gone off on one of her enthusiastic spells, and it was no time to venture a criticism, if I didn't want to get into a lengthy argument. However, I did force Fanny to admit that a Southern heroine needn't have worn such dowdy clothes.

"Mary is as enthusiastic as a child over her triumph. Whenever she has time she goes downtown and drives past the theater to see if it is really true that there is a long line at the box office waiting to get in. Making a picture like 'Coquette' was



Loretta Young is to play opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Fast Life."

Teacups

Fanny the Fan chatters of Hollywood's new restaurant that rivals Montmartre, and bewails the absence of newcomers crowded out by the influx of stage people.

such a brave venture for her, and there were so many times when she wondered if her public would stand for it."

And stand for it is just what they are doing, though I'd hardly mention that.

"I wonder if it is really true this time that she and Douglas plan to make a picture together?"

Dear, dear, Fanny still believes in publicity announcements. Will she never grow a little skeptical?

I wonder sometimes why none of the younger stars ever learn from the Fairbankses how to get reams of publicity year after year between pictures. They do it by announcing one year that they are to take a real vacation and go on a world tour. That makes the public rush to see their current picture for fear there won't be any others for a long time. Sometimes they get as far as France, then they come home, make another picture, and announce that they will make a picture together. But first each makes one without the other. Then they announce again that they are going on a world tour. To make it news the second time—it seems more like the fourth—they add all sorts of homely, little details about how they expect to rough it. They announce how they plan to travel in an unpretentious car and go off the main roads, like the gypsies-o, with Mary washing out Doug's shirts in a roadside stream. What they actually do when they get to Europe is to rough it in some place about as primitive as the Duke of Alba's castle; but never mind, they've had the publicity—reams of it.

Well, this year they're back to the costarring gag. And to make it a little more startling, they've announced it would be something Shakespearean, "Taming of the Shrew" most likely.

Well, maybe they will. And maybe they won't announce again next year that they are going on a world tour. But if they do the first and don't the second, I'll be a little disappointed. They will have spoiled the greatest space-grabbing record ever based on nebulous plans.

"You know, Mary seems to be getting much more fun out of life than she used to," Fanny broke in on my reverie. "She's become quite an aviation enthusiast. She and Douglas and Lillian Gish made a tour of the Southwest a while ago, visiting various points of interest. I doubt if she will ever be-

Mary Pickford is as pleased as a child over her triumph in "Coquette."

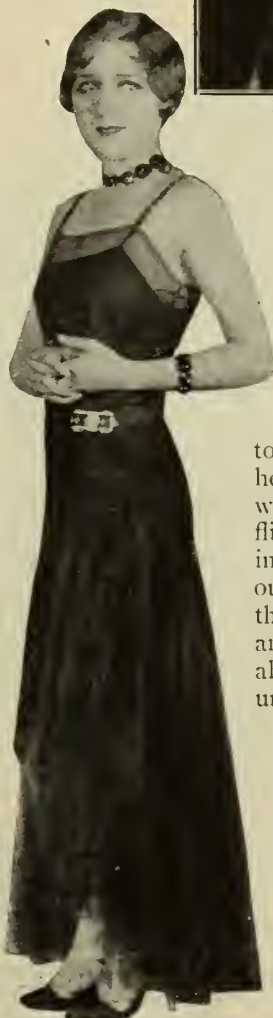


Photo by Hesser



Photo by Louise

Alice Day will play opposite Ted Lewis in his jazz picture.

come air-minded and go in for aviation seriously, the way some of the girls are doing. Bebe Daniels and Patsy Ruth Miller are taking flying lessons, and are apt to get their pilots' licenses any day. Ruth Elder is flying again. Her vaudeville and picture contracts forbade her making any solo flights, but now that she is free lancing she can take up flying again.

"But it is Ben Lyon who is really doing the most toward promoting interest in aviation. Every Sunday he gives his services to the American Aircraft field, where he learned to fly. He takes passengers up for flights—tickets one to five dollars—and the crowd waiting for a chance to fly with him looks like the gang outside a de luxe first night. Even though he gets to the field early in the morning and makes one flight after another all day, twilight comes all too soon, and there is always a line of people who have to be turned away until the next Sunday.

"Ben is making a picture called 'The Flying Marine,' for Columbia, and he is doing all his flying in it.

"Bebe spends most of her time in the air now, because very soon she has to settle down to work. She is to make four talking pictures for RKO."

"If I know Bebe at all—and I think I do—I bet she will wheedle the producers into shooting most of her scenes at night, so that she can fly by day."

"But even Bebe has to sleep sometimes," Fanny protested.

But not much, as any of her friends will testify.



Louise Fazenda wears gorgeous costumes and a bright-red wig in "On with the Show."

"Isn't it thrilling to see so many new people around the studios?" Fanny babbled on. "Pauline Frederick is back to make another picture for the Warners. Evidently she wasn't as dismayed as her fans were by the photography and voice reproduction in 'On Trial.' There is a most attractive girl, with the most complicated British accent you have ever heard, playing with Norma Shearer, in 'The Last of Mrs. Cheyney.' Her name is Moon Carroll. And Ina Claire is here, giving Lilyan Tashman some competition at last in the race to be the smartest-dressed woman in town."

"Miss Claire hasn't started working yet; she is just rushing around looking at houses and renewing old friendships. It doesn't seem as though there could be many leading women left on the New York stage; Ina Claire, Ruth Chatterton, Peggy Wood, and Ann Harding are all here making pictures. And there have been terrible inroads on the ranks of musical-comedy stars, too. Vivienne Segal and Ann Pennington are both here, and Marilyn Miller is coming out soon."

"I know that I am going to love Ina Claire, because she has shown rare judgment in choosing Mickey Neilan to direct her first picture. No matter how many poor films he has made, I still believe that he is the most brilliant director of all. And I am all for any star who has the foresight to give him a chance."

"But Ina Claire doesn't really need any one's good wishes," I insisted. "She was charming in the silent picture she made years ago for the old Metro company, and now with her voice on display she just can't fail to be good."

"Have you heard about Charlie Farrell?" Fanny asked, and without waiting to hear whether I had or not, she rambled right on. "He is running for mayor of Toluca Lake. The opposition candidate is Richard Arlen, so it is a pretty tough decision for a fan to have to make. There are only nine families living in Toluca Lake, so the race is bound to be close. And Richard has the advantage of being married. There is *one* vote he can be sure of, and that is Jobyna Ralston's!"

"Charlie is getting a boat—a nice cruiser—but he won't be able to take the voters on excursions around the lake. After all, Toluca Lake is only about four feet deep at the height of the rainy season. And the chances are that the boat won't be delivered in time for him to ingratiate himself with the voters, anyway. But it will make him awfully popular with his friends in general this summer. Charlie has to start making a picture with Janet Gaynor very soon, so he has offered the use of his boat to his friends while he is working. And just about all his old pals at the Athletic Club are figuring on borrowing it for week-end cruises."

"Have you noticed what a lot of pretty, young girls you see everywhere nowadays?" Fanny asked, as a group of youngsters in their early teens came tripping in. "All the tap-dancing schools in town are full of ex-chorus girls and young hopefuls. Why, the Fox 'Follies' alone have about thirty of the prettiest girls you ever saw. They all had to go down to court the other day to have their contracts approved. None of them have reached their twenty-first birthday, and most of them are nearer fifteen."

"All the studios are making musical revues and comedies with music, so there is plenty of work for two or three hundred chorus girls. Louise Fazenda is making a Technicolor picture for the Warners, called 'On with the Show.' It's a grand rôle for Louise, because in addition to giving her a chance to be funny—and how little opportunity she needs!—she wears some gorgeous costumes and a bright-red wig. Bessie Love is a trouper again,

in 'Eva the Fifth.' But that is a story about an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' tent show."

"The prettiest chorus girl in town has signed a contract to be featured in Edward Small's productions for Columbia. That's Marjorie King, who used to be in



Photo by Autrey

Sharon Lynn's musical compositions may be heard on the screen.

pictures, but who was in the chorus of 'Show Boat' in New York last winter."

"Is that the *same* Marjorie King?" I started to ask, and Fanny assured me that it was the very same one who made such an impression on us more than a year ago. We were at the Metro-Goldwyn studio when the prettiest little slip of a girl you ever saw came to make a test for the lead in 'White Shadows.' She didn't get the rôle; didn't even make a test for it, because she realized she was unsuitable. But at the time we were so impressed by her youth and beauty and charm, that we predicted immediate success for her. Which, as you see, she didn't get. But there are high hopes for her now.

"It's funny how few newcomers there are in pictures, except for the people who have stage reputations," Fanny remarked. "In the old days directors were always discovering some girl in the extra ranks and promoting her to featured rôles, but now only some middle-aged woman, who can point to ten years on Broadway, is looked on as promising screen material. Bill Beaudine is the only director with real courage—or perhaps it's keen eyesight. He's found a youngster by the name of Virginia Bruce who has never had any stage or screen experience, but he has such confidence in her ability that he has signed her to a personal contract, and intends using her in big rôles from the start.

"I doubt if this craze for stage players will last. We're so used to youth and beauty on the screen, we'll never work up the same enthusiasm for mature and rather colorless creatures of dignity. After all, you can't have the same friendly feeling for a person who is introduced to you at the height of her powers, that you have for some one like Clara Bow, whom you have known from her first crude efforts to the day when she convinced you beyond a doubt that she could act."

"But what about her voice?" I inquired, just by way of being disagreeable.

"Well, what about it?" Fanny answered belligerently. "You couldn't really expect her to have a melodious voice, could you? I didn't mind her voice in 'The Wild Party'; that is, not much. It was the general rowdy air of the picture that annoyed me. It was a sort of extravaganza of burlesque beauties in such a college as never was seen even on the musical-comedy stage."

"But didn't Marceline Day look lovely?" I exclaimed.

"And she made me like her even if her part was prudish and unsympathetic," Fanny assured me. "In spite of all I've said in favor of talented guttersnipes on the screen, I think there really is a place for a few nice girls. And Marceline and Alice Day are my favorites of these.

"Evidently producers agree with me, as Marceline and Alice are being kept awfully busy. Marceline is under



Photo by Apeda

Once again Bessie Love plays a trouper in "Eva the Fifth."



Undismayed by poor recording and photography in her first talking picture, Pauline Frederick will try another.

contract with Fox and is working all the time. Alice is playing with Richard Barthelmess, in 'Drag,' and as soon as she finishes that she is going to Warner Brothers to make a jazz-mad picture, with Ted Lewis. Alice grows more beautiful every day.

"Sharon Lynn played in Marceline's last picture for Fox. Every once in a while between scenes some one would ask her to play the piano, and one day while she was playing, one of the studio executives came by and heard her. 'What's that you're playing?' he asked, and to his surprise learned that it was a composition of her own. He had her play it for some of the other officials and they all liked it, so it is to be used in one of the new Fox pictures, probably 'The Cock-eyed World.' So, if Sharon's beauty fades—and there is no danger of that for years and years—she can get a job composing theme songs."

"But I'm tired of theme songs," I wailed. "Still, just think what some smart song writer may do with Loretta Young's picture, 'The Girl in the Glass Cage.' He might perpetrate something like that classic, 'Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage.'"

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Photo copyrighted by Edwin F. Townsend

Would the hampering restrictions of voice-recording mechanism have limited Geraldine Farrar's fiery portrayals?

PRESENT conditions in Hollywood bring to mind the panic that swept the film world slightly more than a decade ago when producers were vying for the services of such stage and opera stars as Elsie Ferguson, Sir Herbert Beerbohm-Tree, Geraldine Farrar, Billie Burke, Enrico Caruso, and Mary Garden.

Then, as now, established screen favorites shook in their shoes as the restless eyes of the moguls of moviedom turned to the footlights in search of big names, glamorous personalities and that professional dignity of which the infant industry seemed sorely in need.

The gesture was typically movie in its grandiloquence. It was at once a challenge to Old Mother Stage, who could not hope to compete with the lure of Hollywood gold, and a sumptuous bid for the serious attention of a class hitherto contemptuous of, or indifferent to, film entertainment—the high-brow element.

Playwrights, critics, eminent authors—of happy memory!—and that section of the public which bowed down to their opinion, were drawn willy-nilly into the movement.

The movies were talking in terms of much hard cash, and the organized writing fraternity, of which there is no more cash-canny group in America, was impressed. The result of this recognition was the elevation of the humble motion-picture into the dizzy realm of art.

Art consciousness has always stood in the way of the natural and logical development of the screen. At least, it began to intrude at the period of which we speak, when the first stage luminaries were transported across the continent in private cars to mingle their costly effulgence with the Kleig rays.

History

The present invasion of Hollywood by players ago, and the refusal of the fans to take to their Remembering this, the prediction is made that than familiar favorites

By Elsi

Because their salary demands were enormous, producers argued that they must be good. It was the same line of reasoning that prompted them to crowd their sets to suffocation with priceless rugs and genuine antiques, and to contract for their stories at the rate of fifty cents per word.

Only the vital spark which has somehow persisted in spite of abuses, saved the movies from annihilation during this heroic art-grafting operation; and now that talking pictures offer a new lease of life and the crippled industry is able to sit up and take a bit of nourishment, it looks as though producers are about to repeat the mistakes which branded silent films as economic and artistic failures.

The wholesale importation of voices, with nothing to back them up but a transient Broadway reputation, the reckless expenditure of vast sums on sound equipment, while the new medium is still in its experimental stage, suggest that the powers-that-be of Hollywood have not learned their lesson.



William Faversham's stay on the screen was short.



If Ethel Barrymore's throaty drawl could have been reproduced she might have remained longer in pictures.

Photo by Talbot Studio

Repeats Itself

from the stage recalls a similar condition years hearts most of the high-priced newcomers. the real stars of the talkies will be none other of the once-silent films.

Que

Thrilled with optimism and enthusiasm for the life-saving device which, we are told, came just in the nick of time to prevent a fatal crash, the gentlemen who make our movies have again gone off their heads.

Point to the dusty back pages of screen history wherein are inscribed those big stage names which were to revolutionize the business, point to the frightened filmites of that day, a few of whom are still going strong despite the effort to supplant them, and your entranced movie magnate will wave you aside with a laugh.

"But we didn't have the voice then!" he will explain. "Think what Ferguson and Farrar and Caruso would have been on the screen if they could have spoken or sung their lines!"

It is a fallacious argument, and one destined to bring much grief in its wake. Ferguson, Farrar, and Caruso were interesting to the public as personalities. So, in an earlier day, were Sarah Bernhardt and Minnie Maddern Fiske. The attempt to immortalize in celluloid the genius of these last-named great actresses was a pitiable failure.

Improvements in the mechanics of picture-making seemed to point to screen success for stage favorites of twelve years ago; not only was this in their favor, but they were, for the most part, women in the full flower of their beauty, able to face the camera with a measure of confidence, despite its cruel distortions; and, it should not be forgotten, they had already reached the pinnacle of success in their profession before the movies beckoned. Due to a number of reasons, of which the advancement of pictures is an outstanding one, no stage figure of to-day has a fame comparable to those giants of yesteryear.

This last fact is apparently ignored in the mad rush to import stage talent for the talkers.

Keokuk and El Paso knew about Ethel Barrymore and Otis Skinner

Elsie Ferguson's cold beauty would have been warmed into longer survival on the screen had her voice been heard.



Photo copyrighted by Sarony, Inc.

Billie Burke's infectious vivacity is largely due to her voice, which the screen could not make audible when she went to Hollywood.

before these great Thespians were flashed on the screen. Who, outside the big cities of the East, knows or cares much to-day about reigning Broadway favorites?

The public wanted to see, at least once, men and women of whom they had read and heard for years. Once was usually enough. The stage-trained movie aspirant of to-day has not only public indifference to surmount, but must face an improved critical faculty and the skeptical attitude already apparent in audiences to which sound films have ceased to be a curiosity.

"Canned theater" and canned lobster may do for emergency entertainment, but a little of each will go a long way with the fastidiously inclined. If the talking picture succeeds in becoming more than a novelty, it will have to develop as an independent art; and the players will have to be

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Photo by Pach Brothers

Esther—As She Is

This accurate review of Miss Ralston's life includes the extremes of hardship and luxury, and accounts for the woman she is to-day.

By Margaret Reid

EVERY one was surprised when Esther Ralston gave a stirring performance as *Lena*, in "The Case of Lena Smith." Hitherto identified with regulation comedy-dramas of infinitesimal caliber, Esther has never been recognized as other than a sweet girl, pretty but innocuous. So innocuous that when she begged for respite from inane, frothy rôles, begged for an opportunity to test her strength in drama, executives laughed indulgently, patted her on the head, and sent her back to the set.

Few people know how extraordinarily well-equipped for dramatic acting Esther Ralston is. If experience is the paramount requisite it is supposed to be, Esther is an embryo Duse. Her life has proceeded in broad sweeps of tragedy. Because she is naturally reticent, she does not exploit the drama of her life for publicity purposes. Therefore little of it is common knowledge. Only fragments are available.

She is gentle of manner, gentle of speech, gentle of thought. Which is not as it should be. By rights, she should be at least a little hard, brittle and bitter. She should be more knowing and impervious. That she isn't is a glaring incongruity.

Born of theatrical parents, she made her début at the age of two. Her childhood was the turbulent one of the stage child. A six-month stay in one town was a rare and exciting occurrence, smacking of permanence. During these stationary intervals, the small Esther would watch, shyly, from afar, little girls who lived always in one house, little girls who played with dolls in the daytime and, after a dinner which never failed to materialize, were tucked into bed. Esther envied them passionately. To her their existence was an enchanted one.

When other children were being put to bed, Esther and her four brothers, with their mother and father, were stepping confidently out before the footlights, sometimes leaping and swaying tortuously among trapezes, or, just as blithely, storming through the tearful emotion of the current melodrama.

These, however, were the halcyon times. There were other periods, dismal ones, when there were no engagements, and the Ralston family paused uncomfortably, dawdling as long as possible between one precarious meal and the next.

Even in the dim days of her earliest childhood, Esther was conscious of the complexities of existence, the difficulty of finding ways and means. Her short legs working furiously the pedals of a tricycle, and her infant pride tortured by the humiliation, she would be sent one or two or

three miles across town to borrow five dollars so that the Ralstons might eat.

It was impressed upon her always that she was an actress, and that actresses never for a moment forgot their trade. The world outside the theater was as much a stage as the expanse between footlights and backdrop. The natural, thoughtless abandon of childhood was forbidden her. She must be appealing, she must be dignified, she must use this gesture and that intonation—not just between eight thirty and eleven at night, but all the time.

She finds to-day a sharp pleasure in being natural, in discarding pretense of any sort. It is a heady sensation to be herself, to confine her acting to the camera. She delights in being able to do it, just as other girls delight in "putting on an act."

The lovely, gracious Esther of to-day has been evolved, amazingly, out of the stilted, self-conscious little marionette of her childhood. She insists that credit for the change is due her husband. Some of it, perhaps—the smoothing of rough edges. But not all.

Esther herself is a person of strength and individuality. The material was there, or it could not have been brought out.

During a chance sojourn in California, the Ralstons discovered moving pictures. Howard, a brother, distinguished himself in "Pollyanna," with Mary Pickford. Through contacts that he had made, Esther got work as a stock player at the Universal studio, with a noble contract involving fifty dollars a week. So Esther worked, and the idea seems to have been that the brothers were, by this means, to be given a college education. The quiet Esther, as she rode bucking bronchos, and was thrown over cliffs in Westerns, may have questioned the justice of this arrangement. But, if she did, it was silently, for she was a Ralston, and the little clan was fierce in its family pride.

It was while she was with Universal that she met a man who looked at the angular, shy, affected girl in badly chosen clothes, and recognized the potential charm underneath. He was a manager of actors, and elected to take her in hand. His interest extended beyond the routine of getting her good rôles. He made her take the frills and the ribbons off her dresses, the abundant roses off her hats. Made her walk with an erect carriage, instead of the slouch she had adopted in a vain attempt to conceal the height which was her de-

Miss Ralston's husband and his two little daughters are dearer to her than the most fabulous contract.



Photo by Hommel

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Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

DURING her childhood on the stage Esther Ralston was never permitted to be natural, to be herself. That is why her greatest satisfaction to-day lies in casting aside pretense and being wholly herself. Margaret Reid's analysis opposite is one of her keenest.



FOR all the high spirits of the collegiate heroes he plays, Nick Stuart is really an exemplary young man. He doesn't even smoke, and refuses coffee and tea. Honestly he does. It's because he needs no other stimulation than his abounding good health.

Photo by Lansing Brown

HERE'S the kid himself — Davey Lee—all but his remarkable voice which endeared him to the fans in "The Singing Fool." It will be heard again in "Little Pal," the new picture which, incidentally, stars his own pal, Al Jolson. But no matter who is the star, Davey's own particular heart-throbs make him the pal of every fan.



Photo by Elmer Fryer



WHO'LL buy a paper from Colleen Moore and keep a roof over her head for another night? Who *wouldn't* buy a whole edition, especially when her voice is raised in crying, "Wuxtry! I'm going to make a talking picture, though I said I wouldn't!" It will be called "Smiling Irish Eyes," and Colleen will speak and sing in it.

YOU never can tell in Hollywood who will get on and who will not. We were quite worried about Doris Hill. There's no knowing that she wasn't worried too, when, lo and behold, "The Studio Murder Mystery" proved to be the solution of her future. For Doris did so well as the heroine that Paramount rewarded her with a new contract. So there!





GIVE Hope Hampton not merely a big hand, but a volley of applause. Through long, hard study she has become a prima donna, when she might have had a lovely time with no study at all. Here she is *Manon*, in the Vitaphone excerpt from the opera.



TALKING pictures have wrought a marvelous change in Norma Shearer. They have disclosed a fine voice and a new, compelling personality as well, which combine the appeal of screen and stage. Make way for her in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney"!



Photo by Russell Ball

FOR all her poise, professionally and socially, Alice Joyce is girlishly awed by prominent people, even those in the movies. Alma Talley tells you about this in her story opposite, and explains why Miss Joyce's position is unique among the stars.

She Acts When She Chooses

Alice Joyce is the only player who retires for long periods, and finds the public waiting for her when she comes back for an occasional picture.

By Alma Talley

IT is a dangerous thing for a star to take a long vacation, and then try to regain her pinnacle. Fame, popularity, box-office appeal—call it what you will—is evanescent. A star may have it to-day, but she dare not gamble on to-morrow.

Many stars have tried, sometimes involuntarily, because of illness. Many more—women stars—after several years of marriage and domesticity, have changed their minds about retiring, and found, to their dismay, that the public had also changed its mind. A newer, younger public had grown up, with newer, younger idols. An erstwhile star, bored with inactivity, missing the adulation and the limelight to which she was once accustomed, tries to stage a comeback, and finds that her niche has not been waiting there, empty, for her return. Her successor has filled it.

Theda Bara, heavy-eyed, voluptuously curved, once set the style in sirens. She was Cleopatra, 1915 model. Girls and boys, all over the country, learned about women from her. She married Charles Brabin and took a rest. And then she began to miss her career. She tried to step back into her place on the screen. "The Unchastened Woman" was to put her back on the main highway of fame, just where she left off. But it didn't. The public had changed its mind about sirens. Sirens were slim and subtle—*svelte*—mysterious. The public's idea of allure was ready to receive a new, modern type of siren. When Greta Garbo came along, she filled the niche once occupied by Theda.

And so it goes. Lillian Walker, once famed for her dimples, was forced off the screen by an illness of several years. And when she at last recovered, her public had forgotten. Dimples were out of style. Sweetness was no longer in vogue.

Such has been the history of film idols who tried to come back. Which makes it all the more amazing when there is an exception. Alice Joyce is one who has overridden all tradition, all precedent. Alice plays on the screen when the urge impels her, and then retires for months at a time, in the midst of her family, a happy wife and mother.

Ten to fifteen years ago Miss Joyce was one of the Vitagraph galaxy of stars. Anita Stewart was another. Where is Anita now? Occasionally she plays in a quickie.

Ruth Roland and Pearl White were the reigning serial queens. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne were the first co-starring team. Now, as screen idols, they are all but forgotten. Now and then a small rôle, or a lead in a minor picture.

Some of the stars of that period have retained their positions—Mary Pickford, Co-

rinne Griffith, the Talmadges. But they have never left the screen. They didn't drop out for a time, and then attempt to come back where they had left off.

Alice Joyce is almost unique in having achieved this. Some years ago she married James Regan and retired. She became the mother of a baby daughter. She might easily have passed into the limbo of forgotten idols. But she didn't. Suddenly her name was appearing again in casts. Alice Joyce was back on the screen, successfully.

She has no contract. She works when she wants to—and whenever she wants to, but not otherwise.

Lucky? Of course. But perhaps it's more than that.

Perhaps it's because that, in addition to being beautiful, Miss Joyce is wise. She does not, like Theda Bara, try to continue in the same sort of rôles with which she made her fame. Miss Joyce is willing, for example, to play the mother of grown sons and daughters—the mother of Mary Brian, in "The Little French Girl," of Clara Bow, in "Dancing Mothers," of George Lewis, in "Thirteen Washington Square," of Barthelmess, in "The Noose." Miss Joyce does not stand still and let time march by her. She marches along with time, and is not, like some of her contemporaries, left behind in the procession.

Whatever rôle she plays, Miss Joyce invests with dignity, poise, sophistication. She has what is vulgarly known as "class." She has never "gone Hollywood."

Lunching at the Ritz, for example, where I saw her, she wore, as usual, a severely tailored suit of brown tweed. No jewelry, no ruffles and beads and fur dangling all about her person. You should see most Christmas-tree-hung stars from Hollywood!

Miss Joyce is a little difficult to know well. She talks, yes—quietly, with dignity, and easily. She has too much poise to be shyly silent. But through all her conversation she is aloof, reserved. She gives you nothing of herself, really, nothing of that self buried down underneath.

But, incongruously enough, she has the enthusiasms of a seventeen-year-old fan. Despite her sophistication, her social sureness, she is awed in the presence of the great.

She described, for example, her recent stage venture in Los Angeles, when she appeared in "The Marriage Bed." It was her first professional experience on the stage, and naturally she was somewhat timid.

"I've never been so terrified in my life," she said, "as I was one night when, at the beginning of a performance, another member of the cast came into my dressing room

Miss Joyce has not tried to revive her early successful rôles, but is willing to play the mother of grown boys and girls.



Photo by Royce

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They Take the Cake

Every day is celebration day in moviedom, what with birthdays, weddings, or pending nuptials, and an occasional good-will fling.



Chester Conklin, above, found time between scenes of "The Haunted House" to give a party, but had his fun before serving his director, Benjamin Christensen, at his right; Wid Gunning, the producer, and Louise Fazenda.

Joan Crawford, above, is fêted by the troupe filming "Our Modern Maidens" in honor of her stardom, the cake being presented by Jack Conway, director, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Rod La Rocque.

The big wedding cake, right, was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ellis, on the set of "Broadway." Left to right are Merna Kennedy, Mrs. Ellis, formerly Vera Reynolds, Mr. Ellis, Thomas Jackson, and Evelyn Brent.

A huge "Washington pie" was made for Mary Duncan, below, in celebration of her recovery from illness and return to the cast of "Through Different Eyes."



Who wouldn't be for birthday cakes if they were decorated by Janet Gaynor, left, like the one she gave Charles Morton during the making of "The Four Devils."



Pat's Awakening

Pat O'Malley slipped into obscurity, and then did some serious reflecting that resulted in a renewed man and career.

By Myrtle Gebhart

HEY! You're looking great!—Peach of a picture!—Sweet child, you get prettier every day! Listen, have you heard this one—"

Whenever a brogue drifted by, in kidding banter, you knew that Pat O'Malley was around. He'd talk your arm off. Blarney rolled off every word. His jokes *were* funny, but too continuous.

A wise-cracker, a smart Aleck, a nuisance. One of those slap-on-the-back fellows, breezy, insincere, sappy. His blue eyes were always up to mischief, his manner too jovial.

Through finding out that a man isn't put in this world simply for that, Pat O'Malley has remade himself. The first sting of realizing what it meant to be merely entertaining passed in the work of making himself into something solid.

For two years he has been out of pictures—not, of course, through his own volition. Yet he has been very busy, much occupied with self-improvement.

Henry Ford once said that a young man shouldn't save, but should put his surplus earnings back into his business. Much of Hollywood must agree, for a large amount of wealth goes into showy display—clothes, cars, social life—to an extent an actor's assets, his "rolling stock."

But Pat knows, now, that a fellow who sinks most of his money in the accouterments of his career is taking chances.

He made that "investment." The business failed. What per cent his profits? Little was salvaged except his acting experience. His other present assets—common sense and a clearer viewpoint—were not among his stock before the crash. Gone is the kidder. The O'Malley who is being given some very important rôles is a new man.

I hadn't seen Pat since he suddenly dropped out of things—talked himself out, some said. So for the first half hour I waited, warily. Where was the



Photo by Duncan

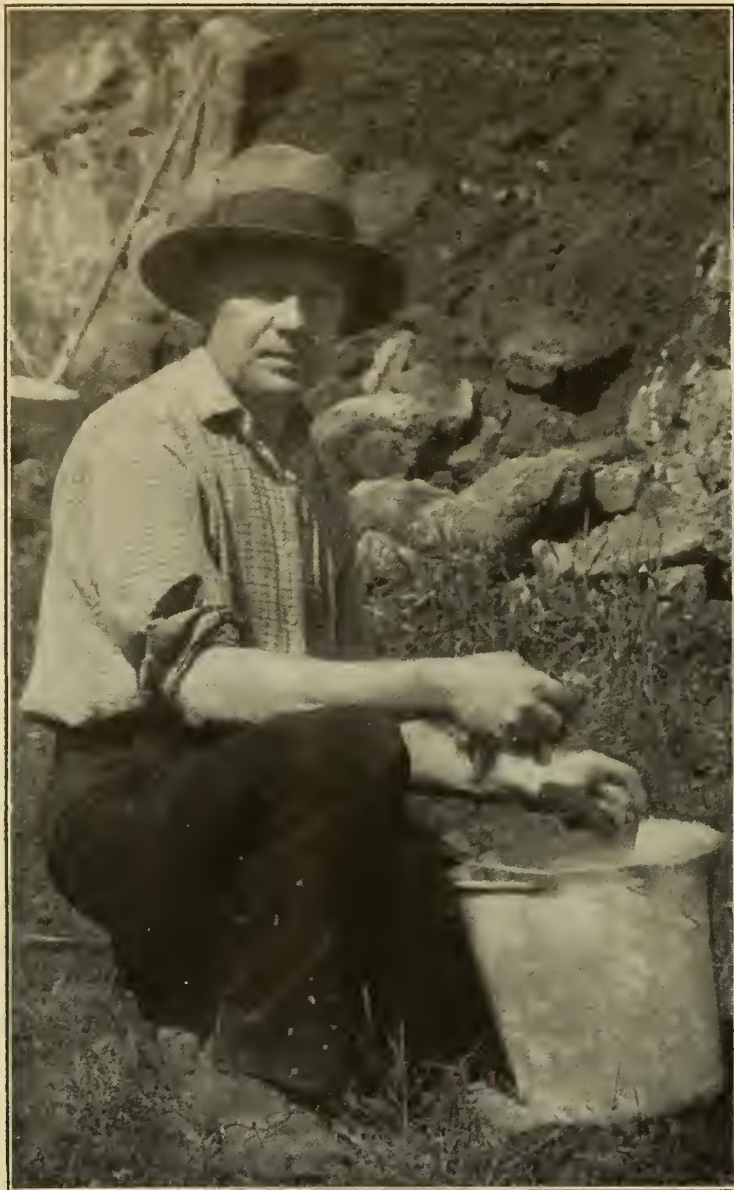
Mr. O'Malley, the great kidder, has changed into a younger-looking Pat, who is quietly fighting back to screen prominence.

joke? Rather, where was Pat? His entire manner has been affected by one of the greatest changes I have ever witnessed. He looks younger, but he talks older. Quieter, steadier, you sense strength and confidence.

His blue eyes, that have a sort of steel as they meet yours, began to gleam. He enjoyed my reaction hugely, but in a chuckling way. His humor now isn't broad or wise-cracking; it is quizzical and kindly, rooted in shrewd observation. We talked over the problems of an actor who goes broke to be a good fellow, who takes his success presumptuously, the spendthrift who laughs at re-

The pride of the O'Malleys, their daughters, left to right, Sheila, Mary Kathleen, and Eileen, are being trained for the movies.





Pat now does the odd jobs around his home, and is seen here repairing a broken wall.

trenchment. Most of all, we discussed the necessity of fighting back.

"Every man has to strike off a couple of years with red ink. There must be a time of facing facts, of readjustment. The gain in knowledge is worth the cost. I just went Hollywood!" His chuckle mocked the phrase which a few foolish stars have used to publicize their misfortunes and lack of balance, but the sting of truth, a ruthless self-diagnosis, showed in his remarks.

"At first glance, it looks as if the show-offs know their stuff, that spending is the only way to make money. It used to be more necessary than it seems to be now. Buddy Rogers and the other kids live more economically than leading men would have dared, a few years ago.

"Apparently, the spender won, but only for a time. "Because of his nonchalance, the spender often gets better rôles and more salary. But when the slump comes, or the changes inevitable in the uncertain show business, the miser is sitting pretty. You can't live on cars and credit for long. The plugger has money to tide him over. Eventually the financial status of each is nosed about, and the producer sees the miser's merit.

"I have been both, and I know!

"After I had been out for a year, it occurred to me to wonder if the reason for the bad break might possibly

be found in myself, to stop blaming it on conditions. When anybody's career has done a tailspin, and he reaches the point of wondering if the fault lies in himself, he is on the first step of the upward climb again. This change of viewpoint means a truer outlook.

"Every person should now and then get away from things, even if only for a while in the country. In semisolitude, you clean out the cobwebs and quiet down, and learn to know yourself. That acquaintance usually shows that change in some form would benefit you.

"I saw what a fool I had been and, more clearly, my job in life. I had been broke often, before I was married, and had worked at odd things to tide over dull theatrical seasons, never worrying. But here I had a wife and three kids. I had failed. With youth and will, couldn't I start over?

"A man is never licked until he admits he is. I had been a nut. I hadn't meant the flattery and kidding. I understood why they had lost confidence in me. I would show some grit and prove that I wasn't an idiot, nor a weakling. First, I went into rigorous training and took off twenty-five pounds.

"There wasn't anything in Hollywood for me, so I went to New York, to start over again on the stage. I had been in the show business almost all my life. I got on a cheap vaudeville circuit—seven shows a day. Henry Duffy had once said that if he put on a certain play, he wanted me for it. Hearing he was going to do it, I wired, and he advised me to hustle home. I got here a day too late.

"But Freddie Schuessler, casting director for United Artists, and an old friend, began plugging for me for 'Alibi.' Nobody else could see me, until the director, Roland West, liked the way I went about the tests. Freddie said West wanted me. We talked salary. I said, 'Freddie, write your own ticket. I want to work. It will please him, too, if you can cut cost.' So I accepted his offer—half the salary I had received before the slump."

Painstaking study partly ironed out his brogue, which had been so thick you could cut it. Experience, both on stage and screen, again proved his value. No stripling could have played that rôle, yet he had to have youth. There is a new trend toward such parts of contrast, which only the seasoned actor can portray. Not many, however, look as young as this new O'Malley.

Next he had to practice the brogue again for Richard Arlen's prize-fight story, "The Man I Love." Pat has ditched the tall headgear. He will work for anybody, for any money they want to pay him. Conditions matter little. He's through with feeding pride. Instead, he wants to be certain of feeding his children in the future.

"I've got three of the smartest rascals in the world. Everybody knows the O'Malley kids. Lillian and I have been in the theater almost all our lives. Naturally, they are born actresses. They will do something worth while. No matter how low we were, they were always shined from the tops of their red heads to their toes. They shall have the best. Not only material things, but health, education, knowledge of values, a constructive bringing up."

Pat recalled an incident of his own childhood as an added incentive to provide for Sheila, Mary Kathleen, and Eileen. When he was fourteen, there was a strike at the mines. Poverty stalked the village. They had

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Photo by Mitchell

Lola Lane is described as a cross between Dolores Costello and Corinne Griffith, with a full, smooth voice.

A New Face—and Welcome

Lola Lane came to the talkies from Broadway via Iowa and shows promise of never returning.

By Margaret Reid

THE studio whimper for new faces had become a rubber-stamp cry. Every producer began his day with the same automatic liturgy, "We gotta have new faces." Even if, on an auspicious morning, the chant took on any semblance of meaning, its import was quickly lost in the shuffle of hiring established box-office names for current pictures. You know how it is, what with one thing and another, and hardly knowing which way to turn.

Then this cataclysmic monster, the talking picture,

descended on the movies and had to be given lodging, even before it became tamed and housebroken. What the talkies have done to the erstwhile placid—everything is comparative!—movies is another story. A good one, too. Remind me to tell you some time. We are, at the moment, concerned with only one phase of the havoc—the fact that the cry for new faces has ceased to be whimsy, and is now stark realism. And as if that weren't sufficient to take the taste out of the executive morning coffee, the faces have also to be equipped with voices.



Miss Lane made her talkie début in "Speakeasy," with Paul Page.

The beautiful can no longer be dumb. It is the millennium.

The new audibility of old favorites heretofore silent has been, in the main, disquieting. Unless their strength has been built up by previous stage experience, most of the victims of the deadly microphone fall by the wayside, with a despairing gurgle of sibilant lips and strident vowels.

So that, to make a long story longer, is why the movies really are going in for new faces, with the legitimate theater their natural field of plunder. The newest and fairest of their booty is the girl I've been trying all this while to introduce to you. No more shilly-shallying—step right up, folks, and shake hands with Lola Lane. It will be a pleasure now. In a few months it will be a triumph.

Lola is the blond charmer you may already have seen in Fox's "Speakeasy." No, you've never seen her before, unless you attended George Jessel's recent stage play, "The War Song," or caught Gus Edwards' revue on the Orpheum circuit a year ago.

Ben Stoloff was assigned to direct "Speakeasy," and went to New York to shoot the local-color scenes—and to rifle the Broadway theaters for a leading lady. He learned that, even in the new order of things, leading ladies are not the result of whistling outside stage doors. That is, leading ladies who measure up to the difficult standard demanded by talking pictures. The discovery of new talent was never a cinch. Now it requires the divine spark of a C. Columbus. Few there are who can survive the double test of camera and microphone.

Stoloff tested from four hundred and fifty to five hundred Broadway actresses. Some photographed well, but the microphone did strange and detrimental things to their voices. Others sounded elegant, but were better heard than seen. Nowhere did the director come upon the *femme* he needed—a paragon who would be young

and distinctive, who could act, and yet be easy on both eye and ear. He gave up in despair, and decided to wire the West Coast studio to send him anybody—anything. On the evening of his decision, he went to the theater—for the first time on pleasure bent, instead of looking for talent. The show was "The War Song," because he wanted to run back and say "Hello!" to his friend, George Jessel.

He saw the play, but when he went backstage it was to nab Jessel's leading lady for a test. Taking the test and running it in the projection room were the first hints of a Santa Claus that the director had had in several harried weeks.

Lola, in appearance, is a cross between Dolores Costello and Corinne Griffith—if you can fancy a girl struggling through life so blighted. Softly contoured face, wide, cornflower-blue eyes under finely arched brows, ash-blond hair that never saw peroxide, lissom, voluptuous figure. She looks like the perfect decoration for *chaise longues*, gardens, and other aids to femininity. Temperamentally, she is forthright and intrepid, with a fund of philosophical common sense that renders her more practical than an ornament really need be.

At twenty she is well on the way to success, fame, riches. Seven years ago, at thirteen, she was a silent, moody child, rebelling against an unhappy environment. But even then, at the basis of her rebellion was logic. Maybe this, she reasoned secretly, *was* her *métier*, her niche in life. But there was also a chance that it wasn't. If it wasn't, then something had to be done about it, and she was the only one to do it. Methodically, while other little girls were playing with their dolls and having tea parties, Lola was already laying down plans.

Because Lola evinced a natural flair for cooking, she cooked three meals a day for the seven in her family. With school, this occupied rather a lot of time. But she was not satisfied. Cooking for the family and going to school were getting her nowhere. She had never studied music, but played the piano by ear. Indianola, Iowa, had one movie theater, and the thirteen-year-old Lola got the job of pianist there. Still insatiable, she made use of an innate talent for dressing hair, worked up a clientele, and was finally able to open and run a tiny shop. Until she was seventeen her life revolved around her four activities—the kitchen, the schoolroom, the movie theater, and the hair-dressing shop.

She had made enough money to put her sister through college, and to give herself two years of it. But she needed more. It was a driving urge to improve her status in the world, to surround herself with lovely things, to come in direct contact with the fine things the world had to offer.

The movie theater instituted a new policy. During the summer trade diminished, so they dispensed with Lola's services and installed a piano that functioned automatically. Lola was desperate because of this cessation of a source of income. Leaving her sister in charge of the hair-dressing shop, she went to Des Moines for the summer months. For two years she did this, and saw to it that there were no idle moments. She was a stenographer, a nursemaid, a governess. She worked in an ice-cream factory and, having majored in chemistry at school, rose almost immediately to the position of head of the testing department. She was a bookkeeper to a secondhand clothes dealer. She took any job she could get, never swerving from her ultimate purpose so much as to deplore her circumstances.

It was in Des Moines that she met Mabel Wagner Schank, a Chautauqua entertainer well known through

Continued on page 117

The Kids Grow Up

Once reigning favorites among the child players, these girls are now promising ingénues.



Peaches Jackson, left, is able to give an account of activities during the years since she played the screen child.



Gertie Messenger, above, used to disturb the hearts of the juvenile fans in a series of kid comedies.



Virginia Lee Corbin, above, once one of the leading baby actresses, has grown up to be a blond young lady.



Mary McAlister, left, who is remembered as a child star, will be seen in Harold Lloyd's new comedy.



The Fairbanks twins, below, will bring to "On With the Show" the training obtained from their former child rôles.



Well, if here isn't Louise Fazenda out for an airing with her dogs, even as you and I!

ALL protestations to the contrary notwithstanding, the foreigners are headed homeward. Filmdom's colorful and fascinating European colony is a shambles, and six glorious years of cosmopolitan dialects have culminated in the dominance of the pure Hollywoodian.

There are, to be sure, some actors who insist upon speaking with Anglicized accents, but even they are in the minority. No more will be heard the rich Hungarian gutturals, the German diapason tones, the French and Italian inflections.

The ravages of the talking pictures are both complete and far-reaching, and the movies are fast losing their international aspect.

The Procession Moves On.

The major departures to date include Pola Negri, who went more than a year ago; Conrad Veidt, Lya de Putti, Victor Varconi, Charles Puffy, Maria Corda, Camilla Horn, and finally Emil Jannings. Yes, Emil—most picturesque of all invaders!

It has been said that Jannings will return in two or three months, but we doubt it.

The glamorous procession has passed. It is a new and different era.

Concerning Greta's Accent.

Even the future of the lovely Greta Garbo might seem uncertain. It depends, perhaps, upon the sway exerted over the public by the audible feature, to which she may or may not be attuned. Greta was announced to play in a dialogue film of "Anna Christie" upon her return from Sweden, but a switch in plans occurred, with the result that she will be seen in a silent picture, "The Single Standard," based upon the Adela Rogers St. Johns story.

Hollywood

Reflecting impressions and vibrations from the ever-interesting and never-inactive studio world.

"Anna Christie" is scheduled as her next film, but will it be made? People are asking.

"Anna Christie" was proposed, because its heroine is supposed to speak with a Swedish accent. It was thought that Miss Garbo might match the demands of the rôle with her own natural inflection.

However, the inquiry has lately been raised as to whether or not an accent is as good when it is the actual inheritance of a player, as when it is assumed by one who ordinarily speaks clear English. The stage precedent would seem to favor the latter belief. Then, too, there is the axiom that the illusion of reality is much better than the reality itself. Perhaps this also applies to screen dialects.

Footlight Invasion Grows.

While the Europeans depart, the advance of footlight celebrities assumes constantly greater proportions. Ina Claire, Marilyn Miller, Peggy Wood, Mary Eaton, Nancy Wilford, Ann Pennington, Helen Chandler, Ann Harding, and Willie Collier, Sr., are names newly added to the studio roster. Will they supplant long-established favorites? In any event, their débuts will be interesting, whether they be praised or criticized.

Miss Claire's arrival was celebrated with a party at which the stage star appeared most gracious and charming. She remarked, among other things, that she had brought *all* her voices with her to Hollywood, and she hoped that at least one of them would register for the microphone.

Comedy Pie Passé.

The modest two-reeler is no longer disdained by the more prominent actresses. We found Lois Wilson engaged in a short talking-comedy that Christie was making not long ago, and Mae Busch busy on a Stan Laurel-Oliver Hardy film. Harrison Ford was also cast in the Christie picture.

Lois told us that short comedies are receiving so much more attention from the picture makers that it is really quite *au fait* to be identified with one. She assured us that the volplaning pie has absolutely no part in them any more, and that therefore one is safely assured of not having to put up with the old, slapstick type of messiness.

More Film Revenants.

Everywhere we go we seem to be renewing acquaintances with stars who have been missing. On the set of "Twin Beds" not long ago we encountered Alice Lake doing a talkie rôle—her first. Wanda Hawley we observed one day at the Metropolitan studio. She, too, has been speaking her initial lines for the screen and also appearing in a stage production.

Lila Lee played the lead in Richard Barthelmess' film, "Drag," and Edith Roberts was in "The Wagonmaster," with Ken Maynard, while Helene Chadwick was cast in "The Greene Murder Case," another of the S. S. van Dine mystery thrillers.

Eleanor Boardman, who remained absent from the screen for all of a year and a half when her little girl was born, is doing her first talking rôle, in "Redemption,"

High Lights

By
Edwin and Elza Schallert

opposite Jack Gilbert. We saw Eleanor in "She Goes to War," a silent film, and liked her portrayal very much.

Gloria Would Demonstrate.

How can a star prove that he or she really has a singing voice?

The answer to this perplexing question has been solved by Gloria Swanson.

Lest you should not realize why it is a perplexing question, we might mention that stars' voices are so frequently doubled in songs that nobody believes they do any vocalizing themselves.

Gloria really can sing, however, and just to give an adequate demonstration of it, she may appear in a recital this fall. She has been studying most industriously with a teacher in Los Angeles, and her progress in the vocal art is rated remarkable.

Colleen with a Brogue.

Colleen Moore also is among the students of song. Not that she expects to enter on a career as a concert artist, but simply to pave the way for her venture into talkies.

Colleen has made her first dialogue picture, and has perhaps very wisely chosen a rôle with an Irish accent.

We saw her the very day of her baptism in the new medium, and she had managed to survive the agonies of microphone fright. It is difficult to realize the pangs that the experienced silent-film player goes through in making the transition to the vocal form of expression. Cases of nerves were never so numerous as to-day in the studio world.

Oft in the Stilly Night.

Night is no longer turned into day, and vice versa, at the Paramount studio. The company's sound-proof stages, replacing those destroyed by fire early in the year, have been rebuilt, and the actors are working again on regular schedule.

It was a romantic period, nevertheless—that period of night work there—as we had occasion on several visits to find out. The lunch room of the studio, virtually empty at noonday, was replete with glittering personalities at the midnight hour. The stages and the lot were fantastically illuminated, while the wheels of industry ground on.

One of the most attractive sets under this nocturnal spell was an exterior for the opening scenes of "The Wheel of Life," adapted from the Elsie Ferguson stage play. It represented London Bridge. In the background was the phantom shape of a huge ocean liner used as a setting in many productions. It had no part in "The Wheel of Life," except as a gallery for the electric arcs which were turned on Richard Dix and Esther Ralston, principals in that feature. However, it added immeasurably to the atmosphere of the scene.

Dix a Sizzler.

Dix in a gay mood told us blithely of his first efforts to register on the microphone. It seems that he wasn't aware of the peculiarities of the apparatus during its



Photo by Ball

Winifred Bryson has added a new string of pearls to her jewels—surely a modest way to celebrate the increased fame the talkies have given her husband, Warner Baxter.

earlier stages of development, and picked a sentence that was full of "s's."

"They must have been having fun at my expense, because they let me go ahead and speak the lines with every belief on my part that I was doing a good job of it," he said. "When they played back the test for me, picture my amazement, if you will. I sounded exactly like a seltzer siphon!"

Stature and Repartee.

Singer's Midgets grew rather punnish during their recent visit to the film colony, according to all reports. They denied that they were going to appear in *short subjects*.

The impresarios of Our Gang comedies, not to be behind in the race, announced that the first audible film done by the youngsters would be called "Small Talk."

"Dream Castle" Changes Hands.

The Fred Thomson estate has been sold for \$540,000. Perhaps the most beautiful of all estates in Beverly Hills, it may no longer be pointed out as a cherished exemplification of the filmland home. The new owner is not of pictures.

In conjunction with Marie Dressler, the character actress, Frances Marion, the widow of Thomson, gave a garden party on the property shortly before bidding it farewell. Many people who were present viewed with a tinge of regret the passing of the beautiful mansion as a picture world "castle of dreams."

Miss Marion, however, found the responsibility of maintenance too great, following Thomson's death, to undertake the burden alone. It was Hedda Hopper, the actress, who assisted her in disposing of the place, for she acted as agent in the deal.

Miss Hopper, while not so active in films at present, has had remarkable success in the real-estate business, proving that versatility evidences itself in more ways

than one with picture personalities. The commission which Miss Hopper earned out of the deal for the Thomson estate would doubtless make many another player envious these days.

Dolores London Idol.

Dolores del Rio is the enchantress of the London screen. News received from the English metropolis indicates this most dazzlingly. Miss del Rio was the favorite Hollywood actress in a vote recently tabulated there, no less than 250,000 persons having expressed their preferences in stars.

The victory was complete, except in the single detail that Miss del Rio was tied for first place by the English star, Betty Balfour. Miss Balfour is virtually unknown in this country, but is apparently a decided hit abroad. Other American actresses who won high honors included Clara Bow, Vilma Banky, Florence Vidor, and Mary Pickford.

Ronald Also Victor.

The conquest was even more complete in the instance of the men. Ronald Colman gained first place—untied and unrivaled. Other idols in order were Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Syd Chaplin, and Charlie Chaplin.

Talking pictures were also voted on, and declared undesirable by a majority. However, an American ballot in many places would run much the same, and shows that disappointment was felt in the earlier and immature efforts at making dialogue films.

The success of the talkie is amply proved by the increases in theater attendance everywhere. So it seems that despite all protests they are here to stay. This is borne out especially by the announcement of one of the largest companies that they will produce no more silent pictures.

Betty and Jim Separate.

Betty Compson and James Cruze took the studio world by surprise with the announcement of their separation. They have been wedded six years, and everybody was under the impression that their life together was exceedingly happy. Reconciliation was even talked of, following the news that they had decided to live apart—but apparently with little substantiation in the attitude of the two principally concerned.

Miss Compson is living at Santa Monica, and Cruze has remained at the home in Flintridge. The disagreement seems to have been due largely to lack of similar social interests. Miss Compson likes to go to the theater and to parties, and Cruze prefers to remain at home. The custom of entertaining on Sundays, which has long prevailed in the Cruze household, also did not find favor with Betty, because she regarded that as her one day of rest. Betty, of course, has been active in pictures for some time, having established herself as a talkie actress.



"And don't go near the water!" Anita Page admonishes her pneumatic pet as she feels it preparing to leap into the surf.

The Village Poet Resumes.

The air is full of mergers, both finished and impending, O, Hollywood, just be yourself, with clinch and happy ending. This is the age of tempests, the movie moguls tell us—Who cares if actors speak their piece or, gesturing, impel us? All we want is lots of fun and plenty of good adventure. We'll never fight a clever film, or wish upon it censure. The talkies furnished lots of sport, when they were merly squawkish.

Now they're more *comme il faut*; hope they ne'er get mawkish. Mary Pickford owns a voice, and surely she can use it. E'en if she sweetened "Coquette," maybe we can excuse it. Phyllis Haver'll quit the screen; she wants to be haply married. Maybe she's wisen'n certain stars, who, when wedded, tarried. The screen has reacquired that humorist, Will Rogers. This time he'll talk, while playing amusing old codgers. A beef-trust ballet was a recent innovation. What is't? Don't ask! Straight lines now rule the nation. Every studio wants to make a snappy movie "Follies," Songs and jokes they use, and lots of pretty dollies. The Barrymores are back from honeymooning cruising, We find they traveled far, by news accounts perusing; John discovered lands with aspect quite Darwinian, And voiced on his return many a sage opinion. The holidaying mood will soon be hitting the player. To prophesy seaward he'll go needs no soothsayer. Hollywood can't cease its life, just for a little upheaval. Heigh-ho! Summer is here, let's to joys primeval.

Ample Advance Warning.

Nothing if not amply in advance are the plans being made by Joan Crawford for her wedding to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. A great many people have, of course, insisted that these two young people are already married, but judging from the ceremoniousness of present preparations that could hardly be true.

Joan recently announced that October 23rd would be the date of their wedding, and also stated that Dorothy Sebastian will be the maid of honor and Vilma Banky the matron of honor.

It might also be noted that a three-month honeymoon tour of Europe is contemplated by the couple.

Peter the Hermit Protests.

How much did Peter the Hermit receive for *not* appearing in "Resurrection"? Rumor whispers that it was

\$250, although rumor may not be absolutely right.

Anyway, Peter felt that when this Tolstoy production was filmed, wrong had been done him because, he asserted, he had been promised the starring part. So he brought legal action. He asked \$130,000 damages, originally, but from all indications compromised for a much smaller sum.

The suit and its settlement are among those novel happenings that bob up occasionally to brighten the horizon of Hollywood.

It will be remembered that Rod La Rocque played the leading rôle in this film.

Cat Proves Battler.

Cats are just cats, but then some cats are different. They haven't entirely overcome their primitive ancestry. Louise Dresser found this out not long ago.

It happened at her home in Glendale during her endeavor to protect a puppy from a feline onslaught. The cat was a hard-boiled alley denizen, and after having mauled the dog belonging to Miss Dresser, gave battle to Louise herself.

Miss Dresser had attempted to rescue her dog during his affray with the age-old enemy of all canines. The dog and the cat were having a fearful tussle and the dog was getting the worst of it. Louise intervened in the midst of the conflict, first using the garden hose on the battling pair, and then trying to pull her dog out of danger with her hands.

Her interference so angered the cat that the animal turned on her and bit and scratched her legs, inflicting such severe injuries that the family physician had to be called, and Louise ordered to bed until she recovered from the wounds.

Bill Hart, Jr., Hurt.

William S. Hart, Jr.—Bill Hart's six-year-old son—played in very bad luck recently. He broke his leg and was forced to stay in bed for six or eight weeks.

At Last—Together!

Douglas Fairbanks, as *Petruchio*; Mary Pickford, as *Katherine*. And that means, in case you haven't heard the news already, that these two famous stars plan to appear together in "The Taming of the Shrew." Yes, Mr. Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew"—legitimately adapted and properly condensed.

It all happened one rainy morning at Pickfair, their decision to costar. Doug was feeling a bit glum, because he couldn't go out to play golf. Also he was unsettled about just how he was going to inaugurate his dialogic career.

Right then, half in earnest, half lightly, Mary made the suggestion, "How would you like to play *Petruchio* in 'The Taming of the Shrew'—how would it be if we did it together?" The idea struck fire immediately. "Will you shake on that?" Doug queried. "I will," replied Mary. "O. K.—it's set," he answered.

So, just like that, the plan the two stars have often talked about—namely playing in a film together—matured into a definite project. Talkies seem to bring about all sorts of long-deferred decisions, and also some rather amazing ones.

"Lummox" is Chosen.

Winifred Westover is another who has sprung a surprise. After an absence of fully eight or nine years from the screen, she is returning in one of the big rôles of the year, in Fannie Hurst's "Lummox."

Dozens of actresses have been literally fighting for the chance to play this rôle. The fame of the story, the fact that the character is both dramatic and super-sympathetic, and that the picture itself is to be big, has proved a threefold lure. Nearly a hundred different actresses were tested by Herbert Brenon, the director.

Then, one day, Miss Westover flashed upon the horizon. She saw Mr. Brenon in New York, and indicated her keen interest in the rôle. Her arguments were in a degree effective, but did not fully convince. However, she obtained a test. It was not only a photographic test, but also a voice test. The results were good. It took some consulting back and forth between studio executives, Mr. Brenon and other people connected with the production, but finally Miss Westover was the choice.

As you know, she was once the wife of William S. Hart, from whom she was divorced.

Journeys Become Voluble.

New name for location trips, Marcel Silver of Fox "Follies" being its sponsor, as appertains to talkies—"Locution trips."

Ruth's Triumphant Progress.

"Madame X" lives again vibrantly on the screen. Ruth Chatterton is her impersonator, and she adds another glowing set of laurels to her waxing celebrity as a talkie actress.

We saw the picture at a preview and it is a true tear-wringer. The courtroom scene is notably well done, with young Raymond Hackett winning almost as much honor as the star for his portrayal of the son who defends his mother on trial for murder.

The production is distinctly one of the best talkers to date.

A New Outburst.

A bright announcement from Universal City contains the advice that a picture in the making there, called "The Climax," will proffer twelve different varieties of sound, many of which have never before been used in films. They are enumerated as follows: Singing, playing of the flute, violin, organ and piano; playing of a full-piece orchestra, whistling, a Swiss music box, roosters crowing, doves cooing, dialogue and an entirely new musical sound, which will be kept secret until the picture is shown. We are on the toes of anticipation for the last named. Yes, yes, what *can* it be? Perhaps some smart boy at the "U" studio has invented a new kind of saxophone.

Fine Financial Distinctions.

Puzzle: What is a star's income? Also how much?

The inquiry applies to directors, too. It springs from the recent indictment of an income tax counselor, who assisted various people of the screen in making out their returns to the government.

Without going into details of the controversy, it may be noted that some interesting and rather exact figures were divulged on what the film celebrities make during a year.

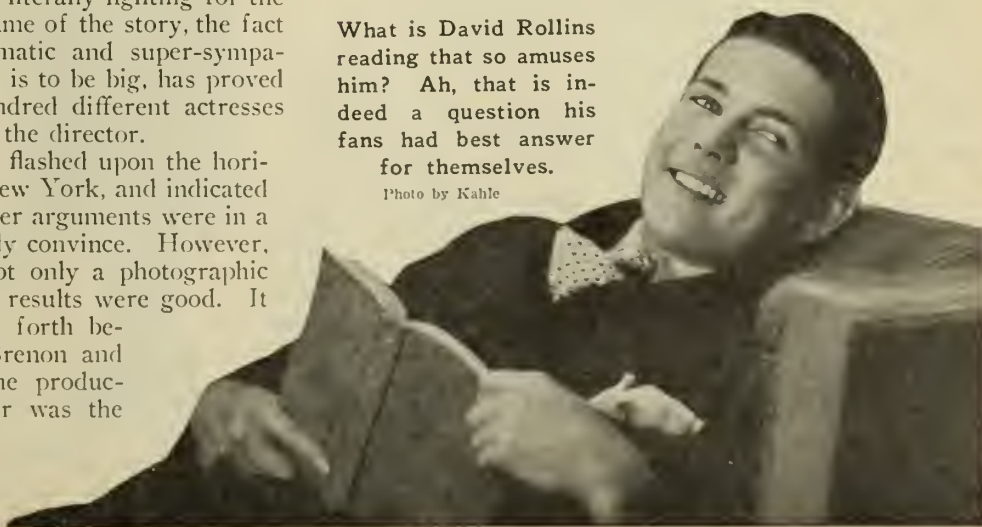
For example, Ramon Novarro's gross income during 1927 was shown to have been \$244,833.33, according to figures supplied by his income-tax adviser. The government claimed that it ran \$248,452.23.

George O'Brien's was \$45,266.66, according to his agent's report, versus \$45,813.33, government claim; Raoul Walsh's \$100,266.66 versus \$121,808.33; Fred Niblo's \$166,241.57 versus \$166,316.27.

Continued on page 100

What is David Rollins reading that so amuses him? Ah, that is indeed a question his fans had best answer for themselves.

Photo by Kahle



Little pearls will click, so
Nancy Carroll's nice frock
is taboo.

Photo by Richee



Photo by Bull

Anita Page's
fringed dress would
fairly steal a talkie
scene.

NOW that the screen stutters, and mum movies are a blessing of the past, all sorts of problems confuse the sound engineers. Even with thick walls lined with felt, the stages ricochet a sigh into a sneeze, and the delicately sensitive microphone can pick up, so one is told, the thud of a flea's hoof.

Clothes, too, have become articulate, and vocal wardrobes must be soft-pedaled. Brocades boom at too vibrant a pitch, the colorature screech of silk offends the mike's sensitive ear, and even some softer materials have accents.

"Speak easy" is the new motto of costuming.

The gowns' gabfest threatened to drown the stars' soliloquies, so materials and imitations have been sought which present, if any, only soothing syllables. The new opti-audience, both seeing and hearing, has quite enough to occupy itself in becoming accustomed to the hero's squeak and the heroine's resonant basso—many voices recording with just that startling incongruity—and lacks sufficiently trained auditory equipment to absorb, also, the mumbling of clothes.

That fanciful expression of the society reporters who write up fashionable gatherings, "Mrs. De Blump was a symphony in yellow satin," has become an actuality, to the horror of directors—except that in its auditory rendition satin is slightly off key and inharmonious.

Beads rattle. Maybe this explains the sudden departure from the studios of Betty Blythe and Gilda Gray! Magnified by the mike, taffeta rustles with the crackle that our grandmothers had to don numerous petticoats to achieve.

Clothes have a tonal range from the highest notes of the

You Can't

The microphone made this the battle
no clacking of beads, rattle of taffeta,

By Myrtle

oboe to the saxophone's moan. Organdie has a swish and a smack all its own, crinoline a soprano squeak. Some crapes yodel. And metallic cloth does a verbal valedictory.

Some incidental sartorial noise is permitted. While spangles are out, merely as an ornament, they are used if their clacking sound, as the wearer crosses the room, seems suitable to character and scene.

Shoes are soled and heeled with felt or rubber.

No longer will the heroine proclaim herself of the *haute monde* by adorning herself with jewels. For most gems have a repertoire of celluloid calisthenics. Jewelry is either worn most sparingly, or not at all, and in some cases is made of rubber in clever imitations.

Pearls seem to be the worst offenders. Nice, ladylike pearls, that so add distinction,

When Baclanova goes
Moscow, now what'll she
use for pearls?

Photo by Bull



Photo by Richee

Creations such as Josephine Dunn wears here irritate the sensitive mike.

Wear That!

cry of the directors, for there can be or even—but let Miss Gebhart tell you.

Gebhart

and to an *ingénue* that note of sweetness, misbehave awfully. They clatter more than any other beads. During the filming of an articulate chorus sequence of "Burlesque," three strings of pearls worn by each stepper created the effect of Lupe Velez in action. So the little oysters may keep their valuable contents, so far as the screen is concerned. You may see your favorite roped in pearls in still photos, but not often in the eloquent movies.

It was discovered that pearls worn by Miss Lee Patrick, in scenes for "Strange Cargo," clicked. Lee mightn't, with them—so off they came.

Costume pictures may be rendered obsolete, unless substitutes for crinoline and brocades

A flapper in apple green and gold spangles, Bessie Love shows what they're not wearing now.

Photo by Bull



Photo by Bull

The phone would make a roar of the swishing of Joan Crawford's cape.

"Too noisy for words!" would be the verdict against Norma Talmadge's Parisian frock.



Photo by Richeo

Fay Wray's dress patters itself out of the talkies.

are devised. And what about the hero's coat of mail? Whose voice, even a Nagel's, could project an oral bomb over the clank of armor?

Soundless sartorial splendor. Three commonplace words, but when linked together they present a problem which is graying the thatches of designers, and giving camera men the rabies.

Even silk hose and lingerie have been known to announce their presence by rustling. The stars may be forced to wear cotton stockings, even when not cast in ragged rôles!

Lilyan Tashman appeared on a set, an exclamation point of chic. Her frock had that handbox crispness, her Bangkok a silk ribbon band, her costume jewelry was in perfect taste. But oh, what a vocabulary she gave to the mike, besides her own dialogue! Having heard the echo of the ensemble, in the "play back," she agreed that noiseless dresses would be better.

"I couldn't stand the competition," she said, but added, "however, that outfit did speak Paris better than any label."

A girl was called aside and asked, by a stammering director, if she wore silk bloomers, as a curious crackle could be accounted for in no other way. Only when she retired to her dressing room, and sent her maid out to a dollar store for plebeian cotton lingerie could the scene be filmed.

One line of girls appeared for a chorus dance; there was, as an overture, one might say, an odd rustle imperceptible to the ear, but which made a squeak through the mike; with the full ensemble kicking and prancing about, the "mixer" man in the glass box signaled frantically. The scene was stopped when he explained that their silk skirtlets had the power, though not the harmony, of a symphony orchestra. — [Cont'd on page 107]

They're Hits

The talkies are responsible for making these youngsters doubly popular.



Mickey Bennett, above, who has grown up in the movies, played the longest talking rôle of any child when he made his hit in "The Dummy."

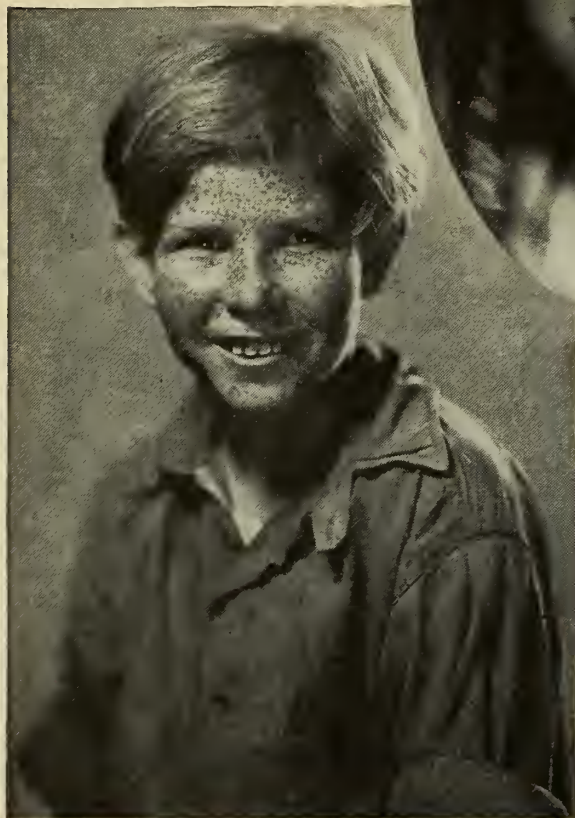
The beauty of Vondell Darr, right, was given amazing emphasis when she spoke in "On Trial" and, later, "The Dummy."

John Hanlon, below, makes hard-boiled critics weep when he is heard in "The Shakedown," because of the naturalness and pathos of his speaking voice.



David Durand, above, left, has quite a lot to say for himself in "Innocents of Paris."

Jack McHugh, above, right, distinguished himself in "Chinatown Nights."



Yes, it's Davey Lee, right, who needs no introduction to those who saw "The Singing Fool," but it's nice to see this picture of him, isn't it?



A Timely Rescue

Just when Robert Ellis was about to fade into obscurity after years on the screen, the talkies discovered that he had just the voice that was wanted for "Broadway," so now he flourishes anew.

By Helen Louise Walker

IT is a lot of fun to be in Hollywood just now, while everything is in a state of hysterical upset over talking pictures. Fun, I mean, for the mere observers. The participants in all this appear to find it somewhat nerve-racking.

Pictures, B. T.—Before Talkies—had grown pretty stereotyped. Stories were written according to formula. Stars were "discovered," or created in much the same fashion. The lead in a picture was always a beauteous youth or damsel, and by that token if you weren't a star by the time you were twenty-five, the wise ones would have told you it was no use to struggle any longer. Producers were looking for youth!—youth!—youth!

Talking pictures have changed all that. It has been discovered that it is often much nicer to look at beauteous youth than to listen to it. It has been discovered, also, that if people are going to do their acting right out loud, it is really better for all concerned if they have at least some small notion of how the thing is done. Dismayed executives are casting about with a wild look in their eyes for people who can talk into a microphone as if they meant it.

At the present writing, youth and beauty are rather drugs on the market.

All of which, while it is a little bit hard on the youngsters, is pretty dandy for a lot of experienced troupers who, having spent years and years learning their jobs, were about ready to be discarded.

Take Bob Ellis. Perhaps I shouldn't be so informal in introducing him. Take Robert Ellis.

Bob had a lot of stage experience before he entered pictures and settled down to the weary grind of playing juveniles. He knew how to act, but he was handsome. So he went on and on as a leading man in those stereotyped rôles, which gave him no opportunity to do anything but walk around and look nice and embrace the lovely maiden in the fade-out. Finally he began to edge into those late thirties which mark the time when a chap tapers off a bit on the handsome-boy rôles, and begins to drift into the slightly jaded society-heavy type of thing.

In the day of silent pictures that meant the beginning of the end. Rôles became fewer and farther between.

"Just when I began really to know my job," says Bob, "just when the years of work and study and experience were beginning to mean something, I faced the fact that I was about through in pictures."

Bob's marriage to Vera Reynolds three years ago in Paris had been kept a secret because of a clause in Vera's contract with Cecil DeMille which forbade her marrying. She was having some unlucky breaks, too. So the pair decided that when Vera's contract terminated and their marriage could be announced, they would chuck pictures for a time—perhaps forever—and have a holiday. They had even engaged passage for Honolulu.



Photo by Freulich

Vera Reynolds married Robert Ellis secretly, because her contract with DeMille forbade matrimony.

When—*sing!*—talking pictures burst upon us.

Even then Bob didn't realize what it would mean to him, and when he was called to make a test for Universal's expensive and much-discussed production, "Broadway," he wasn't particularly excited.

But "Broadway" is an all-talking picture, adapted from a most successful stage play, and Bob found that the part of the wicked heavy in the piece was just his meat. He found himself, moreover, after the test, with a nice, juicy contract staring him in the face, with the dotted line invitingly prepared for his signature.

"Well! Well!" said Bob, or words to that effect. And he obligingly signed the thing and the trip to Honolulu was postponed indefinitely.

The wise ones are saying now that he is one of the best bets in the industry. Bob, who was through six months ago and ready to chuck pictures for good and leave Hollywood forever!

Just between you and me, Hollywood is going to find a lot of buried treasure among its own troupers, now that the ability to act is more important than profiles. It is a bit amusing to note that, despite all the scurrying about on the part of producers to sign up stage actors and singers and things, the most notable "discoveries" in the new medium to date have been two people who had

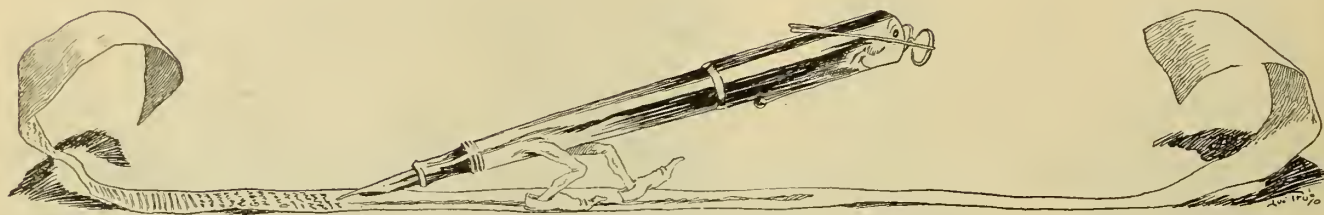
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The Stroller

Penetrating observations on random happenings in the movie colony.

By Neville Reay

Illustrated by Lui Trugo



THE residents of Sound Trackia may sit back and chortle over a Mexican revolution a few hundred miles away—but their own revolution is taken seriously to heart.

There is this about their own little tempest. The alleged City of Sin takes it all very seriously, and like Rome, has its song writers from New York composing scores of scores, as it were, with Neronic abandon to accompany into oblivion the cortège of sad-faced actors who, though alive, are dead.

The old régime is passing. Mortgages are being foreclosed, imported cars are being surrendered to their rightful owners, the finance companies—when they can find the cars—and high-salaried valets and Japanese gardeners are feeling the pinch. Some of what we call the preceding generation have grown upstage to prove they are not hurt, while a few have dropped their former pose for the newer and more difficult one of being the hail fellow.

As a whole it is a pleasant spectacle—one which in the Coliseum probably would have drawn the Roman gesture of thumbs down. Had there been real fighting by the writers, actors, and directors of the silent screen as a body, they would be deserving of sympathy. Those who have fought, strangely enough, have repulsed, at least temporarily, the onslaught of dramaturgists, foot-light favorites, and stage directors. And many, once submerged in the silent drama, have shrieked for recognition and gained it—to wit, William Powell, Warner Baxter, Bessie Love, and a few others.

On the other hand, most of the noteworthy performances in the new art have been given by players from the stage—players, who in one picture, have gained a greater public following than a screen player ever was able to accumulate with a series of six silent successes.

Months ago the outposts on the Western front fell before the verbiage from the East neatly aimed at Hollywood, at about the corner of Sunset and Western, whence it scattered on the pavement and ricocheted with an alarming whine westward, splashing into the Pacific Ocean, after lopping off a few scenario stragglers en route.

The front-line trenches have been

surrendered, the retreat has become disorderly. The Von Stroheim line has fallen, and now the cry echoes along New York's Great White Way, "Unconditional surrender, or we'll talk you to death."

Louis B. Mayer has capitulated, and to prove his right to the Turkish ambassadorship, should he get it, is said to be preparing an armistice contract, and to be framing, with diplomatic finesse, the fourteen points under which Hollywood will be evacuated. Latest reports are that New York offered to accede to but one point—that a poorhouse be endowed to shelter indigent actors, writers, and directors, with the proviso that the inmates must not be harrassed by words, but must communicate in pantomime only.

The few angry survivors, who have been hiding out in cellars, are reported to have come up for air one day, and to have seen the new legion marching over the Hollywood hills with colors flying. One of the disgruntled group, a member of the extinct species, *Comedias Constructorianus*, muttered the derogatory wheeze, "Not a gag in a carload."

Esprit de corps is unknown to the defenders. It's a rout, with every man for himself, and a lot of guerilla warfare going on behind the lines. It is not a pleasant sight to some. Others, however, figure that Chicago benefits by gang wars which only kill off people the police should "gedunk" anyway. So why not Hollywood?

The novelty of the thing is that two armies are battling, but the kings don't care. The producers want one army, and they don't care who's in it. They'll end up with a polyglot thing, and continue to get richer.

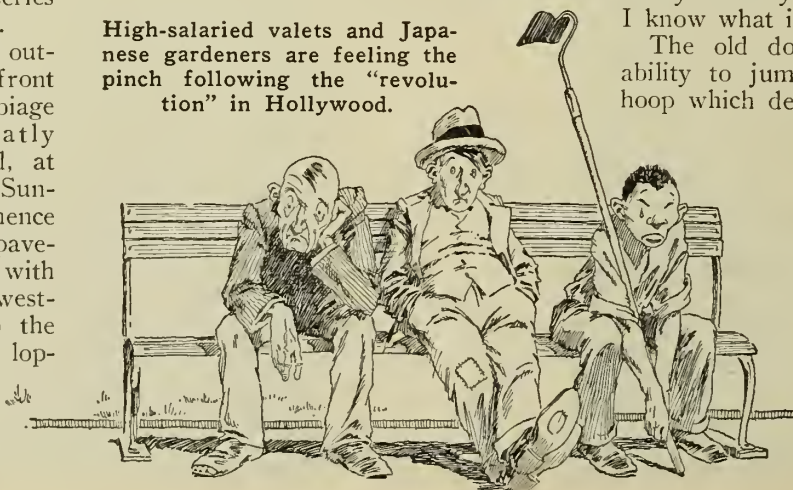
When certain of our well-known—and may I say esteemed?—actors are referred to as having their intellects sorely tried by talking pictures, I believe I know what is meant.

The old dogs can scarcely find the ability to jump through the directorial hoop which demands memorizing words, sentences, paragraphs.

Going to school all over? Some of them have even reverted to their days of the slate. I witnessed a rather pathetic spectacle of a famous and highly talented star—by name Jack Mulhall—trying to recite "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

William Beaudine, who was directing,

High-salaried valets and Japanese gardeners are feeling the pinch following the "revolution" in Hollywood.



was infinitely patient with his charge, who repeatedly stumbled. While a few extras with more character than most dared to titter a bit, I could visualize Hal Wallis, the studio manager, tearing his hair over the waste film and records, and losing the ability of enjoying—if he ever did—a Fritz Kreisler phonograph record, because of the nightmarish association, and imagining Kreisler stopping in the midst of the record to remark casually,

"How unfortunate! I forgot what's next."

An "out" was discovered when some third-assistant prop boy, who should have been made a director for the thought, suggested writing the words of the poem on a ten-foot blackboard, and posting it out of the camera's range, where Mulhall could glance at it when he felt weak.

If you want to check up on his memory, watch his eyes if you see the picture—if they don't cut the sequence out.

After reading this, I suppose mothers whose children have recitations for every occasion, will groom their offspring for stardom—if some long-suffering neighbor doesn't shoot them—either the children or the mothers.

I am reminded of the prodigy who memorized the Odyssey and knew the alphabet backward—

Hollywood has a woman director who is rather chummy with the girls who work for her.

I dropped into Henry's one Sunday morning at about 4 a. m. At a table were an elderly woman and five rather attractive but tired girls. There were few other people in the restaurant, so I watched them.

After a while the woman opened her purse, counted out a roll of bills, and divided it with the girls.

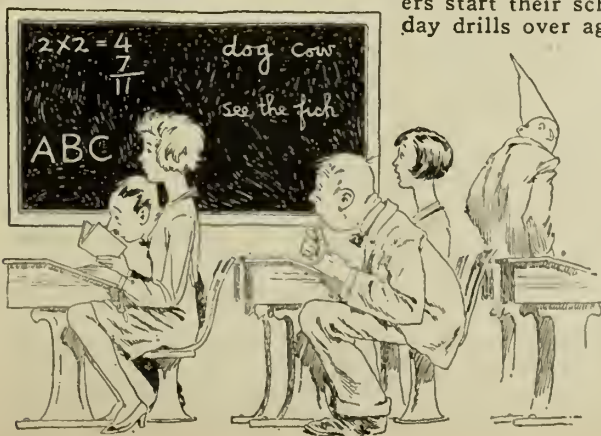
I couldn't help reflecting on Hollywood's need for more of this sort of democracy between employer and employee.

Her name is Sally, or Sarah, or something that begins with an "S," and she is a waitress.

She works in a drug store about two blocks from the First National studio, and to get there you must follow a narrow path through fields of weeds.

On the studio lot is another restaurant where studio employees can eat at the table next to Dorothy Mackaill, Billie Dove, Alice White—amid glossy beauty and rampant sex of the type that draws ordinary mortals into theaters in flocks.

The old, reliable blackboard is coming back as the players start their school-day drills over again.



Parents of infant prodigies are grooming them for talkie stardom—and shielding them from suffering neighbors.

But tut, tut! Not the studio employees. They walk through the fields of oats and mustard to gawk at the little waitress, who is, withal, attractive in a homy sort of way.

There is something hidden and esoteric about this. I'll have to ask Doctor Marston, Universal's new psychologist, to explain it.

I sat in a publicity office one day last week, and was even more disillusioned about the souls and characters of our celebrities.

Enter first star, with a magazine in her hand. "What do you mean by not putting my name in this ad in bigger type than the title of the picture? My contract calls for it—"

Enter featured player. "You got my name wrong on that billboard."

Publicity director, referring to sheaf of contracts: "Your name is right. According to these contracts your name is to be in letters 57 per cent of the size of the third player. His contract demands that his name be 82½ per cent the size of the leading woman's, whose contract states her name shall be in type 90.4 per cent the size of the picture's title. Then of course the director's name must be the same size as the leading woman's, and the author's half the size of the director's, to say nothing of the scenario writer, and the fact that we used technicolor in the picture."

Featured player, pugnaciously: "I don't want to hear that. I ain't complainin' about the size of my name, or where it is. You forgot my middle initial, 'C.'"

Player leaves, as publicity director mutters, "I can tell him what the 'C' stands for."

Agitation favoring the return of one Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle to the screen has been going on in its subtle way for the past two years.

Personally, I don't think Fatty is any worse than a lot of people outside Hollywood, and I was all in favor of giving him a break, and decrying the brutality and heartlessness of public opinion.

I hope you noticed the past tense, because I was a recent visitor to Fatty's café, the Plantation, and I'm all in favor of keeping him there.

His comedy is puerile. His gags are the hoary ones he used on the screen a generation ago. And like a beggar, he makes a crude play for public sympathy, during his duties as master of ceremonies, by constantly referring to his hard lot in recalling, with mock humor and much self-pity, his experiences in the courts.

The producer mind, in a good many cases, is a fascinating thing, if you are entertained enough to try to analyze it.

There is a new quickie company with an amazing name. How it got it is worth mentioning.

The embryo producer, who, so far, hasn't made a picture, was in a quandary for a name.

He was talking to a scenario writer who had a flash of inspiration—scenario writers, I am told, do occasionally have such flashes.

The scenarist was trying to help the man.

"How about Supreme Pictures? Or Artistic Pictures? Or Tremendous Pictures?"

"Naw," said the near-producer, "them ain't classy enough."

[Continued on page 117]



Photo by Press Pictures

Though a grandmother three times, Elinor Glyn has scarcely a line in her face and possesses youthful vitality to a startling degree.

IN an exotic nest, on the rooftop of a Los Angeles hotel, dwells one of the most-talked-of and the least-understood women in the movies—Elinor Glyn.

I went for a prearranged interview with this much-discussed Englishwoman, expecting a totally different personality from the one I found. I neither went to scoff nor did I return to pray. But the elevator that

Before—

The interviewer went to see Elinor Glyn wearily that she had drunk pre-Prohibition champagne. aration, and describes one of the most surprising with the

By Mayme

shot me up to Madame Glyn's Chinese apartment, wearily willing to be thrilled, brought me down again feeling as though I had drunk some pre-Prohibition champagne.

To say that Elinor Glyn sparkles but poorly expresses her scintillating personality. As an individual she is as unique as she is stimulating. "Just because I do not think and feel like every one else," she told me, "I am considered a *poseuse*, arrogant, uppish, frightfully egotistical."

I found her anything *but*! Instead of the overdressed, overpainted woman with green eyes and flaming-red hair pictured by Glyn biographers, I saw an English aristocrat, appropriately turned out in every detail, living in a world of beauty far above the average ken.

She had just returned from an early-morning shopping tour, and was wearing a one-piece frock of rose and gray silk, gray-kid pumps with French heels, plain, tailored hat of soft-gray felt, pulled at the fashionable low angle on her head—so low I could not tell whether her hair was bobbed. Enough hair showed, however, to see that it was the natural red that generally goes with freckles, the which dot Madame Glyn's milk-white skin.

With a figure that could make her fortune if she hadn't a brain in her head, Elinor Glyn, a grandmother three times, has exuberant vitality and youth that are nothing short of remarkable. There is scarcely a line in her face, the features of which are cut like a cameo. In her gray-green eyes, described by one of her vivisectors as "the shade of evaporating marsh water suddenly exposed to the sun," lies the wisdom of the ages.

"How on earth have you kept so young?" was one of the first questions she astonished out of me. I had heard that Madame Glyn was an occult, not always on this sphere. Was this her secret?

"By vibrating to all the beauty and color around me. Look!" she commanded, sweeping her hands over the dining room where, partaking hastily of a breakfast-lunch of fruit, she had received me.

I had been looking at a jewel of a Chinese room set in platinum—a jewel that glowed with all the colors of a rainbow softly veiled in mist. Every semblance of a hotel room had been wiped out. Even the doors had lost their identity in a glaze of mauve, decorated in gold dragons. The side walls were dull silver. In their panels were vivid Chinese paintings, representing the celestial goddess of wisdom, happiness, and love.

Intermingled with the black-lacquered furniture were orange, scarlet, and mauve cabinets and serving tables. There was also an especially fine bedragoned screen. The windows had their ledges painted periwinkle blue. They were hung with magenta silk, bordered with blue and mauve.

"Every color has a meaning for me," said the woman who had created this setting, as she went about the room caressing various objects, declaring they meant more to her than the heirlooms in her London and Paris homes,

and After

willing to be thrilled, but came away feeling In this story she reveals the causes of her exhilarated and least understood personalities ever identified in movies.

Ober Peak

because she had worked for them herself. "Magenta is the most beneficent color—love and kindness. Periwinkle blue is the soul, the spirit; mixed with mauve, it makes devotion. Putting in the scarlets and the orange means the flame of life.

"Certain colors make bubbling talk; others, peace, softness, gracious conversation. This room gives me peculiar pleasure. Especially at night when the lamps are lit."

Madame Glyn pressed an electric button. I, too, had a peculiar kind of pleasure as the room was suddenly suffused in a soft, blue light. "I have delightful, intellectual parties here," she said. "Four or five to dine, when we discuss history, philosophy, science. We never speak of people. Horrid gossip to the detriment of individuals I never listen to!"

Continuing the explanation of her color cult, she led me through a narrow, Oriental passage into her bedroom, in rose and green, which she stated represented life and happiness. It was almost like walking into a California garden. A riot of roses ran over the green furniture, which was hung with coral taffeta. The walls were paneled in coral and rose. Dainty Chinese figures held up miniature umbrellas, shading lamps at the bedside and on the dressing tables. Just outside was swung a balcony, also painted olive green, where Madame Glyn sleeps with nothing over her head but the sky.

The most fascinating feature of her nest is the "confessional balcony," where she tells it to the stars. This is built out from the living room entirely of glass, and overlooks the city, the mountains, and the distant sea. The filmy blue hangings at the side are the same color as the sky above. Low divans with cushions, soft rugs, teakwood smoking stands, Aladdinlike lamps in bronze, lend an air of almost supersensual comfort and beauty.

"I rarely see any one in the evenings," said the woman who wrote "Three Weeks," "but spend them here, from six to ten o'clock, looking at the marvelous stars. Then I am perfectly happy. I am not in this world."

The balcony was flooded with sunshine on the morning of my visit. As I entered the living room, with its jade walls, glazed woodwork in Pekin blue, chairs covered with green brocade, colorful cabinets and cushions, the effect was startlingly lovely. My involuntary exclamation delighted Madame Glyn.

"The colors I have developed here," she said, "represent joy and gayety. The vivid green is for brilliant conversation. There is not a single angry color in the room—all are harmonious and happy.

"So that I may have no foolish thoughts, I have set up an altar to the ten wise men. Look at them," she invited, leading me to a tall, blue-lacquered cabinet on the shelves of which were malachite figures. "There they are, surrounding the god of wisdom and life, with his two supporters, peace and success. And this is the goddess of gayety in her garden of amethyst and jade.



Photo by Press Pictures

Madame Glyn's Chinese apartment suggests the colors of a rainbow softly veiled in mist.

Some of the gods glowed electrically. But there was no incense burning. "I hate the female stuff," Madame Glyn informed me. "But ah, smell this concentrated essence of Chinese roses!"

I took a whiff and once more experienced that "peculiar pleasure."

Finally we talked of the woman herself, sitting on a broad divan that might have been made for a queen. It was covered with blue brocade, banked with silk cushions running the color scale from magenta to ashes of roses, heliotrope to mauve.

"Wait," Madame Glyn requested before I was permitted to sink down in its luxurious depths, "the maid has got some false notes in my symphony. You can't be happy there." She flung all the cushions on the floor and with infinite care replaced them, each tone harmonizing.

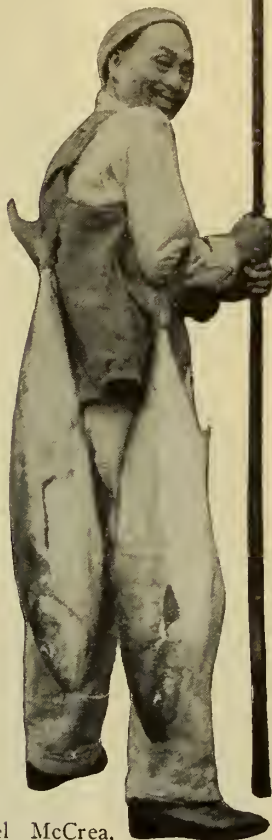
All this time I had been looking for the famous tiger skin. There was none. Instead, tucked behind the pil-

Continued on page 110]



Doesn't the gentleman, above, look a little like Richard Arlen, and couldn't the lady pass for Gloria Swanson? They're Corinne Griffith and her husband, Walter Morosco, about to sail for foreign shores.

Sojin, the Japanese actor, below, is a great fisherman proud of his first catch of the season.



Joel McCrea, right, Hollywood's new playboy, has a heart that is not bowed down by Raquel Torres and, top, Joyce Murray.

Caught by

The eye of the lens sees what every at the stars' pictures on



Pensive, sad, Camilla Horn, left, pays her last visit to the beach before returning to Germany.



Moran and Mack, "The Two Black Crows," above, have joined the throng of stage stars in Hollywood. They're to appear in a Paramount film—talking, of course.

the Camera

fan would like to see, as a glance these pages will prove.

Edna Murphy, below, wants to know if you like her cloth-of-gold pajamas.



Gary Cooper, left, submits his own answer to the burning question, "Is Gary Cooper upstage?" and asks the fans to think it over.



Harry Carey and Edwina Booth, above, newly vaccinated and inoculated, pause for the camera before sailing for darkest Africa to film "Trader Horn."



Whether Davey Lee, above, is as expert a mechanic as he seems to be doesn't matter at all. Isn't it a cute picture?



Mary Brian, right, admires a bit of modernistic sculpture created by an artist with the "futuristic" name of Wiard Boppo Ihnen.



The Florida home of Thomas Meighan, above, confirms the popular belief that he is the screen's richest actor, for it is but one of several houses he owns.



Jascha Heifetz, the violin virtuoso, above, is the husband of Florence Vidor, with whom he is shown, and if Mrs. Heifetz retires from the screen it will be in order to tour with him.



Nancy Carroll, right, fishnet tights and all, shows how she will look in the dialogue film of the play "Burlesque."

George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, left, would as soon run away from the camera as they would desert the studio on pay day. Here they become prankish between scenes of "China Bound."



Charles Rogers, below, sends his regards to Australian fans by means of his footprints in cement. What next?





A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE

"Letter, The"—Paramount. Entertaining eloquence and dramatic situations make this a milestone in all-dialogue films, and bring to the screen the gifted Jeanne Eagels. A civilized picture showing the wrecked lives of an English couple in Singapore. Stage cast devoid of cuties includes O. P. Heggie, Reginald Owen, and Herbert Marshall.

"Iron Mask, The"—United Artists. A picturesque tapestry, sequel to "The Three Musketeers," superbly exploiting Douglas Fairbanks. Story from Dumas revolves around the throne of seventeenth-century France. Marguerite de la Motte, Dorothy Revier, William Bakewell, and Ulrich Haupt.

"Canary Murder Case, The"—Paramount. The great "Philo Vance" screened by William Powell, unravels a mystery with fine suspense, and talks entertainingly. Louise Brooks seen, Margaret Livingston heard, as the murdered "Canary." James Hall, Jean Arthur, Eugene Pallette, Lawrence Grant. Powell takes the honors.

"Broadway Melody, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. An extraordinarily entertaining musical-comedy picture, human in its appealing story of stage life, with dialogue, song and spectacle. Concerning two sisters with ambitions to make Broadway, and a song-and-dance artist from their home town, and their careers and loves. Bessie Love, Anita Page, and Charles King top-notch.

"Doctor's Secret, The"—Paramount. Talkie version of a stage play with Ruth Chatterton achieving distinction in her talking-celluloid debut. Old-fashioned story of bridge-building lover and frustrated elopement with dramatic situations. Excellent support by H. B. Warner, Robert Edeson, John Loder, Ethel Wales, Nanci Price.

"Sins of the Fathers"—Paramount. Emil Jannings as devoted father, who falls into the clutches of a siren of the pavements and is led far astray, but retribution overtakes him. Characterization impressively genuine. Capital acting by Ruth Chatterton, Barry Norton, Zasu Pitts, Jack Luden, Mathew Betz, and Jean Arthur.

"Redskin"—Paramount. Richard Dix in a dramatic rôle, pictured in color. Story of an Indian boy's yearning to find his place, and his disillusionment, but prospects of happiness in the end. Gladys Belmont effective as heroine; also Jane Novak, Larry Steers, Bernard Siegel, Noble Johnson, Tully Marshall.

"Weary River"—First National. Richard Barthelmess as a melodious convict, in a well-directed, well-acted ordinary story of a man who sings his way out of prison shadows, slips, and is saved by his old sweetheart. Betty Compson, Louis Natheaux, George Stone, Gladden James.

"In Old Arizona"—Fox. An all-dialogue picture, most of it occurring in the open, it is in a class by itself—superlative. Story of a calico "Carmen," her passing love for a Portuguese cattle thief, and her betrayal of him to an American soldier. Gripping, picturesque, amusing, tragic; superb performances by Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe, with interesting support from Dorothy Burgess, a newcomer.

"Awakening, The"—United Artists. Vilma Banky's debut as individual star successful, but story not up to her artistic height. She is an Alsatian peasant who falls in love with a Prussian officer, is humiliated and disgraced by the villagers, and flees to a convent from which she is rescued by the soldier at the moment of her final vows. Beautifully produced. Walter Byron, as the soldier, handsome; Louis Wolheim, a strong villain.

"Shopworn Angel, The"—Paramount. Simple story of ingenuous soldier in love with sophisticated chorus girl who gradually responds to his idealistic worship, but hasn't courage to tell him truth about herself. Acted with rare feeling, delicacy and intelligence by Gary Cooper, Nancy Carroll, and Paul Lukas, with complete absence of the maudlin. Mr. Cooper heard for first time in talking sequence. He's there!

"Barker, The"—First National. Exceptional picture of carnival life, moving, gripping, thrilling, with splendid dialogue sequences adding greatly to "punch" of the film. A veteran barker permits his innocent son to travel with the show, thus arousing the jealousy of the barker's girl, who bribes another girl to take the boy away from his father. Milton Sills, Betty Compson, Dorothy Mackaill, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

"My Man"—Warner. The Vitaphone debut of Fannie Brice, the famous comédienne, is successfully accomplished in a sympathetic picture that enables her to sing long and often as a seamstress who rises to musical-comedy fame, and whose lover is annexed by her wayward sister. Deserted at the altar, she sings "My Man!" in bridal array, and how! Guinn Williams, Edna Murphy, and Ann Brody are fine.

"Interference"—Paramount. The first all-dialogue picture produced by this company is more polished and believable than any of the other talking pictures, though slow and only tolerably interesting. Story of a blackmailing adventuress and her tragic end at the hands of her former lover. Evelyn Brent, William Powell, Clive Brook, and Doris Kenyon.

"Show People"—Metro-Goldwyn. Gorgeously entertaining satire on Hollywood and the movies, or a slapstick comedy with sentimental trimmings. Whichever way you accept it, it is riotously funny and is the best pic-

ture Marion Davies or William Haines has ever appeared in. Story of a goofy girl and what happens to her as a movie actress. Paul Ralli, Polly Moran, Harry Gribbon and numerous stars.

"Alias Jimmy Valentine"—Metro-Goldwyn. Expertly played story of likable young crook who reforms for love, routs detective who tries to break down his alibi, then sacrifices it all to open safe in which child is smothering to death. Capital entertainment, brilliant performances by William Haines and Lionel Barrymore. Leila Hyams, Tully Marshall, Karl Dane. Don't miss this!

"Four Devils, The"—Fox. The glamour and excitement of the circus superbly pictured. Film quite all it should be, and has moments of genius. Barry Norton, Nancy Drexel, Charles Morton, Janet Gaynor, with Mary Duncan in the siren rôle.

"Wedding March, The"—Paramount. The long-awaited Erich von Stroheim story of the love of an Austrian prince and a peasant girl, told in the unique Von Stroheim style. Fay Wray plays with abandon and charm, Zasu Pitts has the tragic rôle of a lame heiress, and "Von" acts himself.

"Singing Fool, The"—Warner. Al Jolson as singing waiter, with "Sonny Boy" the theme song. Thin story, but the star's voice is excellently exploited. There are good speaking parts for Betty Bronson and Josephine Dunn. David Lee, a child newcomer, is nothing less than a sensation.

"White Shadows in the South Seas"—Metro-Goldwyn. Filmed on authentic locations, and has much to offer in natural beauty and pictorial loveliness. Purports to show the corrupting influence of white men among the islanders. Monte Blue is capable in the lead, and Raquel Torres makes the native girl, "Fayaway," vital, naïve and charming.

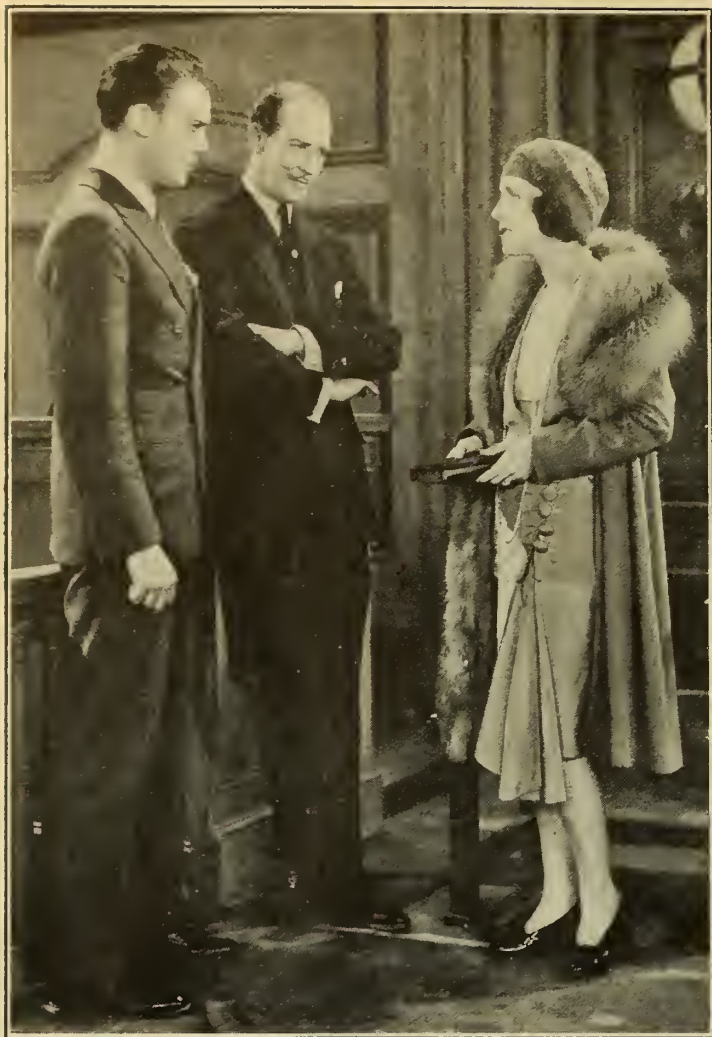
FOR SECOND CHOICE

"Dummy, The"—Paramount. All-dialogue film distinctive in suspense and dialogue running through to a pleasant ending. Mickey Bennett leading, and Zasu Pitts makes her verbal debut. About a kidnaping, and reconciliation of estranged couple. Capital performances by all the cast. Ruth Chatterton, Vondell Darr, Fredric March.

"Noah's Ark"—Warner. A spectacle of more eye than ear interest, unsurpassed in its Deluge scene. Modern sequences culminating in a hopeless tangle in the World War, which fades to the biblical sequences, where the same characters appear. George O'Brien, Dolores Costello, Guinn Williams, Noah Beery.

"Wolf Song"—Paramount. Love versus wanderlust in the heart of a trapper, played by Gary Cooper, and Lupe Velez, the siren who would have the roistering woodsman forsake the open spaces. Beautiful scenery; singing not quite that.

[Continued on page 106]



Raymond Hackett, H. B. Warner, and Norma Shearer glorify courtroom drama in "The Trial of Mary Dugan."

JUST when some of us thought we couldn't bear another courtroom drama and blamed talkies for the surfeit, along comes "The Trial of Mary Dugan" to make us glad there is such a thing as judicial procedure. For it glorifies the courtroom, with a vengeance. There is only one scene that doesn't transpire in the halls of justice. The rest of it concerns the trial of a chorus girl charged with murdering her sugar daddy. Not only this, but the picture ends with the verdict and doesn't trail *Mary Dugan* to an apple orchard, with a fade-out in the sunset. The stage play is followed scrupulously word for word, with even less departure from the original than was employed in that triumph of last month, "The Letter." But evidence of the picture's success must rest for a moment while the personal success of Norma Shearer is duly recorded.

Too much praise cannot be accorded her. Speech has made her far more of an artist than she ever was in silence, and with it she has achieved a new personality—more sincere, less given to the futile sweetness which, with an apology, I confess often irked me, and a forthright sincerity that is a delight to behold and listen to. When one does listen to Miss Shearer, as *Mary Dugan*, he hears a voice that is capable of all the range of feeling expected of the character, yet with none of the obvious effort of an actress striving to make her points. It is supremely natural, but it is not hampered by being merely that and nothing more. It is poignant, dramatic, tender, appealing. Best of all, at no time does Miss Shearer seem conscious of "using" her voice to play upon her auditors. But she does it—and how! The

Screen By The Norbert Lusk

talkies are certainly her salvation, and from now on we can expect such performances from her as are the prerogative of one of the foremost stars of the screen.

It is a long and taxing rôle she plays, too, this *Mary Dugan* who is arrested with the body of the murdered *Edgar Rice* in her arms, as she cries, "Oh, my poor Jimmy—my poor Jimmy!" Then her trial begins, with the wolfish *District Attorney Galwey* prosecuting the case of the people versus *Mary Dugan*.

I shall not report the progress of the trial, nor hint at its outcome, for the story is a mystery melodrama. Unmasking the real murderer is its high light and climax, as ingeniously brought about as the most baffling detective story you ever read. But I will tell you that *Mary* is defended by her brother, *Jimmy*, in order to make clear that the love interest in the picture is that of sister and brother; and also because you will see in *Jimmy* a new player, a recruit from the stage of whom you will see much from now on—and be glad of it. He is Raymond Hackett, whose ringing voice will echo long after the film is ended. Unlike most of his stage brothers, he photographs in a way that doesn't make you think that a mistake has been made in submitting him for the favor of the fans. Distinctly he "belongs" one hundred per cent. I say this in full knowledge of the many others from the stage who most decidedly do not.

Like Norma Shearer, Lewis Stone also makes his talkie début. Naturally, his success as the attorney for the defense is no surprise to those who have seen him on the stage, or even to those who are aware of his long experience behind the footlights before the movies claimed him. H. B. Warner, as the prosecutor, is equally fine in his first dialogue film, and Lilyan Tashman's voice matches perfectly her sleek, feline personality. Altogether, I found not a single disappointment in "The Trial of Mary Dugan." I am positive you will not, either.

The Fate of a Flirt.

You will see a new Mary Pickford, in "Coquette." The sacrifice of her curls for a bob, her decision to act in a dialogue picture and to play a grown-up rôle as well—all these comparative miracles have come to pass, as advertised, and have resulted in a personality that bears little resemblance to the precocious and pathetic child of yore. Miss Pickford strives valiantly to gratify the interest that attaches to this most important step in her career, but she does not reach the heights of inspiration expected of the momentous occasion. Both the picture and her performance miss perfection. Each is, in fact, disappointing, though this will no more lessen the popular appeal of the exhibit than a daisy chain would stop Niagara Falls. "Coquette" is a picture for the heterogeneous public rather than the specialized critic. The ideal picture satisfies both critic and fan. This is a consummation devoutly wished for by every star, whether they admit it or not. Therefore Miss Pick-

in Review

It is with conflicting emotions that the critic strives to do justice to a bumper crop of exceptional pictures, some surprisingly fine voices where least expected, and casts the mantle of charity over a few meager ones.

ford's failure to come up to critical requirements is a challenge to the critic to set forth his reasons why she does not.

In the first place her performance does not stir the imagination and grip the emotions as Helen Hayes' did on the stage. It has the quality of pathos it is true, but you feel that the characterization is a stunt, a *tour de force*, rather than the exposure of *Norma Besant's* soul in a crisis such as could only happen to a gently reared girl. Her Southern accent is exaggerated to the point of caricature at times, and she is photographed in a way that does not make for illusion. Considering that flawless camera work has always been a virtue of Miss Pickford's films, the lack of it here is a defect that cannot be overlooked. It is a reflection on her acting, because it entails a sacrifice of conviction, of illusion. Yet, for all this, I grant that Miss Pickford leaves no doubt of her great skill and her tremendous capabilities; it is just that her *Norma* isn't as marvelous as the character was when played on the stage with the same lines and, indeed, with limitations which the screen naturally surmounts. Nowadays when a star essays a stage play on the screen she cannot escape comparison through the excuse of a different medium. Voice is the determining factor in both cases. Miss Pickford's is pleasing and expressive, but it is by no means the most eloquent I have heard.

You will realize what great eloquence is required of *Norma* when you know the tragedy that comes into her life. She is the flirt of a small town, the daughter of a doctor who idolizes her, and the favorite of all the young gallants. Almost without knowing it she falls in love with *Michael Jeffery*, a low-born ne'er-do-well as far removed from her social sphere as if he were a criminal. Her father forbids him the house, and when *Norma* spends the night with *Michael*, *Doctor Besant* kills him as the seducer of his daughter. *Norma*, kept a prisoner in her room, cannot tell her father that his suspicions are groundless—that she spent the night on her lover's lap planning the future. Cross-examined at the trial, she tries to give evidence that will justify her father's murder of the man she loves, but when her testimony is broken down and he discovers that she lied to save him, *Doctor Besant* shoots himself. This leaves *Norma* to make her way out of the courtroom into the dusk, to help her brother with his algebra.

If you saw the play you will recognize certain differences in the picture which rob it of its poignance, but if you did not it will probably not occur to you to regret that the heroine had to stay pure for the sake of the censors.

Of the supporting cast I liked best John St. Polis, as the father, and Matt Moore, as the faithful, rejected, suitor. No, I'm not going to shower John Mack Brown with brimstone this time. He does very well as *Michael* and his acting is given conviction by his voice, heard for the first time. It is an agreeable voice and his Southern accent is bona fide. However, the rôle is greatly softened and conventionalized in the screen version.



John St. Polis, as *Doctor Besant*, is a willing victim to the charm of Mary Pickford, as his daughter, in "*Coquette*."

Just a Wow—That's All.

What a picture this "*Rainbow Man*" is! The reasons why you should see it are too numerous to mention. One of them is that it is irresistible. I can't imagine any one staying away once the uproar of its success begins to be heard. Believe me, the happy stir created by a picture such as this is immediate and far-reaching. I can hear it already! And I can still hear Eddie Dowling, the star, singing and speaking as distinctly as if I were seeing the picture over again. He is a stage star, who makes his first appearance on the screen as "*Rainbow*" Ryan, the minstrel man, whose dying pal leaves his son, *Billy*, in *Rainbow's* care.

Mr. Dowling isn't like any one else you have seen or heard. To me he is far more sympathetic and appealing than the several singing actors who have preceded him. One never feels that he is trying to be the whole show, nor does he apparently strain to sing louder or be more pathetic than any one else. His acting is natural, his singing is "sweet and low" and, oh! what tears there are in his voice! Instead of "Standing Room Only" outside the theater, the sign ought to be "Not a Dry Eye in the House." You will know why when you see the picture.

Rainbow and *Billy* visit the town of Arcadia with Hardy's Minstrels, and there *Rainbow* falls in love with



"This Is Heaven."



"Shady Lady."



"Alibi."



"Christina."

Mary, daughter of the hotel proprietor, Colonel Lane. Through no fault of theirs, *Rainbow* and *Billy* are discharged from the show and ejected from the hotel on a stormy night. In the city they try to get jobs, but fail. Then *Mary* finds them, bringing the news that she is really *Billy's* aunt and that her father expects him to come home with her and be educated. First refusing to give him up, *Rainbow* later pretends that he has found a job that will take him to England—and *Billy* must be left behind. From this it is not difficult to see that a happy ending is evolved.

The simple story is set forth with vast charm, a great deal of movement and constant dialogue. Between Mr. Dowling's singing, mimicry, and conversation he achieves a genuine characterization. He makes *Rainbow* not merely a name, but a person typical of show folks. Rivaling his triumph is that of Frankie Darro, as *Billy*. Many a time and oft you have seen the boy in silent pictures, for he has grown up in the movies, but never have you seen him deliver such an astonishing performance. Though self-assured to the point of brashness, he is nevertheless engagingly eager and boyish, his acting is amazingly expert, and his voice matches every mood. Marian Nixon, in her longest speaking part so far, is sweetly pleasing, but the time has come when voices that are merely sweetly pleasing are pretty close to blah to me.

A Picture Gallery.

One thing is certain, and that is the visual beauty of "*The Divine Lady*." It is a series of exquisite paintings come to life, infused with poetic feeling, spiritual nobility, and some drama. The pity of it is that the lavish outlay of money wasn't able to buy more drama. At that, "*The Divine Lady*" is not a picture to be sniffed at. It commands respect even though it doesn't thrill, and for many good reasons it should be seen.

One of them is the gracious performance of Corinne Griffith, as *Lady Hamilton*, surely as lovely a presentment of the famous charmer of history as ever Romney painted. Another reason is the finely modulated *Lord Nelson* of Victor Varconi. He makes England's hero of the Napoleonic wars a gallant gentleman who loves like a poet, dies like a god, and is never like an actor. Then, too, there are H. B. Warner, Ian Keith, Montagu Love, Dorothy Cumming, and Marie Dressler, not to mention thousands of men in the scenes of marine warfare. These scenes, the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar, are magnificently composed and executed, and they too have the quality of animated paintings in telling the story of *Emma Hart*, the daughter of a cook, who became a power in the history of England through her marriage to a peer and her love for a national hero.

As pictured on the screen, it is a sentimental story languidly told, without the vitality that must have caused *Lady Hamilton* to defy convention in acknowledging her love for *Lord Nelson* before the world, to have accepted the ostracism of the British court and been content to retire with her lord to a house in the country, without benefit of clergy. Despite this, however, it is agreeable to watch the story unfold, particularly as it reveals Miss Griffith at her best histrionically and sartorially. Rarely, if ever, has the heroine of a costume picture worn so many dresses, or such beautiful ones. The entire production is on a scale of magnificence hitherto unknown in Miss Griffith's pictures. While there is no dialogue, there is sound—heaps of it—and a little singing, presumably by Miss Griffith.

The Perfect Crook.

No matter what resolutions you may have made about seeing another underworld picture, "*Alibi*" will make you glad you weakened. A picture whose ingredients are essentially the same gunman, girl and policeman in the current deluge of crookies, yet is still able to draw a big hand on its opening night, is indeed worth seeing. The picture is well above the ordinary in its direction and construction, and foretells better things ahead for patrons of the audible screen. All good fans should now hope that the skill and subtle touches that lift "*Alibi*" out of the ranks of kindred opuses will be applied in other dramatic fields, giving the gunmen a badly needed rest.

"*Alibi*" has several distinctive features. Some of the finer

touches of the silent drama have been caught, and at the climaxes of the sequences stage players contribute effective dialogue. The result is swift movement and logical talk.

Opening flashes show Chester Morris, as "*Chick*" Williams, dropping from the prison line to be discharged. The tramp of heavy feet and the clicking of doors make realistic the otherwise silent scene. In the robbery of the fur store later, capital use of incidental sound is made, and the camera tells the rest. Effective use of silence—and the ticking of a wall clock—distinguish the third-degree scene, in which a suspect is made to "squeal" on the killer of O'Brien, the policeman.

The love of Joan Manning, daughter of *Sergeant Manning*, for *Chick*, whom she believes persecuted by the police, including Pat O'Malley, motivates the story. On the night of her marriage to *Chick* occurs the murder of O'Brien. The girl's father and her disappointed lover suspect *Chick*, but the girl has theater-ticket stubs for *Chick's* alibi. Regis Toomey is a high light in the picture as a detective posing as a hail-fellow in a night club, whose investigation brings on a thrilling episode in which the alibi is broken down. Action swiftly transfers to a roof apartment where the lover-detective and the crook-husband have a grand settling up of accounts. There are surprising turns in store here.

The actors are nearly all from the stage, with the exception of Pat O'Malley, Mae Busch, and a few lesser ones. The big rôles are played by Mr. Morris, Mr. Toomey, and Eleanor Griffith, all stage personages. Mr. Morris makes *Chick* a bad man who is different from conventional villains. Mr. Toomey, as the Broadway fly cop who knows all the boys, is a wonder. Talking pictures were made for Pat O'Malley. Mae Busch and Harry Stubbs deserve a word for their touches of comedy relief.

The picture is intelligently directed and shows that the talkies are growing better with each film. One is not annoyed by love passages that sound like a schoolgirl's literary society reading, as in the early efforts. Cooing, if any, is left to the imagination.

"Ol' Man River."

With the enormous prestige of the novel and the stage version, "*Show Boat*" on the screen has a great deal to live up to. While it does not wholly succeed in doing so, the film offers high lights of the story which cannot fail to interest. It is preceded, too, by a musical prologue on the screen, in which songs are sung by some of the singers who made the stage version famous. A stirring musical accompaniment is a feature of the film, with considerable dialogue as well. Despite this, however, the picture itself is scarcely the distinguished opus it should be. It lacks the romantic glamour of the original story and much of its drama, so that it fails to pulsate, but is instead a rather commonplace visualization devoid of brilliance or inspiration.

As almost every one knows, it tells the story of *Magnolia*, the daughter of *Captain Andy* and *Parthenia Ann Hawks*, proprietors of a show boat that plied the Mississippi in days gone by; *Magnolia's* marriage to *Ravenal*, a handsome, young gambler, the vicissitudes of their life together, their separation and eventual reunion. This covers a wide canvas, for it traces *Magnolia's* life from childhood and the scene ranges from river towns to the glittering half-world of Chicago in the '90s.

In attempting to screen so spacious a story it is natural to expect that much will be omitted both in action and psychology, so that perhaps as much of it has found its way into the film as might be looked for. At any rate, life aboard the show boat is picturesquely depicted, and the audible piping of calliopes does much to enhance the illusion. Laura La Plante, as *Magnolia*, is sincere and her voice registers with considerable feeling. Joseph Schildkraut, as *Ravenal*, plays his most important rôle so far and speaks his lines well. Emily Fitzroy is impressive as the gaunt *Parthenia*, and Alma Rubens in the all-too-brief rôle of *Julie* is extremely interesting.

Watch Claudette Colbert.

For one thing, "*The Hole in the Wall*" reveals an important newcomer from the stage, Claudette Colbert, whom I commend to the attention of fans. Here is a young actress of reputation on Broad-

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"The Divine Lady."



"The Wild Party."



"Show Boat."



"The Godless Girl."



Photo by Freulich

Natalie Kingston's Spanish beauty is dazzling, but she has never been considered for stardom.

Why Don't

Beautiful, alluring, with pronounced ability certain popular players never attain stardom? stars they support, but theirs is ever the eminence of the star. This brilliant article but

By Willard

notoriously loose ladies, Oriental dancing girls, Chinese slaves, spies, underworld molls. Her slanting Chinese eyes and dark locks invite the complements of trailing negligees and dangling earrings. She can poise a slender cigarette holder with subtle ease, wear strikingly bizarre gowns, cast languorous glances with those exotic eyes.

"The lady known as Loy" has done well to rise above the milling throng of new faces, who are given publicity by appearing in silly poses in fan magazines. Have you not seen them, with slim legs peeping from beneath a large Valentine in the April number, perched on an enormous firecracker in the July issue, riding on a witch's broom in October, and appearing in the coat part of a Santa Claus costume in December?

These dazzling girls are used to add color to the sometimes whimsical publicity stunts of the producers, and are even lent for commercial advertising of everything from automobiles to nail polish.

Myrna Loy was subjected to such poses, wearing everything unsuitable from pajamas to a Puritan costume. But she has been given a chance to display her strange Oriental beauty in

Jane Winton's beauty and fascination equal that of many stars.



Photo by Freulich

It is Margaret Livingston's prerogative to outshine the star, and she does so with perfect ease.

THIS is a bouquet, or a tribute, or at least a word, for those gorgeous creatures who sometimes flash brilliantly and bewitchingly before us in a brief scene or two, giving a dash of color to a dark or drab picture. They have won their reputations by being alluring.

There are a number of first-rank stars who can usually be depended upon to be colorful, brilliant, sparkling—Gloria Swanson, Billie Dove, Greta Garbo, Norma Talmadge, and Jetta Goudal. Their pictures need no other feminine member in their casts to supply color. They are bright, vivid things. What could be dull, or in need of color, in a Mae Murray extravaganza? What is needed to overshadow the feathered grandeur of Aileen Pringle, the jeweled mystery of Jetta Goudal, the magnetic allure of Evelyn Brent, or the delicious naïveté of Olive Borden?

But all pictures are not successions of gorgeous scenes; all heroines are not perpetually beautiful. Then comes the call for contrast, and the highly painted dolls of cinemaland are called to the colors. Are these ravishing creatures appreciated? Too often they are given nothing whatever to do in the way of acting, their only task being to pose in dazzling gowns, furs, and jewels, to lend brilliance. Too often the unappreciative critics term them artificial, or pass them by unmentioned.

Who are these silken sirens and Dresden dolls?

Perhaps Myrna Loy has won as much publicity as any for her portrayal of exotic women. She has been called upon to play vamps,



Photo by Hesser

They Star?

to wear gorgeous costumes—why is it that Often their beauty overshadows that of the course of the flashing comet, never the fixed explains why they are not to be pitied, envied.

Chamberlin

unusual creations which befit her sinuous grace. She has even starred once or twice, but alas, she is not the type to star. She must furnish always the color relief, she must trail in greens and scarlets through cushion-strewn apartments, posing—but, oh, so beautifully!

Gwen Lee, Dorothy Sebastian, and Jane Winton are all unusually attractive, are types which cause more than ordinary attention. They, too, have been subjected to the holiday poses, but have survived them by reason of their distinctive personalities. Gwen Lee, blond and vivacious, with narrow, flirtatious eyes. Can you forget the touches of color she lent to "The Actress"? Or alluring Dorothy Sebastian to "The Demi-bride"? Or fascinating Jane Winton to "The Patsy"?

Lupe Velez and Eve Southern both promise dramatic ability, as well as colorful personalities. Both these girls made their initial appearance in "The Gaucho." Lupe, fiery, vivid, like a flashing crimson poppy, snapping her way through a rôle of madcap abandon; Eve, aloof and tall, dark and dreamy—seen to excellent advantage in "The Naughty Duchess." And that glittering spark of fire, Baclanova—color, vivid, like cold sunlight, and marvelous histrionic ability.

Seena Owen is the personification of worldly allure and sartorial gorgeousness.



Photo by Freulich

Anna May Wong never fails to furnish colorful Oriental beauty to any rôle she plays.



Myrna Loy has every attribute of stardom, but destiny denies it to her.

Then there is Anna May Wong, the little Chinese-American actress. She has won fame and favor, but she can never be a star in American pictures. She must ever be the frail Oriental flower, dancing before a lacquered screen, almond eyes slanting a bit sadly behind her carved-ivory fan. But can you forget the vivid touches of color she lent to "Across to Singapore," and "The Chinese Parrot"? Or as the al-

luring slave girl in "The Thief of Bagdad"?

Carmel Myers has slunk her way sinuously through more than one picture. But she cannot be a star, either. She is that type you "love to hate." The woman you love to see fall to her fate amid a swirl of fringe and a shimmer of silk. And so Carmel Myers in sweeping gowns and white wigs, will lure and be rejected. If you see Renée Adorée in peasant patches, or Norma Shearer in a tailored suit, Carmel Myers may be just around the corner as a glittering countess. Can you forget her *Iras*, the perfumed temptress, in "Ben-Hur"?

The regal Betty Blythe, who has descended from the gilded throne she occupied in "The Queen of Sheba," still finds opportunity occasionally to play ladies of

Why Don't They Star?

color, and despite the fact that she has slipped a bit on her satin trains, the statuesque Betty still may be seen in brief scenes as a queen in "Glorious Betsy," as an opera star in Greta Garbo's "The Mysterious Lady," as modistes, and those inevitable "other women."

A score of actresses have won fame as "other women." Not the type for stars, such actresses as Hedda Hopper, Lilyan Tashman, Julia Faye, Gertrude Astor, Natalie Kingston, Mildred Harris, Julianne Johnston, Seena Owen, and Margaret Livingston, have donned their most scintillating costumes and

Photo by Autrey

personified the feminine allure.

There are two new personalities who, although they assume, along with Pickford, Philbin, and Astor, the name of Mary, seem destined for vampire rôles—Mary Nolan and Mary Duncan. One blonde, one brunette, they are arresting and unusual.

Did you see Charley Murray, in "Do Your Duty"? Did you notice the girl crook in the picture? She was interesting, and contributed a bit of color. And yet her

name did not even appear in the cast. It was Yola d'Avril, the little French actress with First National. Wasted in next to needless rôles, Mademoiselle d'Avril might be another Myrna Loy. Or the lovely girl appearing as a Grecian princess in the beautiful prologue of "Manhattan Cocktail"? Majel Coleman, although the cast didn't say so. And have you noticed Jocelyn Lee, portrayeur of vampires de luxe? And Rose Dione, French actress, cast perpetually as a voluble modiste?

Some of our heroines can very capably handle the vamp rôle, and can bedeck themselves in jewels and sin with a great deal of effectiveness. Witness Anna Q. Nilsson, as *Iris d'Acquila*, in "The Whip," Pauline Starke, as a colorful underworld girl, in "Man, Woman, and Wife," or Estelle Taylor, in the rôle of *Lucrezia Borgia*, in "Don Juan." And Dorothy Revier, that golden blonde in "The Red Dance" and "Submarine."

And so the actresses denied stardom do their parts in supporting rôles. You think sympathy is due them? Sympathy because their names cannot appear in foot-high electric lights? Well, perhaps they may have a few regrets, but after all, are their positions not more secure than those of the stars? Stars may come and stars may go, but there is always a demand for these colorful ladies whose public does not tire of them in their brief scenes. A few of them fade away, of course. Nita Naldi, Dagmar Godowsky, Arlette Marchal are gone,

Yola d'Avril is wasted on inconsequential rôles.

but it was through their own choosing, not because of lack of public interest. Nita Naldi might return now, if she desired—and reduced. Greta Nissen, the sparkling, naïve, little blonde, is doing her luring and flirting on the stage at present, but the screen will doubtless see more of her. Anyway, there is still "Hell's Angels," and "Fazil" cannot be forgotten overnight.

And so they vamp and pose and dazzle! Not to be pitied, but envied. Their few feet of film are bound to be what the

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Greta Nissen's youth, beauty and exquisite pantomime are now claimed by the stage.



Carmel Myers, as *Iras*, in "Ben-Hur," fairly dripped pearls, and since then she has never entirely ceased playing bejeweled temptresses.

Rose Dione, a brilliant actress, is forever cast as a voluble modiste, more comic than dramatic.



Boy, Page These!

The brass-buttoned brigade has been glorified in recent pictures, and here's several reasons why.



Nancy Carroll, left, as she appeared in "Manhattan Cocktail," in a costume pirated from an elevator girl in order to crash through to a theatrical producer.

Pat Rooney and his son, Pat III, below, are bell hops in "Love Birds," and with a family tradition like that to uphold, guests surely would have no complaints about service.



Sally O'Neil and William Bakewell, above, set a new pace for the brass-buttoned folk, as checkroom girl and head usher in "On with the Show."

A bell hop de luxe was Marion Davies, left, when she donned this uniform for "The Cardboard Lover," and snapped to attentive alertness.

Service with a smile would be no mere phrase if Barbara Kent, right, should realize her ambition to be a bell hop, though she says she absolutely wouldn't care to be one if she couldn't wear high heels, as she does in this picture.

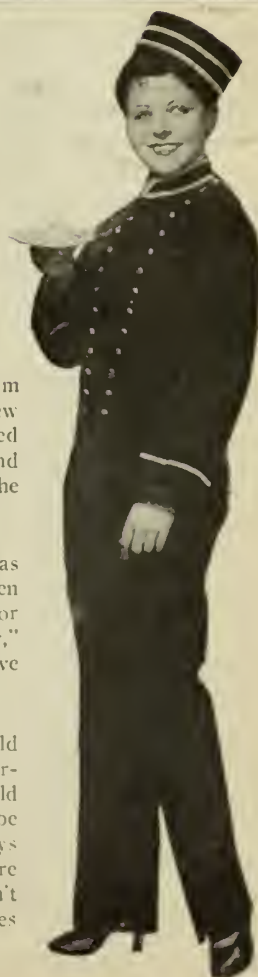




Photo by Autrey

Though charged with selfishness, Barry Norton has been known to lend his entire pay check to a friend in need, says Don Alvarado.

Skiping With Barry

Skittish, mercurial, Barry Norton has little regard for time, order, and the approval of his fellow human beings, but he is kind, loyal, and sincere, and altogether is one of the most interesting paradoxes in Hollywood.

By Madeline Glass

WHENEVER a Hollywood traffic officer sees Barry Norton he shouts, "Hello, Barry!" and automatically writes out a ticket.

Poor Barry! Poor, careless, indifferent Barry! He distresses his employers, grieves his friends, and harasses himself by disobeying traffic regulations; yet he goes right on getting himself arrested. He doesn't want to break laws, but still he does. The odd part of it is that he usually commits the same offense—parks in a prohibited zone. He isn't reckless, he doesn't transport liquor, either in himself or his car, he doesn't knock the policeman off his box. But when he wants to park, some perverse mental trait prompts him to draw up to a curb painted a nice red, or yellow.

Only recently a burly policeman nabbed him and took him to the station, where the actor was confronted with an accumulation of charges covering a period of many months. Barry paid a heavy fine, listened to a prolonged lecture, and went back to his waiting car sadder, but not noticeably wiser. A friend was with him, and

as they drove along, he teased Barry about his traffic troubles. Finally Barry, already sore of spirit, seized the other fellow's hat and threw it onto the pavement. Then, alas, he saw his mistake. The friend jumped out to get his hat, and Barry had to stop. It was by no means a good place to stop. Traffic was heavy, and the car was supposed to keep pace with the rest. The policeman from his perch in the center of the street leveled a threatening glance at the much-arrested actor. Barry saw visions of himself behind iron bars, his reputation ruined, his career destroyed, and his heart almost stopped along with the car. Luckily he got out of the scrape with nothing worse than a bad scare, but those who know him realize that, because of his peculiar temperament, the experience will profit him little.

Barry is a good boy. By that I mean that he has a naturally kind and loyal nature. Also, he has courage and generosity—too much generosity for his own financial good. He seems to be continually surrounded by the people who "knew him when—" Call on him when you will, and invariably some friend of pre-movie days is basking in his reflected glory.

For that reason, it is extremely hard to understand why young Norton is so frequently charged with selfishness. He is capricious, too, so they say, and hard to manage. In short, if we are to believe his critics, he is the *enfant terrible* of the Fox studio. Well, let's see.

In Hollywood, as elsewhere, people are prone to toss off vehement criticisms, without stopping to analyze circumstances, or to make allowances for youth and inexperience. Moreover, many of Barry's critics would do well to correct their own faults before sitting in judgment on him.

Not long ago a well-known actor said to me, "Barry is the most selfish boy in the world." A few days later he went to the "most selfish boy in the world," and asked for a loan of money. The man had no scruples about asking a favor of Barry, after trying to damage his reputation. Naturally, Barry did not tell me of the incident; it came from a friend who chanced to be present.

In direct contradiction to the above criticism of the young Argentinean was a remark by Don Alvarado. "I have known Barry," said Don, "to lend his entire pay check to some one who was broke."

The charge of capriciousness is not denied, for it is true. Barry was born with a skittish, mercurial nature, and a marked talent for tardiness.

There is not a doubt that he will be late for his wedding, and in all probability he will forget to bring along the ring. Then, when he reaches the church, he will park in a loading zone, and wind up at the police station.

In the scheme of social life these shortcomings aren't crimes. They reveal, to be sure, a poorly balanced temperament, but at that, Barry's many good qualities vastly outweigh them in importance.

Though never vulgar or *outré*, he has a coltish disregard for conventional behavior, and is as unself-conscious as a child. One evening his secretary and I were walking along the corridor of the Roosevelt Hotel with him. Linking his arms through ours, he said, "Let's skip."

Now, I am not at my best when skipping, but I swallowed my deep-rooted conservatism, and down the corridor we went.

It is a well-known fact that stars usually are coached and drilled by paid experts in the manner which they

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Photo by Max Mun Autrey

Barry Norton is the despair of those who would have him conduct his life by rote and rule, for he is a law unto himself—a law that is willingly observed by those who know his charm, which Madeline Glass describes opposite.

Troubled Souls

"Redemption," John Gilbert's new picture, is a story of Russia in which the hero's unhappiness causes misery for others until he dies redeemed by a noble impulse.



John Gilbert, as *Fedya*, upper left, contemplates his tragic fate.

Renée Adorée, above, as *Masha*, a gypsy girl, believes that her love will be the solution of *Fedya's* unrest.

Fedya, upper right, returns to his wife and child after a night of desperate gambling.

Conrad Nagel, left, as *Victor*, *Fedya's* friend, is skeptical of the latter's excuses.

Eleanor Boardman, right, as *Lisa*, gives to *Fedya* the love he has stolen from *Victor*, her fiancé.



A Village Rose

This pastoral title gives no hint of the melodramatic incidents that occur in "The Girl in the Glass Cage," so you will just have to see the film.



Carroll Nye, above, as the wealthy *Terry Pomfret*, takes Loretta Young as *Gladys Cosgrove*, the ticket seller at a movie theater, into his home.

They are seen, upper left, parting near *Gladys'* home after her work is done.

Gladys, upper right, has more of an appetite for flirtation with *Terry* than for his picnic lunch.

Gladys, left, shows no inclination to sell *Terry* a ticket and let him get away.

Miss Young and Mr Nye, right, in a serious moment.



Oriental

The famous character is brought to the screen of "The Insidious" which are promised all rors of



Warner Oland, left, as *Fu Manchu*, silences the girl, *Lia Eltham*, played by Jean Arthur, while Neil Hamilton, as *Jack Petrie*, looks on in amazed horror.

Fu Manchu, below, hypnotizes *Lia* that she may do his bidding, while *Jack Petrie* is powerless to stay the villain's hand.

Warner Oland, below, as *Fu Manchu*, finds his expert knowledge of chemistry of great assistance in furthering his nefarious operations.

In the oval, lower right, is seen Charles Stevens, as *Singh*, one of *Fu Manchu's* many aids.



Diablerie

of *Doctor Fu Manchu* in the dialogue version *Doctor Fu Manchu*, in the suspense and horror novel.

Jean Arthur, right, as *Lia*, Neil Hamilton, as *Jack Petrie*, and Claude King, as *Sir John Petrie*, receive another warning of death from *Fu Manchu*.

Fu Manchu, below, is trapped into a dangerous admission by O. P. Heggie, as *Nayland Smith*, the detective, whose assistant is *Jack* in disguise.



Jack, below, in trying to penetrate the secret of *Fu Manchu's* diabolic villainy, is unaware that his family are the last remaining victims of the Chinaman's accumulated hatred.

In the oval, lower left, is seen Warner Oland, as *Fu Manchu*, peering at those who, he thinks, will meet death by his hand.





The High Cost of Husbands

Cecil DeMille proceeds to fix the value of one at \$100,000 in "Dynamite," his new picture which marks his return to sleek society melodrama and his inclusion of dialogue in depicting the life of the love-ridden rich.



Robert Haines, at top of page, sentences Charles Bickford, as *Hagon Derk*.

Julia Faye, as *Marcia Towne*, upper left, gambles with Kay Johnson, as *Cynthia Crothers*, for Conrad Nagel, as *Marcia's* husband.

Leslie Fenton and Barton Hepburn, upper right, in a dramatic scene which concerns the lives of the hero and heroine.

Kay Johnson, left, with Robert Edeson, is a newcomer from the stage.

Julia Faye, right, is the center of attraction in the aëro-wheel race.



Fine Feathers

These views of "The Glad Rag Doll" present Dolores Costello as a show girl whose gold-digging unearths a rich vein of pure love.



Dolores Costello, above, as *Annabel Lea*, who enjoys all the rewards of success on the stage.

She is seen, right, in a pensive moment as if wondering whether her gay life is the real life after all.



Claude Gillingwater, outer left, as *Underlane*, a lawyer, and Albert Gran, as *Uncle Nathan*, listen to Ralph Graves, as *John Fairchild*, bargain with *Annabel* for the return of love letters written to her by *John's* younger brother, never dreaming that the two will fall in love.

Well, Well, Estelle

If Miss Taylor is as pleased with her new frocks as *Picture Play* is, she need not bother to consult her mirror to verify her perfection.

Miss Taylor's ensemble, left, is of apple-green wool cloth and silk, the dress achieving the new princess line by a deep, fitted and shaped yoke. Both coat and dress are interestingly studded with silver nail heads and, like all the costumes shown on this page, are Sally Milgrim models.

She is seen, right, in a striking combination of navy blue and beige, the latter color being used for the overlapped lacing.

Vivid orange-flame silk fashions the summer gown worn by Miss Taylor, right, a two-piece model, with an unusually long blouse semifitted about the waistline and hips. The decided fullness of the skirt achieves the new flare.

White Russian broadtail is used in Miss Taylor's wrap, left, lavishly collared with sable. Fullness at the top and straight, snug lines about the waist and hips give the wrap, which is really a cape, the appearance of a coat.

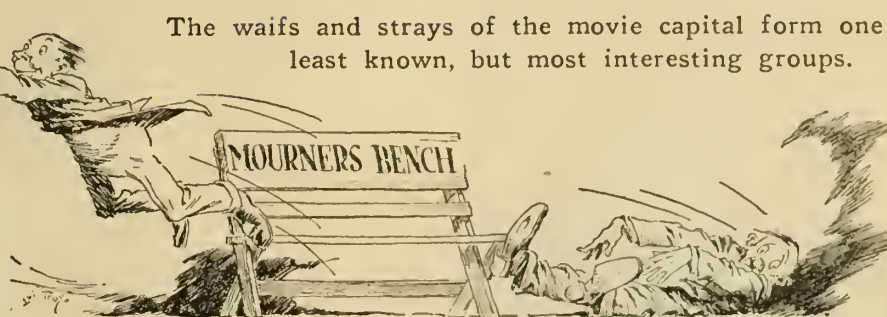
The Hobos of Hollywood



By

H.A. Woodmansee

Illustration by Lui Trugo



The waifs and strays of the movie capital form one of its least known, but most interesting groups.

HOLLYWOOD abounds in hobos of a sort. It is thronged with men and women who can't get work in pictures, due to the increasingly overcrowded condition of the business, and either can't or won't work at anything else. And many a white-collared loungeur who poses as a motion-picture worker, although chronically jobless, has a harder time of it than the shabbiest "bindle stiff" ever chased by a farmer's dog.

Some one has said that Hollywood has made more bums out of good men than liquor ever has. Literally thousands of persons who once had prosperous days in the studios, or even worked for a few weeks as extras, wait month after month, year after year, for another chance. Some are lucky enough to find other work in a city where employment is scarce, while they are waiting. But hundreds are forced into the hobo class. Some take to dissipation and drugs, and the activities of the underworld. Even those who follow the straight and narrow path are eventually demoralized by chronic unemployment.

Many desperately try to keep up a front. They get clothes, and even big cars, on credit, and run so far into debt that they can never get out.

The life of the Hollywood hobo is a gamble, and he has a gambler's optimism. He often talks cynically of his one chance in a thousand of getting somewhere, and yet he waits for a lucky break—and waits and waits.

It is a wonder how some of the jobless manage to go on living year after year. The Hollywood hobos have a hundred ruses to live without cash. Many make a practice of skipping out of their lodgings when they have stalled off the landlady to the limit of her endurance. Some run up board bills at lunch rooms, with the promise to pay when they get the big job they are perpetually hoping to land. Some do not hesitate to commit petty larceny. In the old days they could legally ease the pangs of hunger at the free-lunch counters in the Hollywood saloons, but now they must raid orange groves, or frisk milk bottles off doorsteps. Some pass worthless checks; in fact, many a shopkeeper has a drawerful of checks that have "bounced back" on him.

Some of the merchants of Hollywood play the rôle of good Samaritans to the starving, in spite of the fact that they have lost hundreds of dollars by trusting these "motion-picture workers." But it becomes increasingly difficult for the jobless to exist in the movie town.

Often the destitute double up on rooms with their luckier friends. Sometimes the occupant of a hall bedroom will have three or four pals sleeping in his room, draped across the chairs, or sprawled out on the floor. And occasionally such a benefactor will awake in the morning to find that his roommates have sneaked off with his clothes and belongings.

Sometimes the more ambitious of the unemployed work on "spec," or speculation. That is, they work in various capacities on a quickie, with the understanding that they will be paid if the picture is sold. Usually it is not, and if it is, often the producer tries to sidestep his obligations.

Only a small fraction of the number of extras who cling like leeches to a Hollywood future can be employed. Unemployment is general in all branches of picture work. "The panic is on" is the slogan of the crowd. "Pictures have never been as bad as they are right now," the jobless tell each other, month after month.

Poverty Row, the center of small studios, is a favorite hang-out for the Hollywood hobos. Here they mingle with the more successful, who are employed in the studios at least part of the time. Deprived of the cheer of the old saloon—although Hollywood has its bootleggers for those who can pay the price—they seek the price of "coffee and——" and set themselves up at Ma Marsh's combination lunch counter and pool room, or Raphael's drug store, presided over by Maurice Raphael, the "mayor" of Poverty Row. Or they can sit outside on the "mourners' bench," that throne of the jobless.

Poverty Row is full of interesting characters. There is, for instance, Luke, who was a steady-working prop man until he stood too close to an airplane propeller which was furnishing the wind in a movie storm. Luke wears a metal plate in his skull to cover the place where the propeller blade chipped away the bone. He isn't of much use to the studios now.

And there is Jim, who used to earn a regular living cleaning windows, but is now a "scenario writer."

To all who will listen, Jim talks expansively of writing a sequel to the current film hit. He once talked a Poverty Row producer into buying a story, but the producer later discovered the story, word for word, in a magazine; and it was not under Jim's name.

There is Jerry, who lives in the days of his theatrical triumphs of the '90s, and has a scorn for movie acting. But he waits for studio calls that seldom, if ever, come.

Tom is a "director." Back in 1917 he actually did direct a couple of pictures. Since then he has lived on the gullibility of his creditors and the generosity of his friends. He is always "preparing" a big production.

Harry is a once-popular, two-reel comedy star who hasn't worked in years. He loves to tell how he used to "panic 'em."

Jake is an orthodox hobo who hummed his way round the world, and finally settled down in Hollywood, because of the mild winters, and the possibility of getting easy work as a movie type. Anything suits him, if there is no work attached.

Continued on page 115

For Art's Sake

Few, if any, Hollywood homes are without a fine painting or two, and some of the stars own valuable collections.



Jean Hersholt, above, has the Dane's love of simple decoration, the beautiful study of peasant life hanging above his mantelpiece being almost the only ornament in the room.

Lina Basquette, right, is proud of the woodcut proof of herself which hangs in her home.

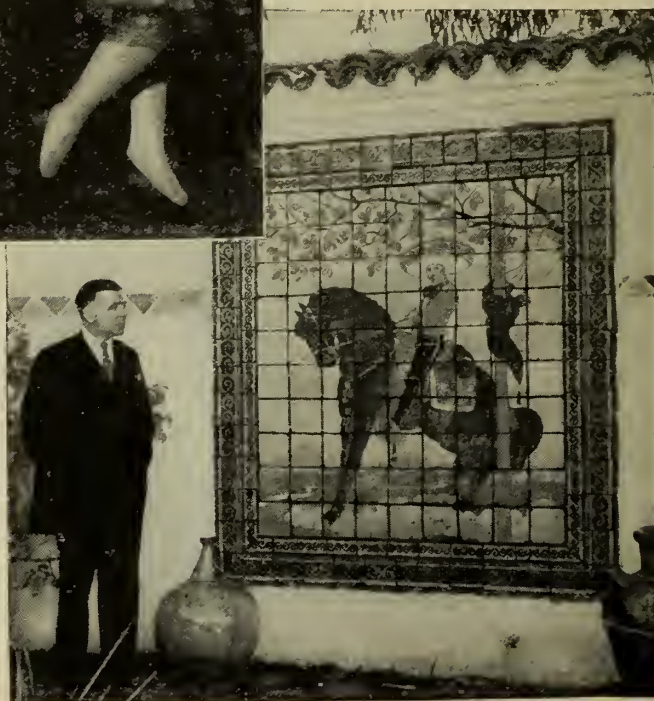
Antique Chinese prints are the weakness and the delight of Aileen Pringle, below.



Richard Arlen, above, has only recently been able to purchase the Italian painting which he and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, long desired for their living room.



Clarence Brown, below, the director, is justly proud of the Mexican tile painting, "El Charro," by Pedro Sanchez, which adorns the wall of the patio of his home.



They Learned by Watching

Unknown to the screen, and with little hope of ever appearing on it, many aspirants found that in observing the stars they acquired knowledge of acting that made it all the easier for them when opportunity finally knocked at their doors.

By Myrtle Gebhart

AT the organ sat a pretty girl, her fingers trailing the keys and finding the stops from familiar practice, while her eyes were fastened upon the screen above.

Seen at such close range, the figures were enlarged and lengthened out of all proportion, but even with the lack of perspective she noted little things—the way Norma Talmadge used her hands and Constance her eyes, the gesture of a Chaplin.

Young and lovely and dreaming star dust, she wondered how *she* would look up there among that shining, silver pageantry, and reminded herself that *she* would do so-and-so, or not do thus.

Stored away in her subconscious mind, Jeannette Loff may have forgotten half the lessons she learned by watching while she played the *right* music for each scene in a Portland, Oregon, movie

George O'Brien learned the ins and outs of studio life while doing odd jobs for Fox.



Nick Stuart spent several years in filling every job possible, from messenger to assistant camera man.



As an usher at the Chinese Theater, Raquel Torres found opportunity to study the screen before she was "discovered."

theater. Much of it, however, constitutes a reservoir of knowledge from which she now draws, in acting leading lady opposite William Boyd and other stars.

A number of players, while dreaming starshine, have worked in menial jobs in connection with the movies, acquiring valuable training that enabled them to progress quickly when the chance to act came.

As an usher at Grauman's Chinese Theater, in Hollywood, the dusky Mexican child with such delicate features, Raquel Torres, was busy thinking and not just ornamenting the place. She was studying the screen. Many a bit of technique thus picked up was used in "White Shadows in the South Seas," "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" and other films to which she has given her gentle charm.

Though his father was a stage manager, and backstage, therefore, was as familiar as the footlights to which he progressed, Edward Nugent found no paved road to movie success when he left the theater and moved to Hollywood.

While working as shipping clerk, he earned a



Edward Nugent spent long years as prop man, gag man and in other capacities around the studios before he finally got the chance to act.

As organist in a movie theater Jeanette Loff had perhaps the best chance of any one to study the stars at close range and in quiet.

few extra dollars in prologues and there met Ramon Novarro, at that time also undiscovered and appearing, too, as a dancer. Eddie's first studio labor was as assistant electrician and general helper. A term as "comedy constructionist," a social way of saying "gag man," led to acquaintance with Harry Beaumont. The director gave him a test, and launched him on his career.

Eddie had learned a vast number of things—perhaps most important of all, the viewpoint of one standing behind the camera lines, of inestimable benefit now that he faces the magic box.



Some years ago George O'Brien also garnered valuable studio training while hustling props.

Wallace MacDonald owned three small movie theaters, when the Keystone Kops were patrolling the screen. He not only managed, but also tended his tiny show places with a parent's care, sweeping and polishing, welcoming the folks, selling tickets, singing songs to illustrate the colored slides, and performing sundry other duties. It was a one-man enterprise.

Wally didn't master much acting technique by watching those old flicker chases, but he noticed public response, and evolved some general ideas on what pleased. His film apprenticeship in Sennett comedies, working in dull times as prop man and assistant director, added details to his fund of knowledge. He had formed the habit of noting and filing many bits of useful information, which became an education to him in picture values. So he, too, learned by watching both the public out front and the machinery of the studio.

Hanging in William K. Howard's office is a certificate of honorary membership in the Motion Picture Salesmen, Incorporated, citing him as a former salesman who has reflected great credit on the organization. He was so good that he became exchange manager and, later, district general manager.

Previewing pictures, he organized sales campaigns. Technique always interested him, the manner of obtaining effects, which, together with public attitude, was of value when he became a director.

You can label Nick Stuart prop boy, assistant electrician, office messenger and about nineteen other things. For during his years in the Fox studio preliminary to his acting career, he did about everything. He shoved props and held the script, and was assistant to camera men, electricians, technicians of all designations—as a matter of fact, to about everybody rating a helper. While he worked, he also watched, observing details. Timing, particularly, was studied, and such things as angles and lighting, of which many experienced actors have only a slight

Continued on page 107

The Tender Years

Six ladies of the studios gladly hark back to their days in the schoolroom.



Raquel Torres, above, won't admit that her school days included an experience as harrowing as this, but she shows how lightly a dunce's cap sits on her head.



Gwen Lee, above, illustrates with becoming gravity a more or less serious moment in every one's school days.



Dolores Brinkman, above, reminds you of the little ragamuffin you were told not to play with, because he didn't live in the "nice" part of town.



Leila Hyams, above, shows that even at an early age she was intent on voice culture, though she had no idea of making use of it except in vaudeville, with her parents.



Josephine Dunn, below, assumes the complacent expression of the teacher's pet with ease, because she used to be one.



Dorothy Sebastian, above, was always handy with chalk, which explains why she took to movie make-up with little practice when she grew up.



Photo by Ball

The many-sided Jetta Goudal is the subject of rumors which evoke only a smile from her, although one of them hints of a rôle in a dramatic chapter of the World War.

ASK the cold Sphinx whence it came. Put question after question before it, and it will merely stare back at you with its inscrutable countenance. Never can you see behind its eyes. Go wild with rage, for all it cares, when you fail to get an answer. It should worry. It is doing very well. The Sphinx is world famous.

So are two women and a man in Hollywood who possess the same distracting, enigmatic qualities. *Unknown* is the middle name of Jetta Goudal, Greta Garbo, and Ronald Colman.

Goudal has attracted attention, because of the aura of bafflement she carries about with her. There is no stronger magnet to draw the human mind than mystery. Perhaps Jetta realizes this.

She flashed to success, as most people know, some years ago, in "The Bright Shawl," in which she played the rôle of a Eurasian spy.

Who was she? Where did she come from? People asked, but failed to get an answer. Rumor said her mother was French, her father Chinese. Other rumors of an exotic nature spread about.

Ask for verification of these rumors and Goudal will look half smiling at you, just like the Sphinx. She makes

The Three

Questions directed to Jetta Goudal, Greta Garbo, same results as efforts to draw the mysterious chatter, so far as their inner selves and

By William

you both believe and disbelieve; she suggests and denies, which usually causes one's ideas to go this way and that.

Versailles, we are informed, is her birthplace.

A sphinx from Versailles. Why not?

Mention of Versailles recalls Vincennes. And Vincennes conjures up visions of Matahari, the half-caste

Greta Garbo quietly observes Hollywood through half-closed eyes, suggesting disturbances that at once charm and mystify the screen colony.

Javanese dancer of exotic memory. Her real name was Margaret Zelle. Her father was a Dutch sea captain. During the war Matahari was a notorious spy for Germany, belonging to the *Wilhelmstrasse*. She was executed, presumably, by the French in 1916.

Matahari was fictionized after her announced death, by several novelists. Ibáñez portrayed her in "Mare Nostrum." Elinor Glyn forgot "It" for a moment and declaimed, "Thus perish all spies!" when she had her executed, in "The Price of Things." A few French writers dramatized Matahari in their novels. "La Chèvre aux Pieds d'Or" being the most famous.

Whether Jetta Goudal suggested "The Goat With the Golden Feet," when she appeared on the stage in New York, cannot be said. All the same, the book made a splendid film for her, as some profess to believe that she is Matahari herself. Secrets were supposed to have been let out. Those who know say this.

Was it true that the French government freed Matahari in return for some very important secrets, then gave out the report that she had been executed? Was it true that they let her escape to Holland, with a stern command never to set foot in France again? Was it likewise true that Jetta Goudal was really that



Photo by Louise

Sphinxes

and Ronald Colman have about the lady of the Nile into self-revealing personal histories are concerned.

H. McKegg

lady when she landed in America in 1918? Or was it all fabricated by some one who had taken his spy stories too seriously?

Of course there is no great resemblance between Jetta and photographs of the Matahari of twelve years ago. *La Goudal* also seems too young. Nevertheless, who could play the spy in "Three Faces East" and "The Forbidden Woman" with more conviction than she? None but a splendid actress, at least. She is a many-sided person, as her rôles have proved.

In any case, why is she such a sphinxlike personality? Why does she remain secluded from all Hollywood? She is a very remarkable person, with an intellectual brilliance that would surprise many who do not know her.

A gifted linguist, she speaks several languages. She has a slight French accent. Yet Goudal talks the purest English. Her French is fluent, too, but Jetta speaks it in a calm, steellike tone—hardly like a Parisienne. Of tremendous mental power, she knows more than any three people put together. Her personality defies definition—hence her mystifying ways.

Ronald Colman is not so mysterious as to antecedents as are Goudal and Garbo, but he possesses a baffling something in his personality. It is well known that he comes from a good family. He does not hide his background. He merely objects to dragging in his private affairs for publicity.

Colman's sphinxlike quality is an acquisition. It was not always present. It has appeared only since the war. What caused that baffling, sorrowful expression that you see in his eyes when he believes himself unnoticed?

The war "got" those who were in it, and those just old enough to realize the slaughter of it all—that is, the young people of Europe. Colman's plans for the future were shattered on August 4, 1914. He was already in the reserves, and was one of the first to go to France. More than two years of horror passed before he was sent back to England, wounded.

He returned to the London of 1917. Every one was dancing amid the roar of near-by guns. To a returning soldier, the people must have seemed mad. One never knew when one went to bed whether one would be blown to fragments during a midnight Zeppelin raid. Soldiers on leave would have their "last fling" before returning to the death zone some forty or so miles away. Death had touched every family. People went about with a hideous mask of joy on their tear-stained faces, to conceal their terror.

The war snapped the cord that tied one to tradition. Many young people sought the stage. Colman was one



Photo by Albin

Ronald Colman's antecedents are known, but since the war he has acquired something baffling in his personality which defies analysis.

of them. Poppy Wyndham, Lord Inchcape's daughter who also did splendid war work, was another. Colman and she acted together. This talented, beautiful girl was recently killed while attempting a flight across the Atlantic. The war had never left her.

Is it the war, now ten years gone, that causes Colman to smile so ironically at Hollywood's civilization? Or is it some sorrowful memory in his own life? To his personal friends Ronnie is no sphinx. He is humorous, honest, and straightforward. Still, he has a great sorrow for something—or is it some one?

Ronald Colman views his fellow men from a mountain of his own vision. He laughs at them for their vanities, well knowing the futility of everything that depends on material hopes. Yet in spite of his sphinxlike quality, Colman is the most sympathetic of men—that is, if one seeks his sympathy.

Greta Garbo has taken upon herself a sphinxlike personality. It is either because she has been advised to do so, or because she can't help it.

Where does Greta come from? Sweden, yes. But where in Sweden? Stockholm is given for answer,

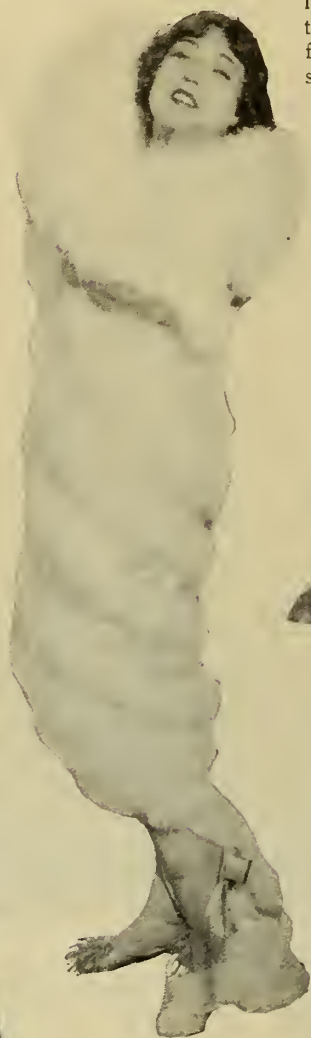
Continued on page 114

Something Loose

When milady of the Kleigs is in the privacy of her boudoir she wraps herself in something comfortable as well as colorful.



The lounging robe of Ruth Chatterton, above, is of *chartreuse* Salome velvet, bordered with gray fox.



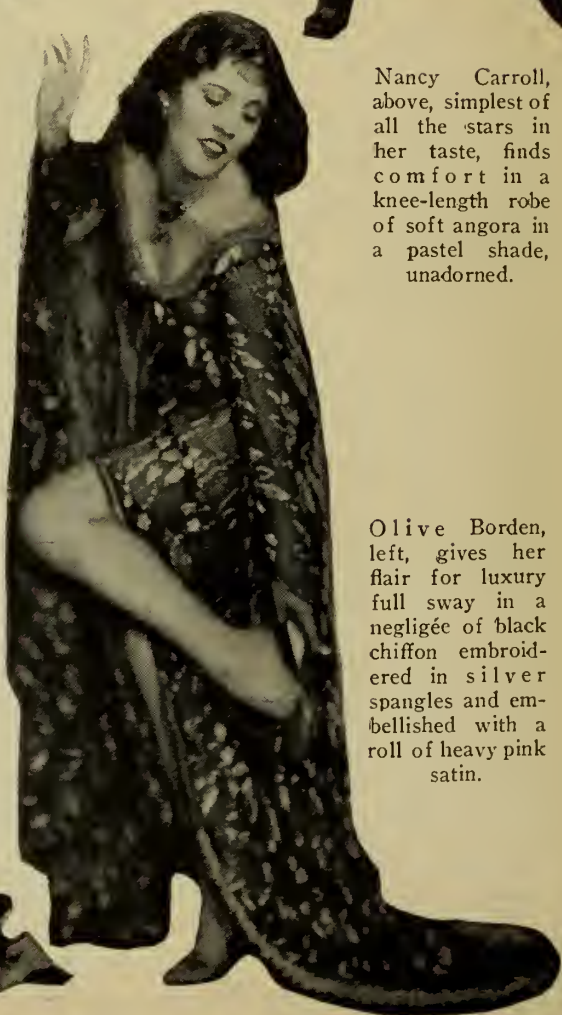
Renée Adorée, left, clings to the rather old-fashioned white satin and marabou.



Nancy Carroll, above, simplest of all the stars in her taste, finds comfort in a knee-length robe of soft angora in a pastel shade, unadorned.



Thelma Todd, left, dons a stately mid-Victorian robe of heavy black satin touched with orange



Olive Borden, left, gives her flair for luxury full sway in a negligée of black chiffon embroidered in silver spangles and embellished with a roll of heavy pink satin.

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'Neath Tropic Skies

Pictures are becoming so "hot" nowadays, or rather the locale is so near the equator, that men in many current films are wearing pith helmets.



Do you remember William Collier, Jr., left, in "The Desired Woman"? He was one of the first to wear a helmet to stave off the heat of the sun.

John Gilbert, below, in "Desert Nights," is apparently not troubled at all by the rising thermometer of Africa, but he is protected by a helmet just the same.



Clyde Cook, above, really needs a helmet, for he is an overseer in "The Woman Who Needed Killing."



Neil Hamilton, left, finds that his helmet will protect him from the sun all right, but that it doesn't count for anything when Babelanova turns her ineandeseent gaze on him, in "The Woman Who Needed Killing."



Clive Brook, right, combines a snappy turban effect with his helmet in "The Four Feathers."

way, who photographs handsomely and whose fine voice is used with utmost effectiveness, and without any affectation at all. Mark my words, it is Miss Colbert and others like her who one day will inevitably displace the baby-face ingénues of the screen, whose lack of vocal training causes them to pride themselves on speaking "naturally."

There is no such thing as natural speech in acting, in the sense that the player can speak as he does in conversation. It is the illusion of naturalness that the skillful player creates. This comes from knowledge of values in speech, in timing, in enunciating, in "coloring" words, and in breathing. However, all this isn't telling you anything about the story of "The Hole in the Wall," is it?

It's a crook melodrama, having to do with a child's kidnaping by a gang posing as spiritualists. The girl just out of prison, who joins them, inspires the kidnaping to avenge a false accusation by the child's grandmother. The climax comes when the girl, holding a séance, receives a message from a dead member of the gang by which the child is saved from drowning. This is extremely dramatic. All in all, though the picture is not the best dialogue film yet made, it is worth seeing if for no other reason than the acting of Miss Colbert, Edward G. Robinson, Alan Brooks, David Newell, Louise Closser Hale, and others—all from the stage. See it—and Miss Colbert.

Three in One.

Unusual, to say the least, is "Through Different Eyes." That is to say the narration of it is out of the ordinary, though the pleasure derived from it is not acute. Told entirely in dialogue, it gives speech again to those stars of "In Old Arizona," Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe, and accomplishes the début of Mary Duncan in this medium.

At the outset it seems to be just another breaking out of the epidemic of courtroom drama, but in short order you find that it is something quite different. A man is on trial for the murder of his best friend. The prosecuting attorney sums up the case with a description of what he thinks transpired on the night of the crime. Whereupon you see the scene he would have the jury believe. Then the defense attorney offers his version of the fatal night and an entirely different theory is visualized, with the same characters that appeared in the first version. Then a girl spectator rushes to the judge and cries that the accused man is innocent, and her version of the shooting is then seen on the screen. It results

The Screen in Review

in the acquittal of *Harvey Manning* and his happy reunion with his wife.

All this has the effect of three one-act plays held together by brief courtroom episodes between. It is interesting, yes, but never quite convincing, probably because the episodes are florid in the extreme. In the first *Harvey Manning* and his wife are shown to be the victims of *Jack Winfield*, their friend, who is a madman. In the second the *Mannings* are revealed as profligate scoundrels, with *Winfield* their victim, and the third version shows circumstances as they really were. All this is out of the ordinary, but the characters suffer because you feel no sympathy for them in any version.

Tulip Time.

Saccharine, treacle, glucose—that's "Christina," the latest version of Janet Gaynor, in "Seventh Heaven." Sirupy though it is, so far as the story goes, it is one of the prettiest, quaintest pictures ever made. Perhaps Miss Janet in the costumes of a little Dutch girl, against backgrounds of canals, windmills and tulips, may compensate for the frail romance that engages her. Certainly she acts it with beautiful tenderness and all the charm that is uniquely her own. Furthermore, Charles Morton, as her circus sweetheart, is at his best and paves the way for a real triumph when it falls to his lot to play a more vital rôle. As it is, his *Jan* has the aspects of a fairy-tale prince, but it is no fault of his own. His rôle is that of a young fellow who dons a white uniform and rides ahead of the circus procession on a white horse. *Christina*, who lives with her aged father, a toymaker, has always longed for the coming of the knight on a white horse about whom she dreams. Hence she will have none of her boisterous suitor, *Dirk Torpe*.

When all is going well with *Christina* and *Jan* and their tulip-scented courtship, comes the menace of the picture to spoil it. She is *Madame Bosman*, owner of the circus, who is as mean as the ogre in a fairy story and who, in the name of love, causes *Jan's* arrest for embezzlement so that he cannot leave the circus and remain with *Christina*. But the little girl follows him to Amsterdam and there comes upon evidence of his interest in *Madame Bosman*. Resignedly she is about to marry *Dirk*, when *Jan* returns in the nick of time and all is *hopjes* forever after. The trouble is that no one with half an eye could ever doubt that *Jan* would come back, consequently there is no suspense. But "Christina" is delicately charming and is beautifully acted by the sweethearts and

Rudolph Schildkraut, as *Christina's* father. As for the German actress, Lucy Dorraine, as *Madame Bosman*, she follows the technique of vamping revived by Mary Duncan in "Four Devils" and "The River," so the influence of Theda Bara will not be downed. The film is unreeled without dialogue.

Congratulations, James Murray!

James Murray is a fine actor! Perhaps you have known it all along, but I was not so fortunate until I saw him in "The Shakedown." Then he moved me greatly with his sincerity, naturalness and the wealth of feeling in his voice. His performance is one of the best of the month, and so far as my emotional response is concerned, it is the best individual performance of them all.

Part of my satisfaction comes from the fact that "The Shakedown" is only a program picture, therefore its exceptional merits surprised me. It is a prize-fight film, but it is different, not only the story itself, but the many unexpected touches which keep one in a state of surprise.

Mr. Murray's rôle is that of *Dave Roberts*, a purposeless young man who falls in with a group of crooks and lends himself to their "racket." They send a man out to make friends and win the confidence of a community, and then advertise the coming of a well-known fighter who will give a thousand dollars to any man staying in the ring with him. Of course the advance man is then urged by the townspeople to accept the challenge, with their backing.

In carrying out this plan in a new town *Dave* saves the life of a child as a means of working up human interest in himself, and is disgusted when no one sees him do it. The boy, a juvenile hobo, worms himself into *Dave's* affections and, with the waitress *Dave* loves, is the cause of his reformation. The scenes between man and boy are touchingly human and show both Mr. Murray and Jack Hanlon, the child, at their best. I defy any one to listen to them unmoved. Barbara Kent, as the heroine, is refreshing, and Wheeler Oakman and Harry Gribbon are also in evidence. Have I made clear that this picture is worth seeing? It is, very.

Tut, Tut, Mr. DeMille.

Cecil DeMille has given us a strange picture in "The Godless Girl." And when I say "strange" I don't mean good. Rather is it an example of judgment gone awry and values askew. Purporting to be starkly realistic, it is as unreal as life

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Scarfs That Lure

Vivid silks add eye-catching appeal to costumes and set off the familiar faces of the wearers.



Clara Bow, center, with her "We" scarf, needs no explanation concerning her idea of a hero.

Archers and tennis players enliven the scarf worn by Merna Kennedy, lower center, in "Broadway."

Marian Nixon, above, wears a scarf of black, dark blue and tan.



Raquel Torres, above, strikes a lively note with her modernistic scarf of white on maroon.



Something different is worn by Betty Compson, above, in this tan scarf attached to her hat and wrapped around her neck several times.

Josephine Dunn, below, blossoms out in a rainbow scarf with a net background and glittering sequins.



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on an imaginary planet. True, there are signs of his masterly direction, particularly in his handling of crowds, and over it all is the stamp of authority, even though that authority is distorted.

One of the chief defects is his telling of two stories unrelated except by the presence of three characters in both. In the first he depicts the evils of atheism among students, and the second lets us in on the horrors of reformatory life. For all Mr. DeMille's brilliant direction of the fighting students, the school never seems real.

One of the reasons is that Lina Basquette, George Duryea, and Eddie Quillan occupy adjoining desks. It isn't made clear that one of these is backward in his studies, or that the other is precocious, so the seeming disparity in their ages should be accounted for, together with the presence of the child, Mary Jane Irving, in the same school. It is the death of this child in the rioting of the students, that causes the three principals to be clapped into a reformatory. Though well dressed and anything but waifs, not a relative or friend appears to defend them, to visit them in the reformatory, or to protest against the hideous cruelties imposed on them by Noah Beery, as the warden. When a fire destroys the place and frees the young people, they stroll out, the girls smartly attired, with silk stockings and stilt heels, and the boys nattily collegiate. Nor is there even then a soul to give them the glad hand.

The acting is good enough, particularly on the part of Eddie Quillan and George Duryea, a new personality and a pleasing one, and Marie Prevost is amusing, I suppose, as a slangy inmate of the reformatory. Though she and Miss Basquette are denied nourishment by the fiendish authorities, they could have made a square meal off their make-up.

Happiness Via Griddle Cakes.

A waitress falls in love with a chauffeur and discovers he's a millionaire.

Who shall say that the gods are not weeping? For this is the plot of "This Is Heaven," chosen from all the world of stories to star the exquisite Vilma Banky, who is unlike any other star. Obviously an attempt is being made to Americanize Miss Banky, to divest her of the gorgeous costumes she wore in period pictures and to reduce her to the understanding of the herd. Said herd is incorrigibly romantic, however, and while it doubtlessly enjoys seeing the realization of the poor girl's dream to marry a rich man, it also relishes a

heroine clothed in fine raiment moving through scenes of fabulous luxury. "This Is Heaven" is neither honest enough to qualify as a realistic drama, nor florid enough to be called picturesque. Instead it is commonplace. However, there are redeeming features which may count for more with the majority than the lack of an original story. One of them is Miss Banky's voice, heard for the first time; another asset is the wisecracking titles of George Marion, Jr., and still another is the presence of the popular James Hall, as the chauffeur-millionaire, and the excellent acting of the entire cast, which includes Fritz Ridgeway, Lucian Littlefield, and Richard Tucker.

Miss Banky's speech betrays a marked accent, a charming one, but as her voice is low and full, her possibilities as an audible actress are by no means limited to playing immigrants who say "Yah!" and "Nein!" She is first seen at Ellis Island, where she is taken in hand by a worldly relative who proceeds to change her shawl and voluminous skirts for more modish apparel. Presently *Eva* is metamorphosed into the loveliest girl who ever tossed a flapjack in the window of a restaurant where all who pass may see. There is no need to recount progress of the romance between *Eva* and the supposed chauffeur. It includes, as usual, the opening advances, later love-making, misunderstanding, and inevitably the complete understanding inside the swell home the millionaire has prepared for her.

Clara Bow Speaking.

Curiosity to hear Clara Bow in "The Wild Party," her first dialogue picture, leaves no doubt of the crowds it will attract. Whether they will be enchanted by what they see and hear—well, that's another story. I, for one, wasn't. It isn't because Miss Bow's voice is not like Ruth Chatterton's, either. Rather it is due to the slowness of the picture. This exposes the mechanics of the "wildness" and causes one not to believe the goings on are so gay after all, particularly as some of the contributors to it—a bevy of girls—sound like children speaking pieces at a church sociable. Such piping, trivial, self-conscious voices don't belong to wild maidens.

As for Miss Bow's vocal equipment, it is for the most part adequate, though not exciting. But at least she is distinct, and only occasionally is self-conscious. However, the price one pays to hear her is high, because the essential speed of her picture is sacrificed. In this case diminished pace is all the more noticeable, be-

cause the story is about the high jinks of college girls led by Miss Bow, as *Stella Ames*, high priestess of wildness.

One of the pranks of *Stella* and her pals consists of attending a sorority dance in one-piece costumes. Ejected, they set off for a road house, fur coats slung over their spangles. Needless to say they are divested of their coats by a trio of roughnecks, and then trouble starts. *Stella* is rescued by young *Professor Gilmore*, whom she has already marked for her own. Eventually the "scandal" of their return to the campus in the wee, sma' hours is discovered. To make *Stella* even more of a noble heroine, she assumes the blame for supposedly compromising letters written by her chum. Both she and the professor separately flee the stifling confines of the halls of learning and, oddly enough, discover each other on the same train. But why go on?

Fredric March, as *Professor Gilmore*, is well cast in every particular. He has a voice and knows how to use it, though he is not a type to cause daydreams among the fans. Of the many girls who appear in the picture, the only ones who contribute more than legs and pretty faces are Shirley O'Hara, as *Stella's* studious roommate, and Joyce Compton, as a catty tattler.

The Kindest Judge in Christendom.

If Dorothy Mackaill is your weakness, you will find her at her best in "His Captive Woman." But if you look for another performance to equal Milton Sills' in "The Barker," you will not find it. His rôle of *Officer Thomas McCarthy* is scarcely as colorful as the carnival man, though Mr. Sills makes the most of it and his fine voice here assumes a brogue. Both have considerable dialogue, though much of the film is played in silence.

Speech and silence are rather cleverly combined, in fact, for the story begins with Dorothy Mackaill, as *Anna Bergen*, a chorus girl, on trial for homicide. As each witness takes the stand and is audibly cross-examined, his story is enacted in the silent form. The longest interval of silence comes when *Officer McCarthy* tells his story, which starts when he is sent to the South Sea Islands to apprehend *Anna Bergen* and bring her back to the United States. On the homeward voyage they are wrecked in the tropics, where much transpires, including *Anna's* rescue of *McCarthy* from the jaws of a shark, and their "marriage" in the sight of Heaven, but not the church. The arrival of a

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Love Betrayed

Good men and true find, with more or less shock, that the ladies they love have room for somebody else in their hearts.



Poor, long-suffering Lon Chaney, in "Where East Is East," above, discovers that Lloyd Hughes has fallen under the spell of Estelle Taylor, as *Madame*.

Walter Huston, right, as a newspaper man in "Gentlemen of the Press," keeps his suffering to himself on discovering Katherine Francis prefers Norman Foster.



What makes the distress of Clive Brook, below, all the more acute, is that Neil Hamilton, the gentleman Baclanova prefers, is his brother and—oh, torture untold!—she is Clive's wife in "The Woman Who Needed Killing."



Fair, but faithless. That's Jetta Goudal, above, in "Lady of the Pavements," while William Boyd discovers her in the arms of Guido Trento.

Milton Sills, in "Love and the Devil," goes a-gunning for Ben Bard, because of Maria Corda's graceful acquiescence to Ben's encompassing arms.



who does not spread his friendship over a great number of people. But those who possess it hold something of value. I have known Gilbert for a long time, and regard his friendship as something worth having. His loyalty to his friends is never found wanting.

I like Goudal for her brilliancy, her reasoning powers, and her personality. An interviewer will always get the respect of the occasion from Jetta.

Victor Varconi, and his wife, Nusi, and I took a great liking to each other from the first time we met. Our friendship has lasted ever since. If you knew the Varconis you'd understand why.

Then the little Gaynor. Janet and I met thousands of years ago, it seems. I do not often see her, except on the studio set, I do not know her circle of friends; but I don't think I'm mistaken when I say she likes me for myself—just as I like her.

Last but not least, Barry Norton. Perhaps I should say Barry is a distraction, rather than a friend. I knew Barry long before pictures ever revealed him to a host of adoring fans.

I like him because he makes me laugh—he is humorous when he

Pity the Poor Interviewer

wishes to be. And I like any one who can make me laugh.

So famous has Barry become that his elder brother, Marcel de Biraben, is now in Hollywood, representing several Argentine magazines and newspapers. He has come just in time to mix up in this new conflict between stars and interviewers.

It is sometimes pleasant for a writer to learn that his story has been appreciated. But rarely will the star call him up and say so. Only the players I have mentioned as being my friends have ever thanked me for any piece I have written about them. All except Barry. Barry always upbraids me instead.

Often instead of praise the writer receives disapproval.

Dorothy Dwan was interviewed by Dorothy Manners, a remarkably clever young scribe. A few months went by, and no mention of the published story was made by Miss Dwan.

At a bridge party Miss Manners said, "How did you like your story?"

Miss Dwan put down her cigarette, and went on arranging her cards. Finally she said, "Oh, all right. But you need not have mentioned about my smoking so many cigarettes. It's not good for the public to know that."

"Ah, there's always *something*, isn't there?" the Manners admitted, living up to her euphonious name.

The Dwan may not like my mentioning her smoking again, but you see I had to point out the moral, or whatever it is. And, again, she should remember that the sensational is said to be the only stuff the fans wish to read.

Now, do not think that writers expect cars and lunches when an interview is on the carpet. Far from it. They only expect courtesy. Personally, I always prefer to see the players away from a lunch table. First, because I dislike to see people eat; second, because I cannot talk and eat at the same time.

Say and think what you like, there is a war, silent but sure, existing between the stars and the writers. It is becoming almost impossible to arrange an interview. Appointments are made, but rarely kept. When they are kept, the star is apt to make you feel that you have annoyed by your intrusion.

The only thing we need bother to think about is, in what will all this silent conflict end? The war is on—but which side will emerge victorious? Will the writers be disciplined—or the stars?

Pioneer's Luck

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which boasted a cast of stage actors. I suffered by the same comparison I did in 'The Jazz Singer,' and in the two other films. The influx of stage players began to take the places of players, myself included, who weren't considered up to par on the Vitaphone."

May looked up in time to say "Hello" to Bebe Daniels, who had just entered the restaurant and was seated at a table near us. We talked for a minute of Bebe's cleverness, and how she had sacrificed her dramatic ability for years to make money for Paramount in comedies. After the advent of the talkies they allowed her contract to lapse.

"How do they know Bebe wouldn't have been good in dialogue pictures? They didn't give her a chance to test herself before the public. Hollywood is in a perfect uproar of excitement, and I think many mistakes are being made. The funny part of it is that many stage-trained voices do not record at all. But the studios and the critics seem to forgive them, for the mere reason that they *should* sound well. 'If the stage actors can't make the grade, who can?' is their attitude.

"Personally, I don't believe the cultivated voice, with its broad vowels,

will be as effective in the long run as the natural voice. We all have a voice that goes with our physical make-up.

"I don't want to train my voice. Even in the face of my critics, I want it to remain natural. But I would have liked the opportunity to learn spacing, timing of speech, and expression, before I was held up as the untrained example."

From the very start of her career, the movies must have kept May wondering. Wondering what their strange ups and downs would eventually lead to. Five years ago she stood in the position of Janet Gaynor. With fair breaks, she might have been where Janet is now.

First, there is her delicate beauty, that for sheer perfection of feature is barely equaled in Hollywood. Moreover, it was, and is, a camera beauty, which is not always true of fine features. To top everything, she can act, as was proved so appealingly in "Sentimental Tommy." The girl had everything that spells stardom. So she was starred.

The great mistake was when her company tried to make a money-maker out of a personality that needed more care and attention than a run of program pictures. She was

cast carelessly in rôles that any pretty extra could have filled, and her peculiar talents were allowed to waste on the desert air of mediocrity. The starring contract was permitted to lapse. May became a featured player, leading woman to the virile he-men of the screen. This was no more her field than was the discarded stardom. But the company, realizing her charm and talent, clung to her, though they had no conception as to what should be done with her. In time the puzzle wore them out. May became a free-lance player.

Nothing came along from the independents to frame her delicacy. "Seventh Heaven" went to another girl. "The Shopworn Angel" featured a new face from Broadway. Both were rôles that would have made May. Bad breaks—bad luck all along, almost from the start of her career. Included among them may be considered her Vitaphone experience. It has done May no good, that pioneering work in the talkies. But maybe when the hysterical colony settles back to normal, the little McAvoy girl will find herself again with the big chance that has always lurked just around the corner of her career.

Pioneers are not without their glory, ever!

A Queenly Quintet

Ladies of the cinema enact rulers of nations sternly or sweetly, and always as to the scepter born.



Belle Bennett, above, as *Anne of Austria*, in "The Iron Mask," receives the tribute of a courtier, with the pained sweetness of a martyr to the cause of regal etiquette.



In "Queen Kelly," Seena Owen, above, as the queen of a German province, takes upon herself the prerogative of a full-fledged sovereign in administering a crushing rebuke to Walter Byron.



Otto Matiesen, left, is *Napoleon*, in "Napoleon's Barber," while Natalie Golitzin holds him in her spell as *Empress Josephine*.



Josephine Crowell, above, as *Queen Anne of England*, finally yields to the persuasions of Brandon Hurst, as *Barkilphedro*, and is about to sign a royal decree, as you will remember if you saw "The Man Who Laughs."

Dorothy Cumming, right, as the *Queen of Naples*, in "The Divine Lady," carries on an ardent flirtation with a young officer, just to prove that a queen can do as she pleases.



What's Become of Them?

Independents, quickies, a serial—nineteen weeks of it—then finally "Lights of New York." Another hit! Vaudeville. Sanctuary. Deafening applause as he steps on the stage. Not press agent stuff, but real. I saw him in three different cities and it was the same story each time. Through? Right now, he's sitting on top of the world, or pretty close to it.

There is nothing of the actor or "ham" about him. Here is a man who rings true, clear down to the core of his being. Usually his face is masked either with a smile, or an expression of stolidity, but occasionally in an unguarded moment the mask is forgotten and you read a tragedy of hurt and disillusionment in his eyes.

As we parted he said, "I wish, if you could, you would tell those fans who still remember me, how very, very deeply I appreciate their interest and regard. It's one of the things I've not been able to do for myself. I have no way of letting them know."

Kenneth Harlan.

He has a breadth and girth of stature belied by his appearance on the screen. His voice is a light baritone, with a curious huskiness to it.

Kenneth Harlan, too, has found sanctuary in vaudeville. "I'll never go back to the screen without a contract in my pocket," he declared. "Free lancing is too heartbreaking."

"What happened after your contract with Constance Talmadge? You were going pretty well then?"

He grinned. "We were *both* going pretty well then. Too damned well, in fact, to keep us together. After that I started free lancing. No, wait a minute. I had one—no, two—more contracts, and then I began free lancing. I made pictures here and there and everywhere—all over the place. None of them were particularly outstanding. Marie and I made a picture together, 'The Beautiful and Damned.' Say, did you read those love-life confessions of hers?"

"I left Hollywood last August. They weren't doing anything out there then. Few talkies, because they weren't equipped for them, and not many silent pictures, because they didn't know how they'd be received. I came to New York, vacationed a while, started out in this sketch the first of October and have been playing it ever since. Booked until next August. I'll play Los Angeles in about eight weeks and we'll see what happens then. If nothing happens I'll continue in this, or a play. I prefer a comedy."

He talked reluctantly of himself, or rather of anything at all. And yet

his reticence is not the reticence of taciturnity, but rather that of groping for a common ground. There is no great depth to his nature, but this is offset by his sincerity and his indifference to what people think of him.

Charles Ray.

Lights outside the theater—vaudeville again—displayed the information that Charles Ray, in person, not a movie, was appearing there. I went inside. Before he ever appeared on the stage, when merely his name was flashed on the announcers at the sides of the stage, there was applause any star might have been proud of. When he actually appeared, he received such an ovation as I have never before witnessed in a theater. Cheers, whistles, huzzas. And yet, when he left the stage scarcely fifteen minutes later, there was merely a desultory ripple of applause. His act falls flat. With every chance to come back in a really big way, he misses fire just as surely as a ten-cent cigarette lighter.

If memory serves correctly, it was his ambition to be the whole show—star, producer, and director—which wrecked him. It is the same story in vaudeville. He cannot resist the temptation to display what he considers his amazing versatility, by singing songs of his own composition. It is a toss-up which is worse. His voice is singularly toneless and usually more or less off key. He has been described as "an apostle of futurity," and I can think of no more apt description.

He talks glibly—too glibly. You have the feeling that it has all been written out and learned long ago. Charles Ray speaks volubly of his contributions to the screen. He gave a very definite characterization to the public, although it "peeves" and "irks" him to have that character referred to as a "hick," or a "rube." When that wore out and the public no longer cared about seeing him play rustics, he began to wonder what it was all about, he says.

He refers proudly to the fact that he made the first and almost only movie without subtitles, "The Old Swimmin' Hole," though I am still not certain just why that should support a claim to greatness. He links his name not infrequently with that of Douglas Fairbanks and I surmise that the word "genius" is the cream in his coffee.

Herbert Howe once wrote that "doing the right thing is a fetish with Charles Ray." I do not believe it is so much a question of doing the right thing as it is of doing what he believes the public will consider the correct thing. Where Cullen Landis

and Bert Lytell display native intelligence in expressing more or less original ideas, Charles Ray's talk rambles along disconnectedly in an effort to impress his listener with his cleverness.

"The Story of Philosophy" and "Israfel" occupy an ostentatious position on his dressing table, and he naïvely confesses that he carries the former and a couple of volumes of Shakespeare about with him. He also confides that he takes singing lessons and "a language or two" when he has time. A couple of scouts are looking for a play for him, either comedy or musical comedy, and if these fail to materialize there is always—Heaven help us!—the concert stage. Music has always been very near and dear to him, he says, and in this I believe he is sincere.

When you recall his marvelous characterization in "The Girl I Loved," and going back further, his appealing acting in "The Clodhopper," you lose all patience with the smug *poseur* of "The Garden of Eden" and "Vanity."

For the real Charles Ray there is still a large public and an enviable place on the screen, but for the merely capable actor who overestimates his ability to the extent of confusing talent with genius, there is only oblivion.

I know of no one of whom I would enjoy writing pleasantly more than Charles Ray, for he has contributed some of the finest acting the screen has ever known, but Charles Ray as he is to-day leaves me cold.

Here, then, are four prime favorites of a few years ago. Somehow I have a feeling that one of these days you will see Cullen Landis back on the screen in a bigger way than ever. With a sympathetic director and good stories, there is no limit to what he could do. Bert Lytell is too clever a showman ever to permit himself to drop entirely from sight. His appearances on the screen will be intermittent, but you'll see him. Kenneth Harlan comes from a stage family and, with his peculiar voice, it seems more likely that he will be seen henceforth on the stage more than on the screen. Charles Ray is too well known ever to drop entirely from the minds of producers. It is probable that he will appear from time to time as suitable rôles are found, but as he has learned little from his experiences and has already let pass many chances to come back, it is improbable he will have another big chance.

Drop the curtain, fans! For some of our favorites the play is over but, for others there will be a second and third act still to come.

It Was Once Taboo

Time was when leading actresses refused to play mothers, because they feared the implication of age; but just see how they feel about it now!



Laura La Plante, above, youthful and charming, finds that she can be the mother of Jane La Verne, in "Show Boat," without sacrificing any of her appeal.



Showing that there is no prejudice against playing mothers any more, Mary Brian, above, claims Douglas Scott as her son and Richard Arlen as her husband in "The Man I Love."



Esther Ralston, above, gave her finest dramatic portrayal when she played a mother's rôle, with Wally Albright, Jr., in "The Case of Lena Smith."

Surely Estelle Taylor, left, loses nothing by playing the mother of Lupe Velez, in "Where East Is East."

Gertrude Olmsted, right, is the mother of Davey Lee, in "Sonny Boy," and no doubt will play an ingénue in her next picture just as easily.



In any event, one can't miss very far the exact total, with these two sets of figures as a guide.

Most of the argument about the incomes arose over the amounts charged off to expense.

They Pick 'Em Young.

Enter the Hollywood chorus girl. Enter, indeed, a bevy of pretty chorines. They are being used liberally these days in films with music.

A whole aggregation were recently signed for the Movietone productions of Fox, most of them being high-school girls, ranging from fourteen to eighteen years of age. On account of their youth, a judge had to approve their contracts.

Even though they were novices, the majority of the girls lacked not in the possession of peppy chorus names. These included Dixie, Bobbie, Dot, Darline, Paula, Raymonda, and Billie.

Billie, by the way, whose last name is Kittidge, takes the grand prize for youth. She is twelve years old.

Costars To Be Articulate.

They'll speak in their next! Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor are to follow the current custom. They have had their voice tests, and their dialogue duet is highly lauded. Frank Borzage, who directed "Seventh Heaven" and "Street Angel," and also the more recent film "Lucky Star," is to guide their steps—or should it be syllables?—in their first audible feature.

Hollywood High Lights

Another Old-timer Heard From.

Where does a star disappear to when he leaves the screen? Answer: Generally the stage.

Such, it would seem, is the case with Frank Mayo, who some years ago appeared in Universal films.

Mayo's name showed up in the papers not long ago when he married Margaret Shorey, a vaudeville performer. The wedding took place in Lynchburg, Virginia, where the two were filling a stage engagement.

Mayo was formerly the husband of Dagmar Godowsky, daughter of the celebrated pianist. He was married once prior to that.

Re-weds and Surprises.

Now what do you make of this, Watson? Roy d'Arcy has remarried his former wife, Laura Rhinock Duffy Giusti. And all along we, and lots of other people, were believing that he would soon be the husband of Lita Grey Chaplin. Romance taketh many strange quirks and turns in filmland.

All's Well Again.

Reconciliations are the order of the day in Hollywood. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix have made up, and Tom has promised either to join his wife in Europe, or else in Hollywood this summer. The agreement was reached during the visit of Mrs. Mix to this country about two months ago. The pair were reconciled at a meeting in New York, according to reports re-

ceived by their friends. It was hinted that they may give up the celebrated Mix estate in Beverly Hills, and move to more modest quarters. High-tension social life was blamed for their differences.

Tom, by the way, is now associated with the 101 Ranch Show.

The separation of Betty Compson and James Cruze, which we mentioned in a preceding paragraph in this column, was very short-lived. Betty returned home after about five or six days absence. Which proves that domestic disagreements in Hollywood, no matter how devastating they may look, can have their happy ending.

Lubitsch Will Musicalize.

Ernst Lubitsch's first venture in the talkies is to be an operetta, and this should be his ideal medium. Lubitsch's pet pastime is music. He loves to play the piano. He knows the melodies of such creations as "The Merry Widow," "The Chocolate Soldier" and others of foreign composition by heart—or by ear. Indeed, he can play almost any tune from the comic operas that one suggests.

Cameras Rechristened.

Here's a new one—the "blimp." No, it's not a balloon, but a camera. It's called a blimp because it looks something like that. The reason for its odd construction is that the photographic apparatus in talking pic-

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"I doubt it," said Fanny, squelching my enthusiasm. "It isn't that sort of a cage. The title refers to the fact that Loretta plays a ticket seller in a movie theater. And they will probably have to change the title anyway; it's too long. Strange things happen to long titles when they reach the small theaters that have a limited amount of advertising space. When 'Mother Knows Best' was shown in a little theater in Los Angeles, it emerged as 'Ma Noz Best.'"

"Loretta is to make a picture with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. That ought to be an interesting combination. But think of the traveling Douglas and Joan Crawford will have to do. They lunch together, unless one of them is miles away on location. It is quite a trip from the Metro-Goldwyn studio at Culver City to the First National studio at Burbank, but one of them makes it every day. It's a romance that is beneficial to the tire manufacturers.

"But speaking of First National,

have you heard what they've given Leatrice Joy for her first vehicle? It is simply too marvelous! She is to play 'A Most Immoral Lady.'"

"But I thought Corinne—"

"Yes, it was bought for Corinne." Fanny got so excited that her words accelerated until they were fairly tumbling on top of one another. "But Corinne decided that she would rather make a new version of 'Lilies of the Field.' It was offered to Billie Dove then, but Billie didn't fancy taking a rôle that some one else didn't want, and she wasn't in favor of playing such a frankly wicked woman anyway. So Leatrice got it, and Leatrice is wise enough to know that the public likes heroines who aren't too uniformly good.

"If I were in Billie's place I'd much rather make a new play than an old one like 'Déclassée.' I think it is terrible the way they are digging up all the old ones to remake. First National is to remake 'The Great Divide,' with Ian Keith and Dorothy Mackaill. Strangely enough, Ian's

wife, Ethel Clayton, starred in that in the prehistoric days when the Lubin company flourished. And just a few years ago Alice Terry and Conway Tearle made it for Metro-Goldwyn. And it never was what I'd call a masterpiece, even when it flourished on the stage years ago.

"Fox plans to disinter 'The Man Who Came Back' and remake it. Paramount is to remake 'Maytime,' with music, and Fox is to remake 'Cameo Kirby.' Likely as not some one will dig up 'Shore Acres' or 'East Lynne,' and serve them to us embellished with theme songs. There is just one consolation—"

"And what's that?" I asked eagerly.

"Producers have given up the idea of remaking any of the old pictures that Lubitsch made. He made them so well, that no one wants to invite invidious comparisons by putting out a new version."

Oh, well, what I've always maintained is that the industry needs another Lubitsch or two.

Over the Teacups

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tiful one of Thelma Todd, autographed, "To Elinor Garrison, with my very best wishes for happiness. Sincerely, Thelma Todd"; one of Jack Mulhall, autographed, "To Elinor, with my very best wishes, Jack Mulhall, '28."

Doris Kenyon sent me one of my loveliest photos, a large, full-length pose, autographed with a lovely message, also three from Milton Sills, autographed personally, and a perfectly beautiful one of Doris with little Kenyon, autographed, "Best wishes to Elinor. Garrison from Kenyon and his mother"; a beautiful, huge one of Leatrice Joy, also a large one of Ken Maynard, a beautiful, personally autographed one of Lois Moran, and a lovely one of Sue Carol. I now have four hundred and sixteen photos—all are wonderful—and I have many, many lovely stills.

And I know the fans will be interested to hear about the real movie-star snapshots I have. I have five of Richard Dix, one which he autographed for me, one of Paddy O'Flynn, Betty Balfour, the English actress; one of Maria Corda with Alice White, an enlarged snap of Mary Pickford, autographed; one of Mary Philbin, some of Reginald Denny, Cullen Landis, one of Louise Fazenda with Charlie Murray, a splendid one of Milton Sills, one of him with his son, one of Doris Kenyon, three of little Kenyon taken at the Sills home, one of Thelma Todd alone, and one of her with Eddie Cline, the director. Also one of Arthur Edmund Carew, a perfectly beautiful one of Billie Dove, also of Lloyd Hughes, Mary Astor, four of Ben Bard, one of Anna Q. Nilsson, Lew Cody and Blanche Sweet, Lewis Stone, Ricardo Cortez, George Fawcett, Laura La Plante, Mary Philbin, Monte Blue, Syd Chaplin, Bebe Daniels, Tom Meighan, Lawrence Gray, William Desmond, a snap of Molly O'Day, Alice Day, and Ann Christy posed together; three of Charlie Delaney, a lovely one of Loretta Young, and one of Charlie Delaney posed with Olive Borden. I also have several personal letters—three lovely ones from Olive Borden and another snap of her, autographed to me.

ELINOR GARRISON.

1105 Olympia Avenue,
Olympia, Washington.

Peace for Valentino!

First, I must thank PICTURE PLAY for the friendships I have made through its pages, and I am more than grateful. There is a reader of PICTURE PLAY of London, S. W. 1, who wrote me an anonymous letter. Through these columns, I wish to thank him, and I would be pleased if he would communicate with me.

PICTURE PLAY has rid me of my prejudice against Americans, and I find I like them very much, and should like to know them better.

Now, fans, why do you criticize the stars so? Are you perfect, that you should find fault in others? Like you, the stars cannot always give of their best. They also have days when they are "off color." I cannot say that I like these young stars that the producers are pushing onto us. Most of them do not know how to act. I prefer the older ones who know their jobs. Give me Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson, Ramon Novarro, a most unjustly criticized young man, and several other of the older stars. I am another who does not want talkies. If we want spoken drama we can go to the theater. I prefer the movies silent.

What unprejudiced fans like British movies? I should think in time PICTURE

PLAY could devote some space to the British film industry, when our actors and actresses are known a little better. The industry has grown enormously over here. Studios and any number of cinema theaters are being built. The companies are not developing the star system as they have in America. Here the story takes first place, and the actors are cast accordingly. I cannot say which I prefer.

"Ben-Hur" is still going well, and is being reissued in the new year. "The King of Kings" is being shown all over the country, but has been banned in a few places. "The Trail of '98" has broken box-office records at The Tivoli, in London.

I was never so surprised in my life as when I read that Rudolph Valentino lies in a borrowed tomb. Though I am an admirer of Valentino, I fail to see why the public should pay for his grave. And, again, why should a monument be erected? Since the man had very little peace in life, I say let him have some now that he is gone. What is the matter with Valentino's brother? Surely he could afford to give him a decent grave. Better to be in a quiet grave, than in a mausoleum through which people are continually passing out of curiosity. It is shameful that such a state of affairs exists.

Valentino, my idol, and the idol of millions, is sleeping. Let him rest in peace.

J. ERNEST BROWNE, JR.

Cairo, East Molesey,
Surrey, England.

"Ramona" Sickening?

I wonder if other readers were as disappointed over "Ramona" as I? The film appeared to me to be such sickly, overacted "sob stuff." The part of the making of the little wooden coffin, especially, was beyond endurance to any one possessed of even half the normal intelligence.

I got exasperated with the perpetual close-ups of Dolores del Rio in her exaggerated torture, and left the theater hoping never to see her in any similar film ever again—and I was by no means the only one!

It seems to me that once stars have created one good rôle, that is the climax of their careers. They then get spoiled by all the boasting and praises, and think they can play any rôle and be equally successful and popular. I have noticed this with most stars, but they will, I hope, discover this will not do!

JEAN E. MILLAR.

Alpenruke, Kendall Avenue South,
Sanderstead, Surrey, England.

Another Word for Ramon.

It's fine to know what fans from the four corners of the earth think. But I do not agree with Joan Perula; and I do agree with the letters sticking up for Ramon Novarro. I suppose Miss Perula will conclude that I'm an ardent fan of his. Well, I am not. That's the reason I'm writing this—just to show Miss Perula.

I'll begin at the beginning. I was among the Rudy fans when Ramon popped up. My pen pals went nigh cuckoo over Ramon, and my personal pal began to go likewise. So, thought I, "No fear, I'm not going dippy over that lad." I liked Rudy more in every film, even the worst, and then one afternoon a chum asked me to go and see "The Red Lily." She was a Novarro fan, but I came out of the theater convinced that I'd wasted my money and so did she!

Along came "The Midshipman." A

pen pal had begged me to see it, so I went. That time I came out of the theater a thorough Novarro fan. Then "The Arab" came. I liked Ramon more, if possible, but not with Alice Terry. Ramon never lessened my liking for Rudolph, because each of them held a place quite different in my affections.

I have seen "Ben-Hur" and am still great for Novarro. He is not a big favorite of mine—not at all. He is among what I term my "steadies," and he is more likely to be among my steadies in the years to come than to become my favorite.

I have never read any articles on Ramon's goodness and what not, to which Miss Perula attributes his popularity, nor do I think that that would affect any star with fans that are fans, and can think for themselves. That's all tosh—an actor or actress is liked for what he or she can do, not for what they are at home.

I wish to hear from the farthest corners of the earth—I know PICTURE PLAY goes that far—so please, fans, will you write to me? EDNA S. BOOTHWAY.

91 Pear Tree Road,
Derby, England.

Costello Voice is Thrilling.

In a recent issue of PICTURE PLAY "Holly of Hollywood" said, "When it comes to talkies, Dolores Costello should take a back seat." Granting that this writer has heard Dolores through the medium of the Vitaphone, may I ask a question of Holly? Have you ever compared the merits of Miss Costello's voice with any other feminine star? If so, you can but arrive at one conclusion—her voice is infinitely superior to the majority of stars'. It has beauty, depth, and luster—characteristics of her lovely self. Even the imperfections of the talkies fail to mar the resonance of her voice. She speaks softly, fluently. The affected drawl and artificiality which many censure is merely the natural expression of a cultured, poised woman.

Miss Costello should feel satisfaction in the fact that, while the greater number of stars must spend countless hours practicing voice culture, she may repose on her laurels, while her voice, as well as her beauty, continue to thrill thousands.

DOROTHY LESLIE.

Jersey City, New Jersey.

Evelyn is Not Amateurish.

I am indignant after reading Edward H. Vogel's letter. He states that Betty Compton and Priscilla Dean portray crook rôles better than Evelyn Brent. Having seen many films in which Miss Brent played crook rôles, I consider her portrayals quite equal, and somewhat better than, either of these two artists. Certainly some of the films were so poor they would have been utter failures had it not been for Miss Brent's perfect acting. No, Edward H. Vogel, Evelyn Brent is not amateurish in any rôle she takes.

I am delighted to see my favorite star rising so quickly to the top, and playing in worth-while pictures, opposite such stars as Emil Jannings, Clive Brook, Adolphe Menjou, et cetera. Possibly Miss Brent does not want to continue playing crook rôles when she is worthy of so much better parts, such as she has played to perfection in "Beau Sabreur" and "The Last Command." Whether she does or not, she will always be a capable, talented, and lovely artist in whatever rôle she portrays. So that's that, Edward H. Vogel!

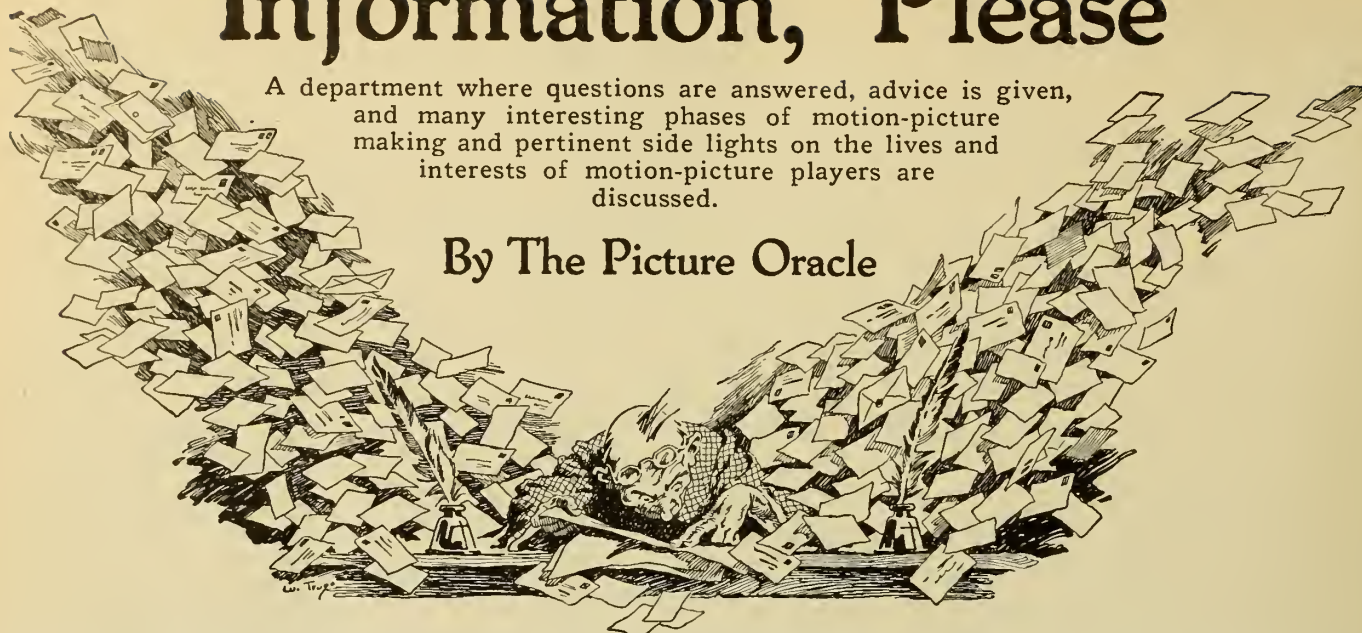
AGNES PEARSON.

34 Josephine Avenue,
Brixton Hill, London, England.

Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle



JAHALA ANN JORDAN.—So you've saved all your PICTURE PLAYS for years? Have you had a special room built to keep them all in? David Rollins was born in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1909, and began his film career as an extra in "The Collegians," a two-reel series. Since he's only twenty, I think his previous career must have consisted only of attending school. As to owning his own airplanes, I shouldn't think so. Airplanes are very expensive, and David is still quite a beginner in pictures, who can't make much money yet. The only film Ethel Clayton has made in the past year or so is "Mother Machree." Corinne Griffith wears her natural hair.

J. M. J.—Your first letter to The Oracle, but I hope not your last! This typewriter cries from boredom if it isn't kept busy. Einar Hansen was under contract to Paramount at the time of his death. Perhaps if you inclose ten cents with your request that company might send you his photo. They are beginning to make talkies in Europe, but they have not progressed as far as in America. Greta Garbo is back on the Metro-Goldwyn lot now, and you'll probably hear her and like it! Most of the big companies film an average feature in about six weeks. Quickies are made in ten or twelve days. Louise Glaum just went the way of many old-time stars, and faded out of the picture. William S. Hart lives on his ranch. Of course he is very rich now. Josephine Dunn was born in New York, May 1, 1907; Karl Dane in Denmark, October 12, 1887.

DORIS W.—So you were disappointed because Bill Haines' voice sounds so deep? And here I always thought deep voices were an asset. Bill is an even six feet tall. The waltz song you liked so much in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" is called "Love Dreams." I don't think "Annapolis" and "The Patent Leather Kid" had any theme songs. Leila Hyams is twenty-four and is five feet five. Hugh Allan was born November 5, 1903. He is six feet tall.

A NOVARRO FAN.—But you don't ask a single question about your favorite! And where did you dig up all those old films you ask about? The heroine in "Dick Turpin" was Kathleen Meyers; in "The

Prairie Pirate," Trilby Clark. The players in "The Uninvited Guest" were Lefty Flynn, Jean Tolley, Mary McLaren, Louis Wolheim, and William Bailey. Hoot Gibson was christened Edward Gibson.

BILLY W.—So Sally Phipps is your weakness now? She was born in San Francisco, May 25, 1905. Her next film is "Joy Street." Matty Kemp was born in New York, September 10, 1909. Not married. He was engaged to Sally Eilers, but that seems to be all off. His latest film is "The Million-dollar Collar." I suppose you have read by now that Davey Lee did not die. It was "Sunny" Boyce, of the Hotel Ambassador orchestra in Los Angeles, who died. Jobyna Ralston is Mrs. Richard Arlen. Eddie Cantor is a Ziegfeld star on the stage, and only plays in pictures incidentally. He made a two-reel talker, "That Party in Person," which was shown in New York on the program with "Interference." Larry Kent was the hero in "Hangman's House." No, Don Terry is not related to Alice. I'm not sure about Buddy Rogers' fraternity, but I think he is a Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

LOUISE OSBORNE.—Many thanks for all the kind words about PICTURE PLAY and this department. Next to a raise in pay I like kind words. Sorry, I have no record of a Richard Talmadge fan club. I don't know whether Richard's parents are living, or not. Do write again.

PEGGY SMITH.—It is possible to procure back numbers of PICTURE PLAY only for the past year. Earlier issues are frequently out of print. If you have your copies of the past year, I doubt if there would be any more available with stories and pictures of Garbo.

THE MARQUISE.—Not Gloria Swanson! Unfortunately we can't help being a little behind with our list of addresses, when contract players change companies. You see, that particular list is set up in type about four months before the magazine appears. Savvy? Stars receive so many requests for photos that if they attempted to send them free, the expense would run into several hundred thousand a year. As to why "A Certain Young Man" and "A Gentleman from Paris" were both based on "Bellamy the Magnificent," the No-

varro film was made first—a year or so before its release—and turned out so badly it was "shelved." In other words, it was decided not to release it, as Metro-Goldwyn sold the story to Paramount for Menjou. Then apparently they changed their plans, and put the Novarro film on the market, anyhow. "Les Miserables" was a French film. Betty Bronson has been working lately in Warner films. Just Hollywood, California, would reach Alma Rubens, I think. Lya de Putti is now working for British International Films, London. Perhaps some kind London fan would look up the street address in the phone book for me?

A RED-HOT FAN.—So are we all at this time of year! Dorothy Janis was born in Dallas, Texas, in 1910. Don't worry, you'll soon see her photo in PICTURE PLAY; she's new to the screen just now. No, she's not married. Her first film was "Fleetwing"; she also played in "Kit Carson," and is now being seen opposite Novarro in "The Pagan." William Boyd has been in pictures about ten years; some of his earlier films were: "Michael O'Halloran," "Exit the Vamp," "Moonlight and Honeysuckle," "The Young Rajah." Richard Arlen is about six feet tall; George O'Brien five feet eleven, weight 176. Anita Page and Louise Brooks are both five feet two; Anita weighs 118, Louise about 110. Lois Moran is five feet one and a half, June Marlowe an inch shorter. June weighs 120.

VERA J. THALMANN.—I can't very well refer any one to your "Abie's Irish Rose" chapter of the Buddy Rogers fan club, since you forgot to give your address.

IVA JERRICK.—Yes, it is true that Carroll Nye was born in Canton, Ohio. He's a free-lance player, but you might write to him at Covina, California, where his father is postmaster. I don't know of an autobiography of Mary Pickford in book form.

BILL BOYD FOREVER.—Most of your questions seem to be answered in the reply to RED-HOT FAN above. William Boyd is thirty-one; six feet one, weight 175, grayish-blond hair, blue eyes. Yes, he was once married to Diana Miller; he married Elinor Fair in January, 1926. Dorothy Janis was discovered by James

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tures has to be sound-proof. The blimp is nothing but the regular camera, covered over with a felt-lined case, elliptical in form which prevents sound from percolating through and registering in the microphone.

There is another very similar contrivance called the "bungalow" camera. Both types of camera do away with the somewhat clumsy sound-proof booths, which are at present a source of grief and exasperation at the studios.

Ballooning for Silence.

Talkies versus airplanes. Two modern innovations have come into conflict with each other, but peace seems to be established at last. The airplanes make too much noise when flying over the studios, and interfere with proper recording of sound. So the studios have now hit upon the expedient of sending up balloons, with signal flags attached, to inform the flyers when to keep away and when it

is agreeable for them to pass over the picture-making plants.

Another unique sight is the red electric lamps that gleam over the doorways to stages nowadays. When these are turned on they spell—figuratively—"Thou shalt not enter here." They are always aglow when a talking scene is being made, and if they do not keep out intruders, a stern and uncompromising doorman is certain to bar the way.

Alas, Poor Mabel!

What strange days! In the midst of all the hurly-burly of revolution and change in Hollywood comes the news that one of the screen's greatest favorites of past years, Mabel Normand, is fighting for life. Poor Mabel! Cherished Mabel! We haven't seen her for many months, and visiting is naturally restricted now. Latest reports afford some compensation in that they indicate her condition is improved.

Lew Cody has also been seriously ill. The fact was, however, kept a secret from his wife.

Vocalists Forge Forward.

Voice does the trick. This time it has helped Walter Pidgeon. He is playing the lead in "The Lady Who Dared," opposite Billie Dove. The picture is an adaptation of the stage play "Declassée."

Pidgeon is a singer. His vocal attainments have been well known to Hollywood for several years. But they scarcely helped him to make any headway in the films.

Then when sound pictures started he appeared in "The Melody of Love," and gained favorable comment for his work. It looks as if he might be on the high road to success soon.

We note that John Roche, another singer-actor, is also enjoying the breaks.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 65

"Carnation Kid, The"—Paramount. Douglas MacLean returns to the screen in a diverting talkie. Light treatment of the underworld, with a slight mistake thrusting the hero into the midst of a gang war. Agreeable dialogue. Frances Lee, Lorraine Eddy, William B. Davidson, Francis McDonald.

"Speakeasy"—Fox. Melodrama, in dialogue, of newspaper office, the ring, and fringe of underworld. Has interest, but weak in thrills. Noises of New York caught. Two newcomers, Paul Page and Lola Lane, in leads. H. B. Walthall, Helen Ware, Sharon Lynn.

"Lady of the Pavements"—United Artists. Old screen friends in new trappings, but familiar situations. A haughty countess, Jetta Goudal, spurned by her fiancé, counters by making him fall in love with a café girl, Lupe Velez, picked up and made a lady overnight. The affair gets out of hand, the girl flees, and the lover follows, William Boyd is the man. Lupe sings and sings.

"Spieler, The"—Pathé. Realistic story of carnival life, its petty intrigues and loves. Two crooks join a side show to fleece the girl owner, but fate steps in. Melodramatic thrills. Alan Hale, Renée Adorée, Fred Kohler, and Clyde Cook. Brief dialogue.

"Sonny Boy"—Warner. David Lee, of "The Singing Fool," in his own picture, which has appeal if you like infant stars. He is the son of estranged parents, and lisps prayers and the like. A kidnaping plot brings things to a simmer. Betty Bronson and Edward Everett Horton.

"Strange Cargo"—Pathé. Mystery aboard a yacht sustained without clasp. Film favorites acquit themselves well in dialogue. Russell Gleason excellent new juvenile. Good performances by André Beranger, Claude King, Warner Richmond, Otto Matiesen, Frank Reicher.

"Flying Fleet, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Exciting incidents in the life of naval aircraftsmen, with Ramon Novarro flying a plane. Aviators work hard, with little chance for outstanding rôles. Impressive photography. Ralph Graves, Carroll Nye, Edward Nugent, Anita Page.

"Ghost Talks, The"—Fox. A blonde, two crooks, a boy with detecting ambitions, some bonds and a haunted house make up a comedy-mystery story that will delight children. Dialogue. Two newcomers, Helen Twelvetrees and Charles Eaton, and several favorites.

"Wolf of Wall Street, The"—Paramount. Baclanova, as the wife of a merciless speculator, in an all-talkie. "The Wolf" is fooled by his wife and business partner in a love affair and metes out subtle punishment. Talking débuts of Baclanova, George Bancroft, Paul Lukas, Arthur Rankin. Nancy Carroll also speaks.

"Bellamy Trial, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Much about who killed "Mimi Bellamy," with tabloid flavoring with tricky ending. Fans likely to be concerned with Betty Bronson and Edward Nugent instead of the burning question of the drama. Leatrice Joy, Kenneth Thomson, Margaret Livingston, George Barraud.

"Case of Lena Smith, The"—Paramount. Esther Ralston splendid as tragic heroine of "the biography of a woman," an artistic success for the minority. Story of an humble mother's frantic struggle to keep her child despite humiliation and persecution, and her eventual sacrifice of him to his country. James Hall and Fred Kohler.

"River, The"—Fox. Romantic, poetic and slow picture of siren's untiring effort to win an innocent country boy, who doesn't know what it's all about. Magnificent backgrounds of forest and stream and best acting of

Charles Farrell's career. Mary Duncan unusual as persevering siren finally sublimated by love.

"Rescue, The"—United Artists. Brilliantly produced version of Joseph Conrad novel does not make brilliantly successful picture, though extreme intelligence characterizes whole. Story of English adventurer in South Seas, who falls in love with wife of another, his mental struggle and their final parting. Picturesque backgrounds, unmistakable literary quality, but not interesting. Ronald Colman and Lily Damita.

"West of Zanzibar"—Metro-Goldwyn. Not as interesting as usually expected of Lon Chaney, but unusual atmosphere and voodooism of jungle natives helpful. An ivory trader plans elaborate revenge through supposed daughter of enemy, only to discover that girl is his own, and sacrifices his life to save hers. Mary Nolan, Lionel Barrymore, and Warner Baxter.

"Dream of Love"—Metro-Goldwyn. Elaborate, overdressed story of mythical kingdom, with important cast. Crown prince falls in love with gypsy, who later becomes great actress after he has cast her aside. Rest of story given over to court intrigues and efforts of prince to win girl back. Nils Asther, Joan Crawford, Aileen Pringle, Carmel Myers, Warner Oland, and Harry Myers.

"Masks of the Devil"—Metro-Goldwyn. John Gilbert at his best as pseudo-villain whose handsome face conceals hideous soul, thus making profligacy attractive and easy to accomplish. He betrays his best friend in fascinating the friend's promised bride, but retribution comes when he sees in a mirror a reflection of himself as he really is. Unhappy ending, but glamorous picture. Eva von Berne, Alma Rubens, Ralph Forbes, Theodore Roberts, and Ethel Wales capital.

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The Screen in Review

steamer brings their idyllic existence to a close and *Anna*, by this time ennobled by life in the open, insists that *McCarthy* fulfill his mission and hand her over to the law. This he does, though he is willing to sacrifice his honor for the girl. Apparently the judge and the jury are equally willing to sacrifice legal precedent for, though *Anna* is convicted and no attempt is made to justify her crime, she is benevolently sent back to the island paradise to spend the rest of her days with *McCarthy*.

All this makes for an entertaining picture, thanks to beautiful photography and excellent acting, but of course it won't bear thinking of twice. It's too absurd.

The Eternal Triangle.

"Wild Orchids" brings forth Greta Garbo in what is her best rôle, to my way of thinking, in a far more believable picture than usual. Its slowness, considered by many its chief fault, can be forgiven because the characters are impelled by adult emotions and the atmosphere of Java is magnificently reproduced. These advantages, with Nils Asther and Lewis Stone adding their quota, make the picture one of the most interesting I have seen in months. The complete absence of that commodity a fan rather cruelly termed "Gilbo-Garbage" adds to the dignity and credibility of the picture.

There are but three characters in it, a husband, a wife and a friend, the latter a Europeanized Javanese prince, who meets the dull husband and his glamorous wife aboard a ship bound for the East, and at once begins his siege of *Lillie Sterling*. He is the host of the Americans at his semiregal palace, where they are entertained with Oriental magnificence, and whence they depart for an inspection of tea plantations in which the husband is interested. Because of the latter's dullness, his wife is virtually forced to yield to the prince's attentions against her will. Once the husband's suspicions are aroused, however, he becomes far more subtle than the Javanese in planning revenge. What that revenge is I shall not tell you, nor shall you be informed of the outcome. Enough to say that thrills are not lacking, nor does *Lillie Sterling* sacrifice her claim to sympathy and fidelity to the man she really loves.

Miss Garbo's performance is wonderful and her appearance is equally so. As for Lewis Stone, I have never seen him play with more finesse, not even in "The Patriot," and Nils Asther will, I fear, render his fans quite hysterical from now on. That overworked and frequently

banal word "exotic" best describes "Wild Orchids." It is truly an orchid of a picture.

Be Yourself, Miss Vidor.

Oh, me, oh, my! The exclamation of anguish is evoked partly by "Chinatown Nights" and partly by Florence Vidor's rôle in it. Or to be more definite, her voice. It is an affected drawl, neither a convincing English accent, nor yet a good imitation of one. And as she plays a society girl who falls in love and lives with a Chinatown boss, there is not excuse for affectation at all. She saw her man and pursued him till she got him. Now, if that's ladylike behavior ask me another. This is one of the defects of the picture. It is not believable. In this case the screen isn't searching enough to explain such goings on, or to justify them. Certainly the combination of Miss Vidor and the screen, with dialogue to boot, isn't enough to arouse any sympathy for *Joan Pride*, the lady who went slumming in a spangled wrap and gardenias, and decided to stay—not even when becoming what she calls "a real woman" after spending a night in Chinatown.

Wallace Beery, as "*Chuck*" Riley, the leader of a warring tong, is the rough diamond who attracts her attention and is forever driving her from him until finally, after she has been reduced to the dregs, a waif brings them together and *Joan* induces *Chuck* to renounce tong wars and go "uptown." How *Joan* explains her long absence from the haunts of society is a mystery to me, just as the absence of a searching party is. The process of becoming a real woman is apt to arouse some curiosity among one's friends, now isn't it? Wallace Beery, though unsympathetically cast as *Chuck*, gives a good account of himself vocally, and Warner Oland, as an Americanized Chinaman, is very effective.

The Queen's Necklace.

An amusing trifle, not on any account to be taken seriously, is Victor McLaglen's "Strong Boy." It is a combination of slapstick, bitter satire, and melodrama, but it is diverting if you don't ask questions. Mr. McLaglen, as the hero, belongs to the strong-arm squad who toss trunks around, ride electric trucks in dizzy circles and make a lark out of baggage smashing in a railroad station. He is in love with *Mary McGregor*, who presides over the station news stand and is ambitious that her strong boy be something more than a baggage man. He is given the opportunity to fill a white-collar job, but accepts the only promotion he will

consider—that of a fireman. In this capacity he foils a band of crooks, who board his train to rob the Queen of Lisonia. One is made to feel that his heroism and the applause he wins will compensate *Mary* for his refusal of a white collar.

Needless to say Mr. McLaglen plays the muscular hero with all his accustomed vigor and humor, making one forget that the rôle is unworthy of him. But for that matter, so is *Mary* unworthy of Leatrice Joy. However, if you feel as I do about Miss Joy, you will selfishly enjoy her refreshing presence on the screen, without taking her to task for sacrificing herself. Clyde Cook, the reliable, and Slim Summerville, provide many laughs, and there is Farrel MacDonald also.

Mr. Keaton Again.

There are hilarious moments in Buster Keaton's "Spite Marriage," most of them occurring when Dorothy Sebastian feigns intoxication in a night club and Mr. Keaton attempts to haul her out. Why this should be funny I do not know, but audiences laugh at it, so perhaps you will, too.

To my taste—which has grown rather jaded where Mr. Keaton is concerned—a more amusing episode is found in the performance of the stock company in the film. Mr. Keaton, as a pants presser, is in love with the haughty leading lady, and contrives to join the company for one night as an extra in order to be near his idol. The performance of a Civil War melodrama is burlesque of the highest order. When Mr. Keaton can hardly bear his unrequited love any longer, the leading lady forces him to marry her to spite the leading man, with whom she is in love. He falls in with a bootlegger, is later seen on a yacht and eventually wins the love of his wife. It is a rambling story, as you see, but if you enjoy Mr. Keaton's familiar characterization, I see no reason why you will find it disappointing in this picture. Edward Earle and Leila Hyams are in the cast, and sound, not dialogue, punctuates the film.

In Havana.

If for no other reason, "Shady Lady" is noteworthy because it marks the beginning of the end of Phyllis Haver's screen career. Except for "The Office Scandal" and Lon Chaney's "Thunder" it is indeed her last picture, because of her marriage and retirement. So a veil of sadness hangs over "Shady Lady," though it is by no means a sad story, nor is Miss Haver a pathetic figure as *Lola Mantell*, an American exile in the smart hotels of Havana. She

has been indicted for murder in New York, but manages to live a life of ease outside the law. However, she falls into the clutches of Louis Wolheim, as a rum runner, who knows all about her past. To placate him, she is forced to betray Robert Armstrong, as his rival, who loves her. But it comes out all right, due to the time-honored expedient of a confession from the woman who actually committed the murder. So *Lola* is free to marry Mr. Armstrong.

This sounds like a simple story, and indeed it is not calculated to tax any one's mentality. But it is interesting, nevertheless, because of clever direction and admirable acting and a brief talking-sequence at the end. Russell Gleason is capital as an idealistic cub reporter, who chivalrously protects *Lola*.

Jazz After Midnight.

"Syncopation" is a combination of song and speech, with just enough plot to keep the music and dialogue from falling apart. But the presence of the band known as Waring's Pennsylvanians, playing "Jericho," will prove an attraction to those who like jazz orchestras which feature clowning. As for myself, they're all alike and are a poor substitute for actors. To be truthful, however, the actors in this picture are so miscast that the musicians are superior to them. The familiar story has to do with *Flo*, a dancer, who deserts her husband because she listens to the persuasions of the suave night-club owner. On discovering that his intentions do not include a wedding ring, she is properly surprised and returns to her hooper husband, who has been pining for her and is glad to get her back to resume their act. Barbara Bennett, as *Flo*, is neither convincing as a dancer nor sympathetic as a heroine, and Bobby Watson, who is well known in musical comedy, doesn't suggest a hooper. Morton Downey, recruited from the night clubs, sings a great deal in a high, thin voice. As the same voice has brought him popularity, I suppose the lack of my applause is because I have no ear for music and no interest in singers minus screen personality.

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Nymphs in charmed circles,
Merry winding rills.
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Where the branches lean
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Don't be a physical weakling! You can't expect the love of a woman or the respect of your fellow-men if you're only a poor imitation of a MAN. The world has no use for the pale, sickly, peepless fellow. But cheer up. You don't have to be like that! Just say the word and I'll make you over. I'll change you into a NEW MAN—the man you want to be—the man your sweetheart wants you to be. It's EASY. Friend, I'm going to make you the happiest, proudest man on two feet.

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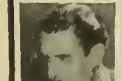
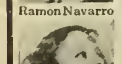
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She Acts When She Chooses

Continued from page 43

and said, 'Gloria Swanson is out front to-night.' That put me in a panic. 'Oh, dear,' I sighed, 'why did you have to tell me now? Why didn't you wait until the performance was over, so I shouldn't have to go on knowing Miss Swanson was there!'

Afterward Gloria came backstage to congratulate her.

"She said very nice things," remarked Miss Joyce, "but I haven't the faintest idea what they were. I kept staring in a sort of fascination at those luminous eyes of hers. The light in the dressing room shone right across them, and they looked such an amazing blue I couldn't think of anything else."

And this from Alice Joyce! This girlish awe!

"I met Erich von Stroheim," she said, "and he made some favorable comment about my work on the stage. I wanted to make some clever answer to his praise, but I was so pleased, so flattered, I'm afraid I just stood there rather gawkily and said, 'Thank you.' Von Stroheim! Von Stroheim congratulating me!"

It doesn't seem quite credible, this girlish naiveté, after years of fame and adulation, and yet, somehow, you can't question Miss Joyce's sincerity. When she describes her thrilled delight, because John Gilbert escorted her to a party, she might be any fan of seventeen. But you can't help believing she really means it. Her quiet way of speaking, her elegance, her poise, all these qualities belie such impressionableness, but at the same time convince you she is above posing, above talking for effect.

"I never think of Alice as a movie star," a friend of hers told me. "She seems more like just a friend, another woman like myself."

And it is quite true that Miss Joyce has none of the egoisms of the actor, none of the mannerisms of Hollywood.

For instance, a few months ago, she and her small daughter, Peggy, visited the convent where thirteen-year-old Alice, her other daughter, is going to school.

"Alice goes to Sacred Heart in Torresdale, just outside Philadelphia," Miss Joyce explained. "She

was acting in a little play, so Peggy and I went down to see her.

"We had to change to a local train at Trenton, and there was quite a long wait there. Do you know what we did?" Miss Joyce's eyes twinkled as she talked. "We took a box of lunch—sandwiches and oranges and things—and ate them sitting in the waiting room at Trenton."

Just fancy! If you had been longing for a glimpse of your favorite star in person, and suddenly saw him—or her—placidly eating sandwiches out of a box in the station waiting room! Well, I assure you, if you missed Alice Joyce in Trenton, you probably never will see any such thing.

Most stars would feel such conduct beneath their dignity. "Eat a box lunch in the station? Suppose some one should see me?" That would be the Hollywood reaction. Fear of imperiling one's dignity which cannot afford to be imperiled.

And that's the secret of Alice Joyce. Hers can! It is only the man not sure of himself who worries about what others will think of him. Only the woman whose dignity sits on her rather precariously fears that it will fall off.

Miss Joyce doesn't need to worry. Hers is the poise, the self-assurance, which doesn't mind admitting awe in the presence of glamour; which doesn't feel her position is endangered by eating in a waiting room.

That perhaps is the secret of her continued success on the screen, despite such intermittent efforts. A rôle in "The Squall," recently completed; a fling at the stage; a rôle in "The Green Goddess," her next picture. Vacation, home life, travel in between.

And always sure of her screen welcome when she wants to make a picture. No, she doesn't have to worry that some one else will fill her niche. She brings to the screen something very few have to offer; youthful maturity, in addition to beauty, and a sure, quiet elegance. The grand manner in its best sense, without pose, without affectation. The personification of that misused term—a lady. That's Alice Joyce.

SYMBOLIC FLOWERS

Pansies.....Florence Vidor
Lilies.....Lillian Gish
Orchids.....Corinne Griffith
Roses.....Norma Talmadge
Poppies.....Greta Garbo
Peonies.....Bebe Daniels

Carnations.....Pauline Starke
Violets.....Norma Shearer
Forget-me-nots.....Lila Lee
Morning Glories.....Bessie Love
Snowballs.....Dorothy Mackaill
Hyacinths.....Constance Talmadge

You Can't Wear That!

Continued from page 55

Nonvibration dinner shirts! Ask the boy friend if his is the kind that boasts a vocabulary, and I'll promise you can *hear* his expression! Sound engineers on Ronald Colman's "Bulldog Drummond" found that the stiff, glazed bosoms of the shirts worn by the men *reflected* sound; anything starchy becomes a veritable sounding board, causing distortion.

A peculiar, grating sound, picked up on the "Leatherneck" set, was traced to Robert Armstrong's corduroy trousers.

Russell Gleason had to have the silk lining of his coats removed, though none of the other men have reported this particular difficulty. Possibly his tailor had used an unusually crisp silk.

If clothes will talk, their tonal equipment must harmonize with the character that they "accompany," and express individual personality. A gingham dress worn by Louise Fazenda in a slavey comédienne rôle spoke a cockney dialect—or seemed to—so it was allowed to remain, and no doubt felt properly proud of its oral début.

Travis Banton, Paramount designer, believes that a certain amount of "complementary" sound, when

natural, should be left in the scene. If a girl nervously twirls her beads, or dances in a frock embroidered with clusters of brilliants, the noises thus made add to the realism.

However, he admits that some materials speak their pieces too well, and that woollens, cottons, tweeds, flannels and such "muffling" goods, and chiffons, may become popular in doubling for satins and other finer fabrics, and that beaded fringe is decidedly out.

"This replacement, necessary until improvements in the mechanism can subdue these noises," said Mr. Banton, "will not result in any radical change of styles, however. Women's clothes to-day are designed to give them freedom. Old-fashioned modes will never return, though formality will be achieved again for evening by means of longer skirts and draperies.

"The talkies will introduce better taste in clothes. Formerly costuming was exaggerated to suggest moods, or to reveal character. The dialogue now conveys these impressions. Wardrobes will be suitable to the rôles, but not overemphasized. And, despite their femininity, they will be silent!"

Why Don't They Star?

Continued from page 72

reviewers term an "eye-ful." Gorgeous butterflies, fascinating the fans in one picture after another. And think of the gowns they can wear!

When May McAvoy was trailing about in drab hoods and robes, in "Ben-Hur," Carmel Myers was fairly dripping beads and fringe, languishing in all her peacock glory. While Marion Davies posed in the unbecoming costume of a bell hop in "The Cardboard Lover," and fell into the lily pond, Jetta Goudal was parading in gowns that would make the French designers tear their latest creations into shreds. And while Marion suffered in simple, little frocks, in "The Patsy," bad Jane Winton sparkled in beaded velvet. While Bebe Daniels

did her best in makeshift affairs, in "Take Me Home," Lilyan Tashman wore furs and brilliants by the carload.

When Colleen Moore donned her Irish maid's uniform, in "Oh Kay," she had to have some naughty lady to wave her duster at, so Julianne Johnston appeared on the scene, looking chic. While Lina Basquette, leading lady in "The Wheel of Chance," donned a kitchen apron, Margaret Livingston, who attracted more attention than the leading lady herself, lounged about in striking negligees.

And these are the ladies of luxury, secure in their satins, perfect in their pearls, alluringly elegant, gorgeously grand!

They Learned by Watching

Continued from page 86

knowledge. So when a test gave him a chance, he knew what he was doing.

Timing of emotions and gestures proved such a fascinating study to Barry Norton during the months he

worked for Douglas Fairbanks as office boy, neglecting his routine duties to hang around the sets, that he was fired. However, his A B Cs thus learned are of service now.

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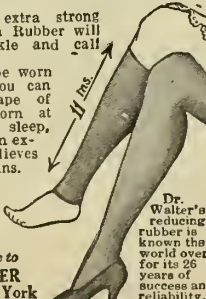


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A Timely Rescue

Continued from page 57

been in pictures for years and who were beginning to be considered *passé*. Warner Baxter and Bessie Love.

"I have never acted in pictures before," Bob says. "Really acted, I mean, in the sense of creating a character who is real and an individual. When you are a leading man, you play the same character over and over—and he isn't an actual person. He is a good-looking, noble youth who never has a wrong impulse, or a moment of human weakness.

"You are chosen for the part because you more or less look that way. You dress very much as you do off the screen. You walk through the part and really 'play it straight.'

"If you are supporting a woman star you have few close-ups and practically no dramatic scenes. These, naturally and rightfully, are thrown to her. There is no arguing the fact that in most silent pictures all the characters except, perhaps, the star, have been shadowy symbols. They haven't been real people.

"But here is a funny thing. The moment you make a character speak, the moment you hear his voice, he becomes real. He remains no longer a shadow. He is a person.

"You wait and see. After we have had talking pictures for a while you won't hear much more about 'types.' You won't hear the rôles in a picture distinguished by the terms, 'hero,' 'heroine,' 'heavy' and so on. You will hear those characters called by name. Each part will have an identity of its own. And you won't have 'leading men' and 'mother types' and 'comic heavies' any more, either. You will have actors.

"I don't mean that we will have men of sixty playing *Roméo*, as has been done on the stage sometimes. There is no need for that and it isn't practical, because of a disconcerting way the camera has of finding out your defects. People still will be chosen for certain parts partly because of physical attributes which go with certain characters. But there will be more to it than that.

"Despite the augmented opportunities for experienced actors, youth will still have its place. But it will have to be talented and trained youth. As a matter of fact, any actor is a better actor in many ways in the years before he is twenty-five than he ever is again. He is more enthusiastic, more earnest, and more spontaneous than he will be when he is older. After a while acting becomes a matter of routine. He learns the tricks and he doesn't have to give so much of him-

self to put a part over. If he is smart, he studies those tricks and learns a technique which will let him be convincing in any situation, without making any violent effort.

"He won't be as emotional and as spontaneous as he was in his younger days. But he will *look* that way. Because he knows how. And it isn't nearly so hard on him!

"While this business of screen technique versus stage training is being so much discussed and is the subject of so many experiments, I think it is interesting to observe that many people, who have had very little stage training, sound better over the microphone than people who have been legitimate actors for years. Your legitimate player is so likely to 'elocute.'

"First-rate stage actors, who seldom appear outside the metropolitan centers, have taken great pains to learn to speak what they call 'pure' English—which means that they speak with a distinct British intonation. Audiences in large cities—people who are habitual theatergoers—are accustomed to that. They know that is considered the proper way and they value it accordingly.

"But when you attempt to tell a story about ordinary, Middle-Western Americans—and then show the picture in the Middle West—it will sound strange to people who live there if the hero speaks like Lord Somethingorother in a formal moment. I am afraid they are going to titter!

"The ability to act is an inborn thing which can, of course, be improved by study and experience. If a chap is one of those born actors—and there are many of them—and has learned what to do with himself in front of the camera, and can develop the knack of speaking lines naturally, he won't need to study elocution!

"A stage actor is likely to sound too loud on the microphone, anyhow, because he has learned to pitch his voice for the back rows of a theater. He has things to unlearn. And the screen actor has things to learn. I think their chances are about even."

Bob, it would seem, is likely. He has the knack, coupled with years of experience in both mediums. Fusing of the two should be easy for him.

It is nice to see these people with real ability getting the breaks at last. It's one thing for which we can thank talking pictures, however we may feel about them as entertainment.

Esther—As She Is

Continued from page 34

spair, it being the era of *ingénues*. Gave her books to read, taught her to talk and behave without striving for effect, encouraged her to develop opinions of her own, to think independently.

The Ralston clan was resentful of this outside influence that was absorbing more and more of Esther. She was changing—her money was going into an account of her own, instead of the family coffers; her interests were no longer centered in the clan. She was becoming an entity in herself and this man was blamed. And Esther was openly in love with him. They were panic-stricken. The man was dark and suave, with a waxed mustache, and they doubtless construed him as the heavy of the piece.

Esther's secession from her family has always been a source of aching sadness to her. She is still a Ralston, one of the clan, and it grieves her that, with the exception of her mother and a brother, Clarence, whom she loves, she is denied by the family. And the breach widened irrevocably when she married the resented man.

George Webb is fifteen years Esther's senior, but there is no gap between their tastes, their interests, their ideas. After five years they are still rapturously in love. Theirs is not one of the better-known "happy marriages of Hollywood," because they feel no urge to publicize their happiness. It exists for them, which is all that matters.

Esther's attitude toward her career is not feverish or strained. She works earnestly and with enjoyment, but her actual life revolves around her husband and his two little daughters. These three people are dearer to her than the most fabulous of contracts. On them she lavishes the warmth and abundant tenderness that starved so long.

Her magnificent home on a hilltop above the town is still an incredible place to her. Even after several years of success, she can't quite realize that it is she, so surrounded by luxury—the same girl who helped carry the scenery of the Ralston troupe along the railroad tracks from one town to another, when there was no money for fares. Her delight in comfort and lovely things is the keener for still remembering vividly what went before.

She loves peace, quiet, seclusion. For this reason, she and her husband seldom go out. Last year their only public appearances were one visit to the Coconut Grove, one to the Mayfair, and attendance at the opening of

"Interference." They entertain frequently, but quietly, at home. On an average of three evenings a week, they are alone, playing honeymoon bridge on the floor in front of the fire, or, now and then, playing hilarious games of mah jong with the houseboy and cook, who idolize them.

Besides managing all her contracts, Esther's husband has invested and increased her money so shrewdly that, were movies to vanish to-morrow, she is secure for the remainder of her life. He looks after all details of her business so that there are no petty difficulties to disturb her. She lives on a fifteen-dollar-a-week allowance, finding it ample to cover her modest flings.

She loves to sew, and has always been able to construct dresses from any remnant handy. She makes most of the clothes for the two little girls, delighting in new designs in smocking or embroidery with which to please them. Her own clothes are simple and very smart, and obviously from the best shops. She wears her clothes well, being tall, graceful and easy of movement.

She is a rabid picture fan, and a regular patron of the neighborhood theaters. She adores Gloria Swanson as the epitome of charm and élan. Her idol is Mary Pickford. She has visited Pickfair a few times, when Mary entertained Our Girls Club. On these occasions she followed her hostess like a shadow, praying for some emergency to arise so that she could save her life, or pass her a cup of tea or something—anything.

She likes to swim, and every morning before breakfast, winter and summer, has a quick plunge in the pool. During the summer she and her husband keep Sunday open house and, with their guests, are in bathing suits from morning until evening, sometimes till midnight.

She is an adept dancer, having danced since, as a child, a fall from a trapeze precluded further acrobatic work. She has not kept it up conscientiously, but on many evenings after dinner she turns on the phonograph and dances for her own pleasure.

She has never outgrown the imaginative moods she had when a child, and was forever being interrupted in the midst of some splendid scene by a prince who had come to claim her. Even now, when she is alone, she often finds herself pacing up and down the room with a grave face, saying, "Oh, no, Mr. Lasky, it is too generous. I can't accept," or, with

[Continued on page 111]

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Before—and After

Continued from page 61

lows, was a white fur rug lined with peach crape. In it, Madame Glyn told me, she nestles at night on her balcony.

"For twenty years," she told me, "I have been living under Maya. All kinds of tiger skin stunts, all that is meretricious and false, have been attributed to me. Not only my hair is represented as false, but everything else about me.

"All this came from a deliberate misinterpretation of 'Three Weeks' by the English press, which has shown great enmity toward me, because in the first days when I began to write they had a feeling that it was the shoemaker taking bread out of the baker's mouth.

"They were angry that a society person should have written it. Its success amazed them. Each critic wrote something worse about me than the other. That, I conclude, influenced the American press. Half hit me like the English; the other half praised me. But none of it has ever mattered to me.

"The whole meaning of my existence has been peculiar. I had a thorough classical education, but never had an opportunity to meet literary people. I wasn't brought up with other people at all. I lived entirely with my thoughts."

As Elinor Sutherland, she told me, she married young Clayton Glyn, a member of a family as old as her own. She proudly exhibited, as any other woman would, photographs of her two daughters, high-bred types of English beauty, and of her three grandchildren. Likewise a portrait of her mother, a handsome, rather autocratic woman of eighty-five.

Since Madame Glyn's marriage she has lived in Paris, visited every court in Europe, and been honored by nearly every nation. "I know life thoroughly now," she declared.

"Nineteen years ago, I came first to America to stay with friends in New York. I came back in 1911 and again five years later, at the invitation of Jesse Lasky, to work for him.

"I had never seen a moving picture, and found the movie angle difficult to learn. But I set my mind to it. Three months later I wrote the picture 'The Great Moment,' for Gloria Swanson. Then 'Beyond the Rocks.' I was so disgusted with the changes made in this picture that I went back to Europe. A year later I was tempted to return.

"I will never make another picture, with somebody else's ideas disrupting the meaning of my charac-

ters. I object to comic opera being put where it does not belong. It is up to the director to get over the psychology of the characters, and not place a totally false interpretation on them.

"I have no desire to have my name as director on my pictures. All I contend is that I am more likely to know the thoughts and psychology of the characters I have created than any other person.

"I always draw them from life—some man or woman I know. That is why they ring true. My eventual aim is to put over perfect beauty, to represent life as something not altogether sordid."

Madame Glyn's insistence upon "perfect beauty" both in the sets and costumes for her pictures, is very costly to the studios. In the wardrobe department at the Metro-Goldwyn studio I saw half a dozen three-yard trains made of real ermine and edged with lace, that were used in one of the Glyn pictures and have never been used since!

She told me that she writes rapidly by long hand, and rarely makes a change in her "first flush." "I write, curled up on the divan," she said, "with a wooden block on my knees. When I come to a stile and my thoughts are not ready to leap over, I get up, turn on the radio and dance. That makes the whole blood stream run differently, and then I start again.

"I always write in the morning, never at night, and only when I feel like it. Though I like money very much, a million dollars wouldn't induce me to write when I didn't wish to."

"Do you ever dictate?"

"Mercy, no! I couldn't stand another personality in the room with me."

"And yet Madame Glyn isn't a temperamental woman. I wouldn't want an easier one to work with." This interruption came from her young business manager, John Winn, who was admitted just then. He was sent over by the London office of Elinor Glyn, Limited, to look after her American interests.

"He combines great knowledge of my business with pretty good knowledge of me," she laughingly explained. "Every morning he comes to early breakfast, when we discuss every detail of the day's business, and he goes to the studio when I go. He looks after all my bills, makes my contracts, and takes large burdens off my shoulders. In all this time we have never fought."

"Madame never interferes with anything," he declared. "She is not temperamental, but absolutely logical. The best of women are rarely that!"

"Pooh!" returned Madame Glyn, who believes women are made for love, "the greatest women haven't fifty per cent of the practical intelligence of men, and the average woman hasn't the intellect of a rabbit!"

"Don't forget to say in your story that Madame never spent a dollar for publicity, has never accepted a present except flowers, and never goes to parties unless she has to," was Mr. Winn's parting request, as he bowed me out with the air of a court chamberlain.

What a queer thing is press agenting, I ponder, now that I have seen the woman that Elinor Glyn is not.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—Since this was written Madame Glyn has established the same apartment in a New York hotel—all but the star-gazing balcony!]

Esther—As She Is

Continued from page 109

tears streaming down her face, trying to be brave at the wedding of one of the little girls.

With "The Case of Lena Smith," she has been graduated to drama. When complimented on her performance in this, she gives the entire credit for it to Joseph von Sternberg, and wants keenly to do another picture with him. Whatever the pictures to follow her "Lena Smith," Hollywood and the public will await with new interest the beautiful blonde, whom no one suspected of dramatic power. No one, that is, except the few who knew that the unassuming Esther is drama herself.

PASTORAL

Last night I saw a homestead old
Among tall maple trees,
A garden full of fragrant blooms—
I almost heard the bees.
Far off there rose the guardian hills,
My eyes grew dim with tears;
The country seemed to call to me
As in my boyhood years.

I longed to take the winding path
And find an open door,
A gentle face must welcome me—
I'd seen it all before.
Far off the city's rush and din,
I watched great branches lean;
A wondrous visit that I had
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Pat's Awakening

Continued from page 46

traded with an Irish grocer, ignoring the Jew farther down the road. But when credit was exhausted, the Jew came to the house and said, "You come down to my store and get what you want. You pay me back some day."

That man's daughter married Sam Rothafel, or "Roxy," the theater owner. His kindness won Pat's gratitude, and made him exceedingly more tolerant of all.

"It's always that way," he mused, eyes upon the brightly garmented stars motoring along the Boulevard in all their expensiveness. The sunlight that streamed into the club, slanting our window table with gold, fell full upon their lavish luxury of furs and gleaming cars, garish in that broad lane of light. "The ones you think are your closest friends forget, and those you least expect come to the mark."

"Picture people? Only two stuck. Shirley Mason was a peach. She would take the kids out, buy a nice piece of goods for a dress for Lillian, or clothes for the children. She was always thinking of something to do. Nan Howard, Director Bill's wife, helped. Otherwise the movie crowd didn't bother. Old ladies would come in and mend stockings, or relieve Lillian in some way. Neighbors, not actors' wives. And the men who offered me financial loans were outside acquaintances."

There is no rancor in Pat's outlook. He doesn't blame the gay, bright cinemese. Many have obligations, some are teetering perilously themselves, the majority are thoughtless rather than callous or ungrateful, and all are busy. However, lessons are learned from fair-weather friends.

"Some people crab when a man is careful of his cash. Saving isn't being miserly. You invest in public utilities, or a factory, anything that helps business and employs others. You draw a comparatively small interest, but your money is safe, and it spreads happiness, gives others a chance to share your success in a constructive way. Suppose you spend it on the night clubs, or parties and cafés. Stoking rich food that undermines health, gin that ruins well-being and morality. You build the wrong kind of factory."

"You can't beat the law of compensation. It's like gravity. What goes up comes down—regardless of the Einsteins. There must be self-discipline and denial, to some extent, if your life is to be balanced and of any use."

None of his remarks, couched in even tones, had a very sentimental twang; nothing seemed to be said for effect. He didn't make a drama of his misfortunes and rehabilitation. He simply stated facts and conclusions, in a matter-of-fact way. How much more impressive is truth, simply told!

"When I was flying high, our household expenses were fifteen hundred a month," he replied to a question. "Maid, chauffeur, and nurse. People to pick things up so we wouldn't have to get any exercise."

Things are different at the O'Malley home now. There is one servant. His car is good, but old. A homely atmosphere pervades. Pat steps like an athlete, but his voice is low. With a quiet dignity that nobody would ever have suspected possible in him, he is at home to his friends. The sycophants are crowding in again. News travels fast in Hollywood. Many, who have been just awfully busy, call to congratulate him on his recent success. He takes it good-naturedly, and says very little, but they are not pressed to stay to dinner. And the family goes to the theater.

"I figure I'm sitting pretty. I'm in my prime, alert, feeling better than ever. I've been in pictures for twelve years, counting the two that I wasn't in, exactly. I have experience and a voice that the mike accepts. Most of all, the producers know that O'Malley is back and steadied. They have confidence in me now."

"Pat," I said, thoughtfully, "you've been darn lucky. There are a good many riding for similar falls. You were fortunate to be jerked up in time. How do you account for it?"

The steely quality receded from his eyes, melted into a deeper blue, as he looked over my head, beyond the showy parade outside. He hesitated, and then hummed slowly, "If I were hanged on the highest hill, mother o' mine—"

That was all.

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The Three Sphinxes

Continued from page 89

which is as good as any. And that's all we know of Greta Garbo.

The lady herself remains annoyingly silent regarding her past. She admits that she has had no stage experience, beyond an entrance in the yearly competition at the State Theater.

She now looks at Hollywood and Culver City through half-closed, slanting eyes—as profoundly disturbing as ever gazed at any Oedipus.

Of course rumors have been spread about by those who "know." Some say that Garbo was a waitress in one of the open-air cafés in the Swedish capital. They add that the poverty and sorrow she underwent made her fearful of life. Only those who have experienced poverty really know how cruel human beings can be to one another. Some say she was a singer. Who cares?

The only man Greta has ever appeared to be happy with was Mauritz Stiller, the director—probably because he was the first person to be kind to her. Not even that galloping cyclone, John Gilbert, could entirely supplant Greta's first guide and friend. Stiller's death moved her

profoundly—yet hers was not the arm-waving, hair-pulling sort of sorrow, but the silent grief that is always deeper and more poignant.

Greta refuses to speak of her family. But one can perceive that she loves them with an unspeakable love. She admits that she has a mother, a sister, and a brother. One sister died a year ago, adding to the Garbo's ineffable sorrow.

Greta is young, in her early twenties; yet the wisdom of the world and grim reality flash through her eyes—at times. Again, she is very childlike—at times. Then she becomes sad and, oh, it makes one's heart nearly break. On such occasions she wants to be alone—which is often enough—as if to battle some army of hideous memories—or is she longing for something or some one?

Well, well. There they are—Jetta Goudal, Ronald Colman, and Greta Garbo. These three people puzzle Hollywood. They are its sphinxes. They will probably remain so.

If one knew each one's mind, what would one learn? Much, or more mystery?

History Repeats Itself

Continued from page 33

something more than just "Voices! Voices! Voices!" That indescribable, elusive quality known as screen personality, will, as of yore, be the determining factor.

Geraldine Farrar had it to a greater extent than any of her contemporaries drawn from the stage. Her *Carmen* and *Joan the Woman* will always hold a high place in the annals of screen performances. Would the hampering restrictions of voice-recording mechanism have limited her in these fiery portrayals? Would Ethel Barrymore, whose screen personality was negative, have registered magnificently if her famous, throaty drawl could have been faithfully reproduced? If Elsie Ferguson had had the benefit of vocal contact with picture audiences, would her cold, patrician beauty have longer survived the camera test?

The pictures of Sir Herbert Beerbohm-Tree, Cyril Maude, and William Faversham were sorry flops. Lady Tree's biography of the late Sir Herbert, and the recently published reminiscences of Cyril Maude, throw an interesting light on the attitude of these great actors toward the movies, which may explain in part

why they, and lesser stage luminaries, were not more successful.

Pictures to them were a freakish hybrid, neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. Tremendously interested in, and curious about, all that pertained to the new medium, giving of their best under unfamiliar and trying conditions, they yet reflected, perhaps unconsciously, a certain degree of condescension. They stooped to conquer; but, saturated with the theater tradition which had solidified through the years, they couldn't unbend sufficiently. It was a noble experiment, but it didn't click.

The picture public would rather hear what may be the gamin accents of Clara Bow than the most dulcet, cultivated voice that ever sent a Little Theater group into refined ecstasies. It is the fact that the "mamma doll" can speak, not the quality of the sound which issues from her sawdust interior, that fascinates a child.

After hearing them all, let the fans decide which of the established film favorites they wish to hear more of. Then, having worked out the gold mines in their own back yards, it will be time enough for producers to start frenziedly prospecting unknown fields.

The Hobos of Hollywood

Continued from page 83

Phil is a clever camera man, who has reported for duty under the influence of liquor so often, and got into so many disputes with influential people, that no studio will employ him. He has not quite succeeded in drinking himself to death.

Annie is a girl who came to Hollywood years ago with movie ambitions, but soon gave them up. It is only when she lands in court that she describes herself as "a motion-picture actress."

There are scores of types, ranging from the hopelessly down-and-out, to the struggling who have merely temporarily fallen on hard times, in Hollywood's hobo class.

Many of the movie great at one time or another have been "on the bum." Every once in a while some underdog climbs to success as an actor, director or writer. But the day has passed when a *Jarnegan* could drop off a freight, casually get a humble job in a studio, and soon find himself a world-famous figure. As the business becomes more and more overcrowded, and competition for jobs becomes fiercer and fiercer, Hollywood's vagabond stratum grows. And often the only difference between the steady job holder and the hobo is that the one has reputation,

influence, or an imposing front, while the other has not.

Most of the Hollywood hobos are trapped. They have been told "nothing to-day," and "Mr. Jones can't see you, he's in the projection room," a thousand times. Yet no one can say for certain that some day any given one of them won't get a real break. Strange things happen in the chaotic movies, and the occasional news that some pal has struck it rich keeps the mob waiting, waiting.

The jobless one gets little sympathy. The public attitude is, Why doesn't the poor sap get out of pictures and go to work? He is the target of jests, and often he laughs cynically at himself. Sometimes, in a fit of discouragement and disgust, he is ready to leave the picture racket for good. It dawns upon him that if he put in a fraction of the effort and the fortitude in any other line of work than the movies, he might have a reasonably secure and comfortable life. The outgoing train whistles enticingly beyond the Hollywood hills. But usually he decides to stick it out.

There will always be Hollywood hobos who will manage eventually to break through the barriers. But the vast majority will continue to starve and hope.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 103

"Home-coming"—Paramount. Somber German picture, with foreign cast, but decidedly meritorious because of fine acting and distinguished direction. Two soldier comrades are separated, one thinking the other dead. He goes to the latter's wife and, against his will, falls in love, return of the husband bringing about striking, unusually intelligent climax. Lars Hanson, Gustav Frolich, and Dita Parlo.

"Woman of Affairs, A"—Metro-Goldwyn. Elaborate picturization of Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat," skillfully equivocating censorable incidents and achieving moderate interest. Story of a promiscuous heroine, her flagrant affairs, and the one true love of her life—another version of "Camille." Greta Garbo finely effective, John Gilbert sacrificed to her; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Lewis Stone, Hobart Bosworth, Dorothy Sebastian, and John Mack Brown support them.

"On Trial"—Warner. Heavy melodrama of a husband accused of murdering his man friend, and his justification shown by means of cut-backs, though he is saved from conviction by a last-minute courtroom confession. Entirely in dialogue, some of it very good, the picture is entertaining without being anything to rave over. Pauline Frederick, in subordinate rôle, Bert Lytell, Lois Wilson, Jason Rob-

ards, Richard Tucker, Johnny Arthur, and an appealing child, Vondell Darr.

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Skiping With Barry

Continued from page 74

are to assume before the public, the pose being reinforced by careful publicity. In the case of Barry, one can easily imagine how impossible it would be to get him halter-broken to this system. From all I can learn, the Fox publicity department has abandoned him as an incorrigible subject on which to hang pretty adjectives. As a result we have the real, unretouched Barry, in all his native waywardness and undeniable charm.

Recently an interview was wanted by a writer for a popular magazine. The publicity to be gained from such an article would be, to an embryo star, of inestimable value. Barry, however, at first refused to see the writer at all, but finally compromised by saying he would give her twenty minutes.

"But why?" asked his secretary, baffled by his stubborn attitude.

"I don't like her," said Barry, calmly.

And that illustrates Mr. Norton's attitude toward people. No fawning, no insincerity. About as impractical as it is possible to be, but true to his natural instincts.

Once I suggested that he should live in less expensive quarters, his reckless expenditures having provoked me to the rudeness of giving advice.

"But if I don't have a nice apartment," he explained, "I am unhappy, and don't like to come home in the evenings."

"Look at Buddy Rogers," I said. "He has only one room in a private family."

"Does he?"—incredulously.

"Sure, he does," I continued, waxing eloquent and ungrammatical. "Now if you'd—"

A few days later I heard that Barry had given up his expensive apartment, and taken another only slightly more expensive.

Suppose you have dropped in to see him before dinner. You find the temperamental Thespian sweated, and unbecomingly tieless. Oh, yes, he will dress for dinner, eventually, when he feels like it.

He lives in a state of luxurious confusion, books and magazines ly-

ing about. The walls are decorated with etchings and photographs, and on the table and desk are numerous interesting knickknacks. Barry is engaged in unwrapping a tennis set. Yards of twine and paper are torn off and dropped on the floor.

"Who wants a drink of water?" he inquires, the business of the tennis set having been completed. He leaves the room and returns very shortly with a glass or mug of water. You drink what you want, then Barry unconcernedly finishes what is left.

Although his English is very good, and practically without accent, he sometimes asks to have published criticisms of his pictures put into simpler language.

"What does that mean?" he inquires, leaning forward eagerly.

"It means that your two rôles are very much alike," you explain.

"No, no, they aren't alike," he declares. "Very different."

The one thing that makes Barry fighting mad is to be accused of looking effeminate. Still, the accusation is understandable, when one remembers his nicely modeled features and the angelic expression of his face. It is a peculiar coincidence that the camera should have a tendency to slenderize young Norton, when it usually adds a few pounds to one's appearance. Actually, Barry is a sturdy chap, with noticeably large wrists.

So there you have him, one of the most expert actors and interesting personalities in his profession. For my part, I deeply admire him, not only for his intellect and ability, but for his fine disregard of time, order, and the approval of his fellow human beings. Strange? No. In many respects his amazing indifference is a blessing. Not for him the anguish of wondering "what people will think."

Having lived for more than a quarter of a century in a lather of apprehension at the thought of being late, incurring criticism, provoking enmity, or neglecting my duty, it gives me an uninhibited thrill to meet some one who doesn't give a whoop whether school keeps or not.

LURE OF GOLD

Oh, young Lochinvar is

Come out to the West!

A movie director

Has promised a test!

BLAINE C. BIGLER.

A New Face—and Welcome

Continued from page 48

the Middle West. Miss Schank became interested in the earnest eighteen-year-old girl, and on closer acquaintance realized that she had made a "find." Lola had frequently, when the press of her other occupations permitted, sung and played the piano at entertainments, but more for the five dollars involved than to appease any desire for the footlights. It remained for Miss Schank to discover that there was active talent behind those impromptu performances.

She took Lola with her on a tour of the Chautauqua circuit and taught her invaluable tricks of voice culture, of stage deportment and of confidence in her flair for this new medium.

At the end of the tour Lola peremptorily gathered up her sister, Leota, and went to New York. Leota's voice had been the pride of the family. Lola devised a plan to make of them a sister team. On Lola's nerve they won a hearing from Gus Edwards. And they got the job. As The Lane Sisters they entertained in Gus Edwards' "Ritz-Carlton Revue" and served time in the chorus of the "Greenwich Village Follies," because they wanted to master dancing; then Gus Edwards signed them as a special feature in the revue he took over the Orpheum circuit last year. When they got back to New York, Lola was given the lead in "The War Song." To follow that, the Shubert's planned to feature her in a show designed for Marion Harris, who had quit abruptly. Fox, however, outbid them, and here is Lola, the particular rising comet of the Fox lot, with a five-year contract involving weekly pay checks of a size

usually seen only by established players.

Now that she has achieved her purpose, this valiant young fighter is awed by what she considers her remarkably good fortune. The years of struggle notwithstanding, she marvels at the lucky breaks that placed her where she is.

Now that it has come, she can at last relax and revel in the sense of security for herself and for the mother who is her idol. When she was making fifteen a week, five of it went in the bank, five she lived on, and the remainder was always sent to her mother. Now that the remittances are larger beyond Lola's most fanciful hopes, there is the best of education for her two little sisters who, she says, have more talent in their little fingers than she will ever possess. For Lola there is the sesame to all the lovely things she fought for. And important, too, the business of acting, to which she brings all her fine, well-trained energies, and which is really less business than fun.

Predictions are premature as yet, but the studio executives, who are pessimists by profession, are already given to rhapsodizing about Lola. Her screen personality, they tell any one who will listen, is a rare blend of delicacy and strength. Her emotions are keenly sensitized, and her feeling for scenes is unerring. She photographs like a poem, and her full, smooth voice encounters no difficulties with the capricious microphone.

It sounds fulsome—until you know that she hasn't a press agent to her name. Then it sounds rather authentic. Skeptical or credulous, it would be well to make a note of it for reference a year from now.

The Stroller

Continued from page 59

"Well, then," said the writer. "how about Limbo Films, Incorporated?"

"Great! We'll use that. Now that's what I call a swell name."

And thus was born, in allegorical labor, Limbo Films, Incorporated, probably the most appropriately named quickie producing company.

Realism in fiction writing is becoming so real that many cases have found their way into the courts under the libel law. And then again, other people have been flattered by the attention, and nothing has happened.

"Mother Knows Best," is sup-

posedly a picture of Elsie Janis and her mother, who have been extremely provoked over the intrusion.

And "Show Boat" in novel form has been the basis of a suit by the owner of the *Cotton Blossom Floating Palace*, the show boat mentioned in Miss Ferber's work. The owner alleged that depicting such "goings on" on his boat was sheer, unadulterated libel. Since the name of the boat wasn't very important, Universal neatly stepped out of possible court action by calling their show boat the *Cotton Palace Floating Theater*, proving that, after all, a palace by any other name is just as big.



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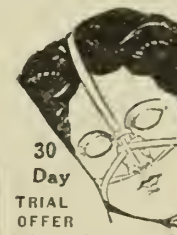
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Stranger Than Fiction

Continued from page 23



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There's something doing all the while in a "CH" book. These books which have never before been published were written for men who love the sweep of the great West, the mysteries of big cities, the conquest of man over his environment.

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THE ROAD TO BROAOWAY	Ellen Hogue and Jack Bechdolt
JUDY THE TORCH	Arthur P. Hankins
WHITE WOLF'S LAW	Hal Ounning
LOST LOOT	Joseph Montague
HIS STUDIO WIFE	Violet Gordon
THE WELL-WISHER	Robert J. Horton
THE POISON EYE	Madeleine Sharps Buchanan
LOOT OF THE LAVA BEOS	John H. Hamlin
FORTUNE UNAWARES	Joseph Montague
THE RANGE WAR ON VV	Emart Kinsburn
MR. CHANG'S CRIME RAY	A. E. Apple
BUCKING WITH BAR C	George Gilbert
POUNDING THE RAILS	Oon Waters
OUTLAWS OF BADGER HOLLOW	G. W. Barrington
HUNTEO OOWN	Robert H. Rohde
THE WHISTLING WAOOY	Donald Bayne Hobart
THE ISLE OF OREAMS	Joseph Montague
RANGE RIVALS	John H. Hamlin
THE CRIMSON CLOWN	Johnston McCulley
RIOIN' FER CROSS T	George Gilbert
THE ISLAND WOMAN	Captain A. E. Dingle

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NEW YORK CITY

Billie Dove professes—and I have seen this in print, so it *must* be true—a fancy for watching surgical operations, though in every other respect she seems to be not only a rational, but a charming young woman.

Malcolm Stuart Boylan, whose smart cracks in subtitles have made him more or less celebrated, keeps a goat as a household pet, although a pig would be more in keeping with the traditions of his Celtic forbears.

And there is a director who has a horoscope cast before starting each picture, to be sure that the zodiac will do what it can to improve the production's quality.

Surely no such catalogue of Hollywood would be complete without mention of Peter, the Hermit, who lives at the top of Laurel Canyon, and can be seen almost daily, barefooted, and generally driving his donkey, with a dog or two trotting along, walking about the Boulevard.

Time was when Peter was more or less the outstanding figure among Hollywood eccentrics, but he has become old-fashioned now. He still holds seances in his tent, which attracts a small gathering of assorted believers and curiosity seekers.

He blows out the light, and the tent is filled with spirits. Auras of light float about the place, halos of varying colors encircling the heads of those present. Peter sees them and calls attention to them. When I was there he saw a light purple one around my head, which he said was very high up in the spectrum, and meant great things for me. I would have felt a little more flattered about this, except that the man who took me there had told Peter in advance that I was likely to write something about him.

Then there is the young man with a string of imported automobiles, who makes his living by renting them to picture companies, the man whose lack of teeth and peculiarly arranged features, make it possible to touch his chin with the tip of his nose, and earns his living almost solely through this feat; the thirty or forty old gentlemen who make their living renting their beards to pictures, and have even formed a club to keep down competition; the Serbian girl with

an apartment on Hollywood Boulevard who dips batiks and keeps a baby python; the young Russian lad who asserted in all seriousness to me his belief that the spirit of Don Pio Pico, last governor of California, who surrendered his forces and command to United States troops in the vicinity, was responsible for the cracking of the new concrete bridge which leads to the First National and Universal studios.

Now do you gather from this that Hollywood and the film industry is filled with nothing but such odd and assorted facts? But it is not.

The motion-picture business is founded on solid toil, but is glossed over with festive and gaudy decorations, some of it unconscious and some of it assumed.

Hollywood is an international winter headquarters for all the circuses in the world. Every attraction on the midway is under one big tent, and all three rings are going every minute.

But at the same time, it is a village where one may lead almost any sort of existence his fancy demands, and unless one becomes too noisy or blatant about it, very little heed is paid to it all.

Artists and writers, some of whom have no connection with the films, have chosen to make it their home.

Any one with a sense of humor will have a gorgeous time watching, and if one doesn't have, one can make up for the lack of it by amassing a large fortune in the two-reel comedy business.

One may rub shoulders with movie stars in a church, a night club or a Turkish bath; one may converse with men who have written a great novel, or men who are certain they are about to perfect a perpetual-motion machine; one may attend concerts in the Bowl, or wild parties in Beverly Hills; one may step from a household of abundant wealth to one of abject need in the same block; one may stake an extra to a meal, and six months later see his name in electric lights, and his person in a Rolls-Royce.

Said the poet, "See Naples and die."

Instead, see Hollywood, and then go back and tell the folks in Cedar Rapids all about it.

SOPHISTICATION

All is not gold that glitters,

All are not film stars that shine;

Some sparkle and some shimmer,

Grow brighter—then dimmer—

Darkness and sudden decline!

BLAINE C. BIGLER.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

Ryan, Fox casting director. I believe she is part Indian. She is five feet tall and brunette. Dione Ellis is from California. Blonde, of course. Her films include "Is Zat So?" "Cradle Snatchers," "Chain Lightning," "Hook and Ladder No. 9," "Happiness Ahead," "Leatherneck," "High Voltage," and I don't know what small rôles earlier.

MARY JEAN.—Congratulations on having drawn a picture of Charles Rogers so successfully! "Get Your Man" was his fifth film to be released. His first was "Fascinating Youth," in which he played with other members of the Paramount school. Then came "More Pay, Less Work," for Fox, then "Wings," and "My Best Girl." Buddy was born August 13, 1904. Yes, it is true that Sue Carol is getting a divorce from Allan Keefer.

A LADY OF LEISURE.—And in your leisure you think up questions to make me work! Well, I must earn money somehow. The reason you saw no advance reports of the Barrymore-Costello marriage was that it was quite a surprise to every one. You see, he was married and the divorce from Michael Strange was procured so secretly no one knew he was free to marry Dolores. Barbara Bedford was born in Prairie Du Chien, Wisconsin, and educated at Lake View, Wisconsin. She is in her late twenties and in private life she is Violet Rose Roscoe, divorced from Al Roscoe. Sorry I don't know her maiden name. She has a five-year-old daughter, Babs. She was formerly married to Irvin B. Willat, now Billie Dove's husband. Interviews with Ricardo Cortez and Mary Pickford appeared in last month's PICTURE PLAY. But there isn't much left for Mary to say that the fans don't already know, is there?

JANICE TOLLIVER.—I don't know very much, as yet, about Virginia Cherrill, except that she is a blonde, from Chicago, and that Charlie Chaplin discovered her, and asked her to play opposite him. This will be her first picture.

ANGELA MORROW.—Yes, you're right, Lane Chandler hasn't been as successful on the screen as his admirers predicted for him. Did you see him in "The Big Killing" and "The First Kiss"? He is now cast in "The Studio Murder Mystery," and presumably in "Dirigible." I don't know whether Paramount ever completed "Dirigible," or not. Lane was born in 1901, but I don't know the month. That's his real name. Pola Negri's husband in "Three Sinners" was played by Paul Lukas.

JOAN DELANDRE.—Crazy over Greta! And who isn't, among movie fans? Greta was born in Stockholm, in 1906. She is five feet six and weighs 125. I doubt if she answers fan mail, though probably Metro-Goldwyn answers it for her. That's all the address I know for her. As to her beaux besides John Gilbert, he's the only one we hear about, though Mauritz Stiller, the Swedish director who died several months ago, was very much in love with her. No, I don't think any of her relatives came to America with her. Since her American films you mention, she has appeared in "Mysterious Lady," "Woman of Affairs," and "Wild Orchids." There are several Greta Garbo fan clubs—either Virginia McGuire's, 611 Shatto Place, Los Angeles, or Elinora

Rodenbaugh's, Baird Avenue and Fourth Street, Barberton, Ohio.

JOHN ALLEN.—I'll keep a record of your David Rollins fan club. It was David Powell, not William, who played with Evelyn Brent years ago in "Spanish Jade." David is now dead. Yes, the film was made in Spain. I think Richard Dix's first Paramount film was "The Woman with Four Faces," opposite Betty Compson.

CLARA L. ENNIS.—Leslie Fenton, at this writing, has just completed "The Woman Who Needed Killing" for Paramount. The other addresses you ask about are all given in the list at the end of this department.

J. E. W.—I don't know why Francis X. Bushman, Jr., is not given more to do. Since "Four Sons" he has made only one film, so far as I know, and that's a Pathé dog picture called "Marlie the Killer."

TEDDY BEAR.—Jeanne Esterman very kindly writes in response to your question of where Clara Bow lived in Brooklyn, that her address at the time she won the beauty contest was 857 Seventy-third Street. Thank you, Miss Esterman.

EDDIE DICKSON.—There is no place you can write to get your local theater to show a talkie. Speak to the house manager about it—but the chances are he can't. You see, the theater has to be wired for talking pictures, and it's rather expensive. But don't worry, your exhibitor will have to have it done pretty soon. The difference between "sound effects" and dialogue is that in a film with sound effects the players don't talk. The music is synchronized, and such things as our old friend, "footsteps approaching on horseback." I don't know of any Ken Maynard fan clubs.

ROBERT M. CICERO.—The only address I can suggest for Johnny Downs is the Hal Roach studio, Culver City, California. Letters to him there would probably be forwarded to his home address.

CLEOPATRA.—Just to show you what a good sport I am, when I get through with all your questions, I'll come up bravely for air and say, "Ask me another." It's against the rules to give information on a star's religious faith; that subject is too full of dynamite. Sue Carol is about five feet two, and weighs about 110. Her real name is Evelyn Lederer and she is American. So is Charles Farrell. Bacalanova doesn't give her age. Carmel Myers is the daughter of a rabbi. Enid Bennett was Doug's sweetheart in "Robin Hood"; Bessie Love was not in that picture. Thelma Todd is in her early twenties, five feet six, weight 130. Milton Sills is about forty-three. Nancy Carroll is twenty-three. So is Joan Crawford—yes, she's four years older than Doug, Jr. Laura La Plante is twenty-four, five feet two; weight 112. Marian Nixon, same age, five feet one, weighing 99. Lina Basquette is twenty-one. Yes, Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper are reported engaged. Tom Mix is fifty; little Thomasina is seven. And he has a daughter, Ruth, by an earlier marriage, who is about nineteen. Marceline Day is twenty-three; height five feet three, weight 104. Sue Carol's next film is "The Exalted Flapper." I'm sorry, but "The Way of a Man" is such an old picture I haven't the cast. Do you remember who produced it?



Jeanette Loff-Patke Star

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ETHEL S. COTTINGHAM.—I will keep a record of your Kenneth Harlan club and refer his admirers to you. Also your Bee Line chapter of the Richard Dix club.

CARLIE, MILWAUKEE.—Yes, PICTURE PLAY published an interview with Mary Brian, "Wendy Grows Up," in the issue for April, 1928. You can obtain this issue by writing to this office inclosing twenty-five cents with your request.

A DISGUSTED PICTURE FAN.—I'm sorry to hear that Gertrude Olmsted high-hats her former neighbors in La Salle, Illinois. But perhaps you're doing her an injustice about her claim of Chicago as a birthplace. Her biography states that she was born in Chicago and educated in La Salle. So probably her family moved to your city when she was small.

PAUL MARTIN, a French boy, would like to hear from other Charles Rogers fans. His address is 21 Rue Vernet, Paris, 8 arr., France. And don't forget, boys and girls, that takes a five-cent stamp. Your English is perfect, Paul, and needs no apology. Perhaps it was a special favor that Buddy Rogers personally autographed the photo he sent you. He probably doesn't get so many letters from France, in such excellent English. Most talking pictures, so far, have been made with silent versions for the benefit of those theaters which are not wired. Do write again.

BUDDY'S BUDDY.—What a coincidence! There's a Buddy Rogers fan club with headquarters right in your home town of Chanute, Kansas. See Randolph Tye, 708 South Central Avenue.

JAMES REED.—You're just four years too late for the Paramount school. That was organized in 1925, but was discontinued after the first class.

SALLY.—As to how long Colleen Moore has worn a Dutch bob, what a troubling question for an old man like me! Several years, I should say. Clara Bow uses her real name. Zasu Pitts can be reached, I think, at just Hollywood, California. I believe you may obtain Valentino's picture from S. George Ullman, Hollywood, California.

HULA OF HAWAII.—It was thoughtful of you to send me the casts of those old films, which I didn't have. Any time I can return the favor! Dolores Costello and John Barrymore were married last November twenty-fourth. Dolores' fan club is in charge of Francis Wilson, Blountstown, Florida. There is none for Barrymore, nor for Audrey Ferris. Madge Bellamy is one of the stars honored by Our Club fans; Julia David, 62 West Dedham Street, Boston. Barbara Bedford doesn't give her age. She is five feet four and weighs 130. I don't know of what descent she is. I haven't seen Douglas Gilmore's name in any recent casts, but as he is only a minor player it's rather difficult to keep track. I'm sorry, but Mona Rico is so new to the screen I haven't yet been able to get her biography.

BARNEY GOOGLE.—I have no way of knowing the reliability of fan clubs; I merely keep them on record when I am asked to. Bill Haines was born January 1, 1900; he is six feet tall and weighs 172. His fan club has headquarters with Vivian Stephens, Perry, Lake County, Ohio. Robert Frazer was born June 29, 1891. He seems to keep quite active on the screen, chiefly in quickies, which perhaps you don't see. In the past year he has

appeared in "The Little Snob" for Warner; "The Scarlet Dove," "Out of the Ruins," "First National," "City of Purple Dreams," "Black Butterflies," and "Sioux Blood," M.-G.-M.

A GIRL WHO WORSHIPS JOAN CRAWFORD.—You and Doug, Jr.! Joan is a Metro-Goldwyn player, and perhaps would send you her picture for ten cents. She was born in San Antonio and grew up in Kansas City. When she was fifteen she ran away and went on the stage in Chicago. From there to New York, where she was "discovered" for the screen by Harry Rapf. Olive Borden works at the RKO studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood.

NINA B. COWAN.—There was a full-page picture of Richard Dix in PICTURE PLAY for February, 1929.

A BUDDY ROGERS FAN.—Buddy is twenty-four and six feet tall. Dick Arlen is twenty-nine, six feet tall. I don't know what the chances are for a reissue of any of the Valentino films.

ALICE CLIFTON.—So you think you've unearthed the secret of my identity? I'm curious to know how you went about your "detectiving." John Darrow is the young man you fancied in "The Racket."

GIGGY H.—A nickname for "Giggles"? Yes, you may have your own way about Nils Asther; he's getting very popular. He was born January 17, 1902, and is six feet one. He's with Metro-Goldwyn. He has no fan clubs as yet. At last accounts Betty Bronson was working in "Broadway" for Universal. Write to Chaplin's leading lady, Virginia Cherrill, at his studio, 1416 La Brea Avenue, Los Angeles. The list of addresses of foreign players which was sent me is too long to publish entirely, and I don't know which ones you are interested in. Would you like Brigitte Helm, Fehlerstrasse 4, Berlin, Friedenan, Germany; Suzy Vernon, 46, Boulevard Soult, Paris; Willy Fritsch, Charlottenburg Kaiserdamm 95, Berlin; Gosta Ekman, 19 Hjorthagsvogen, Stockholm, Sweden?

HELEN BLAISDELL.—Dear, dear, by the time I get through with your questions, where will all my magazine space be then, poor thing? Yes, Phyllis Haver is rather the party-girl type. Malcolm McGregor freelances. I never heard of any signs of temperament about Lina Basquette—quite the contrary. Mary Astor is now a Fox player; "The Woman" is her newest film. I don't think Mary makes personal-appearance tours. Dolores Costello has been on the screen three years, Gloria Swanson about eleven. Conrad Nagel's rise has been so gradual, I can't set a definite date as to when he first became prominent. Victor Varconi looks precisely as he does on the screen; yes, I've met him. Evelyn Brent is divorced from B. P. Fineman; Madge Bellamy's first film was for Thomas H. Ince. I think Rex Lease uses his real name. And I don't know whether Clive Brook's parents are living, or where Vilma Banky was educated—except, of course, in Budapest.

Addresses of Players

Richard Arlen, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Kathryn Carver, Warner Oland, Ruth Chatterton, Florence Vidor, Clara Bow, Chester Conklin, Clive Brook, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, Gary Cooper, James Hall, William Powell, Emil Jannings, Evelyn Brent, Doris Hill, Nancy Carroll, Jean Arthur, Olga Baclanova, at Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.
Greta Garbo, Leila Hyams, Bessie Love, Edward Nugent, Gwen Lee, Ramon Novarro,

Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Renée Adorée, Marion Davies, Eleanor Boardman, Karl Dane, Dorothy Sebastian, Lionel Barrymore, Dorothy Janis, Charles King, Raymond Hackett, Wallace Beery, Raquel Torres, George K. Arthur, Joan Crawford, Nils Asther, Conrad Nagel, Josephine Dunn, Anita Page, Buster Keaton, John Mack Brown, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Chester Morris, Gilbert Roland, Don Alvarado, Lupe Velez, and John Barrymore, Dolores del Rio, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Doris Kenyon, Milton Sills, Billie Dove, Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Mackaill, Corinne Griffith, Alice White, Ian Keith, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Eddie Phillips, Barbara Kent, Barbara Worth, Ethlyn Claire, George Lewis, Dorothy Gulliver, Fred McKaye, Ken Maynard, Raymond Keane, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Robert Armstrong, Alan Hale, Jeanette Loff, Carol Lombard, and Junior Coghlan, Russell Gleason, at the Pathé Studio, Culver City, California.

George O'Brien, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, Janet Gaynor, Richard Walling, Barry Norton, Charles Farrell, Madge Bellamy, Victor McLaglen, Lois Moran, Nick Stuart, Sally Phipps, Frank Albertson, Farrell MacDonald, Charles Morton, Ben Bard, Sammy Cohen, Lola Lane, Paul Page, Helen Twelvetrees, Louise Dresser, David Rollins, Marjorie Beebe, Sue Carol, Nancy Drexel, June Collyer, Warner Baxter, Sharon Lynn, and Mary Duncan, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Audrey Ferris, Dolores Costello, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, Edna Murphy, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Olive Borden, at the RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Allene Ray, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 6356 La Mirada Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1421 Queen's Way, Hollywood, California.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, California.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Johnny Hines, Tec-Art Studio, 5360 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Theodore von Eltz, 1722½ Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.

William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Vivian Rich, Lanrel Canyon, Box 799, R. F. D. 10, Hollywood, California.

Betty Blythe, 1361 Laurel Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Gilda Gray, 22 East Sixtieth Street, New York City.

Bert Lytell, P. O. Box 235, Hollywood, California.

Kenneth Harlan, Hollywood Athletic Club, Hollywood, California.

Ben Lyon, 1040 N. Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.

Hugh Allan, Hollywood Athletic Club, Hollywood, California.

George Hackathorne, Hotel Palomar, Hollywood, California.

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Good serials on the way in

LOVE STORY Magazine

for the month of June. In the June 8th issue:

"LOVE'S BARRIERS," a two-part story by Louise B. Jones begins. This is a story of love and mystery.

On June 15th—"JOY HEART," a long serial by an old favorite, Ivy M. Clayton, begins. This is a romantic tale of first love.

In the June 22nd issue another serial by Millicent Moreland begins. "THE PRICE OF A GOOD TIME" is even better than "The Forbidden Marriage," about which letters came in from all over the country.

Don't forget the dates.

Love Story Magazine

Published Weekly

15c Per Copy



~but when I started to play the laugh was on them!

"WELL, folks, I guess we'll have to lock up the piano and make faces at ourselves."

Helen Parker's party was starting out more like a funeral than a good time.

"Isn't Betty Knowles coming?" an anxious voice sang out.

"Unfortunately Betty is quite ill tonight and Chet Nichols is late as usual," replied Helen gloomily. "I wish Sis wasn't away at school and she'd make the keys talk for us."

"I know some brand new card tricks," volunteered Harry Walsh.

"Great!" said Helen. "I'll go and find some cards."

While she was gone I quietly stepped up to the piano bench, sat down, and started to fumble with the pedals underneath. Someone spotted me. Then the wisecracks began.

They Poke Fun at Me

"Ha! Ha! Ted thinks that's a 'player-piano,'" chuckled one of the boys.

"This is going to be a real musical comedy," added one of the fair sex.

I was glad I gave them that impression. Their surprise would be all the greater. I kept fiddling around the pedals—making believe that I was hunting for the foot pumps.

"Come over to my house some night," said Harry. "I've got an electric player and you can play it to your heart's content. And I just bought a couple of new rolls. One is a medley of Victor Herbert's compositions—the other..."

Before he had a chance to finish I swung into the strains of the sentimental "Gypsy Love Song." The laughter and joking suddenly ceased.

It was evident that I had taken them by surprise. What a treat it was to have people listening to me perform. I continued with "Kiss Me Again" and other popular selections of Victor Herbert. Soon I had the crowd singing and dancing to the tune of the latest syncopation.

Finally they started to bombard me with questions... "How? ... When? ... Where? ... did you ever learn to play?" came from all sides.

I Taught Myself

Naturally, they didn't believe me when I told them I had learned to play at home and without a teacher. But I laughed myself when I first read about the U. S. School of Music and their unique method for learning music.

"Weren't you taking a big risk, Ted?" asked Helen.

"None at all," I replied. "For the very first thing I did was to send for a Free Demonstration Lesson. When it came and I saw how easy it was to learn without a teacher I sent for the complete Course.

What pleased me so was the fact that I was playing simple tunes *by note* from the very start. For I found it easy as ABC to follow the clear print and picture instructions that came with each lesson. Now I play several classics by note and most all of the popular music. Believe me, there's a real thrill in being able to play a musical instrument."

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This story is typical. The amazing success of the men, women and children who take the U. S. School of Music course is largely due to a

newly perfected method that makes reading and playing music—*actually simple!*

Even if you don't know one note from another now, you can easily grasp each clear, inspiring lesson of this surprising course. You can't go wrong. First you are *told* how a thing is done, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it.

Thus you actually teach yourself right in your own home, without any long hours of tedious practice. Without any dull or uninteresting scales you learn how to play real music from real notes.

Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument *by note*, in almost no time and for just a fraction of what old, slow methods cost. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control*.

Remember—it is not too late to become a capable musician. If you are in earnest about wanting to play your favorite instrument—if you really want to gain new happiness and increase your popularity—send off this coupon at once. Forget the old-fashioned idea that "talent" means everything. Read the list of instruments to the left, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. *At the average cost of only a few pennies a day!* Act NOW! Clip and mail this coupon today, and the fascinating Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson will be sent to you at once. No obligation. U. S. School of Music, 536 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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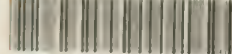
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